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BLOWING BUBBLES.

Children are we, our airy bubbles blowing;
Laughing, we see them lightly float away;
Life's sterner side unheeding, or unknowing,
We clutch at pleasure while 'tis called to-day.

To-day, and yet to-day, and so Time wingeth,
And armor rusts the while, and hearts grow cold;
The bubble's gone e'en with the mirth it bringeth,
Cheerless and lone, we wake to find us old.

For wind-blown fame we see men striving, dying;
'Tis self hood all—a bubble at the best.
We sacrifice to self all else denying,
Upon the altar of a vague unrest.

While Life, the hydra-headed, round us teeming,
Demands our hearts and brains, to work and fight,
And burning questions press, while we lie dreaming,
And wrongs cry out, which we might help to right.

On one hand Ease, all earnest labor shirking,
Ignoble ease, ere noble Rest be won;
Upon the other—in the furrows working
Through noon's fierce glare, and in the end:
"Well done!"

—*London Argosy.*

HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

When Norman Van Elst told people that Frank Garnet was his dearest friend he meant a great deal, for although Van Elst claimed but few friends, he clung to those he had like drowning men cling to whatever can save them from sinking. He had been more unhappy during his early days than boys usually are, for he had lost both parents when he was a mere child, and had been reared by a childless pair of relatives who loved him dearly, but knew no better ways of showing their affection than by withholding his pennies, so that he might not squander them at a toy-shop, and by delivering to him an endless course of lectures. He met Garnet almost as soon as he reached his majority, and came to New York with the small patrimony to which he was entitled. Garnet was so cheery that he was a steady stimulant to Van Elst's sober wit, while Garnet found in his new acquaintance an earnestness so unusual in young men that, with a New Yorker's quick appreciation of whatever is worth having, he returned in hearty measure the regard bestowed upon him.

After the friendship of the two had grown for a year, however, Van Elst began to feel almost guilty over the fact that Garnet was not as much in his mind as he had been. For Van Elst had fallen in love. During the fortnight's vacation granted him by the firm with whom he was reading law, he had several times met Miss Florence Ashmore, a very pretty damsel from Baltimore, and as in manners and conversation she was far superior to any one he had known in the country town in which he was reared, as well as to any young lady he had met in New York, he did not wait a moment to analyze his feelings, but pronounced himself irrevocably in love. As he was very bashful, and Miss Ashmore was quite sprightly and brilliantly sarcastic on the subject of young men who imagined themselves in love, he did not declare his passion. The lady was unable, however, to prevent her merry face sobering a little and her honest eyes ceasing to laugh whenever Van Elst quoted poetry or talked of music, or raphsodized over beautiful scenery, and although he never made love to her in the conventional manner, he talked of the tender passion in a way that made the young lady not only unable to laugh at him, but constrained her to listen as if she longed to hear more; and what pleased him more than anything else was that Miss Ashmore was kind enough to hear, without showing signs of weariness, all of Van Elst's praises of Garnet. She even was so good a listener that she asked questions about Van Elst's dear friend.

Van Elst returned to the city full of hope. He had asked nothing; Miss Ashmore had promised nothing; but could he be mistaken when he believed that her face had said far more than she had meant to divulge? Naturally reserved and secretive, he nevertheless could not keep his joy to himself; so on his return to town he hurried to Garnet's room, determining to tell all, yet wondering how he would be able to put his story into words. He found Garnet in high spirits, although, when they had parted two weeks before, Garnet bemoaned the fate that compelled him to remain in town all summer. Garnet's spirits rose still higher when he saw his friend looking, as he declared, far better than ever before. He laughingly demanded an explanation of the change, and suggested that perhaps his friend had fallen in love, upon which Van Elst blushed like a girl, and then Garnet insisted that he should at once hear the whole story. Van Elst turned his face away, for he felt that in his happiness he must be looking extremely silly. He leaned against the mantel, looking at Garnet's little collection of curiosities as intently as if he had never seen them before.

"Go on, old fellow," said Garnet, encouragingly; "you couldn't have a more sympathetic listener, for I'm in the same condition as you."

This remark might have enabled Van Elst to open his mouth, had not his eye just then strayed to the end of the mantel and fallen upon a small photograph of Florence Ashmore.

"Speak boldly, I tell you, and don't delay," continued Garnet, "or I shall get ahead of you and tell a love story myself."

"All right," said Garnet, gayly; "it may be selfish of me to speak first, but I've given you the chance and you've neglected to avail yourself of it. Well, old boy, the long and short of it is this: I'm not only in love, but an accepted lover, and there's the picture of my darling—right there on the mantel. Why, I believe you're looking at it now."

"What is her name?" asked Van Elst, hardly able to believe what he had heard.

"Floy Ashmore," said Garnet; "and she is the dearest, sweetest—"

"What did you say her first name was?" asked Van Elst.

"Floy," replied Garnet; "or, to be precise, Miss Florence Ashmore. Isn't she pretty—isn't her picture just the loveliest thing you ever saw in your life? Confound you, Van, what do you mean by standing there without saying a word to me while I'm in the seventh heaven of bliss and with a million rosy clouds floating over me? Speak—just one word, won't you?"

"Garnet," said Van Elst, turning slowly and displaying a very white face, "I congratulate you with my whole heart and soul and strength."

"That sounds well," said Garnet, after a meditative puff or two at his meerschaum pipe, "but you might say it with a little more spirit, I think. Hang it man, I didn't say I was going to die; I said I was the accepted lover of the sweetest girl in the world."

Van Elst made a mighty effort, smiled brightly, grasped his friend's hand firmly, and replied:

"My dear fellow, you're the luckiest man in the world, if that picture does the lady justice, and Miss Ashmore is as lucky as you."

"That's better," said Garnet, hastily, withdrawing his hand and thrusting two knuckles into his mouth, "but, my dear fellow—oh, how that finger hurts!—you needn't crush my seal ring right through to the bone, with that terrific grip of yours. Eh?—looking at her picture again? I shall be jealous of you in a moment."

"You've no reason to be," said Van Elst, "but I can't help staring at her picture, for I've met the lady, and I admire her almost as much—"

"You've met her? For heaven' sake, where?" demanded Garnet, springing from his chair.

"At Bloomgrove," replied Van Elst, quietly; "where I spent my vacation."

"The little witch!" exclaimed Garnet; "and she allowed me all the while to imagine her at home in Baltimore! I suppose she thought if I knew she was so near New York I would run out there to see her. Ah, these Baltimore girls are very particular, Van. And you've actually been looking at that angel for a fortnight, and I only thirty miles away and entirely ignorant of what was going on! Why, you blessed old rascal, I'd like to choke you right here and now. How did she look—what did she say? Did she ever mention my name?"

"No," said Van Elst; "but I did to her and I was grateful to her for the attentive manner in which she always listened."

"What did you say about me?" asked Garnet.

"Everything that was good," replied Van Elst.

"Certainly you did, you honest old friend!" exclaimed Garnet, taking both of his friend's hands; "and I've no doubt that's why I got her definite answer within a few hours. But oh, Van, I'm only beginning to realize what lies before me. Her family is not very rich, but they are very proud; how dare I make a formal proposal to her while I'm only a poor clerk?"

"Buy an interest in some business," said Van Elst, "have your name known as that of a member of a reputable firm."

"Oh, Van, you're too modest," protested Garnet sarcastically; "why don't you advise me to buy a railroad or a gold mine? It would be no harder to a man without a dollar beyond the demands of the week."

"I've about $10,000 drawing interest," said Van Elst, "you're welcome to use all of it."

"Van!" exclaimed Garnet, "you're almost as much of an angel as Floy! But I'm not going to use your money; some day you'll find yourself as deep in love as I am, and then you, too, will have a business-like father to face. At that time you'll need the money to make your own position good."

Van Elst tried to laugh, but he did not succeed, although he managed to say:

"Nonsense, I shall never fall in love."

"Why, half an hour ago I was sure you were as far gone as I. I think I know the signs."

"You don't know anything; men in love never do—they are utter fools," replied Van Elst with such savage emphasis that Garnet clapped his hands and shouted:

"Capitally acted! By Jove, old boy, you ought to go upon the stage. But say, let me read you her letter—she'll forgive me, I guess, for letting so dear a friend know its contents. Here it is; she says—"

"Don't please, Garnet," said Van Elst; "a woman's heart shouldn't be opened to more than one man—not even to the man who most dearly loves her lover."

And the end was that Garnet married Florence Ashmore, and Van Elst is the dearest friend of both husband and wife, and although he fondles his little name sake as tenderly as if it were his own, no one has ever suspected what he endured for the sake of his dearest friend.—*N. Y. Hour.*

The Moon and the Weather.

A great many people believe the moon has more or less to do with the weather, and they watch the changes of that luminary and from it judge of what the weather is to be.

Some persons believe if the moon changes at certain times the weather for the next seven days, or until the moon changes again, will be so and so. For instance, if the moon's change takes place between the hours of twelve and two o'clock in the morning, then the next seven days will be good weather—and so on throughout the various hours of the day and night. I have for some time been in the habit of keeping a daily record of the weather, and as I had just heard it predicted that the seven days, beginning with the 12th of October and ending with the 19th, would be mild weather because the moon had changed about one o'clock in the morning, I took our almanac and note-book and compared results. Going back with its beginning of the year up to this time, I find the moon has changed thirty-eight times. Out of these at the time of day of change the weather changed seventeen times, while the other twenty-one times there was no change of weather at all. Now, these weather prophets or moon believers, always anticipate a change of weather when the moon changes. This rule does not hold good as it has failed more than half the time.

I kept an account a year ago last summer at each of the moon's changes, but as we had such an unprecedented long drought I hardly considered it a fair test; but this year the weather has been very changeable and I think the test given a fair one.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

—It has been decided in Boston that a husband who prosecutes his wife must pay for her defense.

PITH AND POINT.

—Some one has discovered that Mrs. Langtry was born in the year ——, and and is therefore — years old.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Pails are now made of straw. We wonder if that's where all the "straw bail" goes to, of which we hear so much?—*Lowell Courier.*

—Are you a bull or a bear?—*Ex.* We couldn't bear to be a bull, and 'twouldn't be bully to be a bear.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The opossums of Hart County are so fat, says a good deacon, that they leave greasy tracks where they walk.—*Savannah News.*

—A New York "critic" says that when Mrs. Langtry "puts her foot down it is there." Many persons, it appears, have been laboring under the erroneous impression that when she put it down it wasn't there.

—Are you afraid of the dark?" asked a mother of her little daughter. "I was once, mamma, when I went into the dark closet to take a tart." "What were you afraid of?" "I was afraid I wouldn't find the tart."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Aggripina, were valued at $2,764,480, not including her jewels, which cost as much more. It has slipped our memory whether Miss Paulina was the daughter of a plumber or an editor, but our impression is that she was.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Sings a sweet poet:

The stars are sweet at eventide,
But cold and far away.

Which shows how much a poet knows about botany. The stars are far away, we admit, but cold? Not very cold. The poet who puts a star in his pocket and tries to walk away with it, will make up his mind to steal a stick of phosphorous the next time, and cool off.—*Burdette.*

—A fashion journal says: "The large *fourageurs* and *frondsbourns* are very becoming to slight, youthful figures." H'm; we always thought they were becoming to such figures; but for embonpoint figures of a conundrum age the *fifteenaboangeres* and *blondfaborgeo's* are more *en regle* and *recherche.* A newspaper man would feel lost if he didn't understand French.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A philosopher once Found a Woman weeping over the Grave of her child. "How foolish of You to Weep," said he, "for, had the child lived, he might have become a Poet." Hearing this, the Woman dried her eyes and Went on her way Rejoicing. This Fable Teaches that we should not Repine before considering what the Future Might have Been.—*Denver Tribune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Lord Houghton's newly-purchased estate in Florida comprises 60,000 acres. Lord Houghton is largely interested in sugar culture in Jamaica.

—The waste of the wild cocoons, gathered in the woods of China, Japan and Australia, is made into felt one half the size of hair felt, and is used for the manufacture of hats and for furnishing purposes.

—A Wilkesbarre paper asserts that it takes a keg of powder to mine a ton of coal, but the Scranton *Republican* wants it to explain, if so, the fact that a keg of powder costs more than the mine price of two tons of coal.

—Many an injured workman's life has been lost through his frightened comrades' inability to perform a simple operation. An Ambulance Association in Glasgow has begun a useful work by establishing courses of plain lectures for operatives, showing what ought to be done at once with a bleeding artery, a burned limb, a half-drowned body, etc.

—Fourteen factories, located chiefly in New England, supply this country with pins, the annual production of which for several years past has been about seven millions. Exportation of American pins is confined to Cuba, South America, and parts of Canada. England supplies almost the whole world outside of the United States, although her pins are no better than the American. The machinery and material used in the manufacture of American pins are entirely the product of American resources.

—Hard-wood blocks must now be used by the workmen in Dantzig to hold the amber when they are removing the outer, weather-worse portion of that prized fossil gum. Formerly the crude mass was held by the left hand in a block of lead. This was done for the purpose of preventing a dulling of the edges of the knives. But lead-poisoning of the men and women engaged in the industry ensued, as cases of the peculiar colic caused by that metal and other symptoms abundantly proved, and an official investigation has compelled the abandonment of lead in the dressing of amber.

—Flour is peculiarly sensitive to the atmospheric influences, hence it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor where onions or fish are kept, nor any article that taints the air of the room in which it is stored. Any smell perceptible to the sense will be absorbed by the flour. Avoid damp cellers or lofts where a free circulation of air can not be obtained. Keep in a cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature nor to intense summer or to artificial heat for any length of time above seventy deg. to seventy-five deg. Fahrenheit. It should not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintegrated and then warmed before baking. This treatment improves the color and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon as the yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.—*American Miller.*

—Judge Deady, presiding over the United States District Court in Oregon, has decided that Chinese laborers who are only temporarily employed in a particular county are not liable for road taxes therein, as the statute applies only to residents. Some 1,500 Chinamen who were employed on a railroad were thus assessed by the Sheriff, the sum involved being $6,000.

Paved With Gold.

"The gold of that land is good." So wrote Moses in describing the land of Havilah at the beginning of the world's history, and it is no less true after a lapse of six thousand years' time, and of the delving for the precious metals in this favored region of God's creation. Before the acquisition of this portion of Georgia from the Cherokee Indians, it was known that gold existed in large quantities in the gulches and streams of the foot hills of the Blue Ridge, and the white man, with that capacity that has ever characterized his search for the precious metals, came over the line to dig for it, contrary to law, and those are now known as the days of the intrusion. Gold was first found within a few miles of Dahlonega, and this place, then as now, was the center of trade for the miners after the United States had bought it from the aborigines. The immediate site of Dahlonega was chosen more by accident than choice, as was many of the other country towns of this State, and it has since been determined beyond a doubt that the site was laid upon what is now known to be one of the richest gold mines in the country, and were it not to-day the center of life and business for all the miners around, it would be the scene of busy hands and stamps crushing the gold out of the bonanza beneath us. That each business house upon the public square stands upon a mine rich enough, if the gold was all extracted, to build a fire proof brick building upon the premises, is familiar to all who are acquainted with the grounds. The stranger when he arrives here and is told he is walking on streets of gold, may well believe the fact after a very little investigation. The celebrated Pigeon-Roost belt passes directly under the town, the northern wall of it being near the top of the hill on the northwest side of the court-house square and passing on through crosses the hill under Prof. Singleton's residence, and on in front of Mr. Frank Stow's. The southern division of it passes under the stores of F. W. Hall, A. G. Wimpy, and Witt Brothers. That peculiar formation of brickbat and soft slate which accompanies this belt crops out in many places. The public square is almost a solid mass of brickbats interspersed at short intervals with small, gold bearing veins that come to the surface all over the square, and from which gold is often panned in fair paying quantities, and on the south side of the square is a vein that is known to pan, but it has never been looked into closely. As a proof that at this particular point of the belt it is so very rich, many fine gold-bearing specimens of quartz and lumps of pure gold have been picked up at different times for many years past. To note some of them: In 1879 Mr. J. C. Lawrence found several pieces amounting to 11 1 2 dwts. in all, the largest one weighing 4 dwts. George Teal found one piece that weighed 12 dwts. The superintendent of the Columbia mine wears a solid nugget as a shirt-stud of 1 dwt. and 3 grains that was picked up but a few days since after a rain. These pieces were found on or near Chestatee street, near Capt. James Kelley's residence. Just below the present signal office building J. C. Lawrence found on Warwick street a piece that weighed 3 1-2 dwts. One nugget was picked up just below the store of Burnside & Bro. that weighed 9 dwts. William Cook and many others have at different times found in various places lumps of the pure metal of which no specified record has been kept. There are gold-bearing veins also that deserve special recognition. The Lawrence vein that runs under the old machine-shop on the north side of the town and lies against the northwest wall of this belt was worked very successfully at one time, and after reaching a depth of eighty to 100 feet it ran into the sulphurets that have assayed as high as $160 per ton, and to-day, was it not within the corporate limits, and all other advantages equal, would be in active operation, turning out a large profit, worked by means of open cut. From the Burnside Hotel, on the square, a big color can be panned at any time. In front of Hall's and Wimpy's stores a chute is supposed to be, as panning is often done there that would excite even an old miner.

In fact, in every foot of the court-house square the color can be had, and in some places many colors of gold can be panned. Often after a rain, the little boys (embryo miners) and sometimes bearded ones may be seen gathering up the sand and gravel in the streets, and panning in the pools of rain water, as industrious as beavers. And the little fellows often get a good stock of pocket change from the city's gold mine, which is indeed to the boys a never-failing bank. In front of Mr. A. G. Wimpy's residence on Singleton street, just in the sidewalk, a vein was found two years ago that, by a working assay, ran from $50 to $85 per ton, and Capt. W. J. Worley found a vein in the orchard on the present premises of Col. G. W. White that panned "surprisingly." But perhaps the richest vein yet known within the village limits is the one in the lot below the signal office on Warwick street, from which rocks are often picked up on which the gold can be seen shining in many places. Indications point to this as the vein that has furnished the lumps of pure gold that have been found in the gulch below at different times. And just in the hollow beside this vein is a placer deposit which, if it could be worked, would pay several dollars per day to the man. In the village cemetery, on the same belt, westward from town, there are several rich little veins that show gold freely, and often when digging graves specimens of quartz sprinkled over with gold are thrown out to view, and while with the miner

The ruling passion, strong in death,

is ever prominent, he has the assurance that when he has lain down his pick and shovel, and panned out his last "clean up," his weary bones will be laid to rest within a tomb, the walls of which are glittering with the yellow metal for which he toiled his life away. And may it be his hope to rise from his bed of sordid metal, and, entering the pearly gates

On golden hinges turning,

to walk the golden streets above, with a crown of gold upon his head, "a golden harp within his hand," throughout the golden cycle of eternal ages that

"On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day."

Occasionally we are asked: "What shall we do to save our dust gold?" It is true that from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the gold that is contained in the ore is lost by the present stamping process, but at the same time it is better that this should be than to go to more expensive methods to save it all. It is better to get seventy-five per cent. contained in the quartz at a cost of twenty-five cents than to get ninety to ninety-five per cent. at a cost of several dollars. We can say that the present method of treating our ores is undoubtedly the best. Of course some few of our miners do not take advantage of all the cheap and practical methods which we have for saving gold. They should all be adopted so that when one fails the others will not. Occasionally the copper plate and a short line of riffled sluices is all used—and again the California riffle is added, but in order to save as much as is possible without going to a great expense—the amalgamated copper or electroplated plate, the common riffled sluice, California, and lowland should be used. These, with the proper amount of water and mercury in the batteries are all that we think practicable in order to obtain the largest possible per cent. without going outside the bounds of economy.

The mines are running as they have been for some time past. We would give the news in detail, but there has been but little change since our last issue, so we feel that it would bore our readers if we should rehearse the same items as read last week. Since miners have done away with underground mining to some extent, and adopted the open cut system, oftimes a week's work will be done and no change can be observed, only that the cuts are somewhat larger, and at some mines the excavations are so large that a thousand tons or so taken away would hardly be noticed.—*Dahlonega (Ga.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

Annoyances of an Author.

It may surprise the uninitiated to know that authors labor under any disadvantages whatever, it being popularly supposed to be all glory and *couleur de rose* with the fraternity, that their plots thicken as readily as their ink, their treatises spring into existence without a throe, and their fancies sing themselves into measure and rhythm as spontaneously as roses blow or ferns unfold. School-girls fill their day-dreams with visions of authorship, while to see their name on the title-page of a novel seems to them the apotheosis of mortal bliss; that any one should be willing to give a consideration for the privilege of reading their thoughts suggests a fate which should lift one above the petty ills and vanities of every-day life, and they envy an author accordingly, and regard him with as much interest and veneration as a naturalist would bestow upon some unclassified fossil of the pre-Adamite world. But this admiration can be hardly looked upon as a disadvantage, except when it assumes the shape of a chronic request for autographs. Every one seems to feel that an author is a sort of public edifice which he or she has helped to erect, and consequently said author is deluged with letters begging not only for photographs and autographs, but for recommendations of people of whom he never heard before for positions of which he is equally ignorant. This one applies to him for influence to get a son into West Point; that one, for money to set up an honest man in the grocery line; another, to know if his grandmother came over in the Mayflower, if the heroine of his novel married after her lover's death, if he borrowed his plot from an old Italian play, if he was educated at Harvard or self-made, whether he believes in protoplasm or revealed religion.

All this may be amusing to the recipient, and may show what a deep hold the author has upon the public mind, but it is none the less annoying. He has neither the time nor the inclination to answer them all, but he hesitates to defraud them of the inclosed postage stamps. It would require quite an outlay to supply each of his admirers with a photograph, and there is a great deal of sameness in writing one's own name over and over, however distinguished the name may be, which no flattery can disguise, and yet to refuse an autograph seems churlish—some invalid or some gushing girl may have set her heart upon it. But perhaps his greatest annoyance is the manuscript with which he is overwhelmed, accompanied with the polite request that he should read and inwardly digest it, point out its defects, suggest measures for improvement, and generously recommend it to an editor, which is pretty much the same as if one merchant should entreat another to offer his sample's to that other's customers. As good wine needs no bush, so an article which is worth publishing requires no recommendation.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Doctor's Substitute.

He was a young man with a wild, disordered look. He rushed into the office of a prominent city physician yesterday, placed a small cup on the desk, took off his coat and bared his right arm and whispered: "Stick me!"

"Do you want to be bled?"

"I do! Open a vein and let me catch the blood in this cup!"

"Too full in the head!"

"Alas! too full in the heart! My affianced will not believe me when I tell her that I love her better than my life. I will write my love. I will write it in my own blood! Proceed!"

"Is that all you want?"

"All! Is not that sufficient!"

"Young man, you are a dodo! Put on your coat! I keep a red ink here for the very purpose you desire, and I will sell you a whole gill for a quarter!"

And the young man was not stuck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Because his father refused to give him five cents wherewith to buy a lead pencil, young Rhodes, of Waseca, Minn., ran away from home and assumed the guise of a Missouri bandit. The desperate Mr. Rhodes is four years of age. It may be added that he was duly spanked in keeping with his tender years.

Our Young Folks.

QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in its place,
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough,
Which fell at our feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
Or the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dew-drops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken egg in its shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase,
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,
Or the down on the catkins—say?
You think that my questions are trifling, dear?
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or a deed unkind, undone?

—*Wide Awake.*

UNCLE ZED'S WOLF.

A True Story.

"Baa! baa! baa!" sounded in noisy, frightened chorus underneath Parson Darius Miller's windows one cold April morning about fifty years ago.

So loud and so persistent was the chorus that Parson Miller's three sturdy boys were awake and on their feet before it had grown light enough to distinguish anything in the gray outside.

"Father! father!" shouted James, the second boy, clattering down the stairs in his heavy boots, "what ails the sheep? They're all huddled up close to the house, right under your window. Don't you hear them? Say, father, wake up!"

In response to all this outcry, good Parson Miller, who was a hard-working farmer as well as a Parson, and slept the sleep of the just, gave forth a feeble and only half-intelligent "yes."

Presently, however, he joined the boys, and then discovered that not all the sheep were huddled together underneath the windows, but that two of them were missing, and that large, dangerous-looking tracks were all over the light snow—a regular "sugar-snow"—which covered the ground outside.

"I'll bet it's a wolf," ventured Daniel, the eldest boy.

"Guess it's nothing but a wild cat," said the parson.

"Too big for a wild cat," said Tom. "A great deal bigger than the one Squire Taylor caught in his trap."

Tom was the quiet boy, but somehow when Tom spoke even the older ones paid attention. Tom's eyes were always on the alert and though they were of a gray and by no means beautiful color, and were set in a sallow and "peaked" little face Tom was considered a vastly good-looking boy by all of the family and his intimate friends on the principle of "Handsome is that handsome does."

Just then Squire Taylor, their next neighbor, came tramping hastily across his field, his two boys, of about the same age as James and Tom Miller, following after him.

"Wolf tracks all around my barn," said the good Squire, excitedly, before he had come near enough to see the sheep lying on the snow.

"There!" said Daniel, nodding significantly to Tom.

"Where's the fellow gone?" queried little Tom, who was only fourteen, and who didn't look so old as that by reason of his small stature.

"That's it! that's it!" cried the Squire, slapping Tom approvingly on the shoulder. "Where's the varmint gone? Let's track him, to be sure. Hullo! there's Uncle Zed."

Sure enough, old Zadok Cummings, familiarly known as "Uncle Zed," was hurrying along through the fields toward them, and carrying his old shotgun in his hands. The news had evidently traveled fast.

"Seen him?" shouted the old man, all on fire with excitement, while drops of sweat ran down his russet face, in spite of the chilly weather. "Jest tell me what d'rection he's took, 'n' I'll ketch him! The critter! I'll ketch him oh, I'll ketch him!" And Uncle Zed looked so fierce and funny that all of them began to laugh. But they finally succeeded in convincing the old man that he couldn't possibly "ketch him," for a few moments at least, and that the case was too serious for them to decide at once on the best course to pursue.

"He'll be around to-night, too, and bring some more with him, if we don't ketch him," put in Uncle Zed, whenever a good chance occurred.

Two or three had started out to follow the trail of the wolf, and they came back to report that the tracks ended in Squire Taylor's woods.

"We must make a ring right around the woods, and hem him in—that's the way," said the Squire, quickly.

Tom, standing back behind his brothers, was seen to nod, approvingly, whereupon the other boys did the same. Indeed, the proposition seemed to commend itself to the entire company, and they started toward the woods, those who had not brought guns hurrying off to get some.

"I could do it it jest as well alone," muttered Uncle Zed. "They hain't ben no wolves around here for several years now, but I hain't forgot how to ketch 'em. I guess I hain't."

The men were disposed, and then everything was profoundly quiet, excepting for the sound of the beating of the bushes, or of a stray shot, when some over-confident hunter was "sure he had him."

At last Uncle Zed heard a low growl in a thicket, and he had hardly time to raise his gun when out sprang an enormous wolf, and came directly toward him. The old man, almost paralyzed with fright, pulled the trigger, but his hand trembled so that his shot went a yard above the wolf's head, and the animal bounded past him unhurt. Uncle Zed shrieked: "Wolf! wolf!" and a half-dozen men were soon in hot pursuit of the discovered game.

Tom Miller, feeling very disconsolate because he hadn't any gun, had not accompanied the rest: but his mother, who felt no fear for Tom, and sympathized deeply with the courageous little fellow, had advised him to go to a certain neighbor's and see if he couldn't borrow one. It was necessary to go quite a distance, but Tom had made it on old Sorrel, the mare. He had come back in a wonderfully short time, bringing a trusty little shot gun with him, and was making his way up the hill just as the wolf dashed out of the woods, heading in his direction.

Tom's heart came up in his throat, but he ran for a clump of bushes close by that he thought would afford a good position for a shot, stationed himself among them, and waited.

The cries of the men in pursuit came nearer. Then the gallop into which the wolf had broken from its quick trot when it left the woods seemed to shake the very ground under him. Spring—spring—spring, came the terrified brute. He was in sight. Tom steadied his gun and fired. The wolf uttered a cry, half bark, half screech, and giving a few lame and wounded leaps, lay bleeding on the ground. Then shot after shot from the men behind was poured in upon the poor creature, until he lay thoroughly dead. Tom Miller was quite the hero of the day, and it was voted unanimously that the wolf-skin belonged to him.

"Well, Uncle Zed, why didn't you 'ketch him,' as you said you were going to?" inquired Squire Taylor, jokingly, as the men were separating to go to a late dinner.

"Don' know what in thunder ailed my gun," complained Uncle Zed, rapping that unfortunate weapon crossly; "but, after all"—straightening up proudly—"you'd never have ketched that wolf if it hadn't 'a been for me."

"How's that?" asked the Squire.

"Why, goodness gracious! didn't you hear me holler? I hollered an' started you all up. My," continued the old man, reflectively, as he turned away amid a general laugh, which did not appear to damp his spirits in the least, "how I did holler!"—*Harper's Young People.*

Friskie and the Lobsters.

Friskie was the perfection of dog beauty and accomplishments. She would lay back her long glossy ears and drawing her upper lip away from the lower one, show her white teeth in the loveliest of smiles. She could jog, waltz, walk on two feet, hide her breakfast and very innocently come for more; she knew the butcher and baker and grocer boy, and was always around when they were, and her delicate nostrils vibrated with life and the interest she felt in everything. She had one fault—curiosity. A few successful pilferings made her very daring. Her investigations led her into grave troubles sometimes, as when she unrolled the eggs, for instance, and scratched a hole in the paper bag holding the flour, which got into her eyes and all over her, making her look like a dusty miller. Her look of disgust when she put her paw into the broken eggs and hobbled off on three legs, with Bridget after her, looking meanwhile at the dripping member, was very laughable. But the time came at last when Friskie received her most impressive lesson, reproof and punishment, all at once. A covered basket had been brought in and left on the kitchen floor. Something was inside, she knew, and she sniffed and pawed around, poking her nose under the cover, which resisted all her gentle efforts. Finally she thrust her paw in—to find it clutched and pinched and held fast. In the struggle to get free the cover came off and she dragged out of the basket a most hideous-looking thing, of a bluish-black color, with two round black eyes sticking straight out from its head. It did not even wink, but stared in the most solemn manner, while it held on and pinched harder the more poor Frisk tried to get away. There was no shaking the horrible thing off, and she cried and trembled as much almost from fright as from pain. Bridget, too, was afraid, and called a man, who chopped off the claw, thus releasing poor Frisk, who darted off with a yelp, looking very shame-faced and sorry. It was only a lobster. For a while a covered basket always aroused Frisk's wrath, but she kept away from it, barking at it from a distance—for this lesson so dearly learned could not soon be forgotten.

We do not wonder at Friskie's fright, for a lobster is about the ugliest-looking animal we know, but it is also a very curious one. In the first place, it frequently changes its shell, and while the new shell is hardening grows as fast as ever it can, because that is its only chance, until time for it to get another shell. Its claws are very strong, and the fishermen have to be exceedingly careful to manage them right until they can drive little wooden pegs into them to keep them closed. Frisk can testify that a nip from one is no slight thing. Lobsters fight a great deal with each other, and their limbs are frequently torn off, but this makes no particular difference to them, except for the time being, for immediately another begins to grow in the place of the lost one, only it will never be quite as large. Then, in travelling, it moves backward instead of forward, swims easier than it walks, and uses its tail as a propeller. It seeks clear water to swim in, and when it scents danger, almost springs through it to some hiding-place. It eats everything, and all the time. We call them *voracious*, because they eat a great deal, and *pugnacious*, because they fight a great deal, and *crustaceous*, because they live in a shell.—*Little Gem.*

A Dress With 1,800 Buttons.

It almost seems incredible, and had I not had ocular proof I should not dare to state it, that a single dress should have on it 1,800 buttons of varying sizes. Ten days were consumed in arranging and sewing on the buttons by a seamstress. On each sleeve there were 100 buttons; on the body, basque and collar 350, and on the skirt 1,350. Those on the skirt were arranged in triangles, squares, crosses, stars and other curious shapes, on a foundation of black satin. The dress had a satiny appearance and was very weighty—so much so that it would require a lady of considerable strength to wear it. The intention was to have 2,000 buttons on it, but the entire surface of the dress would have to be covered. The buttons were all black, some round and others flat, and many of them quite expensive.—*N. Y. Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

THE RECORDER.

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BURLINGTON, KY. JAN. 3, 1883.

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Six months	75
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THE Ohio legislature met yesterday.

THE county levy for this year is two dollars.

CHOLERA is raging in southern Mexican cities.

THE civil service bill passed the Senate like a flash.

IF you have a stock or crop item write it on a postal and send it to us.

INDIANA has a new presidential aspirant in the person of Wm. E. Niblack.

THE Louisville Post now issues a semi weekly edition. It is a handsome and newsy sheet.

THE St. Louis and Chicago brewers have determined to increase the price of beer $1 per barrel.

WE are glad to learn that the Hebron Hall Company were so successful with their entertainment last week

COURT was in session when our columns closed Tuesday; therefore we will give the proceedings in our next issue.

So far stock have required but little feeding. Fall left a good supply of grass which has relieved the work of feeding.

THE Georgians will, on February 12, celebrate the 150th anniversary of the first English settlement in the old Colony.

THE mayor of Portsmouth, Ohio, and the marshal of the same city engaged in a fisticuff in which the marshal came out second best.

THE city auditor and an assistant city assessor of Louisville, are being tried on articles of impeachment for some official crookedness.

THE Cincinnati Gazette and the Cincinnati Commercial have consolidated. The first issue of the Commercial-Gazette appeared Monday.

THE race for governor in this State is overshadowed by the approaching contest for the speakership for the next House of national representatives.

A LITTLE precaution at this season of the year may save you a large doctor bill. An ounce of preventative is worth a pound of cure. Pneumonia and rheumatism are abroad in the land.

FROM some cause the County Judge entered an order on his records declaring the office of Sheriff vacant. Monday. J. R. Clutterbuck was appointed to fill the vacancy. We leave the Judge and ex-Sheriff to explain,

THE Christmas entertainment given for the benefit of the Hebron Sunday-school, was a grand success in every particular, but it could not have been otherwise with Mr. Jacob Tanner at the head of it. Many elegant and costly presents were made.

DR. W. D. H. HUNTER, editor of the Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Register is a candidate for one of the directors of the state prison south in Indiana. The state legislature elects these officers, and if Mr. Hunter is as popular with the members of the legislature as he is with the press gang of Indiana his election is assured.

THE Governor has just pardoned a party who has been indicted for murder in Boone county, and had never been tried on the indictment.—Item of Kentucky news in Rising Sun Recorder.

[illegible] a charge against our Governor of which he is not guilty. No such pardon as the one mentioned was ever granted a Boone county party.

RALPH SHELDON, Register of the Land Office and a candidate for reelection, and his chief deputy, Linn Boyd, who is a candidate for that office, have had a disagreement which resulted in Boyd's being bounced. Boyd made some statements about the loose way in which Sheldon discharged his official duties, and he took umbrage thereat,

THE democratic state central committee met at Louisville and issued a call for the democratic executive committees to meet with them on the 10th instant, in that city, for the purpose of fixing the time and place for holding the state convention to nominate candidates for governor and other state officers.

BIG BONE comes to the front with two Christmas shooting scrapes. On last Thursday night, W. H. Galespy, who lives at Big Bone Springs, invited a party of men to stay all night with him, and some time in the evening a difficulty arose, in which Mr. G. was shot through the neck, and is considered dangerously wounded. It is not clear who did the shooting, and Eddie Baker, R. L. Roberts and Wm. Steward are under arrest for the offense, while Benny Allphin has not been found but is wanted. The boys were on a Christmas spree. The examining trial will be held to-day. At Hamilton, on Friday, James Allphin and James Kite had a fuss which resulted in Allphin's being shot in the arm, the ball lodging in his vest pocket. That looks like a close call,

THE Western Tobacco Journal publishes the following statement of stocks of leaf tobacco in the open makets of the world on December 1, 1882 and same date last year. The number of hogsheads in western markets December 1, 1882, were 24,842 against 24,402 same date last year. In the seaboard markets there were 66,032 hogsheads against 78,189 same date last year. In the European markets there were 65,216 against 87179 same date last year. There were 11,717 hogsheads of tobacco less in the markets of the United States on the 1st of December 1882 than there were on the corresponding date the year before. The falling off in the European markets for the same period is 21,963 hogsheads. The total decrease in both the United States and Europe as shown by the report is 33,680 hogsheads.

A WASHINGTON special to the Cincinnati Gazette says: The most significant feature of the midnight session of Saturday was the angry colloquy between Messrs Butler, of South Carolina, and Hoar, of Massachusetts The correspondents made full reports of it, some of them verbatim reports, and it will probably be remembered by all present as the most striking event of the day. The record of the last part of the proceedings of that night did not appear until this morning. In it there is no trace of this exciting passage. The language which gave the provocation and excited the retort has been stricken out. There is nothing to show that there was a passage at arms. A forgery, in short, has been committed by somebody. The records of the people have been mutilated. The official organ of the Senate has been made state a lie by the suppression of facts. This could only have been done by the consent of all the parties concerned. It has once more been demonstrated that Congressmen can say to each other, in the heat of debate, things that they are ashamed to see in print, and that they are willing to impose upon the people false and mutilated reports of their proceedings.

THE Somerset Reporter is shaking Brother Barnes up thusly: "Geo. O. Barnes is still in New York and is sending circulars out to his friends in this State, begging money but not for himself. Oh no, but for the dear Lord,' who, according to Mr. B. needs a little filthy lucre exceedingly bad, just now, in that wicked city, with its millions of untaxed church property, and millionaire church members. Now, the wonder to the average sinner is to account for this begging business without predicting a change in the gospel he taught in our mountains before 'the Lord led him into a strange land.' While here he disdained the idea of even accepting money (but would tell them to hand it to Marie), and would ecstatically tell how 'the good Lord' provided all his wants for the mere trusting. But now we hear the god-protected evangelist crying at the top of his voice 'Money! Money!' to advertise his sermons—to get people to go to hear him preach. For this purpose $10,000 will do. He is not afraid of the devil, but proposes to give him a bitter fight if he can only get money enough to whet 'the sword of the spirit,' which gets awful rusty and dull where 'the Almighty dollar' is not comeatable. To be consistent, it seems a man should practice in New York what he preached in the mountains of Kentucky."

—A correspondent of the Cynthiana News gives the following cure for diptheria: Take a clay pipe fill it with tar, put on a coal of fire, and let the patient inhale the smoke, and the lump in the throat will turn white and drop out.

STATE NEWS.

—Corn $1 75 per barrel in Frankfort.

—Lexington horses have the epizootic.

—Uniontown will ship 6,000 hogs this season.

—Cornfield thieves are numerous in Pulaski county.

—James Hicks, jailer of Grant county died of erysipelas.

—Corn $2 a barrel at Lexington with a dowuward tendency.

—One firm paid citizens of Harrison county $15,000 for turkeys.

—"Raccoon" is the name of a new postoffice in Floyd county.

—Hogs are dying with cholera in some portions of Spencer county.

—The Harrison county jail has been without an inmate for three months.

—The Christian church at Frankfort was damaged $1,500 by fire Monday.

—An average of 150 car loads of coal per pay is being moved south of Earlington.

—The western citizen, published at Paris, was seventy-five years old last Friday week.

—The court-house at Franklin is to be adorned with a $1,500 town clock and bell.

—Henderson is burning a splendid article of coal at six and two-thirds cents a bushel.

—Mercer county furnished 10,000 turkeys for the Northern and Eastern market this season.

—A powder canister used during the revolutionary war is still doing service in Hart county.

—The Gazette says pneumonia is prevailing to an alarming extent in Lexington and Fayette county.

—The Sentinel says that Henderson "as a tobacco and grain market is by far the most reliable in the West."

—Sumatra tobacco is the newest thing in Maysville. It is dark and strong, and is used mostly for cigar wrappers.

—A Harrison county lady sent a thirty-pound dressed turkey-gobbler for the convicts' Christmas dinner at Frankfort.

—During the year 20,410 Kentuckians applied for pensions, of whom 8,042 were admitted, 2,033 rejected, and the other cases are pending.

—Woodford Sun: The corn crop is all shucked and cribbed. The crop was quite abundant, but the demand is limited, and prices ruling low.

—Harrison Brown, colored, for the shooting of Stuart Brown, also colored, at Lancaster, has been held in $200 bonds to the Circuit Court. Brown claimed that the shooting was accidental.

—Stanford Journal: R. L. Ewell didn't get to Congress by some 800 or 900 votes, but he has been given his reward. It is in the shape of general Storekeeper and Guager for the Eighth Kentucky district, and is a bigger thing than he ever expected to get.

—The barn of Charles M. Adams, about two miles south of Gwenton was destroyed by fire last Saturday night, together with about 2,500 lbs. of tobacco, 1,000 sheaves of oats, a lot of hay, farming utensils, &c. Loss about $800; covered by $600 insurance. Mr. Adams was visiting his father near Bethany, and says it was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

—Nashville American: Information was received here yesterday to the effect that a white man named James Newton killed a negro at Bowling Green, Ky., on Sunday. It appears that they were in a grocery when the altercation ensued. Four negroes and one white man jumped upon Newton, and had well near worn him out, when he arose with a knife in his hand and cut one negro on both sides of the neck and then his throat, when the negro soon died

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—The Tennessee legislature met last Monday.

—The Masonic Hall at Williamsburg, Virginia, is said to be haunted.

—Virginia spends $15,000,000 per year for spirituous and fermented liquors.

—The Nashville Street Railway Company has reduced the fare to 2½ cents per trip.

—At Toledo, Arkansas, Sallie Burnes fatally stabbed her lover Jeff Burns, of whom she was jealous.

—Dennis Burns, of Pensacola, will enter into ostrich farming, the birds to be procured in South Africa.

—Two Nashville men stood at a distance less than 15 paces and exchanged ten shots without any effect.

—The Virginia wheat crop is in fine condition, and the farmers are counting on an abundant crop next year.

—The contract for dredging the Vicksburg, Miss., harbor has been awarded, and work will commence about the 15th inst.

—At Knoxville, Tenn., Matt Posnell and Wm. Montgomery fought over a game of cards, and the latter was shot and instantly killed.

—The Northern Methodist church has decided to locate its Southern University at Chattanooga, and will put up a building to cost $100,000.

—In a poker-room at Nashville, Wm. Davidson shot and seriously wounded Charles Altmeyer, who objected to his taking a hand in the game.

—At Macon, Georgia, a large hawk swooped down on a cage containing three canary birds, fought away the woman who went to their rescue and then carried off one of them.

Hilson and Dubois, the Mormon Apostles who were jailed at Clinton, Alabama, on a charge of abduction, broke jail and succeded in making their escape. Their conviction was certain.

—R. J. Harp, of New Orleans, has brought suit against the Methodist Publishing House, at Nashville, to recover $35,000, the alledged value of services rendered by him while acting in the capacity of agent.

STOCK ITEMS.

Gov. Standford, of California, owns 500 blooded horses.

Kentucky short-horn sales this summer included 455 animals, and they sold at an average of $300 each.

Mr. James A. Hughes bought of Col. Lamberton a pig that weighed 600 pounds for $42—Ashland Independent.

An Anderson county farmer has engaged to kill and deliver his hogs in March at thirteen cents net, and the lard at fourteen cents.

R. L. Hubble, of Lincoln county, sold to Dr. Caldwell, of Barren county, the jack Ponto, 3 years old, 14½ hands high, for $700.

F. C. Fench, of Shelby county, sold a lot of second-class cattle, upon which he had put an average of 586 pounds in one year.

In Madison county, M. M. Harber sold to C. D. Chenault an aged mule 17½ hands high, weight 1,170 pounds, at $185. The pair weighed 2,300 lbs.

NOTICE.

The undersigned are authorized to employ a keeper and receiver for the Poor-house for the year 1883, and for that purpose will receive sealed bids until 1 p. m. next Saturday. Persons desiring both offices can make one bid for each, or include both in one bid. Persons desiring either office can bid on it.

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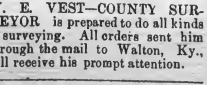

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Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

H. F. BLASE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
540 MADISON STREET,
COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS

Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky.

Ward Bros.,
Rising Sun, Indiana,
LATE OF VEVAY, IND.,
have on hand a large stock of
WATCHES & CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Silver and Plated Ware, and King's Spectacles. REPAIRING Promptly attended. Also Fine Silver Watches at Low Rates.
27-tf

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar14f23 J. W. Talbott.

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.) No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. Deserters entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for inventors. Land Warrants procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Local News.

Can you write it 1888?

Be sure and get the date correct.

Mrs. James Tanner died on the 28th ult.

Cy Crisler had a forty pound turkey for dinner, Monday.

Eggs 25 cents a dozen. Worth too much to make egging out of.

It is thought by some that the hard freezes injured the wheat.

Henry Gordon and his bride went to St. Louis on their wedding tour.

Rev. J. P. Maclean will preach in the Universalist church at this place on the 14th inst.

Some of the hog buyers prophecy that the price of hogs will go still lower before the season closes.

Jno. Berkshire and others caught two foxes last week. The boys had lots of fun while on the chase.

Coon-hunting has had its day in Boone, and a coon hunter is now looked upon as a relic of ancient times.

Charles McPherson, the party who interrupted Miss Nannie Hamilton's school exhibition was fined $25.

Rev. John C. Sehrea preached a very interesting sermon at the Baptist church in this place last Wednesday evening.

There are a great many hogs in this county which are now being fed for higher prices. Six cents or less can't buy them yet.

The hands except Ott Murphy, in F. P Walton's tobacco shop struck for higher wages last week. Their demand was not acceded to.

P. W. Hardin, Attorney General and candidate for re-election, was in town Saturday shaking with the "good people of this part of Boone."

From accounts the earthquakes certainly turned out in full force in Petersburg Christmas night. The town narrowly escaped being capsized.

Friday a drove of 16 nice cattle passed through town. They were purchased by J. M. Conner in that portion of the county southwest of Burlington.

The select party in the Morgan Academy Hall last Friday night was well attended and all present had a gay time as they always do on these occasions.

Is it possible that Tim Westbay contemplates matrimony? This thought is suggested by the nice lot of meat he is known to have put up this winter.

Mr. R. E. Graves, an old resident of Covington, leaves to-morrow for Evansville, Ind., to take charge of an office for R. E. Dunn & Co. Good for both parties.—Enquirer.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Beall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

Last Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Duncan gave the young folks a christmas party. An elegant supper was served, and all speak in glowing terms of their royal entertainment.

The funeral of Mrs. Alonzo Souther whose remains is now in Hebron vault, will be preached Jan., 6th at 11 o'clock, after which the body will be interred in the family lot in said cemetery.

We call your attention to Dudly Rouse's advertisement in this issue. You can inform yourself of some good bargains, and there is no cleverer a fellow with which to deal than this same Dudly Rouse.

Rev. J. P. MacLean will commence a series of lectures in the Universalist church at this place on the evening of the 9th inst., and continue from night to night until the series is completed. The first lecture will be on the origin of the world.

In this impression will be found W. E. Piper's card. He is doing a good business and proposes to increase it by honest dealing and extending to his customers all the courtisies that occasions may afford.

Elder Houston, who has been preaching for the Deciples at Bellevue, was in town Saturday soliciting money with which to erect a church edifice for his congregation in Bellevue. He had considerable subscribed.

Mrs. Reuben Norman, mother of Esq. M. C. Norman, died at her son's near Union on the 24th inst. Mrs. Norman was the last daughter of Elder Lewis Conner, a popular Baptist minister in this county at an early day.

Last Friday afternoon, some wagons while passing through town, stopped in front of Mr. McKim's store, and while the men were in the store, one of the women had a severe epileptic fit, causing quite an excitement for a while.

The young gallant from the heights in the vicinity of Lawrenceburg should trade his buggy nag off, and get one upon which he can rely when he wants to take a bevy of young ladies to a party. On such occasions there should be no balk.

Burlington Lodge No. 264 F. & A. M. met on the 27th ult., and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: W. L. Riddell, W. M.; Everett Walton, S. W.; W. T. German, J. W.; Dudley Rouse Treas.; W. E. Piper, Sect'y.; C. L. Crisler, Tyler.

Among the pleasant evenings spent by the young folks during the holidays was one at Mr. Edgar Cropper's. Mr. and Mrs. Cropper spared no pains in making preparation for the party, and their hospitality will long be remembered by all those who were their guests on that occasion.

Judging from the heavy discussions in a room adjoining this office, the aforesaid room is the headquarters of a debating society. The discussions are always of a theological nature, and the disputants have, as yet, not been able to settle the important question under consideration.

The protracted meeting which commenced in the Baptist church here Christmas night closed last Saturday night with the following additions: Mrs. Lillie Hall, Edward Duncan, Samuel Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Palmer. They were baptized at Bellevue last Sunday.

We are under obligations to Mr. C. C. Coleman, of Clay Center, Kan., for a copy of the Dispatch published in his city, and by which we learn since he left here he has become a member of the mistic tie. We further learn from same paper that Clay Center is a business and thriving city.

The Boone County Recorder is again edited by lawyar Riddell, which explains the [illegible] it is so improved.—Paris Kentuckian.

You are a little off on the lawyer part of the item, Bro. Craddock. Neither one of the RECORDER firm make any pretentions in that direction.

Boone Recorder: Uncle Jas. N. Stephens who for 82 years (all his life) lived on Rabbit Hash, has moved to Rising Sun.

It is not strange that he should want a change from Rabbit Hash after 82 years' trial.—Paris Kentuckian.

We didn't say Mr. S. lived *on* Rabbit Hash. Fraid you have too much Christmas to read straight, Bro. Craddock.

A gang of fox hounds passed the residence of one of our friends who lives near town, about 12 o'clock one night last week, and their yelps being sweet music to his ears, he tore himself from his peaceful couch, donned his overcoat and shoes and joined in the chase, following the hounds about two miles through bushes and briars, and having all the fun to himself.

This is Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's opinion of dancing: "It is wicked when it is wicked and it is not wicked when it is not wicked. In itself it has no more character than walking, wrestling or rowing. Bad company, untimely hours, evil dances may make the exercises evil; good company, wholesome hours, and home influences, may make it a very great benefit." We print the above for the consideration of those who love dancing.

Our junior had a very peculiar dream the other night, which illustrates how a printers mind has constantly before it the visions of the money he don't receive. He dreamed that Uncle Sam was issuing a $10-bill of new style made especially for printers and that they were being thrust at him in quantities that defied computation, and he was going to buy a new dress and a power press for the RECORDER had not morpheus left him so soon.

From careful conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 10½ pounds of pork—gross. Taking this result as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference—That:

When corn sells for 12½ cents per bushel pork costs 1½ cents per pound.

When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.

When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.

When corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.

When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statement shows what the farmer realizes on his corn when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3 cents per pound, it brings 25 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 4 cents per pound, it brings 32 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 5 cents per pound, it brings 45 cents per bushel in corn.

What We'd Like to See.

Dr. Furnish's christmas present.

Pink Rice take a carriage load of ladies to a christmas party.

The roads keep good all winter.

More turnpikes and fewer dirt roads.

The price of tobacco go up to $15.

The farmers raise good crops again this year.

Our new office completed.

Dudley Rouse driving those new harness.

By request of Mr. W. R. Terrill we publish the following letter written by him to the Post-office Department, in regard to the mail route, and the Departments reply thereto.

April, 24th 1882.

Auditor:

Would it be possible to have my route continued to the railroad? That is from Florence to Erlanger, a distance of 2 miles My route is No. 20107, and is from Florence to Burlington. The mail trains are due Erlanger (formerly Silver Lake) at 8:55 a. m., and 8:55 p. m., and my time to leave Florence at 4 p. m. Then, I ask if it is at all possible for my route to be continued over said 2 miles, and the route over said 2 miles ought to be discontinued?

On the other hand I am willing to have my route discontinued for the purpose of letting both routes be made into one.

The person that runs the route from Florence to Erlanger leaves twice a day, namely: First for the 8:55 a. m., and second for the 5:55 p. m., any man who knows would say that one man ought to be able to make the two trips to Erlanger and the one to Burlington every day which would be only twenty miles altogether.

Please let me know at once, whether it would be possible for me to get the three routes in one as illustrated in the figure, for it would make it more suitable for me to run to the depot, but I would rather take the mail to the post-office at Erlanger than to put it on the train. W. R. TERRILL.

The Department sent the following reply:

Washington, May 1st, 1882.

Respectfully returned.

This route will be changed as suggested at the next letting. It cannot be done before 1884.

Christmas at Petersburg.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

The entertainment given by the scholars of the Christian Church Sunday-school, at this place, on Saturday night before Christmas, deserves more than a passing notice. The committee, Miss Mary Snyder, Mrs. R. Bush and Mrs. Mary Walton assisted as organist by Miss Theresa McNeely, had arranged a programme calculated to please, entertain and instruct.

Promptly at the hour set apart for the opening the house was filled, and after the gentlemanly and efficient ushers, Messrs. T. W. Wade and J. W. Berkshire, had comfortably seated the audience, and assigned standing room for all that could crowd in, the superintendent, D. Riggs, opened with brief introductory remarks, followed by a song of greeting by the school and prayer by Rev. Froh, pastor of the M. E. Church.

The stage having been tastefully, yet simply decorated, and the committee had the participants in the programme so well and thoroughly drilled, that not a hitch occurred to mar the smoothness and excellence of the exercises through out the whole entertainment. Songs were interspersed with recitations by the smaller scholars and duets and solos by the young ladies.

I could not well make mention of any particular part without seemingly doing injustice to others that were just as deserving. However, we make mention of a few features that were highly appreciated.

The Quarrel Among the Flowers which was rendered in music and sung by Misses Mary and Allie Snyder, Sue and Ida Smith Lena Alden, Theresa McNeely, Zenith Alloway and Cora Early, each one representing a flower, the acting of which was splendid was certainly the feature of the evening.

No Sects in Heaven was beautifuly declaimed by Miss May Terrill.

The Duets, *Our Savior*, by Misses Sue Smith and Mary Snyder, and *Softly the Night Breeze is Sighing*, by Misses Ida Smith and Cora Early elicited most marked attention, while the recitation, *Rock of Ages*, was most touchingly and feelingly rendered by Miss Belle Terrill. In short the manner in which each and every participant rendered their part, evinced in a marked degree the perfection to which they had been brought by the careful training of the committee.

After the vast audience had been highly and profitably entertained by the school, they were in their turn made happy by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Santa Clause, and each scholar received a big round orange and a box of fine confections. And at the final it might well be said, the audience was delighted, the children pleased, the committee felt complimented and the superintendent made proud, J St. Nick wished them a merry Christmas and all a kind good night.

Personal Mentions.

James Loder, of Petersburg, was in town Thursday.

Mr. Lewis Lampton, of Richwood, was in town Friday.

Dr. J. M. Grant was considerably on the sick list last week.

Mr. John Arnold, of Mo., spent holidays with his friends of this county.

Last Thursday, Mr. Elijah Hogan, of Gallatin county, was in town.

Mr. G. T. Gaines, of Texas, was in town the other day looking hale and hearty.

Mr. E. Bruce Finch, of Kansas City, Mo. is visiting his father and brother at this place.

Mr. Thos. H. Stephenson and daughter, Birdie, spent a portion of the holidays in Burlington.

Mr. Simeon Terrill and wife, of Big Bone were the guests of Dr. J. M. Grant last Thursday.

James Allen, of Indiana, was visiting his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dempsey, of this place, last week.

Miss Sallie Hyatt, of Newport, spent the holidays with her sister, Mr. Dr. J. M. Grant, of this place.

Miss Hattie Smith, of Union was the guest of Mrs. C. L. Crisler and daughter two or three days last week.

The pleasing countenance of C. W. Riddell, of Williamstown, was seen on our streets a day or two last week.

A Mr. Graysen and a Mr. Fields, students of Bethany College were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paschal Rucker, last week.

Miss Kittie Riddell, of Constance, and Laura Zinn, of Riverside, Ohio, were the guests of Miss Nettie Gradnar Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Lou Pace, of Indianapolis, arrived in this place last Wednesday night in answer to a telegram announcing the sickness of his mother.

Mr. Alfred Voshell spent a day or two with his brother at Plattsburg last week. Alfred is now a conductor on a freight train that runs from Cairo, Ill., to Austin, Texas.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Verona.

The roads, this week, have been in a bad condition for traveling, but that does not hinder the young folks from having their sport. About forty gathered at the residence of Mr. Jas. Fry, Saturday night, and passed off their [illegible] o'clock by having music on the organ by B. L. Johnson, and singing by others.

Mr. W. B. Tanner, foreman of the Cumberland Coal Mining Works was visiting here last week.

We can now get communications at this point from all parts of the U. S., in a very short time, having a telegraph office.

Mr. Dillman has returned from his visit to Glencoe.

Plattsburg

Miss Mary Schruck, of Ind., is visiting her many friends in our town.

The Ashby Fork crossing on the Woolper Pike is in a fearful condition, and almost impassable. Something will have to be done to accommodate the traveling public or the company will get a white elephant on their hands.

Geo. Youell is suffering from a badly sprained wrist.

Owen Kinney who died so suddenly the other day never had a sick day in his life.

We would suggest that the ball players of the county organize a county league for the coming season. Say eight clubs could be organized in the county and each club put in $100, which would be $800, and at the end of the season the club winning the most games take the pile.

Christmas passed off quietly in our neighborhood.

Union.

Christmas and New years passed quietly, save a single breach of the peace, and the pop, pop of the cracker and the candle.

Wolph Rachal had a small quantity of powder to explode in his pocket—damage small.

One gentleman wears a black eye, a souvenir, presented by our young druggist, Phillip Taliafarro and his roman candle—all accidental.

The ball given by the Union Tarpsichoreans was a splendid success.

Everybody is complimenting the new RECORDER. Let it not be said that "a new broom sweeps clean."

The Union Sunday-school feast was a very enjoyable affair, and the chair presented to the superintendent, M. C. Norman, was handsome and well deserved.

Turkeys, 10 cents gross; meats, 15; Oysters, 35c a quart; the RECORDER, our own county paper, $1 50 a year.

We learn with regret of the shooting of James Allphin and Wm. Gillespy.

Personal—Orville Williams is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. H. P. Stephens...... Misses Anna Anderson and Sallie Blanton, were home during the holidays, as merry and charming as ever......Miss Lillie Jordon, of Newport, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Corbin.

Bellevue.

Our town witnessed an unusal quite Christmas, in consequence of there being no "fire crackers" for the brimstone brigade, and corn juice for the older ones.

The marriage of A. B. Corbin and Miss Matilda Rogers, took place at the Baptist church on the 27th, after regular services. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dicken, and was very impressive, being characterized by that solemnity which should always prevail on such occasions. The happy couple with the attendants W. B. Corbin and Miss Emma Barrett, and many of the friends, repared to S. D. Rice's where a kind reception awaited them in the way of an extended table loaded with all the luxuries of life. On the day following they with many of their friends, were received at the parents of the groom, where there was a table fairly groaning under the many good eatables for which the mother of the groom is noted for arranging.

The Deciples of this place are felling the timber and preparing the foundation for a 50x30 church.

Botts is on the rampage in the tobacco business, and paying tolerably fair prices for the weed.

About the richest christmas joke that took place in this "neck of the woods" was the arrival of a certain widower of about three score years, on christmas day, expressly to see a certain young lady, who, to his utter surprise was to be married the following Wednesday.

The following officers were elected by Bellevue Lodge No. 544 for the ensuing year: O Snyder, W M,; O J Ryle, S W; W W Grant, J W; T H Sutton, Treas.; D M Snyder, Sec.; Elijah Ryle, S. D.; Wm Williamson, J D; J R Akins, Tyler.

Rabbit Hash.

The chief employment of our farmers at this time is striping tobacco.

Misses Katie and Fannie Craig have been spending the past week at home.

Mrs. M. McConnell entertained a number of friends Christmas day.

Wm. Hankinson and Miss Mollie Hillis were married Dec. 21st by Elder Dicken, of Bellevue. A large number of friends were in attendance. The supper was bountiful, consisting of all the edibles of the season. A reception was given the following evening by Mrs. Z. T. Stephens a sister of the groom. A delightful supper and a happy time was the order of the evening.

Wm. McConnell is the principal tobacco buyer in this section, and expects to handle a large quantity.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. M. Ryle entertained the young folks of our neighborhood about 60 in number. At the close of the party, instead of going to their respective homes an elopement took place. They were married in Cincinnati the next day, and their return was made joyful by tinhorns cow bells, &c. in great numbers. It will take the neighborhood sometime to recover from the surprise given by this event, as it was not known that the parties were contemplating matrimony. We extend them our congratulations, and hope that happiness and prosperity may attend them through life.

The principal parties in the above elopement were Filmore Ryle and Miss Lucy Stephens.

A Good many new sleighs are in readiness for use, but the snow does not come.

Several days ago John Hankinson drew over nine hundred dollars from the Rising Sun, bank, and lost the whole amount before he got home. He has the sympathy of all, as it is known that it was earned by hard work.

Richard Stephens returned home well pleased with trip to Washington City.

Petersburg.

Mr. Jim Green has returned home from Madison, Ind., where he has been spending the holidays.

At an election held in Petersburg Lodge No. 115, Sons of Temperance, on Tuesday night, the following officers were elected: Miss Susie Lyon W. P; F. M. Cox, W A, Chas Schramm, R S; Mary Gordon, F R S; Cora Early, F S; S G Botts, Treas; R E Boien, con.; Sallie Yerks, A con.; Annie Boien, I S; Chas McWethy, A S.

Misses Hattie Thompson, Lou Hall and Lou Thompson, of Rising Sun, Ind., made our town a flying visit, last Wednesday.

THE EAGLE
DRUG STORE,
—IS POSITIVELY—
THE CHEAPEST
—HOUSE IN—
RISING SUN, IND.
Where will be found a fresh stock of
DRUGS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
PUTTY and
WINDOW GLASS,
SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
STATIONERY,
all at bottom prices.
GIVE US A CALL.
D. C. Thorn,
Main St., - - Rising Sun, Ind.
6-3m

DUDLEY ROUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.

Has Knocked Down the Price on a lot of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S Side-lace SHOES so low that the fignres will surprise you.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS
Have been overtaken by the same Slaughter and are being Closed out at Prices which make them go in a hurry. Several pieces of nice DRESS GOODS must be sold and to make you want them they are going to be dispo[illegible] of at a sacrifice. If you want any of the above goods call early as they are being taken rapidly.

I also have a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Yarns, Prints, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, Notions, &c.

A full stock of FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES always on hand

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

GREEN & RIDDELL,
ATTORNEYS at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office next door to Recorder Office. 2-tf

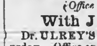
L. C. NORMAN. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

F. Adkinson. A. W. Gaines.
ADKINSON & GAINES,
Attorneys & Counseors at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. 41tf

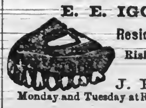
S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN



RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

E. E. IGOE,



Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
32-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
Should take a policy at once.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
J. E. DUNCAN President, Burlington, Ky

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

JOHN Q. DAVIS
DEALER IN
Boots & Shoes!
HATS, CASP,
Gloves, Leather, Shoe Findings
SPECIALTIES:
Boots and Shoes Made of Leather,
Hats, Caps and Gloves, Latest Styles, Lowest Prices.
New Goods every two weeks. Leather and Shoe Findings at Lowest Cincinnati Wholesale Prices to the Trade. No misrepresentations to effect sales. Goods guaranteed as represented. Thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed, would refer to my past business career of 12 years for a continuance of the same.
JOHN Q. DAVIS,
Sign of BIG RED BOOT. Main Street, Rising Sun. Ind.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!
BUT OUR ELEGANT STOCK OF
CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAY GOOD IS HERE!
WHOLE FAMILIES
Dance for joy at the sight of our Holiday Novelties.
BEAUTIFUL GIFTS,
UNIQUE GIFTS,
CHOICE GIFTS,
DELIGHTFUL GIFTS,
ELEGANT GIFTS,
SUPERB GIFTS,
At Prices Within Reason of All.
LANGSDALE & BUCHANAN,
RISING SUN, INDIAN

UNDERTAKING

We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.
A [illegible] just rceived a beautitu
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
sOARDs & DAVIS, Hebron. Ky

CUSTOM GRINDING
At MILLER'S MILL,
Rising Sun, - - Ind.
On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. [illegible] Flour and Corn Meal always on hand—for sale or exchange. Sat[illegible] guaranteed. (41-6m) J. C. MILLER & SON, Propri[illegible]

My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1883 will be sent FREE to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. All seed sent from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name so far, that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill the order gratis. My collection of vegetable seed is one of the most extensive to be found in any American [illegible] and a large part of it is of my own growing [illegible] original introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the [illegible] Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon and a score of other new Vegetables. I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement. James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, : KENTUCKY.

WHEN WE ALL LIVED TOGETHER.

How often memory dwells upon
  The days that are departed,
When we in love together lived,
  So fresh and simple-hearted;
O, happy, happy summer-time!
  O, blissful golden weather!
How bright and beautiful was earth
  When we all lived together!

I see the very corner where
  Dear grandmother is sitting,
In kerchief, cap and spectacles,
  So busy with her knitting;
I even seem to hear her voice
  Our merry tumult chiding,
As from behind her chair we caught
  The urchin who was hiding.

And when, at meal-time, eagerly
  We hurried to the table,
'Twas hard the laughter to suppress,
  Or hush the merry Babel;
And if one pulled a sober face,
  A better impulse showing,
Why, even that was quite enough
  To keep the others going.

And mother, dear, though dignified,
  Was never melancholy;
And father was so much a boy,
  Himself so kind and jolly,
That 'twas no wonder we broke loose
  From every gloomy tether,
And had a right good jovial time
  When we were all together.

The wintry days were full of sport,
  The evenings bright and charmful;
The books we read, the games we played,
  Had in them nothing harmful;
A healthy spirit filled the house,
  And Peace, with folded pinion,
Made her abode within the walls
  Where Love had true dominion.

But o'er the threshold strangers trod,
  Despite our protestations;
And then, ah me! what changes came!
  What fatal separations!
New ties were formed, new homes were made,
  By those to whom was given
A taste of blissful joy on earth,
  Or perfect bliss in Heaven.

This is the self-same sky that stretched
  Above those haunts elysian,
The dear old home that now is but
  A memory and a vision;
Yet as our hearts recall the past,
  We sigh, and wonder whether
The world is quite so fair as 'twas
  When we all lived together.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Dinner is over, the ladies have withdrawn, and round the fragments of a costly dessert sit four gentlemen.

Colonel Harvie and his guests, Captain Morton and William Staines, are talking politics, while Master Tom Harvie (the Colonel's young nephew, home from Eton for the holidays, and spending them for the first time with his uncle, who has lately returned from India,) is busily engaged on an enormous pear, and wondering if it would be possible, with a little ingenuity, to get possession of the claret-bottle, which is at the other end of the table close to his uncle's elbow.

Presently he rises and strolls toward the coveted object, with a face of the most perfect indifference, and is just about to seize his prize, when—

"I should try an orange now, old boy, if you are thirsty," says his uncle.

Unhappy Tom knows what that means, and hastily retreats, baffled, but by no means beaten; he discusses the orange, which is followed by a bunch of purple grapes, and then, feeling at peace with himself and the whole world, joins in the conversation.

The Colonel and his friends being stanch Tories, and with very similar opinions on most political questions, any suggestion or theory advanced by one is carried unanimously by the other two; and, therefore, their remarks being neither very interesting nor exciting, Mr. Tom's chatter is listened to, much to that youth's surprise and pleasure.

"O uncle," he begins, "what is that extraordinary arrangement you have in the hall, facing the front door?"

"What, the bicycle?"

"Yes, I suppose it's a bicycle, but it's the nastiest old one I ever saw; and why should it stand on that splendid tiger-skin?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale," says Captain Morton, sententiously.

"To the tiger-skin or the bicycle?" laughed Tom.

"If you begin making bad jokes at your time of life, Master Tom, I don't know what will become of you. By the by, Staines, have you heard of Harvie's Indian adventure?"

Staines, who has only lately become acquainted with his host, says "No."

"I've written it in the shape of a story since I saw you last, Morton," says the Colonel, "and if you like, we will read it over our cigars; you, being a literary man, Staines, must listen critically."

"A story, hurrah!" shouts Tom.

The manuscript is produced, and Colonel Harvie, settling himself comfortably, adjusts his double eye-glasses, clears his throat, and begins:

Has a bicycle ever saved a man's life? A curious question, and one to which I imagine a few persons could answer affirmatively. I am one of those few, however; and as the life in question had a particular interest for me, being my own, all the details of the terrible event are firmly fixed in my memory.

The case is entirely without parallel, and will, I venture to think, interest general readers, though they may have no love for "a rubbishy bicycular thing," as I once heard an old farmer call my beloved machine. I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy, and labored for hours at a bone-shaker, to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever manufactured, I reveled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise occupied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental. In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle. My father was a doctor in a little Kentish village, and, having a large family, he was thankful, indeed, when, at the age of nineteen, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India. (No awful examinations in those days!) And one fine morning I found myself with the King's Own at Plymouth, starting in H. M. S. Ganges for our mighty Eastern Empire.

I will not attempt to describe my months of sea life, because every one has read of nautical adventures dozens of times before; suffice it to say, I was very sea sick and miserable the first week on board, like everybody else, and caught myself wishing I was dead. I found afterwards that was rather a common wish with people in the first agonies of this malady. Then I recovered, and enjoyed myself like everybody else; and saw a flying-fish, and was disappointed with it, like everybody else; and fished for hours, with about a quarter of a mile of line over the stern, catching nothing, like everybody else; and when we sighted land I was thankful, like everybody else.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub." in my regiment was also a bicyclist. In these days, when the "iron wheel" has so many votaries, this may seem nothing very strange; but, to realize my surprise and pleasure, you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired, or otherwise.

Enormous was the amount of money betted by us on races to come, and innumerable the beauties we discovered in our own machines. Once we attempted a race on board, down one side of the deck; but a nasty lurch nearly sent my companion overboard, and the Captain soon put a stop to our proceedings.

Well, we reached our destination at last, and steamed up the mighty Hooghly to Calcutta.

Words fail me to describe the sensation which our bicycles caused. They were, I believe, the first ever seen in India; and as we rode together into the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some Eastern potentate.

Our first appearance was hailed with a cry of horror by a crowd of mendicants and children hovering round the outside of the market. Curiosity, however, soon got the better of their fear, and, by the time we had ridden a quarter of a mile, there was a regular mob at our heels, all following silently, with grave, earnest faces and quiet tread—in fact, they might have been attending some funeral.

Soon every available stall and house-top was crammed with heads; the street in front of us seemed cleared as if by magic; and on we rode as slowly as possible, trying to look like judges.

The first horse we came to nearly went into a fit. Had a native been driving, the consequences would probably have been serious; but the white soldier in the vehicle pulled the unhappy beast up, and made it follow and examine our bicycles.

These operations were watched by our body-guard with the deepest interest. We did not see many horses in town, fortunately, and the stalled oxen generally employed as beast of burden paid not the slightest attention to us. At length we arrived at a drinking-fountain, and alighted from our machines, causing another loud cry of astonishment. We had a refreshing drink and remounted.

As we reached the outskirts of the town we quickened our pace, and, finding a grand level stretch of road in front of us, began to race, soon leaving every one far behind.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us in going "up country." Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or other were very frequent on our bicycling excursions.

On one occasion, when I was riding quietly, a half-demented native (one of the few remaining followers of Juggernaut) ran out into the road in front of me, and fell down almost under my bicycle. The unfortunate man wished to sacrifice himself, as he would have done, under the huge wheels which carry his god. It was with the greatest difficulty I avoided him; and he rose with the air of a person who had quite made up his mind to leave this world, but had suddenly come back to it by a short cut. It certainly never struck him that his religious arrangements would put me out in the least.

My friend, too, met me an unpleasant adventure. Peacocks are common birds in India, and in some parts are sacred, no one being allowed to kill or shoot them; they swarm in the jungles, and are sometimes seen domesticated round the villages, strutting about like so many barn door fowls in an English farm.

My friend found out this to his cost; for one day, turning a corner at a good pace, he ran right into a flock of them, coming a nasty cropper himself, and killing one of the unfortunate birds. Endless complications followed. The owner vowed nothing we could give him would compensate for the loss of his sacred fowl, that ill-luck would fall on him and his house, and that the "sahib" would certainly die before the week was out. The "sahib," having given the man every farthing he had with him, and implored him to think no more about the matter, mounted his fallen steed and rode back to the camp, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

The affair did not end here, however; the native authorities of the village came in a body to our commanding officer; and it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to pacify them.

This occurrence created a bad impression in the place; and we were very glad to leave it for another station higher up the country. We were now approaching the hills; and the long-talked-of bicycle race I was to ride against my friend Fred Bent had not yet come off. Soon our pet pastime would have to be abandoned for an indefinite period; so one evening after mess we drew up and signed articles in the regular professional style to ride a ten mile race for a bet of five pounds a side, my opponent to receive three minutes' start (this little arrangement would have made us both forfeit our right to ever ride again as amateurs, but we did not know that then, and I daresay we should not have cared if we had). We were now stationed at the foot of the hills. The ground to our north became gradually broken, rising peak after peak, and stretching away to the region of eternal snow.

There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board. It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted tract was reached, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle. It was on this road I intended to train. Bent had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and here he prepared himself for the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped up very finely, etc.—we considered ourselves fit for the contest; and the adventure I am now about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day. I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer passing stopped me, and said:

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word that a large tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed. "I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild-beasts as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin sleepy-looking animal, as I had once seen in a traveling menagerie. Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew coming home. In about an hour I reached my usual halting-place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home.

Dismounting, I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect. A beautiful scene it was, too!

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun; here a little waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain-side, and twining in and out amongst the masses of trees and rocks; there a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista. A pool, or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue; humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out amongst the trees. On the "tank" floated water-fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivaling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of color. But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain-tops had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghostly. A flying fox went rushing past me, and I hastily prepared to mount; for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose, my eyes encountered something which made me start, and nearly drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger. I knew the animal well enough; but how different he looked from the lean, half-starved little beast I had seen at home! He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-break, and sat there, washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened? Not an atom; I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature, and then quietly mounted (the tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched straight away in front of me). The noise I made roused him; he looked up, and then, after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with long graceful bounds over the rank grass and rocks which separated him from the road. He did not seem a bit angry, but evidently wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety. The tiger was in the road behind me now; so I pulled myself together, and began to quicken pace.

Would he stop, disgusted, after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it? I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be. I looked behind me. By Jove! he was "sticking to it." I could not judge the distance; but at any rate I was no farther from him than when we started. Now for a spurt! I rode the next half-mile as hard as I could; but, on again looking round, found I had not gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long, swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now; it was my muscle and iron steed against the brute. I could only do my best, and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intention; his blood was up, and on he came, occasionally giving vent to a roar, which made the ground tremble. Another mile had been traversed, and the tiger was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my pouch to the ground, hoping it would stop him for a few seconds; but he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp now, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me. O, the agony of those minutes, which seemed to me like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another. I could hear him behind me now—pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker, louder and louder. I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us! How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible! His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and, with a shudder, I bent down over the handles, and flew on.

As I now sit quietly in my chair writing, I find it hard to analyze the crowd of memories that went rushing through my brain during that fearful ride. I saw long forgotten events in which I had taken part rise up distinctly before me; and while every muscle was racked with my terrible exertion my mind was clear, and my life seemed to pass before me like one long panorama.

On, on on; the slightest slip, I knew, would be fatal; a sudden jolt, a screw giving, and I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength would not stand much more; the prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be all over. My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes—I was stopping; my legs refused to move, and a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting about me, holding me back, back! A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking, I was dying. Then a few moments, which seemed a life-time, and then—crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground.

Then I heard shots fired, a Babel of men's voices, and all was over.

* * * * *

After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever, reason gradually returned, and I learnt the particulars of my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a shikaree (or native hunter) to a trap which had been prepared for the tiger. A goat was tethered on the outskirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near, to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat, in the stillness of the night, would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycle-race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey. As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight, about a quarter of a mile in front of them, whirling along in a cloud of dust, which hid my terrible pursuer. They soon, however, saw my awful danger. The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as we reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with terror, and did not dare to fire; but the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting-field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting his rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice, and blew its brains out, just in time to save my life. I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing that it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs, they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weeks lingering between life and death.

At the conclusion of the Colonel's story a general move was made, and the queer old bicycle, standing victorious upon the remains of his pursuer, and surrounded by many Indian trophies, was examined with the deepest interest.

"Allow me gentlemen, to introduce you to my valued old friend," said Colonel Harvie, "who took so prominent a part in my Race for Life."—*London Society.*

Feeding Pigs.

The most important business of a large proportion of American farmers at the present time is feeding swine for the purpose of making pork. Feeding pigs is a business against which there is an absurd prejudice in the minds of some persons who are not farmers. In ancient times there was a prejudice even against the pigs themselves. We read in the Scriptures that when the prodigal son had fallen to the lowest depths of his degradation and misery he was engaged in feeding swine. But a business to a great extent is made low and vulgar and degrading by the manner in which it is performed. And we also read that the poor unfortunate youth had nothing better to feed the swine with than husks. Certainly that was a poor business, and would be considered low and "ornery" by the lowest and poorest American farmer in existence. But the American pig is an animal of high degree which not only engages the attention of our best farmers and stock-breeders, who keep a herd-book for entering the pedigrees of the first families, but also that of capitalists and business men, and speculators who make corners in pork, and statisticians who figure up the amounts and values of pork products, besides the most eminent chemists and investigators in science, and moreover of statesmen at home and abroad, who find occasion for diplomatic squabbles on account of the American pig and his valuable products. And we might also note to what a large extent the pig enters into the calculations of the great bankers and money-dealers and how its value as pork, bacon, lard, and hams becomes a most serious element in the financial system, and sometimes turns a stream of gold hither or away, and raises or lessens the value of all the property in the country. For this animal, individually scorned and made an object of disgust and its name a by-word and reproach, is collectively worth $100,000,000 per annum, and then becomes an object of respect, if not of worship—an example of what so much money will do for a hog—or a man, even—to raise it or him in the public estimation. And just at this time there are about one million farmers engaged in fattening their swine and preparing them to enter into commerce, and become an object of regard to several millions more, who will have more or less to do with them before the products enter into wide and general consumption as food, and in this fattening there may be loss or profit, which may have an important bearing upon the aggregate wealth of the country, and more especially upon the farmers engaged in the business.

There have been a great number of scientific investigations in regard to the feeding of pigs and the making of pork, and the most skillful scientific men have been engaged in them. Besides this scientific and accurate information, a great number of scattering tests have been made, so many of which, however, have been undertaken in an uncertain manner and some have been so absurdly imperfect that a great deal of contradictory evidence has been brought forward which has led to error, confusion, and no doubt to loss and waste. For instance, the question is often asked if it is better to feed corn whole or ground, or dry, steeped, or cooked, for making pork, and there is so much divergence of opinion in regard to it that one may be very easily misled unless the whole case and the whole evidence are studied, and even then the result is such as not to be applicable to many cases that are always occurring.

There are many points for consideration in dealing with this question. Food makes flesh and fat only when it is completely digested. It is only then that food enters into the blood and renews its substance and produces muscular and fatty tissue. And the digestion of food depends not only upon the character of the food itself, but upon the health of the animal and the manner in which the food is eaten. Let us consider the latter first. Digestion begins in the mouth, which is the beginning of the alimentary canal. The digestive agent here is the saliva, which is a complicated fluid secreted from the salivary glands, and which has the property of converting starch into sugar. There is every reason to believe that starch is not digested until it is so changed, and that this change, begun in the mouth, is fully effected in the stomach and intestines by means of the bile and the pancreatic juice. The albuminoid portion of the food is digested in the stomach and intestines, and finally dissolved in the liver as it passes through that organ into the blood. The dissolved food and the fat emulsified by the pancreatic juice and poured into the great thoracic duct, by which they are carried into the lungs, and thence the fluid is poured into the arterial system, by which it is transported to the fine capillary vessels. From these the fibrine which is held in solution by the serum of the blood passes through their walls and is taken up by the cells of the muscular tissue and increases their growth and substance. The latter process is that of assimilation, which is the actual addition of muscular substance and fat to the body. This general view of the process of digestion gives but a faint idea of its importance, and also of the delicacy and complicated character of it, but will explain in some degree how it is that the results of experiments in feeding are so often contradictory and unsatisfactory unless made by practiced and skillful persons.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

—A sensation of a very unusual kind occurred at a Smyrna, Del., church a Sunday or two ago. In the midst of the sermon the preacher said, "Let us praise Him," and a few understanding him to say "Let us pray," proceeded to kneel. The movement was contagious, and the whole audience were going to prayers, when the preacher exclaimed: "I did not say 'Let us pray;' I am not through yet—we will pray directly." So they resumed their seats with very broad faces and with emotions very foreign to pure worship.

—A few years ago a Lewiston man sent a present of six barrels of nice Maine apples to an aged and wealthy uncle in England. Recently the Lewistonian received a legacy of $15,000 from the uncle.—*New York Tribune.* A few weeks ago a Chicago man sent six nice apples to a wealthy uncle. The other day he received a bill for two bottles of Pain Killer. It is hard to head off Chicago.—*Chicago Herald.*

—It is said that the State capitol at Austin, Texas, will be larger than any building in this country, the National and New York State capitol alone excepted.

—A New Orleans man got so mad because he couldn't thread a needle that he kicked a chair and broke his leg.

CONSUMPTION in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted, no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Wills, of Elyria, Ohio, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption." Sold by druggists.

WHEN your son comes home with his feet "wringing wet" and says he hasn't been on the ice, it is fair to pronounce his story, like the ice, "too thin."

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also combining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the wants of debilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neuralgic pains. By druggists.

TOM THUMB is a Knight Templar. He is the shortest Knight in the world—shorter even than the night of the 21st of June.

DYSPEPSIA, liver complaint, and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN exchange speaks of a certain railroad as being of the feminine gender because all her trains are behind.

IN some places a young man is not thought much of unless he owns a building lot. Out of site, out of mind.—*N. O. Picayune.*

COUGHS.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will allay the irritation which induces coughing, giving immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.*

MANY of the cigars labeled "Key West" bear a Kay-West-ionable resemblance to dried cabbage.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, etc. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, and take no other.

KLEPTOMANIA is a very stubborn and far-reaching disease. Its ravages can only be arrested by a policeman.—*The Judge.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Is a cure for lung and throat diseases. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A NEW book is titled "Short Sayings of Great Men." When are we to have "Great Sayings of Short Men?"—*N. Y. News.*

St. Anthony's Fire.

This is only another name for Erysipelas, one of the most terrible of human ailments. Mishler's Herb Bitters never fails to cure it. The wife of Mr. Chas. Wentzel, of Zanesville, Ohio, was cured by this remedy of a case of erysipelas of three years standing. Mishler's Herb Bitters, the most wonderful medical discovery of the 19th century, cures Dyspepsia, Ague, Sick Headache, Kidney and Liver trouble, and also purifies the blood, thus correcting a host of disorders. All respectable druggists sell it.

To GET up a dinner of great variety, cooks should be allowed a wide range.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

THE weight of wealth—1,500 pounds to the ton.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

REDDING'S Russia Salve has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

WHEN a man says "cold as blazes" he means hot as ice. Take him as he means.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

SOME people object to the practice of feeing waiters, but does not the smiling morn tip the hills with gold.—*Boston Courier.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health cures dyspepsia, impotence $1. "WELLS' ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

THE old saw "fine words butter no parsnips" is now rendered "elegant diction oleomargarines no pastinaca edulis."

D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston, a house that displays both wit and enterprise, publish four delightful pictorial magazines, adapted to various ages. Send for their prospectus.

IT was Mazzini who said: "Slumber not in the tents of your columns." But it is impossible to avoid slumbering in the contents of some columns.

MENSMAN'S peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

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PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formula in use 300 years.

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From the Christian Leader N. Y., Oct. 3d, '71.

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From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 6, 1871.

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Barometer received in good order, and must say that the instrument gives perfect satisfaction in every respect. It is neatly made and wonderfully cheap at two dollars. GEO. B. PARSONS, M. C. R. R. Office, Detroit, Mich.

Pool's Barometer has already saved me many times its cost, in foretelling the weather. It is a wonderful curiosity and works to perfection. F. J. ROBERTSON, Milwaukee, Wis.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Boone County Recorder.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1883. NUMBER 11.

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY.

She is sitting very silent in her little crimson chair,
With the flicker of the firelight on her pretty golden hair;
And all pleasant things surround her; but her thoughts are otherwhere.

For these little lads and lasses have a country of their own,
Where, without the older people, they may wander off alone
Into dim and distant regions, that were never named or known.

They are wearied with the questions, and the running to and fro;
For some one is always saying: "You must come," or "You must go."
"You must speak and write correctly, sitting, standing, thus and so."

So they turn at every moment, from the figures on their slates;
And the names of all the islands, and the oceans, and the States
Are forgotten in a moment when they see the shining gates.

Of their own delightful country where they wander as they please,
On the great enchanted mountains, or beneath the forest trees,
With a thousand other children, all entirely at their ease.

Oh, the happy, happy children! do they wish for anything,
Book or bird, or boat or picture, silken dress or golden ring?
Lo! a little page will hasten, and the treasure straight will bring.

It is strange the older people can not find this land at all;
If they ever knew its language, it is lost beyond recall,
And they only, in their dreamings, hear its music rise and fall.

Oh, the riches of the children with this country for their own!
All the splendor of its castles, every flower and precious stone,
Until time itself is ended, and the worlds are overthrown.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN.

In former times the nobility of Europe held the common people in a condition of vassalage, a relation in which the serf was absolutely subject to the whim or will of his master. I never had so clear a conception of this state of society, and of its possibilities of tyranny and cruelty, as I had after hearing the stories which my Russian guide told me one day, in the little Russian village of Faboriel. The following was a part of his narrative in which he described a nobleman who formerly lived in the castle in that town. It gives also a view of the headstrong, overbearing, brutal character of one class of Russian nobles of the last generation.

"I remember one day," said the aged guide, "when I accompanied my master, the Prince, on one of his hunts. It was a bitter cold day, and there was a slight show of ice on the river below—thin enough to be broken by a small copper coin.

"We had caught a number of fine hares in the fields, and on returning the whole company of hunters paused on yonder cliff. The monastery was behind us, and the monks left off praying and came out to see our game, of which the Prince always presented them with one-third.

"Well, my master was in a merry mood. He sent off the monks to fetch him a barrel of vodka—Russian brandy.

"By-and-by a number of boy-monks were seen kicking and rolling before them a barrel of the required drink. My master took his seat upon it, broached it at once, and with a ladle began to help himself and us in turn.

"We all began to feel warm and merry, and the Prince became just a little excited. So he told some of us to make a *reisak*—to break the ice by plunging head foremost down the cliff on the ice on the river, and coming up in some other place.

"A few hard-headed ones threw themselves down head foremost. But on that day no one succeeded in making a *reisak*. Some stupidly fell on their backs on the ice, which was not the thing at all. Others never reached the ice, but struck against the side of the cliff. And one unlucky fellow named Goursky put his neck out of joint and never moved again.

"The three who really succeeded in breaking the ice never came up; they remained to take care of the fishes, or perhaps were led away down, down to the bottom of the river by the russalkas, or water-fairies.

"Oh dear, that was a great day; my poor Prince was in a foaming rage. 'I'll flog you all to death,' he screamed. At that moment his eyes fell upon his private secretary, a poor, timid, kindly-tempered man.

"'Here you,' said the Prince, addressing the trembling secretary, 'make me a *reisak* this instant.'

"'Your highness,' replied the unhappy man, 'I would do it if I knew how.'

"'It is time you learnt your duty, you rascal; make me a *reisak* this instant.'

"The trembling creature threw himself down head foremost; he also broke the ice, but he never came up again—at least we never saw him in these parts. At that my poor master was so disappointed that he burst into tears and sobbed passionately.

"'It is plain that my last days are at hand,' he cried, 'when I can not find one man among my thousands who can make a *reisak*. But where,' he added, 'is crop-eared Iaska?'

"Now this was none other than my own father. 'He is the man,' said the Prince, 'that can make *reisaks* one after the other.' My father was at work on a farm at some distance; 'Send for him at once,' cried the Prince. And off started a messenger to fetch him.

"Meanwhile the weather grew colder, a bitter wind began to blow from the north, and the ice became thicker. It was almost dusk when my father arrived, and the ice had so thickened that if he had had a head of iron, he would have been unable to make a *reisak*.

"'Now, you rogue,' said the Prince, 'show these ignorant hounds how to make a *reisak*.'

"My father, who was an iron-willed man, knew better than to disobey his Prince. He gave him one look to make sure that he was in earnest, took off his sheep-skin coat and handed it to me, saying: 'Son, keep this in remembrance of me, for I am going to Paradise.' Then he crossed himself three times, while he muttered a prayer.

"Then he threw out his arms like sails, and flung himself down head foremost. Away he sped revolving like a wheel, and having reached the river he lay on the ice in the perfect stillness and peace of the dead.

"Now I often see my father preparing to fling himself down, and I seem to hear his voice saying: 'Son, obedience is better than life.'

"Our Prince was a great man for all that, and a great lover of justice. Once he heard that a merchant in his village had cheated the wife of a poor peasant. He at once mounted his horse, galloped to the market-place, and entered the merchant's shop.

"'Ah! Tchourkin, Tchourkin,' said he, 'you have been a rascal. Now quit the shop at once.'

"The Prince installed himself in the discomfited merchant's place. With the yard-measure in his hand he stood at the door of the shop and cried out in a loud voice, so that he could be heard all through the market-place:—

"'Walk up here, ladies and gentlemen, walk up here and look at our goods. We give no change, and we will not be bothered with small money from our customers. If you pay we'll thank you for it; but if you don't, why, then it can't be helped. Only walk in and buy.'

"Every one rushed to the shop. The Prince served them himself behind the counter, measuring the goods by the yard and by whole pieces. In less than three hours the entire shop was cleared of its goods; but the sum produced by this extraordinary sale was ridiculously small.

"'There,' said the Prince, beckoning to the crest-fallen merchant to come in, 'there is your ready money, but a good deal has been sold on credit. You can now exert your wits, not in cheating my poor serfs, but in collecting your debts. But mind you never forget the people whom you cheated; lest a worse fate befall you.'

"The great event of each day was the Prince's afternoon nap. The moment the Prince, with his pipe in his mouth, placed himself in his arm-chair, a flag was hoisted from the palace turrets—a warning signal to tell that the lord of the estate was napping.

"When it was seen floating from above, the stillness of death fell upon all around. Everything stood still; not even a cat in the village dared to mew.

"There was at one time a ruined landlord of noble birth, who for want of means, lived with the Prince. Now this gentleman was a bit of a wag. One unlucky day in midsummer, while the Prince was having a nap in his arm-chair in the eastern pavilion, and the flag was fluttering from above, and peace and quiet reigned far and near, the ruined gentleman, named Rubathky, out of mere bravado, shouted the first line of a popular song called 'The Road,' and took to his heels.

"The watchmen on duty, with the resignation of their class, had also gone to sleep.

"At that instant the Prince awoke, heated and enraged. His voice was heard demanding in terrible accents, 'Who sang "The Road"?'

"The servants, terrified out of their wits, ran about like wild people, but could not discover any one who could have committed the dreadful act.

"'Who sang "The Road"?' yelled the infuriated Prince, rushing to the front door with a huge whip in his hand. 'Let him instantly come forward, or I'll beat every one of you.'

"Not a soul appeared. The enraged Prince re-entered the house and began to make a general havoc of the table-glasses and china. The butler and head-steward rushed to Vashka's room. Vashka was the Prince's hired singer. They entreated him to take the blame upon himself. Their tears and supplications had no effect, until they seconded them with a promise of ten rubles.

"Poor Vashka was unwilling to tell the untruth, or to bring his back into close contact with the knout, but then he was in dreadful need of the money. At length he yielded, and said: 'If he does not beat me with his own hands, see that you lay it on lightly.'

"By this time the Prince had worked himself into a terrible state of frenzy.

"At length voices were heard, crying that they were bringing the man. And lo! the butler and steward were seen dragging poor innocent Vashka along with them, his hands and feet tied with strong cords.

"The Prince, with a great knout in his hand, seated himself on the sofa, in order to bring his whole mind to judge this case fairly. The lookers-on were so terrified that they hardly knew whether they were dead or alive.

"'Did you sing "The Road"?' demanded the Prince.

"'I am in fault, your highness, I did,' said Vashka, in a voice full of terror, as he crouched at his master's feet.

"The Prince was silent; he gazed a few moments at the terror-stricken musician at his feet, and then said: 'You have a beautiful voice; sing the whole song to me, this instant.'

"The trembling musician, still bound, lying at his master's feet, sang the song with musical sweetness.

"When he had finished, the Prince rewarded him with an embroidered caftan and ten silver rubles."—*A. H. Leonowens, in Youth's Companion.*

A Romantic Career.

The story of Reuben Porter Lee, who has just been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for embezzling $200,000 from the First National Bank of Buffalo, reads like a romance. Entering the institution as messenger boy at the age fifteen, he had filled the positions of bookkeeper, teller, cashier, Vice-President and President at the age of thirty-two. He was elected to the last position last January, at which time the stock of the bank was worth 160. Three months afterward the institution closed its doors, hopelessly insolvent. Lee obtained the money by discounting his own, his wife's and his father's notes, each in excess of the ten per cent. of the bank's capital stock, which is the highest limit allowed to any single borrower. He allowed the reserve to be drawn below the fifteen per cent. required by law and carried paper for a worthless firm to the extent of $1,000,000 at times. He received his sentence with seeming indifference, but his young wife was nearly heart-broken. He appears to have been a consummate and heartless scamp, who richly deserves all the punishment he got.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthful weather.

THE DAIRY.

—The most flourishing branch of British agriculture during the last year or two has been dairy farming. The Mark Lane *Express* says: "American competition stimulated those interested in butter and cheese to set about improving their practice."

—Bitter milk is a matter of frequent occurrence every fall and winter, or soon after the cows are off from grazing. It is caused first by bitter herbs in the hay—such as May weed, Johnswort, etc., and also by the use of too much over-ripe food, such as straw, corn stover, or late cut hay. It never occurs when cows are fed on good food, and are thriving, or even holding their own, and are kept comfortably warm.

—Cows must be kept warm in winter in order to obtain a good flow of milk. Exposure to cold not only diminishes the flow of milk but increases the consumption of food. Exposure to cold in yards or open barns, according to careful experiments, requires an increase of one-half more food for the cows, and a less yield of milk is obtained than with less food in warm stables. Even exposure to cold for a short time diminishes the yield of milk.

—Dairymen abroad have been experimenting for the purpose of determining which yield of milk, the morning or evening's mess, is the richer of the two. The decision was in favor of the evening's mess being the richer for both butter and cheese making qualities. The milk of cows fed ground-feed in winter was richer than that produced by the same cows from grass in summer. This is not a matter of very great moment to the dairyman, though he should keep posted on all these little points.

—"Caird," a dairy writer, mentions a case where a herd of cows, which had been usually supplied from troughs and pipes in the stalls, were on account of an obstruction in the pipes, obliged to be turned out twice a day, while the weather was cold, to be watered in the yard. The quantity of milk instantly decreased, and in three days the falling off became very considerable. After the pipes were mended, and the cows again watered as before in their stalls, the flow of milk returned. Cows when giving milk are more sensitive to the cold than when they are dry, and exposure to severe cold interferes with the secretion of milk.

English Butter Making.

A visit to the Gloucestershire farmhouse was devoted to viewing the process of butter making. Though emphatically not a believer in "luck," properly so called, I know enough about cookery to admit that there is such a thing as a "lucky hand" in pastry, and, as in pastry, so in butter making, a cool, light hand is above all things necessary. The hand of the operator should be first plunged into hot water, and then allowed to stand in cold water until thoroughly cooled. The usual practice then is to rub it with salt; but, as this is rather severe treatment during the winter months, it will then be found better to rub it with buttermilk and flour instead. A primary rule in butter making is that everything which the butter touches must be wet in order to prevent it sticking, and a not less necessary rule is that every thing should be perfectly clean. Every utensil must be well scrubbed, the wooden pails with wood ash and hot water. It is not usual to scrub the churn inside; but it should be washed out first with lukewarm water and then with a boiling solution of soda and water, which should be left standing in it for about ten minutes. It is usually said that a quart of cream will make one pound of butter, but in order to do this the cream must be thick and good. Those who look more to the quality than the quantity of their butter will only skim the milk twice—that is, every twelve and twenty four-hours. While the cream is being collected for butter it must be changed twice a week into clean vessels, and, except in very cold weather, it is best to scald the first half of the cream, add a small piece of saltpetre to it, keep it distinct, and then, when butter day comes round, to add it to the fresh lot. Cold water should be left standing in the churn in summer, but in winter the churn should be scalded with boiling water and the water allowed to stand in it for ten minutes before the operation of butter making begins. When all is ready the cream is put into the churn with a small quantity of salt—roughly speaking, a handful of salt to about twenty pounds of butter will be enough (some people add a little saltpetre, about one tablespoonful of the above quantity); then the churning commences, and must be continued till the butter comes. As a rule in warm weather the butter may be expected in about an hour, but in winter it will take longer; be the time long or short, however, there is nothing for it but to go on until you are done. Sometimes, by the rule of contraries, I suppose, the butter will "go to sleep" in the churn—that is, it will be light and frothy, and will refuse to come. This must be counteracted by turning the churn round very slowly, just as you would do if the cream were heavy, sometimes one way and sometimes another, until the cream has returned to its duty. Under these circumstances the judicious introductions of a sixpence into the churn will occasionally prove useful in giving the cream something to beat against. When the butter has "come" (I know of no more technical word), water is poured in, and the butter washed in the churn; it is then turned out of the churn into the skeel, and the salt worked into it. This is usually done by taking first one-third of the butter, then another and then another, sprinkling the salt over it and working it lightly and deftly against the bottom of the skeel. The next operation is covering the butter with water, washing it well for the second time, and laying it on cloths to drain, then for a few minutes more it is again worked in the skeel, and it is then ready to be weighed out and printed. Those who prepare butter for sale will do well to see that their weight is good, as the butter readily loses weight by the evaporation of the water; nor can they do better than follow the example of my instructress, who makes a habit of putting a penny piece into the scales along with each one pound of butter.—*London Queen.*

Religious.

THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN'S STORY.

For years my heart had longed to have a child
My own, my very own, to be to me
Helper, companion, solace in my grief,
And dear responsive friend. And when she came—
My little daughter—all my heart was glad,
And my long shaded life became so bright
That it was never darkened, and my way
Was through a laughing land all gay with flowers.
And fair with fairest sunshine. Patiently
I sought to train the child, as one might do
A sapling that ere long should be a tree,
Under whose shelter quietness and rest
Should be reward of trouble; so I thought
When the swift years had made my daughter tall,
And lighted up the sweetness of her eyes
With new intelligence, and crowned her brow
With the tightfulness and dignity, and taught
Her lips to sing the low soft songs of love,
There would be nothing, in the whole wide world,
So beautiful, so lovable as she,
My only darling.

But alas for hope
That faded into tears! My sorrow came
Like the dark dawn of an unwelcome day
Laden with trouble. Unto it at first
I would not turn my eyes, but kept them closed;
And sought to woo the night dreams back again;
For they were better than the real things
That waited for me. But it might not be:
I had to learn the anguish of my lot,
And know that evil with its tyrant rule
Had claimed my daughter! Oh, 'twas hard, indeed,
To look into her thought-disfigured face,
To see the fiendish light within her eyes,
To hear the mocking laugh, the shrieking voice;
To hunger for a gentle word of love,
And get but curses night and day to watch,
Lest others learnt the secret, and to hide
Deep in my heart the bitterness of grief
That almost slew me.

But at last I heard
Strange stories of a Healer; and for once
I wished myself a Jew, for He had come
To Israel and some could see in Him
The great Messiah. But whoso'er He was
He had such power to heal, such might to make
The unclean spirits go where'er He bade,
That I believed, if I could only take
My daughter to Him, she would be the same
As other girls, and love me back again
For all my love, and manifest to all
Meekness and goodness, purity and grace.
I could not help but mourn, because there seemed
No way to get to Him, although I strove,
And thought, and worried, aye, and almost prayed
To accomplish it. Then lo! I heard the news
That He had come away into the parts
Of Tyre and Sidon; and, without delay,
I went to find Him. And I told myself
(To give me faith and courage) that so good,
So great a man as He must surely be
The Son of David, and so pitiful
To women and their children that He fain
Must help me, and I would not come again
Unto my home, till He had given to me
That which I longed for. Yes, and all the way
I drew glad pictures of a happy home,
With a good, gentle face that made it fair,
And dear loved-lighted eyes to look in mine,
And the sweet music of a low-toned voice
Calling me mother.

Then a little crowd
Drew to itself my thought, and in the midst
He walked! I knew the Master instantly,
And going straight to Him, I cried, at once:
"O Lord, Thou Son of David, pity me,
Have mercy on me: my young daughter has
An unclean spirit, vexing grievously
Her life—have mercy on me!"
But the Lord
Kept on His way, and answered not a word.

I followed closely. Was I going back
Silenced and disappointed? Nay, not I!
I had too much at stake thus to give up
My utmost my opportunity; and so
I kept as close to Him as I could dare,
And heeded not the dark looks of the men,
And would not let them push me quite away,
And would not be forgotten by the Lord,
But lifted up my voice, and prayed again:
"Have mercy on me."

And at last the men
Spoke for me to their Master. Did they speak
For me or for themselves? And did they ask
My blessing or denial? I cared not;
"Send her away," they said (I wearied them),
"She crieth after us."

And then He spoke;
And oh, the gracious accents of His voice
Thrilled through my spirit and awoke in me
A new strange reverence. Although His words
Were ominous: "I am not sent but to
The lost sheep of the house of Israel,"
I drew the nearer to Him, and fell down
Before His feet, and worshipped Him, and said:
"Lord, help me!"

Then He slowly turned to me,
And—did He mock me? "'Tis not meet," He said,
"To take the children's bread and throw to dogs:"
And I grew bold to answer, for I read
More mercy in His eyes than in His words:
"Truth, Lord, I am a dog, and not a child,
Yet do the children's crumbs fall to the dogs,
From off their Master's table."

Oh! His smile
Was wonderful! His gracious, tender words,
Made me so glad that I could only weep.
"Great is thy faith, and be it unto thee,
O woman, even as thou wilt," He said;
And I but stayed to thank Him with a sob,
Of infinite relief; and hastened home,
To find my daughter all my heart had wished,
And more than all. And as I felt her arms
About my neck, and in her steadfast eyes
Read the completeness of the cure, I told
The wondrous story of the Merciful
Until she loved Him, too; and in our joy
We knelt together, hoping He could hear,
And praised Him, vowing that henceforth we both
Were His disciples, serving only Him.
—*Marianne Farningham, in London Christian World.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 7—The Ascending Lord		Acts 1: 1-14
Jan. 14—The Descending Spirit		Acts : 1-16
Jan. 21—The Believing People		Acts 2:37-47
Jan. 28—The Healing Power		Acts 3: 1-11
Feb. 4—The Prince of Life		Acts 3:12-21
Feb. 11—None Other Name		Acts 4: 1-11
Feb. 18—Christian Courage		Acts 4:18-31
Feb. 25—Ananias and Sapphira		Acts 5: 1-11
Mar. 4—Persecution Renewed		Acts 5:18-32
Mar. 11—The Seven Chosen		Acts 6: 1-15
Mar. 18—The First Christian Martyr		Acts 7:54-60, and 8: 1-4
Mar. 25—Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.		

SIN AGAINST GOD.

That prince of scoffers—Colonel Ingersoll—said in a recent lecture: "I cannot sin against God, because He is a conditionless being. I can only sin against a being who is subject to conditions like myself." This, no doubt, will be regarded by many infidels as a very profound observation, and an unanswerable argument. Let us puncture it a little, and see whether or not it is not purely vapory.

We venture the assertion that there was present to the mind of the author of this no clearly defined ideas of the meaning of the terms he used. He has no true conception of the import of the term "sin;" and as to the term "conditionless" he cheated himself and his applauding audience with mere sound. Does he mean to say that God is in no way bound by the conditions of the moral government He has established. He certainly is conditioned by it as its author, as its preserver, as its sovereign and judge. He who is the author of the moral sense within man—that which, with an invincible imperative, says man ought to do right and ought not to do wrong; which says when I do wrong I am condemned—this moral imperative within me certainly indicates that I am conditioned by the law and government of God, and the conditions of a righteous government is to see that I do right. If I take the life of my fellow man do I not sin against Him who created us both? and if God is immutable in justice is He not required by this attribute to punish?

The man who perpetrated this absurdity is a lawyer and professes some knowledge of the criminal laws of his country. If I should sin against my neighbor by stealing his horse, and he recovers his property and forgives me, does that end the matter? No! Here comes in a party that, according to the argument of the infidel, I have not sinned, and arrays against me the whole power and authority of the State. It is the State versus the criminal. So also it is the sovereignty of the Lord Jehovah against the sinner. The same deficiency in conception is apparent in his use of the term "sin." His only idea of sin is an overt act whereby some one is wronged. The fundamental ideas involved in the conception are all wanting here. We may harm our fellow-man by overt act and yet not sin, and we may most grievously sin and yet injure no one of our fellow-beings. In fact, in strictness of definition, sin is only against God, because it is against His law alone. Sin involves, as essential elements, three things—volitional freedom, intention and the moral sense. The act that is necessitated and unavoidable, however much it may harm any one, is not "sin." The act that wrongs any one, but was without motive or purpose of doing wrong, cannot be "sin." And lastly, the individual must know right and wrong before he can by any act of his sin against any one. What is the moral sense but the voice of God in man, and what is the retribution of conscience but our arraignment before God as sinners! Shallow thought, superficial knowledge and sophistical reasoning are the characteristics of those who make sport of the tragical fact of sin. The speaker I name voices the practical unfaith of the worldly who think that if they keep the outward semblance of morality as it is known among men they need no forgiveness of God. It is the moral standpoint of a darkened understanding and a seared conscience.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

The Life Beyond.

That God has endowed us with faculties which carry us beyond the present life is a truth which all reflecting men are forced to acknowledge. We feel deep desires and cherish fond hopes which the present life cannot satisfy; they carry us beyond the limits of our condition; and as men come to realize this, the conviction grows settled and strong that "the life that now is" is only introductory to that "which is to come." Instinctively and irresistibly the belief possesses all thinking men that they are now only on the threshold of existence, and that beyond the present life there is a future state in which the faculties of the soul will unfold and have power to fathom what is now beyond their reach.

It is one of the pleasant aspects of the closing years of the late Thurlow Weed that he was brought to think much of the life to come, and how confidently he held the doctrine of a future life may be gathered from the following words spoken to a friend not long before his last illness: "I cannot believe," he said, "and cannot be brought to believe that the purpose of our creation is fulfilled by our short existence here. To me the existence of another world is a necessary supplement of this, to adjust its inequalities and imbue it with moral significance."

It is surprising, however, that belief in a future existence should have so little influence on the lives of the great majority of men. With hopes and fears so innate and irresistible, it might be supposed that thinking men, who acknowledge that "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are unseen are eternal," would wisely discriminate between the claims of the two, and give their chief thought to those things that pertain to the future life. But the strange fallacy is still cherished—

"All men think
All men mortal but themselves."

And if this delusion is not universal, it is so general that the words of the moralist are sadly true that "most men live as though the present life were never to have an end, and as though the life to come were never to have a beginning." It seems fit, as another year draws to a close, that sober thoughts should occupy the mind, and that, by the flight of time, we should more distinctly realize our relation to eternity.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Wise Sayings.

—Every one of God's laws is based upon reason. To rest one day in seven is as reasonable as the remainder of the commandment, to work on six days.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—My principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.—*Newton.*

—A German minister, in speaking of the security of God's people and the precious promises of the Bible said: "How often the words 'Fear not' occur in the sacred volume! I have counted up into the seventies, and I thought that was enough. I need not look for any more."

—Christians need more gentleness, meekness and love toward one another. Sharp thrusts, insinuations and dogmatic [illegible] becoming when uttered by the children of light. This warlike spirit is not of God, though it be manifested in those who claim to be the children of light. Debates, evil speaking, contentions and strife are not of God. Let us not be deceived in our manner of living. God is not mocked, and cannot be deceived. We may deceive ourselves and others, but God sees us just as we are. What manner of people ought we to be, seeing we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ! God will respect our character, and we will all be judged righteously according to the purposes of our hearts and the deeds of our lives. Let us not then judge one another and contend with one another about matters of no importance. Let our lives bring sunshine to others, and we cannot walk in darkness.—*Christian Evangelist.*

Our Young Folks.

WHAT SHALL THE MOTIVES BE?

What shall the motives be
Throughout the present year?
Shall they be for evil,
Or shall they bring good cheer?

Shall the Angel Reapers
E'er search for wheat in vain?
Or shall they find a store
Of ripened, golden grain?

Shall my heart be growing
A crop of evil deeds?
Or carefully produce
A harvest of good seeds?

Shall my hands cease labor
Because the work is hard?
Or shall I with new vigor,
Discouragements discard?

Shall my life be wasted,
And time be spent in vain?
Or, constantly improve
Each moment for my gain?

Shall I cultivate the thorn
And let the roses go?
Or tares cast in the fire,
That flowers sweet may grow?

With careful watch, I'll give
The tares and thorns no room;
Rich graces from the spheres
Within my heart shall bloom.

That, when the Angel Reapers
Bind up the golden grain,
They find in me a harvest—
A life not spent in vain.
—*Ada S. Cummings, in Golden Rule.*

FAIRY WISHES NOWADAYS.

Tinkey lay under a wide-spreading apple-tree, upon a bed of half-dried grass, that was not yet hay, but sending out the most delicious perfume of clover blossoms. The thick leaves of the tree made a cool shade where Tinkey was lying. He speculated as to whether Mrs. Davidson would have ice-cream at the party to which Tinkey and his brothers and sisters were invited that afternoon.

"It must be lovely to be as rich as Mrs. Davidson," thought Tinkey, lazily, "and I might have had as much money as she, if I had only wished for it. If I had another such a chance——"

"Well, what would you do with it if you had?"

Tinkey sat bolt upright and stared. That sharp, clear voice was certainly one he had heard before, and right in front of him, daintily balanced upon the tallest of hay-cocks, was the little old-woman fairy, in her red cloak and pointed cap.

"Oh!" said Tinkey, "are you going to let me have another wish?"

"H'm!" said the fairy, "you don't seem to make much out of one wish. Suppose I give you a dozen or twenty."

"Oh!" cried Tinkey.

"Yes," said the little old woman. "I am going to see to-day how much you are to be trusted with having your own way. So, between now and sunset, I am going to let you have everything you wish for. Only, remember this: you can have but one wish for one thing. No 'taking back,' you understand. So if you wish yourself a goose, a goose you will have to remain. Good-bye."

Tinkey tried to decide upon the treasures he should collect between that hour and sunset. To test his power, he said, with an air of command:

"I wish for a plate of ice-cream."

There it was, right in his hand, cold, white, delicious, and, to Tinkey's amazement, no matter how fast he ate, the white heap upon the plate did not grow any smaller; but when he had had enough, and put down the plate on the hay, it melted in a second,—spoon, plate and cream vanishing like a dew-drop in the sun.

But, while he was still thinking of that, the dinner-horn sounded faint and far away.

"Oh dear!" sighed lazy Tinkey. "I wish I was at the table."

The wish was scarcely formed before he felt himself lifted up and shot across the meadow, in at the kitchen door, and plump into his chair, with a whizzing rapidity that took his breath away, and raised a serious doubt in his mind whether walking was not preferable to this sort of fairy locomotion.

There was a great confusion of voices all through dinner, the children hurrying through the meal to dress for Mrs. Davidson's.

"Your clothes are all on your bed," Tinkey's mother said, as he went up-stairs, "and remember your new suit must be your best one all summer."

Tinkey rushed to his room, entirely forgetting the fairy and her promise.

The new suit, a pretty light gray, lay upon the bed, while on a chair were his new shoes. Tinkey took up the pretty pair of gray pants. It was the very first city-made suit he had ever possessed, his usual dress being the outgrown clothing of his older brother. But this one suit was all his own, made for him, fitting him, and he handled it carefully. It was still buttoned up, as it had come home, and, taking his seat upon the side of the bed, Tinkey unbuttoned one button, a second, but the third seemed to be too large for the button-hole, and would not come through. He twisted it and strained it, coaxed it and jerked it, pulled it to the right, pulled it to the left, till he got red in the face, lost his temper, and cried out:

"Bother the old pants! I wish they were in Jericho."

One jerk freed them from Tinkey's hold, and they soared into the air, as if with wings, escaping his outstretched hands, and flying out through the open window like some huge, awkward bird, the new blue suspenders dangling provokingly out of reach.

Tinkey was ready to cry, but, instead, said: "I wish for another pair of pants."

But the wish was unheard or unheeded in fairyland, and he sadly remembered that he could not have two wishes for any one thing. "Why can't I remember to think before I speak?" thought Tinkey, ruefully taking up his every-day pants, thrown aside with such contempt.

"Perhaps they won't show much with a new coat and vest," thought Tinkey.

A call from down-stairs hurried him.

"We're all ready, Tinkey! Come!"

All ready! There was no time, then, to lose.

Tinkey caught up his new shoes and thrust in one foot. Voices from down-stairs were impatiently shouting: "Tinkey! Tinkey!" as he tugged violently, but without avail, at the shoe his mother had thought had better be "one size larger."

"Oh, come on!" said Tinkey. "I wish the shoes were twice as big!"

On slipped the shoe as easily as if it had been greased, Tinkey's foot lost in its suddenly increased size. Twice as big! To the round eyes gazing at them they looked as big as the barn, and if any little reader doubts it, let him measure twice the length and breadth of his boot, and put his foot upon the measure.

Tinkey kicked the shoe into the corner of the room with a passionate sob.

"I won't go!" he cried. "I won't wear my old pants and shoes with a great patch on them!"

"Are you never coming?" shouted Bob from down-stairs.

"I'll walk over! Don't wait for me!" Tinkey answered, and could hear them all laugh as Fannie said:

"Tinkey's primping! Won't he be fine!"

Should he go? Mrs. Davidson's annual party was not to be lightly set aside, and was one of the great pleasures in Tinkey's quiet country life. Perhaps, among so many his dress would not be noticed. Very listlessly he took up the blacking-brush, and polished his old shoes to such perfection that, after all, the patches were scarcely seen, and with a lighter heart, Tinkey sprang to complete his dressing. The mirror, by the aid of which he arranged his collar and neck-tie, did not reflect his pants, and the pretty silk tie was very becoming. Actually, Tinkey was whistling when he took up the comb to part his hair.

Now, Tinkey's hair was what old nurses call "stubborn," and the more Tinkey brushed, the more persistently it stuck out. He parted it on the left; he tried a parting on the right; he made a lovely white line down the middle; he "banged" it over his forehead, and each way looked worse than the last.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't any hair!" cried impatient Tinkey.

Was there a rain of feathers? What was that flying into his eyes, up his nostrils, tickling his ears, down his throat, through a mouth opened wide in amazement! Hair! hair! hair! The whole room seemed to be full of it, flying here and there, as if every hair was fairly laughing at Tinkey's dismay. And when at last it had all swept itself with one grand rush out at the open window, Tinkey's head was as bald as a china door-knob.

He gave one despairing glance at the mirror, caught up his old coat, crammed his polo cap tightly over his bald pate, and ran helter out of the house. Nobody noticed him as he ran, not to Mrs. Davidson's, but into the woods, into the deepest shadow he could find under the tall trees, where he threw himself down and cried like a baby.

"No wonder father says: 'Think first, speak afterward,'" sobbed Tinkey. "A pretty looking object I have made of myself, and I cannot imagine what mother will say about my spoiled pants. And they must be having such a nice time now, playing all sorts of games. I've half a mind to wish it would pour rain. No, I won't! I am not quite such a beast as *that* anyhow! Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish—no! no! I don't wish anything. Dear me! I was just going to wish I was in a snow-bank! Now, I won't make another foolish wish; not one! And as I can't go to the party such a guy, I'll just think, as hard as ever I can, of real sensible things."

"Oh, what shall I wish for first?" he thought, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk. "I wonder if it isn't best to wish for a million dollars, and then I can buy everything I want. I don't believe I would get it. I wish for a dollar!" he cried aloud, and felt in the palm of his hand a pressure of something round. There it lay, a bright silver dollar, shining as if it had just left the mint.

"I do believe I can have them!" thought Tinkey, who had been rather scared at the magnitude of his proposed wish, but I must hurry up; the sun is certainly going down." He stood up and waved his arm aloft.

"I wish for a million dollars!" he cried. In a second the great silver dollars rained down upon him, as if every leaf in the trees above his head had been turned into coin. They flew into his face, striking him with their sharp, metallic edges, bruising his cheeks, his nose, his eyes; they piled up round him, each one hitting a blow as it fell. His feet were prisoned fast, his legs his knees; he was being banked up in a silver prison, and yet the air was full of this novel hail-storm.

"Oh, I shall be smothered, buried alive!" cried poor, frightened Tinkey, trying vainly to run away, and thrashing out his arms in every direction, as he tried to beat back the stinging, bruising pieces of coin, that were threatening to cover him entirely.

"Oh, what shall I do! Stop! I wish you to stop! I shall be killed!"

Then he heard a mocking little laugh, and on one silver dollar that balanced itself in the air, just before his eyes, he saw the fairy herself, laughing at his dismay.

"Stop!" she cried, moving her crutch, and the dollars settled down upon the tree, the bushes, the grass; on Tinkey's shoulders, on his cap and on the pile in which he already stood waist-deep.

"So you don't want a million dollars?" she said. "I can't find out what you *do* want! I give you everything you wish for and still you are not satisfied!"

She sat down on the dollar that rocked gently in the air.

"There is nothing like a million dollars here yet," she said, "but you can have what is wanting to complete that sum in one minute."

"No! no!" cried Tinkey, seeing the crutch lifted. "What is the use of a million dollars if you are buried alive in them? I wish you would go away, and let me alone!" he burst out, in an angry sob. The fairy leaned forward and gave him one smart blow with her crutch, right on the tip of the nose. It was such a dreadful blow—for she was very angry—that Tinkey, for a moment, lost all consciousness.

When he recovered his senses he was lying under the apple-tree, but the sun was hidden behind thick clouds, the wind was blowing a gale, scattering the half-ripe apples upon the ground, and threatening rain so decidedly that even lazy Tinkey was roused to running quickly until he was safely in-doors again.—*S. A. Sheilds, in St. Nicholas.*

Lyukas, the Hungarian Poisoner.

The London *Standard* describes the execution at Steinamanger, in Hungary, of a peasant woman from Szerdahely, named Lyukas Kathi, for a series of crimes which had excited universal horror. The criminal was fifty-two years of age, short in stature, and of a placid aspect. She procured a large quantity of arsenic upon the pretense that her house was overrun with rats, and mixed the poison in little cakes, which she disposed of at a high price to persons who desired to get rid of their relatives. Her customers were chiefly wives who had got tired of their husbands, lovers who thought the removal of a rival would facilitate their own purposes, and even some children purchased the cakes, that by offering them to elderly relatives they might the more rapidly come into the possession of their property. Lyukas killed two husbands of her own, and she was accused of twenty-six other murders, six of which she confessed she had committed. At her trial the arch poisoner assumed an air of great piety, and stood a whole day with a rosary in her hand, she being a member of a rosary club founded by the Dominicans. The result of the trial was that she was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, but the Crown appealed against the inadequate issue, and the Court of Appeals sentenced her to death. During her imprisonment Lyukas spent all her time praying or receiving consolation from the priests, to whom she confessed. Upon the scaffold she blessed the bystanders with an air of great fervency. The convict's only daughter attempted to be present at the execution, but she was prevented from entering the yard, and as she turned away she barely escaped being lynched by the mob assembled outside.

False Prophets.

Among the many isms that are prevalent these days is Vennor-ism. For sheer humbug the guesses of Vennor in forecasting the state of the weather months in advance outdoes everything else in that line, not excepting the new Canadian candidate for popular favor who has broken out with predictions of what terrible havoc will be made by storms in March next. Of course neither of these imaginative creatures can know anything about the weather we are to have six weeks hence; no more than they can predict the exact spot on one's anatomy where the next carbuncle will make its appearance. It is said that all they do is to study the storm record of the previous years, and then make as good a guess as they can.

The fact is, they guess right less than one-fourth the time, and yet they are credited, by many intelligent people, with a peculiar weather wisdom which it is physically and scientifically impossible for them to possess.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—The rate of vibration of the rattle-snake's tail has been determined by Dr. Ott to be sixty per second. The method of experiment was to attach a pen to the snake's rattle, the record being received on a revolving drum.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JAN. 10, 1883.

THE Civil Service Bill has passed both Houses of congress.

IN many of the counties in the state the sheriffs failed to qualify.

THERE are now in the Treasury $171,000,000 gold coin and gold bullion.

GAMBETTA'S brain weighed five pounds nine and twenty twenty-fourth ounces.

THE Robertson County Tribune is making war on the sale of whisky in Mt. Olivet.

CARLISLE, Thompson and Willis, of the Kentucky delegation, voted for the Civil Service Bill.

A. O. HALL has been appointed superintendent of the Poor-house, and John G. Gaines, receiver.

FROM some cause the Poor-house was not let out Saturday. The letting was postponed until to-day.

SENATOR WILLIAMS has very poor opinion of the Civil Service Bill and thinks it will amount to nothing.

THE reduction of the public debt for the month of December last, in round numbers, aggregated nearly $15,000,000.

HOGGISH—Heavy shippers, $6 45@$6 60; fair to good packers, $6 25@$6 45; fair to good light, $6 10@$6 35; common, $5 50.

IT is said that there are but two in the Kentucky delegation who are for Blackburn for Speaker, and one of those is the Hon. J. C. S.

IN Baltimore, last week, it was estimated there were 1,200 cases of small pox. It broke out in the jail, and over 300 prisoners were liberated.

THEY had a little breeze at Mount Washington, the other day, that moved along at the rate of 144 miles per hour, while the temperature was at zero.

THE Louisville Commercial has eschewed Republicanism, and begins the new year as an independent journal. There has been a change in the staff.

IT seems that Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn is determined to make Carlisle's defeat for the Speakership a certainty. It is clearly a case of "dog in the manger."

THE Boone County Pomona Grange will meet in Golden Grange Hall, on the 3d Friday in this month, at which time officers will be elected for the ensuing year.

THE Court of Appeals has recently decide that the fee of justices sitting in felony cases is two dollars per day and not two dollars per case as some of the justices have construed it.

THE democrats have fought for twenty years to get control of the government offices, and on gaining the victory, their representatives pass a law to keep the republicans in office. Good joke!—State Journal.

THE Attorney-General has decided that the Public Printer will be entitled to pay for publishing the list of pardons granted by Governor Blackburn. The list is now in the hands of that officer, and will appear in a short time.

ONE of the Tennessee state Senators has introduced a bill making it a crime punishable by a fine of twenty five dollars for any legal voter in that state to fail to vote. A law like that whould take the whole laundry off the bush.

A NEVADA penitentiary convict says that he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and is there kept at work cutting out pieces of paste board to put between the soles of shoes in place of honest leather.

THE Court of Claims ordered the roads in the county redistricted, and for that purpose the justices were authorized to call to their assistance the road supervisors in their respective districts, and, if necessary, to employ anyother person whose assistance is necessary. Redistricting the [illegible] this county is no small job.

JUDGE CHILDRESS, of Grant county, appointed Thomas Stroude, sen., to fill the vacancy in the office of jailer in that county, occasioned by the death of James Hicks. Stroude says he will give the widow, Mrs. Hicks, the full proceeds of the jail, and reserve the proceeds of the Court-house and if he is elected in August he will continue to give her the benefit of the jail, and furnish her a house to live in.

WE take the following from the report of Messrs. Oscar Gaines and S. W. Tolin, who were appointed a committee at the November term of the Court of Claims, to investigate the cost of running the Poor-house from January 1st, 1882, to January 1st, 1883:

"We find that the total cost of actual necessary supplies, consisting of food, fuel and clothing, to maintain the Poor-house for the year ending January 1st, 1883, is $1,357 45, and from the superintendent's report we find that the average number of persons, including three members of the superintendent's family, has been twenty-three and one-half for the year ending January 1st, 1883, and that the actual cost for maintaining each person for the past year has been about $56 50, which this committee thinks is as cheap and economical as could have been done, considering the high price of bread stuffs and meats, which prevailed during the past year. We find the whole amount disbursed by the receiver for the past year, ending January 1st, 1883, to be $3,174 88."

WE condense the following, in regard to the crops in this state, from the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture:

There were 2,875,041 acres of corn raised in 1882, which yielded 60,918,238 bushels, and which was gathered in good condition.

The small grain crop for 1882 produced the following figures:

Wheat—1,436,705 acres; yield, 17,156,646 bushels. Oats—305,974 acres; yield, 5,498,740 bushels. Rye—251,667 acres; yield, 3,118,669 bushels. Hay—664,386 tons. Grass—2,778,048 tons.

There was a little over a full acreage grown to tobacco. The crop is very generally satisfactory as to product and quality. The house burning about which correspondents were so much alarmed when it was being cured amounts to very little.

There was a large wheat crop sown this fall, and about the usual acreage in barley. All wheat and barley sown from the 15th of October on is reported to be thrifty and healthful; almost all sown before that date is damaged by the fly. In some instances whole fields were plowed up and sown over. The best remedy for fly is close grazing with sheep.

Tobacco Culture.

Our last article on tobacco raising was confined to the plant-bed; in this, we will speak of the preparation of the soil, cultivation, &c.

Land intended for tobacco next season should be thoroughly broken this winter, and in the spring, about the first of May, rebroken with a double shovel and harrowed smooth and fine, exercising about as much care in preparing the ground for the plants as we did in preparing the plant-bed to receive the seed. The ground can be worked much easier before the plants are set out. Many planters make a great mistake in setting tobacco in poorly prepared ground, expecting to prepare it after the plants are set, which, if done at all, is done under the serious disadvantage of having the young plants in the way.

Though preparation of the soil stands second in importance to good, early plants, these two essentials acquired our chances may be considered favorable.

After preparing the soil thoroughly, it should be laid off in rows four feet apart on hill-sides, and three and one-half on level land, and the plants should be set two feet or two feet and one-half apart in the rows on the lower edge of the furrow.

The setting should be done from the middle of May to the middle of June, according to season and the size of the plants, and should be done in the rain or shortly after. If your plants are early you are seldom at a loss for a season, but, if your plants are late, you may have no season at all.

After the plants have taken hold of the ground, which will be in about two weeks after planting, keep the plow and hoe going constantly, plowing thoroughly and deep until the plants have grown too large to admit of further cultivation, which will not be long, as there are but few crops, if any, that will grow as rapidly under thorough cultivation as tobacco.

Erom the present outlook, if we expect to get remunerative prices for our tobacco, we must improve its quality. There is too much common tobacco, and the markets are crowded now with tobacco that is selling below the cost of production.

Our next will be on worming, topping, cutting, curing, &c.

Proctor Knott denies the charge that he and Senator Williams have formed a combination to assist one-another in their political aspirations.

THE Madisonville Times asks if nothing can be done to put a stop to the reign of crime and violence that is deluging our fair state with blood? The Times adds: If the courts and juries would do their duty and punish crime as it deserves, many of the crimes which now stain our calendar would not occur. It is well enough to temper mercy with justice, but there has been too much leniency shown criminals. The people need to be aroused on this subject and a healthy public sentiment created that will firmly and unyieldingly demand the rigid enforcement of the laws. When punishment, swift and sure, follows crime there will be less crime. In heaven's name let us have achange

WHILE it is plain that our new sheriff is a man well calculated to fill the office which he now holds, and that all the business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention, we can say nothing disparaging of the official career of T. W. Finch, who has given satisfaction in the discharge of his official duties. Finch has made a good sheriff and Clutterbuck will make one.

STATE NEWS.

—Diptheria in Williamstown.

—Several cases of small pox in Bracken.

—Horsethieves have been doing Owenton.

—Last year 60,490 hogsheads of tobacco were sold in Louisville.

—Clay Conrad has been made deputy sheriff of Grant county.

Many voters in Scott county want T. J. Burgis to become a candidate for the legislature.

—S. T. Noe, of Washington county, is losing his fat sheep. He thinks feeding them corn is the cause.

—W. B. Ship's house, near Williamstown was burglarized and about $300 taken the other night.

—Mean whisky and an ax got in their work at a negro dance in Bourbon county. One negro badly hurt.

—F. M. Curry, said to have been pardoned by the Governor is in jail at Georgetown, charged with horse-stealing.

—There are now about 600 convicts at work on the Kentucky Central extension between Winchester and Mt. Vernon.

—Miss Lee Carlton has rented the "poor farm" of Hancock county, and will take care of the paupers for one year for $800.

The friends of Hon. John E. Cooper will urge his nomination to succeed Hon. Robert Riddell as judge of Estill Circuit Court.

—James W. Linn, of Scott county, got drunk and laid down on the Railroad track Cristmas night. The coroner had a job next day.

—The hog crop is much larger than was thought. Young hogs have done well and are in fine condition.—Clinton Democrat.

J. C. Caldwell, of Boyle county, had 300 head of cattle, 100 head of which averaged 1,600 pounds. They brought him (the 300) $12,390 60.

—The Kentucky Republican says that a number of colored citizens of Lexington are endeavoring to get up a negro company of State Guards.

—Edna Roberts, killed at Owensboro, was shot in the mouth, the bullet entering the brain without touching her lips, teeth or tongue.

—Near Carsville, John Morris a respectable citizen, was assassinated while presiding over a debating society. Four persons were arrested for the crime.

Mr. Stephen Watts delivered on Saturday 4 head of fat cattle, average weight 1,500 pounds, sold last summer at 5½ cents per pound.—Lebanon Standard.

—Six hundred and thirty-eight marriage licenses were issued were issued in Kenton county last year, and three hundred and fifty-six were issued in Campbell county.

—Morris' store at Doudsville Grant county, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 21st ult. Incendiary. On the night of the 20th ult., Newt Price's store met with same fate.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Augusta, Georgia, is confident of getting a $100,000 public building

—There were 466 more liquor saloons in Georgia in 1881 than in 1882

—The Range Battallion is still maintained in Texas at a cost of $75,000 per annum.

—An overdose of worm medicine caused the death of a child of Sylvia Smith, at Atlanta.

—Two-thirds of the inhabitants of Laredo, Texas, are said to make their living at the gaming-table.

—James Steely, of Scottsburg, Tennessee, drank enough mean whisky at one drink to kill him.

—Montgomery Advertiser: The receipts of cotton at this point are 25,662 bails ahead of this date last year.

—A farmer living near Maplesville, Alabama has practically demonstrated the fact that fine rice can be grown in Alabama.

—The school fund in Virginia has been increased by $500,000, one-fifth of which sum is to be devoted to the maintenance of a colored normal school.

—The assistant Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia says that the farmers of that state are in a better condition than they have been for ten years.

—In Dyer county, Tennessee, Alexander Crous bored a hole in astump filled it with powder, placed a large block over it and then touched it off. He's dead now.

—Nashville American: A fruit distiller in Warren county, has, lately, from 100 bushels of fruit made 112 gallons of proof spirits. This is something unprecidented.

—Vicksburg leads in the matter of quick funerals. A colored man dropped dead on the street, and 30 minutes later he was buried, a coroner's inquest having been held in the interim,

—New Orleans Times-Democrat: One million standard dollars were Friday transferred from the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, in the Custom House, to the United States Mint. One of the large wagons of the Southern Express Company was used, and, although large loads were taken, it required over half a dozen loads by the wagon to make the transfer.

—Richmond, Virginia, has a floating debt of $150,000.

STOCK ITEMS.

Ansel Shropshire sold to Capt. J. C. May, ten extra good feeding cattle, all reds, of about 1,200 pounds weight, 4½ cents per pound. Mr. S. bought them in Iowa.—Georgetown Times.

J. B. Kennedy's three show cattle which took premiums at the Bourbon fair last fall, were sold in New York at 9 cents live weight, $1 50 per hundred more than any premium animals in the show yard.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all persons indepted to the estate of the late John Glen, or having accounts against the estate, are requested to call on the undersigned and procure a settlement.

JESSIE L. GLEN, Admr'x.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

Public Sale!

The undersigned will, as administratrix of Lewis Aylor, decd., sell publicly to the highest bidder at his late residence, on the East Bend Road, five miles South of Burlington, Kentucky, on

Friday, Jan. 26.

A lot of Drygoods, Groceries, Tinware, Quensware, 24 Stands of Bees and many things too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a. m., and continue from day to day till completed.

Terms made known on day of sale.

All persons indebted to the estate of R. L. Aylor, decd., will come forward and settle the indebtedness. All persons having claims against said estate will present them properly proven as by law required.

ELIZABETH M. AYLOR,
Admr'x.

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.) No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. Deserters entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. Land Warrants procured, bought and sold. The WORLD & SOLDIER, (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW is the cheapest and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs fast and easy. Sent on test trial. Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

Special SALE, Special!

To close down our entire stock before taking an invoice, and in order to reduce our stock, we make special Prices to do so at once. We have not taken an invoice since we moved into this house, which is nearly two years and we certainly ought to give our customers the "benefit of a deep slaughter" for three or four weeks. But don't put it off, come in at once, as the very thing you want may be the first sold.

The first slash that we make is in our entire line of Heavy Half Wool Hose at 15 cents per pair, that were 30 to 40 cents. The next is, we throw the 7c. Prints all over on the 5c. counter, and let them go. The next is, we slash the price on Lonsdale Muslin down to 8½c per yard, 12 yards for $1. The next is, one Bale of Heavy Sheeting slashed down to 6¼c. or 16 yards for $1. The next, a Wool Hood, heavy, lined nicely, and with long streamers that answer the purpose of a scarf, at the nearly give away price of 25c sold at from 60 to 80c. before the clearance sale. Another lot of Hoods slashed down to 15 and 20c. They must go, and the sooner you come in the better. The next is a lot of Wool Filling Dress Goods slashed to 10c per yard. And all

CASHMERES, SILKS & BROCADES,

are marked down at once. We split the price on Silk Handkfs., and slash them out at 38, 50 and 75c. that are really worth 75c. to $1 50 each. All Fancy Christmas Hdkfs. slashed to warrant quick sales. All Gloves shall go at these closing prices, and all salesmen have orders to slash goods out and use their judgment in making prices from COST to 50 PER CENT. less than cost, as this stock must be closed down before inventory, as it would be almost an endless job to invoice it as it is. Please bear in mind that this is a genuine clearance Sale, and not an advertising dodge, and you will think so if you will come and see the prices.

Large Canton Mittens, double, 10c. per pair. Men's and Ladies' Mittens and Glove must be sold. Large Wax Dolls, with hair, that open and close their eyes, at closing prices.

Cloaks, Jackets and all kinds of Wraps, you can get at your own prices. On Boots and Shoes you will be astonished to see the slash we have made. Bed Blankets at $1 50, was $2, Large 11 quarter Blankets (Schofield's) at $5, was $7. Mens' Casimere Hats 30, 40, 50 and 60c. These prices will sell them on sight. Young Mens' Hats, latest patterns out, at $1 50 to $2 75.

Overcoats at $2 50 was $5 00
" " 4 75 " 8 00
" " 8 " 13 50

Overcoats at 3 75 was 6 00
" " 6 " 11 00
" " 11 " 16 00

Men's Suits $3 50 to $6, which is less than half the real value. In fact, our entire stock of Clothing must be closed down, and our clearance Sale will do it at once. Job lot of Wool Vests (Boys' size) 25c each. You may all take warning that such rare chances as this are very scarce, and it will be to your interest to take advantage of it at once, and not wait until its too late. Black Cloaks trimmed in Velvet and Fringe, $1 75, was $4 00. Black Cloaks trimmed in Silk and Velvet. $2 25, was $5. Wool Jackets $3 was $6. Wool Freed Circulars at $2 50 was $6. Wool Beaver Cloaks at $4 50 and $6 75, was $8 and $12—and we mean what we say. Come in as early as possible. Respectfully,

Wm. COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind.

J. W. MILLER,
—DEALER IN—
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
432 Madison St.
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.
(Odd-Fellows Building.)

Is selling Fancy and Staple Groceries cheaper than any other house in Covington.

Fine Teas A Specialty.

A full stock of Family Groceries always on hand. 7-3m

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BOOTS AND SHOES,
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CINCINNATI, - - - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

PATENTS

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Send a rough sketch or (if you can) a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

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What will a Patent Cost?

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20 to pay Government application fee of $15, and $5 for the drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made, and is all of the expense unless a patent is allowed. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. Thus you know beforehand, for nothing, whether you are going to get a patent or not, and no attorney's fee is charged unless you do get a Patent. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable, unless it really is patentable, so far as his best judgment can aid in determining the question; hence, you can rely on the advise given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade Marks and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications in revivor of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. Very often valuable inventions are saved in these classes of cases. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report will cost you nothing. Searches made for title to inventions, in fact any information relating to Patents promptly furnished. Copies of Patents mailed at the regular Government rates, (25c. each.) Remember this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and you therefore reap the benefits of experience, besides reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

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Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

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COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS
Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky

Local News.

The front end of the year was i-c.

No marriage license issued this month.

Read the administratrix' sale in this issue.

The price of hogs is not going up very rapidly.

There has been but little ice in the river this winter.

W. E. Piper has put in a fire and burglar proof safe.

We have had a good deal of dismal weather lately.

The Assessor enters upon the duties of his office to-day.

Mrs. Pem Finch fell during the sleet and sprained her ankle.

The boys took advantage of the sleet and had a jolly time skating.

Dr. J. M. Grant gave the young people a candy pulling last week.

Geo. Smith, of Gunpowder, was hauling tobacco to this place last week.

There will be an election next August to fill the vacancy in the office of sheriff.

Mrs. Joseph Cowen, who has been quite sick, we are glad to learn is some better.

Frank Russell, of Florence X-Roads, will grind on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

Uncle Church Clore says that the travel through his farm must be stopped. Do you hear?

Our prospective landlord has broken ground for the building of our prospective office.

James Blythe starts to Grand Island, Nebraska, to-day to make it his future home.

The prosperous farmer now looks after work necessary to the preparation for the coming crop.

All the pupils have returned to their schools from whence they came to spend the holidays.

Those who scattered ashes on the pavements Monday morning were sowing seeds of kindness.

It is thought that Harvey Moore was seen in this county several days after his escape from jail.

The Central came in for its portion of the holiday celebrities and gave a nice dance on the 2d inst.

Drs. Smith, Grant and Furnish have contracted to do the pauper and jail practice in this district for 1883 for $300.

Rev. C. C. Connor will preach at the Universalist church next Sunday evening. Subject—"The practical in Christianity.

Mr. John Herndon, representing Bradley & Gilbert, of Louisville, called on the County and Circuit Clerks last Saturday.

The Universalist church bell got out of whack some time since, and last Saturday some of the brethren readjusted its bellship.

New Years night the Boone House was the scene of a gay party of youngsters, who spent the evening tripping the light fantastic.

TAKEN UP—By W. L. B. Rouse a red bull, about 2 years old, weight about 1,000 pounds—has been at his house about three weeks.

The Burlington Recorder is much improved under Riddell & Hall. They understand their business.—[Robertson Co., Tribune.

Two very valuable horses, the property of Joseph Chambers, of Covington, are missing from the pasture of A. S. Ganies, supposed to have been stolen,

About this season of the year, of late, there has been much preparation for the planting of a large tobacco crop; but now it is seldom that crop is mentioned.

In our court report we did not mention several claims that were allowed because they will appear in our published list, which is now being prepared by the clerk.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Beall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

Miss Bertha Foster, daughter of Mr. Sap Foster was adjudged a lunatic last Saturday Miss Bertha is about 20 years old, and lost her mind some time last month. She will be taken to the Asylum at Anchorage.

Last Friday Mr. Cy Crisler raised quite an excitement by ringing the dinner bell of the Boone House at half past 10 o'clock There was a general rushing out of doors to see where the fire was. Don't do it again Cy, it racks our nerves.

The parties arrested, and who participated in the Galespy shooting scrape at Big Bone Christmas. were held over for a breech of the peace. Allphin, who did the shooting and wounding had not been apprehended at the time of the examining trial.

Mrs. Sallie Strouse, who has been suffering from that dread destroyer, consumption, died on the 4th inst. She was a member of the Baptist church of this place, where her funeral was preached last Saturday by Elder Dickens. Her remains were interred in the burying ground on the late Elder John Underhill's farm.

Mr. B. W. Campbell, of second street, has the sympathy of all his friends in his affliction. During the past week he has lost by death his most lovely and estimable wife and two lovely and interesting children.—[Sunday's Enquirer.

Mr. Campbell has a large and extensive circle of friends in this county who sympathize with him in his sad affliction.

On last Saturday week, near Middle Creek, an excited lot of fox hunters tried to turn over a large stone supposed to weigh about one hundred tons or more, under which a fox had secreted himself. They tried to undermine the rock and let it roll down the hill, but after an hour or more of fruitless effort, they abandoned the job and decided that the the old fox couldn't run anyhow.

Saturday as D. M. Hewitt, one of the jurors in Miss Bertha Foster's inquest, was putting his autograph to the verdict, Miss Bertha grabbed the piece of paper on which the verdict was written, and tore it to pieces. Dan was the picture of surprise as he stood there with pen in hand and the verdict in shreds on the floor before him, but when he had time to collect his thoughts he was glad it was the paper that she assaulted instead of him.

The boss hog of the season was displayed at Collins' store on the south side Tuesday morning. It was a three-year-old of the Whitechester variety, raised by Mr. Polk Moore, of the Benson neighborhood. It weighed 760 pounds gross, and netted 630 pounds. Mr. Collins paid $50 40 for it, and thinks he will get his money back upon the lard, which will probably weigh 400 pounds. It was the largest hog we have ever known to be raised and slaughtered in this neighborhood.—[Yeoman.

Last Monday Mr. James R. Clutterbuck executed the three bonds required of the Sheriff by law. As a proof that his bonds are of the most substantial kind it is only necessary to enumerate the names of his securities. The amount upon which each pays tax in this county is placed opposite his name.

H T Snyder	$ 4,100
W H Carpenter	17,000
J Z Tanner	7,100
B Von Bokern	2,975
R J Clutterbuck	850
Buttler Carpenter	5,250
Gaines Robinson	6,600
Reuben Conner	16,090

The above bond is worth at least $250,000 some of them owning property other than that listed in this county. Mr. Clutterbuck appointed no deputy.

Real Estate Conveyances.

James Delph, &c., to R. L. Crigler, 18 acres on waters of Gunpowder near Florence X-Roads.—$150.

J. J. Tanner to Thos. Aylor, 12 acres, being lot No. 1 in Mrs. Rhoda Aylor's dower—$625.

Jno. C. Underhill to Richard Underhill an undivided ⅛ interest in Elder John Underhills farm—$200.

E. L. Grant to Nicholas Schwartz, about 9-10 of an acre—$30.

Caroline Harrell to Joseph Quinn, lot in Verona—$450.

County Court.

The will of John Glenn was probated and Miss Jessie L. Glenn was appointed admr'x. Geo. W. Gaines and John Stephens, sureties. J. W. Duncan, E. H. Baker and John G. Gaines appointed appraisers.

The viewers' report on Barnard Dollehie's application to make new road was confirmed and road as laid out in said report established.

R. W. Cooper's will, probated. J. A. Gaines Exr., W. W. Gaines, security. J. W. Duncan. Geo. W. Gaines and John Stephens appraisers.

Robt. Mosby's will probated. Elijah Parker Exr., G. W. Terrill, security. J. W. Barnett, Frank Hartmann and Henry Terrill, appraisers.

A. G. McConnell qualified as justice of the peace in Rabbit Hash district. E. H. Ryle, security.

Commissioner filed, and acknowledged deeds to Andrew Sheet's heirs.

Came T. W. Finch, sheriff elect of Boone county and refused to qualify as such. Thereupon said office was declared vacant.

N. Schwartz and Jno. L. Tarrill, road supervisors, filed statement declaring a bridge across Woolper Creek on the Bellevue and Petersburg road was necessary and asked that that the county build a bridge at that point. The court refused to make any appropriation for that purpose.

Claim of H. J. Foster for $60 for making settlement with road supervisors rejected.

Claims of H. C. Lassing and Dr. Slater rejected.

L. H. Dills allowed $51 claim as clerk.

Sheriff directed to pay Benjamin Rouse $1,134 67 amount of said Rouse's note against the county.

Sam Hind's claim rejected.

L. H. Dills, E. H. Baker and Oscar Gaines appointed committee to let out pauper and jail practice in Burlington district.

Joseph Wagstaff, E. H. Baker and T. H. Sutton appointed a committee to examine and report on recommendations made by the grand jury.

SECOND DAY.

M. C. Norman, Joseph Wagstaff and W. B. Craven appointed a committee to investigate and report on the expense of running the poor-house for the year 1882. Report filed and adopted.

County Attorney ordered to advertise and sell delinquent list.

L. H. Dills, E. H. Baker and O. Gaines appointed a committee to let out poorhouse for 1883. Committee empowered to borrow money, furnish supplies and contract with the supervisor and receiver and to do all things necessary for the well being and comfort of the inmates for the year 1883.

Justices and supervisors in their respective districts to redistrict their magisterial districts into 4 road districts before the 15th of February 1883.

Magistrates in districts authorized to let out pauper practice in the districts as follows: Not to exceed $50 in Burlington, Union, Florence, Petersburg and Taylorport: $40 in Rabbit Hash, Verona and Walton; $35 in Hamilton, Beaver and Bellevue.

Jan'y. 3d—Boone Rogers released from articles of indenture binding to him a negro boy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Aylor qualified as admr'x of R. L. Aylor and guardian of Lutie Aylor.

The Ball of the Season.

A few evenings since we sent out a reporter to write up a party for the RECORDER, with postive injunction to take particular notice of the costumes worn by the belles of the evening, and here is the result of his labors:

The parlors were crowded with the elite of the town, and among the most prominent belles were,

Mr. Timothy Westbay, with mustache heavily waxed, hair parted in the middle, knee pants and pig-feet ornaments, and was the belle of the ball.

Mr. John L. Connar wore low-necked vest, sailor jacket and bloomer pants, no ornaments.

Mr. C. L. Crisler wore sack coat cut bias and darby hat with turkey feather ornaments.

Mr. Joe Reed wore a six inch smile, pea-green cut-a-way, hair dress low on the forehead, oyster shell ornaments, and was just too utterly too, too.

Mr. James Westbay wore a horseblanket with trail, knee pants, flesh colored socks, a polished boot, hair smooth on top and rough behind, with goose feather ornaments.

Mr. R. C. Green wore knee pants, pigeon-tail coat, ruffled shirt, low shoes, quill ornaments and was the boss waltzer of the evening.

Mr. J. M. Conner wore sheep-skin vest, cow-hide shoes cut high, hog skin cap, ornaments, bull's eye breast pin.

Mr. W. L. Gedge wore sack coat, gourded in the back, sailor pants, low shoes and feather ornaments.

Mr. James Armstrong wore cut away boots, standing collar, crosseyed necktie and spike tail coat, no ornaments.

Mr. Harry Blythe wore a lefthanded rose colored shirt and a Prince Albert without sleeves, no ornaments.

Mr. T. W. Finch wore a narrow brim hat, tow-string necktie and standing down collar with spectacle ornaments.

Personal Mentions.

Mr. David Blythe has returned to Hanover College.

Judge O. F. Roberts, of Aurora, was in town Friday.

B. K. Sleet was the guest of Mrs. Arta Sleet, Monday

Mr. Ben Rice who had the varioloid is able to be on the street again.

Mr. H. C. White, of Grant county, was visiting his brothers near this place last week.

Capt. Hyatt, of Newport, was the guest of his daughter Mrs. Dr. J. M. Grant, last week.

Mrs. L. H. Slade and Mrs. K[illegible] P. Fowler, of Cincinnati were visiting Mrs. R. H. Pace, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Rouse, of Mt. Zion, spent New Years day with Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bruce, of this place.

Miss Lucy Ryle and Miss Fannie Duncan have returned to Glendale, Ohio, where they are attending College.

We have enjoyed nothing lately, more than the shaking of hands, last Thursday, with our old school-mate and teacher, C. G. Ingram, now a resident of Saline county, Mo. The western breezes have developed him into a portly gentleman, and he still possesses that genial disposition that wins for him friends wherever he goes. His sojourn in Boone was brief.

Married.

SHEEHAN-KLETTE—On the 4th inst., at Independence, Kenton county, Mr. William Sheehan and Miss Dora Klette.

Billie and h's bride will accept the RECORDER's best wishes for a long and happy life.

CARPENTER-BROCK—On Tuesday the 19th inst., Mr. Nat Carpenter, of Sparta, Gallatin county, to Miss Sallie Brock, of this city. Miss Brock, was for several years engaged in the Millinery business with her sister, Mrs. Ella Dawson, and as Miss Sallie was a highly respected and agreeable lady, her departure from our midst will be muchly regretted by those of her acquaintance.—[Williamstown Courier.

The RECORDER on behalf of Mat's host of friends, in Boone county, wishes him and his bride all the happiness that mortal beings can enjoy on this mundane sphere. Mat, "Here's to your health, and the health of your family. May you live long and prosper."

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Christmas and New Years passed off as usual, if anything a little more so.

The select party given at the Hebron Hall on the 27th ult., was largely attended

Mr. James Riley has purchased a house and lot near Constance for the sum of $2,500

L. C. Conner and W. A. Clayton have opened up a nice little hardware store at this place.

The dance given at the residence of Thomas Rouse on the night of the 1st inst., was an enjoyable affair.

Misses Nina and Aletha Smith entertained quite a number of guests on last Saturday night and Sunday.

Stripping tobacco seems to be the order of the day. Mr. Ray Snyder has stripped about 5,000 pounds and has about 15,000 pounds more to strip.

Florence X-Roads.

Wheat looks badly.

[illegible] hogs about all sold.

Eli Rouse is overjoyed—it's a boy.

Wood sawings have commenced for 1883

Rev. C. C. Barnett, of Dixon, Tenn., preached at Hopeful last Sunday.

The roar of the shot gun has ceased. Game won't pay for the ammunition.

Jerry Beemon had a fine hog shipped to him the other day, from Oxford, Ohio.

We are sorry that some of our friends had such bad luck visiting Bellevue during the holidays.

Lewis Weaver and family, of Sunbright, Tenn., will be among their friends in this county in a few days.

D. M. Snyder has been investigating our school, and will come again soon. The past proceedings do not seem to suit him.

Tobacco stripping not through with. The agitation of the tobacco tax in Congress has stopped the sale of the weed.

Several persons have been losing sheep. There are a good many lambs in this neighborhood. They range from 2 to 12 in flock.

A pedestrian tin peddler stopped here the other day, and Joe Souther purchased a large lot of tinware, with the understanding that the peddler was to take them to his house, and deliver them and get the money. The last heard of the peddler he was hunting Joe's house.

Plattsburg

There is a very fatal desease among the cattle in this neighborhood.

Our largest wheat raiser says that the crop will be light this year.

John W. Berkshire is paying the highest price for tobacco—$10 and $5.

Mr. B. F. Crisler and mother have returned from a very pleasant visit to Lafayette, Ind.

Bob Smith says that when he loans his gun again, he wants every fellow to shoot off his own load.

Mrs. A. Cloud had her watch and chain stolen from her at Parkersburg, West Virginia, one day last week.

A floater was found on the Laughery bar last Saturday evening. Squire Loder held an inquest, and the remains were buried near where it was found.

Elijah Parker sold one day last week, 36 hogs that averaged 350 lbs. at 6½ cents per pound. He had an offer of $10 and $5 for his tobacco, if put in three grades.

We have an old gentleman in our town who says that he carried a bedtick full of shot across the Ohio river, and fought a mud turtle for two days. We don't vouch for the truthfulness of this, but guess it is true.

It is so seldom that any thing of a sensational nature occurs in this vicinity, that the elopement of Mr. Henry Shuman, of Dillsboro, Ind., and Miss Laura Barnett, of this place, has caused quite a flurry in society circles in which they move. They were married in Lawrenceburg, last Wednesday.

What We'd Like to See.

The man that struck Morgan Davis.

Uncle Jim Westbay build up a large trade in his Goose Business.

John G. Carlisle next Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Ed Philipps as reporter for the Daily Times-Star, of Cincinnati.

The stockholders in the Woolper pike build two bridges on their road.

Petersburg.

Miss Mary Wendell is on the sick list.

Mr. Mat Sebree and Cass. Lodge, of Cincinnati, were here last week.

Mr. Park Berkshire and wife, left for Owensboro, last Saturday night.

Mr. Froh is still holding meeting at [illegible]'s place, but will close next Sunday night.

The Odd-Fellows, of this place attended the funeral of Mr. Riggs at Aurora Sunday

M[illegible] Irene Buchanan, of Rising Sun Ind., is visiting her father, Mr. Alloway, of this place.

If we may judge by the new d[illegible] a young lady got last week, we would say there will be a wedding in town soon.

Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Carrollton, Ky. preached at the Christian church last Sunday to quite a large and attentive audience

Several of our boys spent New Years in Rising Sun, and took in the dance last Monday night, and from appearance of things now they will soon take in some of the—girls.

Funny to see.

Mote Christy acting as Marshal.

Geo. Berkshire with his checker board on Some of our boys coming home last Tuesday night.

Chas. McWethy on the rampage for Rising Sun.

Rabbit Hash.

Some tobacco is being hauled to market.

Our young folks are still having a pleasant time attending parties, &c.

Messrs Reuben Hagar and Will McConnell will run a corn boat south this winter

Misses Della and Lou Allen have been spending the past week in our neighborhood

Rev. Geo. Froh preached in East Bend Sunday morning and evening. He is an interesting speaker, and all are glad when his day to preach draws near.

Entertainments were given the past week at J. J. Piatt's, Mrs. McConnell's and Mr. S. S. Moore's. The last is pronounced by all as the most enjoyable one since the Christmas festivities began. Thanks to Mr. Moore, and hope the pleasure will be repeated.

THE EAGLE
DRUG STORE,
—IS POSITIVELY—
THE CHEAPEST
—HOUSE IN—
RISING SUN, IND.
Where will be found a fresh stock of
DRUGS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
PUTTY and
WINDOW GLASS,
SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
STATIONERY,
all at bottom prices.
GIVE US A CALL.
D. C. Thorn,
Main St., - - Rising Sun, Ind.
6-3m

DUDLEY ROUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
Has Knocked Down the Price on a lot of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S Side-lace SHOES so low that the figures will surprise you.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS
Have been overtaken by the same Slaughter and are being Closed out at Prices which make them go in a hurry. Several pieces of nice DRESS GOODS must be sold and to make you want them they are going to be disposed of at a sacrifice. If you want any of the above goods call early as they are being taken rapidly.

I also have a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Yarns, Prints, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, Notions, &c.

A full stock of FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES always on hand

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

GREEN & RIDDELL,
ATTORNEYS at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office next door to Recorder Office. 8-tf

E. C. NORMAN. H. D. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application to G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

F. Adkinson. A. W. Gaines
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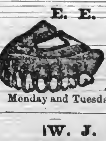
Attorneys & Counselors at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. 41tf

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y



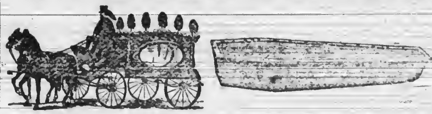
E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
Should take a policy at once.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
J. E. DUNCAN President, Burlington, Ky

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora. Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

JOHN Q. DAVIS
DEALER IN
Boots & Shoes!
HATS, CASP,
Gloves, Leather, Shoe Findings
SPECIALTIES:
Boots and Shoes Made of Leather,
Hats, Caps and Gloves, Latest Styles, Lowest Prices.
New Goods every two weeks. Leather and Shoe Findings at Lowest Cincinnati Wholesale Prices to the Trade. No misrepresentations to effect sales. Goods guaranteed as represented. Thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed, would refer to my past business career of 12 years for a continuance of the same.
JOHN Q. DAVIS,
Sign of BIG RED BOOT. Main Street, Rising Sun, Ind.



UNDERTAKING
We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
sOARDs & DAVIS, Hebron, Ky

CUSTOM GRINDING
At MILLER'S MILL,
Rising Sun, - - Ind.
On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Also Flour and Corn Meal always on hand—for sale or exchange. Satisfaction guaranteed. (41-6m) J. C. MILLER & SON, Proprietors.

Ward Bros.,
Rising Sun, Indiana,
LATE OF VEVAY, IND.,
have on hand a large stock of
WATCHES & CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Silver and Plated Ware, and King's Spectacles. REPAIRING Promptly attended. Also Fine Silver Watches at Low Rates.
27-tf

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar3-4f28 J. W. Talbott.

My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1883 will be sent FREE to all who apply. [illegible] All seed sent from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so far, that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill the order gratis. My collection of vegetable seed is one of the most extensive to be found in any American catalogue, and a large part of it is of my own growing. As the original introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon, and a score of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement. James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, : KENTUCKY.

FAIRIES.

I had rather be Cinderella,
And live upon water and crust,
Than either of her proud sisters
Who doomed her to dwell in the dust.

She sat so sweet and so humble,
While they in their satins swept by,
And sung to herself, when they left her,
Despite the stray tear in her eye.

It is only the old, old story,
Such as good grandmothers tell
At night by fireside and bedside,
And children love it well.

But it has such a sweet, deep meaning
That, though I am a child no more,
My heart holds ever the echo
Of the story loved of yore.

Yet to all there cometh some fairy;
She may not bring coaches and gowns,
But she scatters an inner sunshine
That is better than kingly crowns.

She sends them to labor smiling,
Helps them to sing when alone,
To rejoice in birds and blossoms,
And to bless their own hearthstone.

Have you ever seen such fairies?
Do you know the way they went?
For they love to work sweet wonders
And to banish discontent.

—*Frances E. Greno, in Our Continent.*

PUSH AND PLUCK.

"Push—push—push! Yes, it's got to be push all the times with me if I'm ever going to amount to anything, and I'm bound I will!"

Jim Brand drew as close as he could to the little end window of the garret in which he slept, trying to catch the last rays of light on his worn book.

"It's a tussle!" he presently exclaimed, looking off into a dark corner of the room, with a face which showed a mind hard at work over some knotty problem. "If I only had some one to show me a bit! The words are all straight enough—I've got them pat, but where the sense comes in's more than I can see. 'The square of the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides.' To be sure, but how to get at it is what beats me."

Jim closed the book, one he had dipped into because he had exhausted everything else within his reach. But the expression of full determination to conquer some day what now baffled him was fixed on his bright, homely face and seemed to extend to every stout limb of his stubby frame. The boy's sturdy resolve to obtain an education grew and throve under what might be considered great disadvantages, were it not that it has been abundantly proven by many brilliant examples that to the best order of minds obstacles seem only to furnish stepping-stones to higher success.

He lived with his widowed mother in a small country village, and for the last two years had worked for a farmer—hard work, poor pay and a scant taste of schooling in the winter. His aspirations now were for something better in the way of instruction than the country school afforded. Four miles away, in a larger town, was a good teacher, and Jim wanted now to stay at home, study harder and recite to this man, but how to accomplish this he could not see, for he must still earn his living and help his mother.

A tri-weekly mail was carried through their village, it being off any regular routes. The carrying of this had been offered to Jim and had excited him greatly, for the same road would take him to the teacher he was anxious to reach, thus enabling him to kill two birds with one stone. But difficulties were in the way. A scrubby pony had been placed at his disposal for a very low price—his carefully hoarded savings would cover it—but its keep was a serious matter. Jim had been cherishing another project for a year past.

Last summer he, in company with an Irish farm-laborer, had been driving an empty hay wagon along the road when something appeared in the distance which astonished both. It was surely neither man, horse nor dog. It came toward them with marvelous speed, and as it drew near developed a human, yet inhuman, aspect which had something frightfully comical about it. The horses grew restless at the uncanny sight, and Jim sprang to their heads, while Pat, fervently invoking the protection of the Virgin Mary and an untold number of saints, showed his lack of faith in their efforts in his behalf by immediately tumbling himself over the hedge, where he lay concealed.

As the thing came near it ran to the side of the road opposite to which Jim had turned his horses, and there fell to pieces, and while one part of it leaned against the fence, the other, in the shape of a well-looking, blue-flanneled boy, ran toward Jim.

"Oh—did I frighten your horses?" he cried, in a tone of frank politeness. "Well, I'm sorry. I ought to have stopped sooner, but where I live the horses are getting used to them and I didn't think. Whoa, now—poor fellow," patting them, and the well-meaning creatures looked an immediate recognition of the friendly voice and touch.

"What have you got there?" asked Jim, looking in great curiosity at the thing leaning against the fence.

"A bicycle—havn't you seen any? I guess there are not very many about yet, but my father's a machine man and that's how I came by the luck of getting one. We're boarding at Farmer Merrivale's down there, and I can make the distance out here in less than no time." This was indefinite, but it was three miles, and Jim had seen for himself how lithe a thing of life the wonderful skeleton steed moved. He examined it with thoughtful eyes.

"It doesn't have to eat, does it?"

"No," said the boy, laughing, "only a little oil once in a while."

But its cost was beyond that of a pony. Jim watched in delight and longing as it, with its owner, were spinning down the road, while Pat crept from his hiding-place with many an exclamation over the "wan-legged wheelbarry."

From that hour Jim had never given up the idea of possessing a bicycle, and in dreams had seen more than one picture of himself flying over the roads carrying on his back a bag of mail-matter and a sachel of school-books.

"I think I'll go down to the State Fair next week, mother."

"To the State Fair, Jimmy?" she said, in surprise. He did not often go on a frolic.

"Yes, I'm going to try if I can't make a little money there."

"How, my boy?"

"I'm told the fair-grounds are more than a mile out of the city, and that there's always a great demand for teams to carry passengers to and from it. I've been talking to Deacon Granger, and he's willing to trust me with his pair of grays, and I'm going to hire Brown's big new spring wagon, and I believe I can make a good deal over what I shall have to pay for team and wagon."

"And their keep, and your own—?" this mother and son were used to very close calculating.

"Yes, I think I can do it."

He was on the alert for passengers early on the first morning of the fair. Exhibitors only were arriving on that day, but he found plenty to do among those who desired the carriage of light articles and fancy wares. On the second day the people came pouring in from all directions, and the accommodating boy with the well-governed, light-stepping grays was in constant demand. The third day was brilliant in sunshine, and city and fair-grounds and the space intervening seemed alike overflowing with the busy, merry, chattering crowd.

About the middle of the forenoon came a lull in Jim's work, the arriving stream having about ceased and the returning one not yet begun. Jim went for a look at the machinery, much of which had arrived since he had been around that way before. He gazed for a while awe-struck at the great power engine, quietly moving its ponderous arms and wheels in such fearful, masterful strength for good or for ill. He was then examining with intelligent interest the beautiful perfection of some improved farming implements when his attention was drawn to something which moved in and out among surrounding on-lookers with almost the swiftness and lightness of a sunbeam. It was a graceful, boyish figure mounted on a bicycle which gleamed and shone in polished steel and nickel-plating. And as he came nearer and sprang lightly to the ground, Jim's face beamed with surprise and pleasure as he perceived that it was the same boy whom he had seen more than a year before.

"Halloo!" he said, as Jim modestly approached to look at the bicycle. "Havn't I seen you before somewhere? I have, I know; why yes, don't you remember the time I frightened your horses?"

Jim was charmed by the cordial recognition, and the two boys were soon in earnest discussion over the merits of the different machines. Harvey Glenn was able to point out to Jim many excellencies he had not before appreciated, laying his hands familiarly on some of the swift, moving intricacies with a daring which made Jim tremble; impressing him deeply, too, by the information that his father represented the great machine company which had sent a number of these magnificent things on exhibition. The bicycle, a model in beauty, strength and adaptation to the use for which it was intended, came in for its full share of admiring attention.

"This is an exhibition machine," explained Harvey. "Most of these made for sale are a little heavier built, for greater strength, and are not got up quite so finely."

And in the course of chat Jim confided to Harvey his hopes and intentions as to himself owning a bicycle some day. And Harvey insisted on his mounting this one, giving him instructions in the way of managing it; which Jim did, and after a few turns of the wheel, during which he felt as if he or his fairy steed, or both, had taken wings, the big wheel began to wabble unreasonably and Jim to incline wildly first to one side and then the other. Then the little wheel grew skittish, and as it rose obstreperously behind Jim went down before, amid shouts of good-humored laughter.

But it was hushed all of a sudden, for there came a loud and terrible sound which struck fear to every heart—a stunning report, then quick rending—tearing—crashing. And as Jim gathered himself up, dazed, deafened and bewildered, cries of alarm and suffering arose on the one moment of dread silence which had followed the shock. It was some little time before those who gathered frantically around could understand that a steam-boiler had exploded with awful violence, dealing destruction and death among the assembled multitudes, but it was only a breathing time before a wail of anguish went up from stricken ones whose own had been smitten down at their very sides.

Jim was blinded by quick coming tears as he bent over the apparently lifeless form of his just now joyous companion. A dark line of blood slowly trickled from under his hair, and Jim turned half faint as he saw blood gathering under him on the grass. He was about to raise a cry for help when a tall man knelt down by the boy with a white face and trembling hands. Tearing open his coat he applied his ear to his chest.

"I am a physician," said another man, hurrying up, and together they made a hasty examination of injuries which were found to be serious but not probably fatal.

"What shall I do?" said Harvey's father, looking about him in distressed perplexity. "I ought to take him to the hotel at once—and then again, I ought to be seeing after more of these poor souls—and the mischief my wares have worked."

"If you will trust him with me," said the physician, "I will go and take care of him. See, there are already more doctors than patients here."

Harvey opened his eyes.

"Yes—I'll go, father. Dont be anxious—I'll soon be all right."

Mr. Glenn asked Jim to run for a hack which stood a little distant from them. But as he pointed to the wounded boy with a few eager words the driver stood stolidly and shook his head.

"No—I can't have my carriage spoiled with that sort o' work. I couldn't use it again to-day and I can't afford it."

With a face ablaze with indignation Jim hurried to another driver with much the same result.

"I'm here with a party—can't do anything else." Some drivers quietly moved their vehicles to another part of the grounds to avoid being called on to assist in the removal of wounded and dead.

"I've got a light wagon," said Jim, going back to the doctor, almost choked with anger. "May I bring that?"

"Yes—quick!"

The seats were torn out with little ceremony. Straw was placed in the bed of the wagon, upon which Harvey was tenderly laid. Then the horses were led round to where other sufferers lay and two more were added to the load. Again Jim's heart grew sick at sight of torn, bleeding bodies and anxious friends trying to improvise comforts and bring some relief, and he turned his half dizzy head the other way as they passed a building in which he knew were lying those suddenly called out of the sunshine and the summer air and the business and the pleasure.

"Come back," whispered Mr. Glenn as Jim took his slow way to the town. "There's hardly one of these heathen drivers will bear a hand."

Jim came back and carried two more injured men, unknown by any one there, so far as he could learn. Then again for others whose mourning friends followed in a carriage. At night, over-excited by the sad scenes through which he had given such ready, self-forgetting aid, he went to his bed, feeling as if he never could close his eyes again. But sweet sleep watches in kindliness on the steps of such, and the country boy's rest was unbroken by dreams of the day's tragedy. When he awoke the sun was beaming as benignly as if it had not last shone on hearts shadowed while time should last on what it had then witnessed.

He first went to the hotel at which he had left Harvey, and was cheered by hearing fair accounts of his condition and that his mother had come to him. Then he turned his attention to his wagon, spattered and dripped with the marks of his fearful loads of the day before. It took him hours to wash it, requiring such an amount of energetic scrubbing that he soon perceived that a thorough repainting would be necessary to put it in condition to return to its owner. It was not fit to offer for passengers now. He drove out to the fair grounds, thinking he might see something of his seats, and did, indeed, spy what looked like them in a huge pile of ruins from the disaster, but they were quite beyond reach. He caught sight of Harvey's father, who turned at his approach and gave him a warm shake of the hand, but his attention was instantly claimed again by those who passed about him.

As Jim turned his horses homeward he was ashamed of himself that he felt much depressed at realizing how utterly his expedition had been a failure in a money point of view. Ashamed that his heart, which had so stood still before the woe of others, could give a thought to his own light loss. In his innocent respect for the afflicted he had not for a moment thought of applying for what was justly his due, and would, of course, have been willingly paid for his most valuable services in a time of such a need. The loss would throw him back a year, perhaps more, in his pursuit of learning. But he was made of the stuff which occasionally sends a boy from the prairie or the log cabin to the White House—more of them to high places in civil and military life, and, perhaps, better, sends boys all over the length and breadth of the land to fill worthy places as exemplars of all that is noble and honorable in American manhood.

Arrived at home he made terms for the complete putting in order of the wagon. This, with his horse hire, used up a little more than he had made at the fair before the accident occurred.

"Halloo, here—Jim? You're Jim Brand, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Jim, thus hailed by a farm-hand who drove up to his mother's gate and spied him at work in the garden.

"Well, here then." He turned away as Jim took a bulky letter from his hand.

"Any answer?" shouted Jim.

"Guess not. Not as I was told of."

Jim carried it in the house and sat by his mother as he opened it. This was nearly a month after his venture at the fair.

Several sheets of paper, headed each with the device of a steam-power and business-like lettering, were covered on one side with boyish-looking handwriting. From among these fell a small piece of paper. Jim had never seen many like it, but his hand shook as, first looking at it, he passed it to his mother.

This was the letter:

"DEAR OLD FELLOW: Father wanted to write to you just as soon as he could think straight about anything, but I teazed him to wait till I could do it, so that's why you haven't heard from us before. Father expected to see you again at the fair, but couldn't find you. Other people wanted you, too. They said you didn't go for your pay for helping folks. Why didn't you? You were a goose. Father's had quite a time finding out how to address you, but the Merrivales told him.

"I've been brought home, but the doctors think I'll have to lie still a long time yet. I don't like it at all, but mother says it's sure to be all right somehow or it wouldn't be so. Mother's that sort. I'm glad she is. I think that sort is the best to have when you're in trouble and when you're out of trouble, too.

"But what I want to tell you most of all is that the Co.—that means, you know, all the folks of the machine works, think you did the right up and down square thing by them and by everybody else that day of the explosion, so they send you this two hundred dollars just to make sure you didn't lose anything by it, and father hopes it's enough, and he says you behaved admirably, and if you ever want a friend you're to come to him, and lots more of that kind of thing.

"By the time this letter reaches you you'll find my bicycle waiting for you at the railroad station, so you'd better go and get it. Father was going to send you one himself but—now you needn't mind about it at all, for I don't believe it's going to be so at all—but some of the doctors think perhaps I won't ever ride a bicycle any more, and I'm fond of mine and don't want any other boy should have it but you.

"We'll all be up to Merrivale's next summer and then I'll see you. Mother says she'll never be satisfied till she sees Jim's mother to tell her how you stood by us that time. I can't write any more now. You write to me and I'll write again. HARVEY GLENN."

"Ho! Bother it, mother," said Jim with a great assumption of indifference, "they must be the queerest folks—making such a fuss over what you've done when you haven't done anything at all!"

But "Jim's mother" was crying as she kissed him and thought of the mother whose boy might never again ride a bicycle, and Jim went out into a corner of the garden and looked very hard at nothing for a long time.

Less than a year afterward Jim, flying swiftly along with a mind intent upon a knotty Latin construction, was scarcely aware of being overtaken and passed by something which then ran into the side of the road, where a bicycle fell into the grass and its rider suddenly confronted him. In his overwhelming astonishment Jim entirely lost control of his own vehicle, and went down in the dust with it. Picking himself up, hardly knowing whether his eyes did not deceive him, his hands were warmly grasped, and two happier boy-faces never, surely, looked into each other.

"Harvey!"

"Jim!"

Jim stopped to gather his books in the little silence which followed.

"Pegging at them yet?" said Harvey.

"Yes, pushing away—but it's slow work."

"Ah, but mother says you're a chap that's sure to go skiting straight up to the very top notch—I don't mean, you know, that she says just those words, but"—his face grew grave at the memory of the circumstances under which he had last seen Jim. "she says when folks push with their heads and hearts both they're sure to win—and she says you're that sort."—*Sydney Dayre, in Chicago Standard.*

—A number of experiments have been made in this country to test the value of different materials for doors that may be exposed to fire, from which it appears that perhaps the best door yet devised is one made of wood and covered with tin. The door is formed of solid planks, or boards matched and fastened together and crossing at a right angle, or at forty-five degrees. There should not be less than two thicknesses in any door, and as many more should be used as the size of the opening to be closed demands.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Uncle Sam has 1,008,741 farms under his jurisdiction, with 180,972,678 farm animals, of which 10,357,981 are horses, 12,4[illegible] are milch cows, and 23,337,856 cattle.

—A medical student while in the dissecting room filled up his pockets with a lot of ears and fingers and toes and such, and then loafed around to the butcher's shop and slyly scattered them about in odd corners near the sausage machine. And customers coming in saw them and were horrified, and demanded explanations, which the wretched butcher could not give, and the story of the scandal spread and the whole neighborhood became aroused, and the butcher had to escape across roofs to avoid being lynched, and will never return to the city, unless brought back by officers to answer a frightful charge of murdering men for sausage meat.—*Boston Post.*

—Benjamin Gordon, better known as "Charlie Howard," whose murder in a Leadville gambling house has been recorded, was one of the depraved fraternity who make the worst possible use of conspicuous gifts and graces. He was a member of a good Virginia family, was well educated, had acquired several languages by foreign travel, and possessed a winning and genial nature, all of which advantages he deliberately devoted to the profession of gambling, in which, though only thirty years old, he had attained great proficiency.—*Chicago Times.*

—A practical joke with a sad sequel was recently perpetrated by a boy employed in the Ascutney Mills at Windsor, Vt. A girl employed in the same room had removed her shoes and left them lying on the floor near one of the spinners. In her absence the boy nailed the shoes to the floor. Subsequently the girl, in attempting to pull them up, thrust her left hand into the gearing of the spinner, crushing all her fingers nearly to the knuckles. Her whole hand had to be amputated.

—Two Italians, arraigned for violating the New York Sanitary law were brought into Court, where they immediately fell on their knees and began praying. "What's that?" asked the Court. "We are kneeling at the throne of justice and hollering for mercy," explained the interpreter. "What's your plea?" was the next question. "Guilty, guilty, guilty," they cried in heart-broken accents. "One dollar," said the Justice from his throne, when they "hollered" worse than before.

—A New England Senator who arrived at his Washington residence recently was surprised to find that the servants who had been left in charge had kept the handsome mansion open during his absence as a boarding house and had accommodated boarders, both white and black. The owner's visit was unexpected, hence the discovery, which, one of the servants states, proved embarrassing.—*Boston Post.*

—A Nashville negress arrested for some misdemeanor asked the court to release her as she wanted to get her baby out of pawn. On being questioned she said there were places in that city where babies were taken in pawn, and returned, on payment of the sum advanced with 15 cents a day interest; but she would not reveal the name of any of these dealers.—*Detroit Post.*

—Two more big wrecks of name and fortune chargeable to oil. Cheap refined oil kills its hundreds in the kitchen, but $1.30 crude has wrecked its thousands in the counting-house.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—A Chicago girl's excuse for marrying a young man whose face was badly marked with scars of smallpox was that he had a poetic look. She thought he was weighed down with some secret sorrow.—*Free Press.*

—The same law which says that a note of hand made on Sunday is not legal, says that a marriage contracted on that day is all O. K. in the eyes of the law.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Chicago paper is reponsible for the statement that a St. Louis young man has composed a poem, commencing: "I am sitting in the shadow of my loved one's shoe."

—A man in Thomaston, Me., put an owl in his cellar to kill the rats. The next morning the man found the owl dead and half-eaten. This was rough on the owl.

—The worst about kissing a Pittsburg girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features until you reach the nearest pump.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Life for the hopeful youth is full of to-morrow. The old man who lives on yesterday has a slender diet and little comfort.

—The Georgia House has passed a bill taxing news agents $100 a year for selling disreputable police and other papers.

An Age of Suspicion.

Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Captain F. M. Howes, of the steamer William Crane, Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severely from rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—*Boston Globe.*

A MOVEMENT on foot—trimming corns.

MEAN men are the best at guessing conundrums. This comes from the fact that they hate to give anything up.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A JAPANESE woman delights in a doll, while an American girl dotes on a dolman.

"YES," said the fair but false young vocalist to Bumbleton, "that is an old English song with a refrain." "Ah!" replied the crusty critic, "that just suits me. Refrain from singing it."

A LIQUOR dealer in a Massachusetts town received a postal card reading: "Please attend the funeral of a man you have been ten years in killing."

WHEN the average man laughs, he gets fat. When the printer gets fat, he laughs.

"Oh, aunty," cried little Amy in the nursery, "make Freddy behave himself; every time I happen to hit him on the head with the mallet he bursts out crying."

ANY noisy boy can beat a drum all hollow. You can't cut a ham from a pig of lead, but you might contrive to shoulder it.—*N. Y. News.*

MANUFACTURERS of lucifers are not pugilists, although they are often engaged in boxing matches.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

BALTIMORE claims to have the champion mean man. She can have him; we've got enough second-rate ones up here to last for some time.—*Lowell Courier.*

ONE would think from the numerous bank defalcations which are reported that Burns was prophetic when he sang about "the chiel amang ye takin' notes."—*N. Y. Herald.*

ASTRONOMER PROCTOR declares that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 34,000,000 years ago. Those who can remember back 34,000,000 years will understand what this means.—*Boston Transcript.*

A REAL-ESTATE transfer made on Sunday is not legal, notwithstanding the old saw, "Better the day, better the deed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

EVEN half a loaf is better than loafing all the time. Many poor people of the working class will testify to this version of the proverb.—*Chicago Times.*

Chicago's First Citizen.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in closing an elaborate article on Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of that city, gives the following as Mr. Harrison's opinion of St. Jacobs Oil: "When I first found myself suffering from the rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I procured some of it immediately, and found it excellent for that ailment."

ELDEST DAUGHTER (aged ten): "I wonder what made ma marry pa? He is not at all the sort of man I should have cared for!"

What Physicians Say.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M. D.

THERE is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to hear one.—*N. Y. Herald.*

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

"I'M a matron of husbandry," said the widow who made her fourth coupling.

DR. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers and "liver complaint."

THERE is nothing like a molasses-candy pulling to make young people candid when giving taffy.—*New Haven Register.*

"Washington Top."

This is the singular name of a town situated four miles from Zanesville, O. Mr. Wm. Alexander, resident of the former place, was afflicted for seven years with Kidney disease and inflammation of the bladder. Mishler's Herb Bitters cured him after all other so called specifics had failed. This remedy is an invaluable household article, and always cures Kidney and Liver diseases, Dyspepsia, Cholera, Cramps in the stomach, Indigestion, Dysentery, etc.

A POINTER: If you can't spell, write such a bad hand that nobody can tell what the letters are.

A Case not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover."

A PIECE of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red-hot it loses its temper.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

WHOLLY uncalled for—A dead letter.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Cures coughs and colds. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

NO, PAUL, the window of the soul is not a pane in the stomach.—*Marathon Independent.*

FOR THE CURE OF A COUGH OR SORE THROAT, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

MR. P. S. GILMORE has lost his favorite cornet. The new year starts out well.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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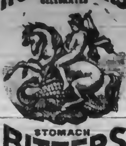

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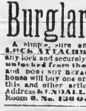

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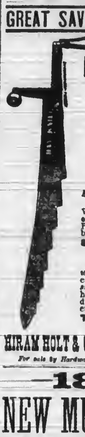

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Boone County Recorder.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1883. NUMBER 12.

CUPID'S MISTAKE.

Blind Cupid, on a summer's sultry eve,
Went on love's errand, as we may believe—
But lost his way, and stumbled to a cave,
Dark as the night and silent as the grave.
But, pray, behold the strange reverse of fate!
Death, who to Cupid ever bears a hate,
Happened, likewise, to stroll in there to hide,
And idly dropped his darts near Cupid's side,
Where weary lay the lad, thick mists arose,
And hid his senses in a doze.
Awaking from his nap, strange news to tell,
His pointed arrows from the quiver fell.
Not quite awake, he stretched his arms around,
To gather up his arrows from the ground;
He took his darts, he thought, but thought in vain,
So like they were, he knew them not again.
Cupid took some of Death's, O fate unkind!
And left some part of his, for Death, behind!
Hence many sprightly youths in blooming prime,
Struck with the darts of Death, forestall old Time;
While greybeards, just preparing for their graves,
Struck with Love's bolts, become his doting slaves.

—*S. B. Foster, in Century Magazine.*

FAIR HESPERUS.

The Interesting Discoveries of Science in the Study of the Planet Venus—Our Nearest Neighbor Not Habitable According to Any Theories Known to Us—Her Brilliant Career.

It was natural that man, in the earliest times, turning his attention from the earth over which he roamed and of which he may have fancied that he knew much to the heavens of which he was conscious that he knew but little, viewing the grand procession of the night, the immortality of the great mass of shining stars, and the unaccountable wanderings of the planets, phenomena over which he possessed not the slightest control, should be struck with awe at the imposing display and readily yield his reverence to what had already won his admiration. The scepter of the mind, which the understanding is unable to wield, is readily grasped by the imagination, and, accordingly, the early history of astronomy is a mixed record of poetical fancies, gross superstitions and uncouth conjectures.

With the dawn of exact science a new era opens in human history. The philosopher, unappalled by the uncongenial sentiment of his surroundings, proceeds to tear away the fairy curtain which the fancy of the poet had woven as well as the gross fabric with which art had endeavored to impose upon credulity. In the attempt, however, to construct an edifice of reason on the ruins of poetry and superstition, success has not always been complete nor enduring, and, even down to our own day, the process of construction and reconstruction goes on, with no evidence that the work draws nearer to a close, but, on the contrary, that the foundations must be laid ever broader and deeper.

Of all celestial bodies, after the sun and moon, none should seem to command at once the attention and admiration of the gazer as fair Hesperus, the loveliest of the heavenly train. Yet, notwithstanding the scrutiny which she has invited, our knowledge of her is provokingly limited. Second in the train of planets which circle about the sun, following an orbit between that of Mercury and the earth, when she approaches us the nearest she turns away her face, which is steadily fixed upon her great lord and sovereign master, the sun, and when, at last, with bewitching coquetry, she displays her charms, she has receded to the further side of her orbit, and her distance has become so great that human vision, aided by the appliances which science has created, is unable to study her appearance with any satisfactory results. To add to the difficulty, the very splendor of her disk is so great that its dazzling brightness betrays very little of the physical features of which it is composed. Venus, having her orbit inside that of the earth, never departs from the sun, but is always seen in the western sky after sunset, or in the eastern sky before sunrise, and is the most brilliant object in the heavens of any which are popularly called stars. When at its greatest brightness one can see a shadow cast by its beam. This fact can be easily verified by admitting a beam from Venus into a room from which other light has been excluded. When at its greatest brightness the planet can be seen in the daytime with the naked eye. As the relative positions of Venus and the earth are nearly repeated every eight years, whenever it occurs its repetition may be expected in eight years following. As a matter of fact, however, it does not require circumstances producing an exceptionably favorable position of the planet, and the planet appears visible in the daytime at intervals more frequent than the eight-year period.

Unlike Jupiter, its nearest rival in splendor, Venus can never make a visible circuit of the heavens. This is due to the fact of its orbit being situated inside that of the earth, so that it is never seen in the heavens farther than about forty-five degrees from the sun, whether in the evening or morning.

These two appearances of evening and morning star misled people of remote times, who imagined that there were two bodies to which separate names were given—Hesperus, designating the evening star, and Phosphorus, the morning star.

The great variations in the appearance of Venus are due to the vast difference between the distances of her nearest and farthest position from the earth, when nearest she comes within 25,000,000 miles and when farthest she recedes to 100,000,000; her distance from the earth, at her nearest approach, being the difference between the radius of the orbit of the earth and that of Venus, while her greatest distance is equal to the sum of these radii.

When viewed through a telescope, Venus presents phases similar to those of the moon, and for a similar reason. As the illuminated surface must always be presented to the sun, its appearance, as seen from the earth, will depend upon the relative positions of the two bodies, so that we shall sometimes see it as a crescent, sometimes globous, and sometimes full. In this last appearance it is a very difficult object even for a telescope to distinguish, for it is not only surrounded by the solar blaze, but has itself, on account of its great distance, shrunk to comparatively insignificant proportions. The phases were first observed by Galileo in 1610, and were received by him as a convincing proof of the truth of the Copernican system, according to which the sun was the center about which the planets revolved, contrary to the previous supposition that sun, moon and planets revolved about the earth. Venus, being a body very similar to the earth, a sphere of about 7,660 miles diameter, while that of the earth is 7,918, we should suppose there would be other physical resemblances.

Sharp observation of the planet has been made to discover whether it revolved on its axis. In order to ascertain whether a planet revolves, and in what time, search is made to detect some feature of its surface which can be recognized, and which, by its disappearance and reappearance, will indicate the fact and time of revolution. Spots on the sun have been utilized in this way to determine the revolution of that great body, which has been found to turn on its axis once in about twenty-five days.

In the years 1666 and 1667 the elder Cassini, being then in Italy, studied the disc of Venus for the purpose of discovering means to determine its rotation. At length, on the 27th of April, 1667, he discovered a bright spot, which, on repeated observation, seemed to return to the same position on the planet after intervals of twenty-four hours. In 1726 Bianchini, the domestic prelate of the Pope, after studying some dark spots which he detected on the planet's surface, announced that its period of rotation was twenty-one days, eight hours. This was, indeed, a wide divergance from the time found by Cassini. The young Cassini, however, came to the rescue of his father. Making a critical discussion of the previous studies of astronomers on the subject, he remarked that Bianchini's observations were interrupted by the Bartarini palace, which hid the planet from his view for some time every evening, and that the spots were seen in a position but slightly changed night after night, because they had in the interval made a complete revolution and something more. Other astronomers of that epoch and somewhat later found a result agreeing with that of Cassini. Herschel, however, was unable to see permanent spots, and the astronomers of our own day, though provided with telescopes far superior to those formerly in use, have been unable to reach definite results, so that the older astronomers, if right, must have been favored with physical changes in the aspect of the planet which have not been vouchsafed to their successors.

The next object of inquiry would be as to whether or not Venus possesses an atmosphere full of cloud, obscuring the body of the planet, would sufficiently account for the difficulty of observing points by which to determine her rotation.

During the transits of 1761 and 1769 a luminous ring was seen encircling the planet. A similar phenomenon was observed during the late transit at Harvard observatory and elsewhere. In the observations of the transit of 1874 many observors, not expecting the appearance, were surprised to find, when Venus was partly projected on the sun's disk, that the portion outside the sun was surrounded by a delicate line of light. These observations all seem to indicate that the planet has an atmosphere surrounding it.

All the planets revolving outside the orbit of Venus are attended by one or more moons. Mars was long supposed to be a moonless planet, but the astonishing discovery of his satellites in 1877 completes the similitude in this respect between the planets, counting from the earth outward. It is a subject of curious inquiry whether Venus is also provided with a handmaid of this description.

Various astronomers, from time to time, have fancied they discovered a faint object near, presenting phases like those of the planet itself. If they were correct in their observation it has since departed, for nearly a century has elapsed since the last report that it was seen. After the discovery of the moons of Mars, however, one may be prepared for anything in the shape of a satellite, one of those tiny bodies being apparently not more than two and a half miles in diameter.

According to some observers, mountains of enormous height exist in Venus, some of them being over twenty miles high. Such gigantic elevations as those would indicate scenery on a scale far more grand and majestic than what obtains on the earth, and the presence of earthquake forces which upheaved them of frightful power and destructive energy.

Is Venus inhabited? Gazing at the bodies which, like the earth, revolve about the sun, the question naturally arises: Are they inhabited, like our earth, by intelligent beings? There seems to be a repugnance in the conception of these great spheres rolling through space, and performing to our seeming a useless and eternal revolution.

It was long supposed that the moon was tenanted by beings similar to ourselves, and some enthusiastic individuals went so far as to propose the construction of a great triangle or other mathematical figure on the plains of Asia, as a sign to our nearest celestial neighbor, and with the expectation of seeing some similar figure constructed on her surface in response. It is now pretty well conceded that the condition of the moon is such that anything like life, as we perceive it, could find no sustenance upon her surface. Whether, however, the beautiful planet which revolves next between us and the sun is occupied like our own by a set of intelligent beings is a fair subject of speculation. That this should be requires that the conditions of life there should, in a general way, [illegible] to those to which we are subjected. Now, Venus, being much nearer to the sun than we, receives a much greater share both of light and heat. This might be compensated for by a denser atmosphere. But there is another consideration. The observations of Italian astronomers seem to give her axis a large angle of inclination. This being the case, the north pole of Venus, during her summer, would be brought directly under the sun's rays, and during her winter be turned with almost the whole of her northern hemisphere out of the region of sunshine. This would subject her northern hemisphere to the accumulated heat of a never-setting sun during summer, and to the frightful cold of an unlit and unheated atmosphere during winter. Such extremes as these are certainly not favorable to the development of the human species as it exists on our planet. The vast accumulation of ice in her frigid winter would, when set free, cause floods, compared to which our spring freshets are as lilliputian cataracts, while enormous icebergs would go crashing over her surface, destroying every edifice of human hands, if, under such conditions, any edifice of human hands could be erected.

It may be broadly stated that whatever fate awaits Venus that fate also awaits the earth. Locked in the embrace of the same laws, governed by the same great luminary, they are whirling around the sun, and, with him, whirling through space in a direction which has been, in a measure determined, but under the influence of a power which is altogether unknown.

The life of Venus, like that of the earth, depends upon the life of the sun. If the continual light and heat which the sun emits are part of a store the waste of which is not replenished, it is only a question of time when the last ray shall fall from a dying sun upon a train of lifeless satellites. No man need discomfort himself, however, about the catastrophe. Myriads of years may roll away before the possibility of its occurrence. Meanwhile, in the far space toward which we are hastening, other forms of destruction may await us which we wot not of. There is evidence that other systems meet with accidents destructive of their integrity, and why not ours? Had science achieved the means of prolonging human life indefinitely, the possible distribution of our system might be a subject of melancholy contemplation. But so far a thought can carry us, no evidence of its destruction appears.

The writer recalls an occurrance which illustrates the opinion of a genial and talented astronomer on this subject. A clergyman somewhere in Kentucky or Tennessee had figured out from the Bible that the world would come to an end at a date long past, and wrote to the late Prof. Winlock to know if there was anything in astronomy to show the correctness of his views. Prof. Winlock wrote back that so far as astronomical science was concerned, nothing could be perceived pointing to the destruction of the earth during the next 100,000 centuries. Accepting, then, the opinion of the lamented and learned professor, we need feel no misgiving about the immediate fate of the earth, nor, consequently, about that of our fair sister planet.

Indeed, long after the present generation, with all its deeds and misdeeds, are forgotten, she will still form in the future, as she has in the past, a theme for the song of the poet and the speculation of the philosopher.—*Boston Herald.*

Aphorisms From the Quarters.

When you make de jail too nice, you better strenkin' de hog-pen.

Mule don't kick 'cordin to no rule.

Black sheep hide mighty easy in de dark.

Better keep de rockin' cheer in de cabin lof' tell Sunday.

You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong way 'round de corn-stalk.

Sat'day night he'p de roomatis powful.

High-l'arnt nigger ain't much service at de log-rollin'.

Blind bridle can't hide de fodder-stack fum de lean horse.

Hot sun make de blades dull in de harves'-fiel'.

Mule don't unnerstan' de wheelborrer.

Smart rabbit go home 'fo' de snow done fallin'.

Dead limb on de tree show itse'f when de buds come out.

Dribin' de steers wid mule-talk is thowin' 'way your bref.

Tin plate don't mind drappin' on de flo'.

Cussin' de weather is mighty po' farmin'.

It takes heap o' licks to dribe a nail in de dark.

Good signs o' rain don't always he'p de young crap.

Books don't tell when de bee-martin an' de chicken-hawk fell out.

Don't take too big a chip on a saplin'.

De public road ain't free for de rattlesnake.

De plow-p'int is close kin to de meal-bag.

Dar's some fac's in de wul' dat don't slide 'long on de telegraph-wire.—*J. A. Macon, in The Century.*

A Base Conspiracy Defeated.

A close guess was made in a Hartford saloon the other day. In one partition of a money-drawer was a large number of pennies. Among the frequenters of the place was a man who was always ready to make a bet. It occurred to the proprietor of the place, who had been taken in a good many times by the betting man, to lay for him. He took a friend into his confidence, and the pair made up their minds to beat the fellow with the contents of the money-drawer. So they counted the pennies and found there were just 625 of them. Then they laid low for their opportunity.

That evening the betting man was on hand, and in a manner not to excite suspicion the saloon-keeper said to his friend: "I wonder how many pennies there are in this drawer?"

The betting chap pricked up his ears and remarked: "Let each of us put up $5, and the one who comes nearest to the number shall take the pot."

This was agreed to, and the saloon-keeper marked 624, his friend 626, and the fellow that was really ignorant of the number, and whom they expected to trap, by the merest chance put his fingers at 625. The astonishment of the two sharpers was no greater than the wonder of the other at such remarkably sharp guessing. After this the betting man was boss of the saloon.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

—A passenger on the New Haven Road the other day, riding between Hartford and Boston, gave the conductor a ticket twenty years old in payment for his fare. It was issued by the old New Haven, Hartford & Springfield road in 1862. Having never been used before, it was honored on presentation.

—They call Mrs. Langtry the Jersey Lily for the same reason that the Dutchman called his boy Hans. Lily is her name.

PITH AND POINT.

—Fannie: You are right. It is better to return a kiss for a blow; and a great deal sweeter.—*Christian at Work.*

—There are some people so eaten up with curiosity that they would turn a rainbow to see what color its back is.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One reason why the girls won't kiss the cigarette-smoker is because his face is so pale and sallow. He doesn't look healthy.—*Trenton (N. J.) Times.*

—Whoever doubts that the newspapers have a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A lunatic in charge of his keeper, while stepping aboard a train the other day, stepped on a banana-peel and slid under the car. "Ah!" exclaimed the keeper, "I am like a disabled locomotive, for I've slipped my eccentric."

—"Detrain" is a new word in use in England. When a body of soldiers alight from railway cars they "detrain." Pretty soon the papers will teem with "dehorsecar," "deomnibus," "dehack," "decanalboat," and so forth.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Minister Hannibal Hamlin is home. Minister John Russell Young is coming home, and Minister Sargent wants to come. Somehow the glitter of foreign courts never can take the place of American buckwheat cakes and pumpkin pies in the winter season.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Little Willie, son of Mrs. Jennie Jones Cunningham, has been quite ill for some time, and sleepless and suffering. The other night, "in the still, small hours," he suddenly repeated his prayer, and then said, "Grandmamma, ask God not to let the night be so long!"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A rare pleasure—

Deep on the country roads the snow
Is sparkling to the moon,
While, flecked with foam, the swift steeds go,
Spurning the streets of ice below,
And, huddled up in soft, warm fur,
Quite hidden from the traveler,
The lovers softly spoon,
O, what is so rare
As a ride in a sleigh
With a maiden fair,
And none to say nay?

—"Morning! Cold as blazes's morning," greeted a business man yesterday. "Pretty cold, certainly; but why utter such an absurdity as 'cold as blazes?' Blazes are hot, you know." "What would you say?" "Oh, say it's cold enough to freeze two dry rags together, or something of that sort." The lesson in etymology being over, both passed on.—*Boston Globe.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—M. Curls states that the discovery of the great comet was announced at Rio on September 10, but it was not seen at the observatory there until the morning of the 12th.

—The youngest inventor on the records in Washington is Walter Nevegold, a lad fifteen years of age, of Bristol, Pa., who has patented improvements in rolling mill machinery.

—Four German expeditions are now prosecuting their researches in Africa, two from the east and two from the west side of that continent. Very interesting and accurate reports of the several journeys are looked for after the explorers have revised their journals.

—Paper in a variety of forms, which shall be both luminous and proof against damp, is made up of the following substances: Water, ten parts; paper pulp, forty parts; phosphorescent powder—by preference slacked for twenty-four hours—twenty parts; gelatine one part, and saturated solution of bichromate of potash, one part. The gelatine resists the damp and the phosphorescent powder secures luminosity.

—The fact that silk is soluble in chloride of zinc, in acetic acid and in ammonia, is well known, and this fact has suggested the possibility that linen threads might be permanently coated with a layer of silk, if steeped in such solutions at a certain pressure and temparature, and then submitted to a process like wire drawing. It is found, however, that silk, when dissolved, loses its luster, and the difficulty is to restore it after being deposited on cotton and linen.—*Detroit Post.*

—According to H. C. Hovey each female oyster is estimated to contain from 1,000,000 to 10,000,000 eggs, of which not a tenth can be said to be vitalized in the course of nature. But he is of opinion that by a proper system of oyster-farming fully one-half of the young may be matured to that stage when they can take care of themselves. "Seed oysters" are between one and two years old, and those known as "saddle rock" require four years to attain their high commercial value.

—The last invention for the protection of theater audiences is a "penetrable safety wall," which has just been patented by an engineer at Kottbus, Germany. The plan is to make the interior wall in all parts of the theater of papier-mache, made after a certain method. Such a wall will have the appearance of massive stone, but, by pressure upon certain parts where the words are painted in immense letters, "To be broken open in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape to the outer air can be made.—*Boston Post.*

—In what is estimated to be the most delicate pair of scales in the world, according to the account given in the scientific papers, the beam [illegible] rye straw, and together with the pans, which are made of aluminum, weighs only fifteen grains. In the most delicate scale heretofore made the beam and pans weighed sixty-eight grains—the beam being made of aluminum—and the instrument was capable of weighing to the one-thousandth of a grain. This new scale, however, weighs to the one-ten-thousandth of a grain. A piece of hair one inch long, on being weighed with this wonderful apparatus, was found to represent the almost infinitesimal quantity of one-thousandth of a grain.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An action for malpractice has been brought against a New York hospital, the claim for damages being based on an alleged shortening of a leg, by an inch or so, which followed treatment for a compound fracture of the hip.

Corruption in Russia.

A Moscow paper has just published a list of the principal thefts and embezzlements that have recently been committed in Russia, the trials concerning which are at present going on or have lately been concluded. First, mention is made of Melnizky, who carried off 340,000 rubles from the great Foundling Hospital in Moscow, and who has just been sentenced to banishment to Siberia. The cashier, Swiridoff, defrauded the Association for Mutual Credit in Moscow to the extent of 257,000 rubles. A certain Safjano managed to defraud the Southwestern Railway of 400,000 rubles. The deficit of the Skopin Bank amounts to no less than 12,000,000 rubles, of which sum "Uncle" Rykoff is said to have got at least one-half. One evening the Agricultural Bank at Kherson was found on fire. After the flames were extinguished a revision was ordered of the bank funds. There should have been 170,000 rubles in coinage and 8,000,000 in paper currency, but a careful count revealed a deficit of no less than 2,000,000 rubles. Where the money went to no one knows. The director of the Sujourtsch Bank, in Wladikawkas, can not explain the loss of 1,700,000 rubles from the treasures in his charge. In Kranstadt former members of the board of management of the bank there have been arrested, as a deficit of 3,000,000 rubles has been discovered. In Kostroma the cashier of the Communal Bank was satisfied with merely taking a bagatelle of 20,000 rubles, and the chief of the railroad station at Kischineff with a paltry 44,000. The recent commissariat process at Odessa has reference to a steal of 6,000,000 rubles. The so-called quinine process (frauds in connection with quinine contracts during the Russo-Turkish war) treats of a theft of 250,000.

In Archangel the crown apportioned 80,000 rubles for the construction of a lighthouse, which cost, according to the examinations made by a special commission, only 20,000 rubles, 60,000 sticking in the hands of officials and contractors. An official named Argustoff, in Wilna, stole 25,000 of the Government funds, and the postmaster of Jelissawetgrad "annexed" 42,000 rubles. A Moscow merchant named Solodownikoff, has been found guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy to the amount of 509,000 rubles. In Odessa a criminal process is to be instituted against a certain Matkowsky, who forged a certificate of baptism for the purpose of getting unlawful possession of 1,000,000 rubles. And so on, not to mention the bagatelle of 20,000 rubles and under. The conclusion arrived at by the Moscow paper is that Siberia has no terrors that are sufficient to check the mania for frauds and embezzlements in Russia, and to anybody who has been in Siberia it seems strange that the idea could ever have prevailed that simple banishment thither is a severe punishment at all. There is to-day a sentenced Russian bank cashier living in Tomsk, who, being a cultured and intellectual man, really enjoys a very prominent position in his place of exile, and his crime, that of taking about 1,000,000 rubles out of the bank funds, is almost entirely forgotten. Of course, to live well in banishment in Siberia the embezzler must have put something by in a dry place for such an eventuality, and if he is willing to hide the temporary inconvenience of being under police supervision in a town that, beyond its distance from civilization, has nothing particularly disagreeable about it he will in due time get his reward. He may return to Russia after the lapse of his term of exile or if he made enough out of his transactions he will prefer to live in Paris or Nice or some other resort, and there enjoy the fruits of his former delinquencies, and which, having suffered punishment therefor, in due time he thinks that he has fully earned. Such crimes have in the past been undoubtedly punished most leniently, and sterner measures will in all probability soon be adopted.—*Berlin Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Gas and Electricity.

When electricity was first successfully used for illuminating purposes there was a great fall in the price of gas stocks in all the large cities of the civilized world. There has been a recovery since then, and it really seems that Dr. Siemens was right when he claimed that the use of gas would increase, notwithstanding the employment of the electric light. He expressed the opinion that the latter can never be used economically in the household. But gas, he said, would take the place of coal for heating and cooking purposes, and this prediction is being partially verified. We are now promised a revolution by the use of petroleum to produce a gas which gives out an intense heat. A patent has been taken out in every civilized country for the production of a gas by some combination of petroleum with lime. The companies have been formed, and it is said that within a short time, and by the pipes used for carrying ordinary gas, that burning material will be introduced into our households which will heat our rooms and cook our food at one-third of the cost now necessitated by the use of coal or wood. The recent speculative excitement in petroleum is said to be due to the practical application of this patent by some of our gas companies. Petroleum has never commanded a fair price in view of its production in excess of the demands of the consumers. Our wells have pumped out about 27,000,000 barrels per annum, but heretofore the world has been searched in vain [illegible] this ocean of mineral oil. Should we make use of it, however, for a heat-producing and cooking gas, there will be an abundant demand for all the petroleum we could produce. It would add marvelously to human comfort if so bulky a product as coal could be dispensed with, and our dwellings were warmed by a cleanly and comparatively inexpensive gas.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Some boys stole a barrel of kerosene the other day from the front door of a grocery, placed it in the middle of Water street, New York, bored a hole in the top, inserted a lighted fuse and fled. A loud explosion ensued. Edward Hanley, who was passing by, was fearfully burned. Many windows were shattered, and the whole street for a while was a sheet of flames, and the buildings were in danger.

Religious.

"ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL."

I love Thy beautiful green earth, O, Lord!
Thy hills and valleys, and Thy flower decked plains,
Thy snow-crowned mountains and Thy forests grand,
And Thy broad meadows, rich with waving grains.

I love Thy silent, holy crimson dawn,
When earth seems fresh from the Creator's hand;
I love the hour when Thy sunset's glow
Falls like a benediction on the land.

I love Thy radiant noontide, O my Lord,
The gladsome hour so glorious and bright;
I love the quiet evening's rest and peace;
But more I love Thy silent, star-lit night.

I love the budding spring-time of the earth,
The time of joy in earth, and air and sky;
And the sweet summer's music, light and warmth,
When nature sings bl the songs unceasingly.
And Thy rich, fruitful autumn, too, I love,
The season of earth's bounteous harvest-time;
And hoary winter, with its robe of snow,
Its dazzling whiteness and its merry chime.

I love Thy happy birds so glad and gay,
That fill the air with strains of trustful song;
I love Thy lilies and Thy roses well,
That breathe such fragrance all the summer long.

And, Lord, I love Thy sea; its mystic depth
And boundless wideness precious are to me,
Because an emblem of the depth and breadth
Of the great love wherewith Thou lovest me.

Lord, loving Thee, I love Thy glorious earth
Which Thou hast made, and made so very fair,
And over which Thou watchest from Thy throne,
Guarding and guiding it with tender care.

And, loving this fair earth with earnest love,
How shall I hope my holier love to tell,
When Thou hast made new heavens and new earth,
Where righteousness shall dwell!

—*Chicago Standard.*

Funerals in the Time of Christ.

The touching Gospel account of the funeral procession that wound out of the gate of Nain—probably down the steep road which now leads toward the ancient sepulchral caves west of the village—as our Lord and His disciples came nigh, gives us probably the most familiar idea of the ordinary mode of committing the dead to their "long homes" in that day. First in order came the women, according to an ancient commentary of the Jews, which explains, that as "woman brought death into our world, she it is who ought to lead the way in a funeral procession." Among them, how easy, for any one, much more the Lord, her Maker, to recognize the widow, about to hide away forever from her eyes an only son. Behind the bier followed "much people of the city," and last of all the hired mourners and musicians with their distracting and discordant wailing and piping. According to prevailing custom, our Lord and His companions should have joined the procession, and wept with them who wept, or shared in bearing the burden of the open bier on which lay the young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." The Apostle pauses in his record of this glorious miracle to emphasize the Savior's compassion for this bereaved mother, whom He must comfort with a gentle "Weep not," though in a moment more He should place the dead son alive in her arms. May He not at that moment have beheld, as in prophetic vision, the sorrows of that Virgin Mother for the death of her only Son, of which Simeon had testified, saying: "Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul, also." (*Luke ii. 35*).

It was contrary to the law that a a high priest should attend the funeral, or observe any of the customary rites of mourning for any relative, not even for his father or mother; the priest might be "defiled" for his mother, father, son, daughter, brother, and unmarried sister, but for no other relation in life (*Levit. xxi. 1-4, 10, 11*).

In the time of Christ it was the custom, the moment the body was carried out of the house, to reverse all chairs or couches, or seats of whatever sort. The mourners sat on the floor, except on the Sabbath and on one hour of the Friday, the day of preparation, and on some feast days in which "mourning" was prohibited. On the return of the family from the burial with their friends, they were served by their neighbors with a symbolical refreshment in earthenware consisting of bread, hard-boiled eggs, and lentils. The friends and funeral guests, however, partook of a generous meal, but at which the supply of wine was limited to ten cups. These "cups" may have been a relic of the ancient custom referred to in Jeremiah: "Neither shall men give them" (the mourners) "the cup of consolation for their father or for their mother" (xvi. 6. 7). An illusion to funeral banquets is supposed to be found in the circumstance after Abner's death, as recorded in this text: "When all the people came to cause Devin to eat meat while it was yet day, David sware, saying, So do God to me, and more also, if I taste bread, or aught else till the sun be down." (*II. Sam. iii. 35.*)

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With the return from the grave began the formal mourning, when the passionate expressions of grief, loud and demonstrative, before the burial, were, if possible, redoubled and intensified. The prescribed reason for deep mourning was seven days, the first three of these being those of "weeping," the others those of "lamentation." These being fulfilled, there followed a lighter mourning of thirty days or more, according to the nature of the bereavement. Under the Rabbis, children mourned for their parents a whole year. The anniversary of the death of a relative was also to be kept; while, for a season, the Jewish "prayer for the dead" (not, however, intercessory in its character) was to be offered.—*Home Life in the Bible.*

Carlyle's Submission to God's Will.

Many years ago, whilst I belonged to another cathedral, I met him in St. James' Park, and walked home with him to his own house. It was during the Crimean war: and after hearing him denounce with his vigorous and perhaps exaggerated earnestness the chaos and confusion into which our administration had fallen, I ventured to ask him: "What, under the circumstances, is your advice to a canon of an English cathedral?" He grimly laughed at my question, paused for a moment, and then answered in homely and well-known words, but which are, as it happens, especially fitted to situations like that for which he was asked to give counsel: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." That is, no doubt, the lesson which he leaves each one of us in this weary world—the world of which he felt the weariness as age and infirmities grew upon him, but a lesson which in his more active days be practiced to the full. He is at rest. He is at last delivered from that burden of the flesh against which he chafed and fretted. In his own words "Babylon, with its deafening inanity, rushes on to the dim, innocuous, unheeded forever." From the silence of the eternities of which he so often spoke there still sound, and will long sound, the tones of that marvelous voice. Let us take one tender expression, written three or four years ago, one plaintive yet mournful thought, which has never yet reached the public eye:

"Three nights ago, stepping out after midnight, and looking up at the stars, which were clear and numerous, it struck me with a strange new kind of feeling. In a little while I shall have seen you also for the last time. God Almighty's own theater of immensity, the infinite made palpable and visible to me—that, also, will be closed, flung to in my face, and I shall never behold death any more. The thought of this eternal deprivation even of this, though this is nothing in comparison, was sad and painful to me. And then a second feeling rose upon me. What if Omnipotence that has developed in me these pieties, these reverences, these infinite affections, should actually have said: 'Yes, poor mortal, such of you as have gone so far shall be permitted to go further.' Hope, and despair not. God's will, God's will not ours be done." Yes, God's will be done for us and for Him. "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."—*From Dean Stanley's Funeral Sermon.*

The Scape-Goat.

The word translated "scape-goat" in our authorized version, "Azazel," occurs only in this chapter, and has been the source of some perplexity to commentators. But the Hebrew word, "azal," meaning to separate or put away, gives the clue to what is the most ancient and most probable rendering. The redoubling of the opening syllable, so as to read "Azazel," seems to intensify the meaning, and to imply complete separation or sending away. While critics speculate whether Azazel may not be the proper name of some region to which the goat was to be led, and others maintain it must refer to an evil spirit, or the evil spirit, we prefer the plainer and more practical interpretation. We believe, with thankfulness, that by this symbol was taught the fullness and freeness of pardon through atonement. We hear God saying: "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

This letting go of the scape-goat was a special and singular part of the ceremonial service of the day of atonement. But this was not the only occasion when the same truth was typified, and the same principle illustrated and applied. In the law of cleansing from leprosy, two birds were taken, one of which was slain and the blood sprinkled on the infected house: but the priest took the other bird, and let it go out into the open fields, as a sign of the atonement being complete. In all these types of ancient days the Israelites were taught deeper truths than the mere ceremonial observances.

And we, too, see the Gospel in the old dispensation as well as in the new:

"The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more.
In him our Surety seemed to say,
'Behold, I bear your sins away.'

"Dipt in his fellow's blood
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea,
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Savior's death discharged.

"Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page
The footsteps of Thy grace,
The same in every age!
Oh grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!"

—*N. Y. Observer.*

Who Was Thomas A'Kempis!

Many have seen this name after some sage piece of advice or quaint criticism, and have wondered who he is or was. His name was not Kempis, but Hamerken. He lived in Kempen, and as a means of distinguishing him from other Thomases he was called Thomas Kempen. He was born in 1379, and when twenty-one determined to devote himself to the service of God, and so entered a monastery, where he led a secluded life for more than ninety years. His character for sanctity and learning stood very high among the people of his own time, but his name has come down through ages more on account of his writings, which consist of sermons, treatises on moral virtues and theology, pious biographies, letters and hymns. Of these only one now remains famous; it is the celebrated treatise "On the Following (or Imitation) of Christ." The original is now in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, and, next to the Scripture, has had the largest number of readers of any book in sacred literature, ancient or modern. Dean Milman said that upon its pages there "is gathered and concentrated all that is elevating, passionate, profoundly pious in all the older mystics."

The handwriting in the original volume is good and generally clear. The [illegible] first belonged to the Monastery of Mt. St. Agnes, in which Thomas A'Kempis spent his life. Beside being a very rare old book, with an everlasting treasury of good things in it, it has had quite a history.—*Scholar's Companion.*

—Two New York youths tried to kiss a young girl, whose "fellow" interfered. One of them struck him, when the screams of the girl brought her mother to the door. The other assailant, who was blind, knocked the mother down with a cane. Notwithstanding his excuse that hearing his friend calling for help, he thought he was being beaten by roughs and struck out "blindly," he had to go to jail with his friend for one month. They will try, hereafter, to get along without kissing the wrong girl.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE RECORDER.

R DDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JAN. 17, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
[illegible]	[illegible]	40
[illegible]	[illegible] "	20
[illegible] "	1 "	20
"	[illegible] "	10
"	[illegible] "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE Yeoman of the 10th inst. contained nearly two columus in defense of Luke and Joe.

IN this state there were raised last year 226,127 acres of tobacco which averaged 756 pounds per acre.

IN the Tennessee house of representatives there are thirty-eight doctors, while in the senate there are eight.

THE Milwaukee fire is only another demonstration of the necessity of providing public buildings with ample arrangements for easy and rapid exit in case of a fire.

THE democratic state convention to nominate candidates for the various state offices to be filled by the August election, will be held in Louisville on the sixteenth of next May.

AN earthquake had the people at Paducah out in their night linuen one night last week. Clocks and mantle ornaments were shaken from their places, and intense excitement prevailed. The earthquake lasted about thirty minutes.

THE Cincinnati Price Current publishes its usual midwinter preliminary report on porkpacking in the West, showing the total number of hogs killed to date since November 1 4,050,000 against 4,220.000 a year ago, making a decrease of 170,000.

AT a mass meeting held in Carter county, the other day, it was declared that Neal and Craft will be afforded a peacable trial so far as the citizens of that county are concerned. The citizens of Carter want no reckless and inexperienced boy soldiers invading her sacred soil. Don't blame them.

POLK, the defaulting Tennessee Treasurer, was captured in Texas and returned to Nashville, where he is now confiued in jail. The state of Tennessee had to offer more for his capture than he could give for his liberty. Some of the Texas officials made a paying thing out of Polk's defalcation.

TENNESSEE repudiated a portion of her public debt, then her Treasurer decamped the other day with all the state funds on hand, and finally she is to give ten thousand dollars for the return of the fleeing official. It looks like Tennessee will be forced to make an assignment.

IT has been so dry up in Maine the past month or two that many of the mills have had to shut down for the want of water, throwing many persons out of employment at this the worst season of the year. This is the first time that a drouth ever prevailed in that section at this season of the year.

THE Eminence Constitutionalist says. "The name of Smith is going to figure prominently among the multitude at the next state election." If we mistake not two of Henry county's noble sons by the name of Smith want to incumber state offices which are to be filled at the August election: Zack and A. B., both good men.

THERE will be twenty-seven legislatures in session before the close of this month. The states thus afflicted are Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Deleware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin. Kentucky will escape the plague this winter.

THE destruction of the Newall House in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the 10th inst., was one of the most dreadful holocausts that has occurred in this country for some time. The building was six stories high and capable of accommodating about 800 guests, and at the time the fire broke out there were about 200 persons in the house including the employes engaged about the building. The servant girls were sleeping in the sixth story, and nearly all of them perished in the flames. The total number of the victims is estimated at 100. The cause of the fire is unknown.

HERE 's a fellow who may say if I'm not my own grandfather, who in the d—l am I? He says: "I married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, felt in love with my daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my stepdaughter my mother, because she married my father. Some time afterward my wife had a son. He is father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he is a brother of my stepmother. My father's wife, namely, my stepmother, had a son. He is my grandchild, for he is the son of my daughter. My wife is my gradmother, because she is my mother's mother. I am my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather."

WE may just as well prepare ourselves for the worst. If the prophets are to be believed the year that now epens is destined to be afflicted with storms of exceeding magnitude, panics of direful consequence, wars and rumors of wars, political and social upheavings, assassination of crown heads and the terrors of communistic war. Mr. Swormstead, of Cincinnati, goes the length of predicting no less than seven great comets. Mr. Drake, of the Empire City, is strong on famine, pestilence and earthquakes, and another New York gentleman predicts a sesession of the Western States and a limited monarchy in New England. It is strange that no one has predicted a grand national lunatic asylum for cranks. —Com. Ad.

The Louisville "Weekly Commercial" announces that hereafter its yearly subscription price will be One Dollar. This reduction will make the "Commercial" the cheapest and best newspaper in the state.

It will also be greatly improved. On January 1st it will appear in an entire new and handsome dress, and will contain, among other valuable features, Whyte Melville's celebrated novel, "KATERPELTO." The adventures of the hero and his thoroughbred mare, "Keterfelto," with the charming and yet thrilling of Waif and John Garnet, make the tail one of profound interest throughout. There is not a dull chapter in the entire novel.

In order to obtain the first chapter of this tale of unparalleled popularity, subscriptions should be sent to the "Commercial" at once.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $6 50@6 65; fair to good packers, at $6 30@6 55; fair to good light, $6 10@6 35; common, $5 50@6 10; culls, $4@5 35: stock hogs, $5 50@6 10.

STATE NEWS.

—Eighteen prisoners in Richmond jail.

—A Logan county hog netted 600 pounds.

—Nelson county is to have a $16,000 court-house.

—Wharfage collected at Louisville for the year just closed, $15,000.

—Simeon Banks, colored, was frozen to death near Bowling Green,

—The Glasgow Times thinks the wheat is badly damaged by the severe freezes.

—Corn is worth 33 cents per bushel delivered at Foster.—Falmouth Democrat,

—The delinquent tax list sold county court day for $460.—Robertson Tribune.

—The Capital Hotel in Frankfort was on fire for ten days before the fire was discovered.

—The Memphis coal mines in Muhlenberg county have suspended operations indefinitely

—A large tobacco barn burned near Mt. Sterling. Loss, twenty-five hundred dollars. Fully insured.

—John Furkin, of Adair county, leaned carelessly on the muzzle of his gun. The funeral was a large one.

—Joe Renfro was shot and mortally wounded while in the act of robbing a saloon in Warren county the other day.

—There is a family in Milton consisting of a father, mother and six children, every one of whom chew and smoke tobacco, the youngest is only two and one-half years old.

—An old servant, Jas. Riddle, col., has been in the family of Wm. Riddle for 46 years. He is now 123 years old, and is able to do many chores about the house.—Owen News.

—Three thousand barrels of whisky were sold at assignee's sale in Lexington last week. It brought from 32 to 62 cents per gollon. L. N. and R. L. Crigler bought largely.

—John Sager has been in jail at Paducah for nearly two years on a charge of stealing a mule. He has just succeeded in getting a trial, and was dismissed, proving the mule to be his own.

James Long sold to Thos. Hedges and Taylor Offutt 25 hogs, 6 months old, of the Poland-China breed, that averaged 326 pounds. He sold to same parties one hog, the sire of the above, that weighed 700 pounds.—Georgetown Times.

—Marshall & Co., have struck oil on Otter creek, in Wayne, and excitement runs high. "Everybody" is talking oil in that region now. Capacity of well at present ten barrels a day, with prospects flattering. —Somerset Reporter.

—Owensboro has twenty-three tobacco factories, and only eight are in operation. The cause assigned for so many shutting down this season is that the buyers are afraid to pay the high prices that tebacco is bringing in the market.—Messenger.

—This time last year two thirds of the tobacco in the county was sold at fair prices. Now scarcely any tobocco has been sold. The buyers are afraid to make an offer of any reasonable character, because of the uncertainty of the maket.—Warsaw Independent.

—Henry Carpenter, the negro who had his neck broken last summer while harvesting, spent several days in the city, during Christmas, having recovered from all his damages. At the time of his accident his neck was broken, skull fractured, and one leg broken, but he held on and pulled through.—Bowling Green Gazette.

—Thomas and Mitchell Allen, twin brothers, were tried in Elliott county on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. The men were so much alike that they could not be identified by their names. Several witnesses had seen one of them draw a pistol, but could not tell which it was. Finally a witness was found who had seen them both draw a pistol.

—Dr. Luke P. Blackburn will probably organize a theatrical troupe at the close of his governorship. It is conjectured that the stars will be the Forde brothers, the same who assassinated the train robber and murderer, Jesse James. In case Frank, the brother of Jesse, gets out of jail in time, he may make a valuable addition. If the above happens, a special comedy will be written by assistant secretary of state, Thomas A. Harris, entitled "Two Dollars a Clip." —Richmond Herald.

—The jury in the Egbert murder trial at Frakfort failed to agree, and he was admitted to bail in $2,000.

—Redmond for the killing Secrest, and Stivers for killing Scully have been refused bail at Paris.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—They are killing all the surplus dogs in Chattanooga to prevent the spread of small pox.

—The Charlestown News and Courier are opposed to renting out convicts.

—A correspondent of the Nashville American says the South needs 20,000 cooks, and cries out for cooking schools.

—Architects have been instructed to draw plans for a court-house to be built at Houston, Texas, costing between $75,000 and $100,000.

—Messrs. Sterzing & Bro., of Austin, Texas, are meeting with wonderful success in the raising of the Angora goats of the purest and finest breeds.

—The Governor of North Carolina does not occupy a residence at the capital, built and furnished by the state, but has to take pot luck at the Raleigh hotel.

—E. P. Andrews, of St. Augustine, Florida, caught a sawfish which was fourteen feet long, had a saw three feet ten inches, and weighed nearly 800 pounds.

—The Macon Library has received the breast-plate and arm-pieces of the armor recently unearthed in Florida, and supposed to have belonged to one of DeSoto's soldiers.

—At Macon, Georgia, while Alex. Mobley and his wife were riding on a cart, the cart upset and Mrs. Mobley was caught and smothered by the cotton seed with which the cart was loaded.

—At Maryville, East Tennessee there is a factory which manufactures buttons of mussel shells gathered from the various rivers. The buttons are said to be very fine and give much satisfaction. The demand is fully equal to the capacity of the mill.—Dixon Press.

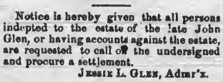
NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all persons indepted to the estate of the late John Glen, or having accounts against the estate, are requested to call on the undersigned and procure a settlement.

JESSIE L. GLEN, Admr'x.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.



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OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1300, Corning, N. Y.

LIST OF CLAIMS ALLOWED
—BY THE—
COURT OF CLAIMS
OF BOONE COUNTY,
—AT ITS—
NOVEMBER TERM 1882,
—AND—
JANUARY TERM 1883.

November Term 1882.

Claims payable out of the levy of 1882

J W Kirk for tree boxes	$ 1 50
Sallie Underhill keeping pauper	100
W F Mckim for medicine	3 65
T W Finch Co. levy refunded	2 50

Claims payable out of levy of 1883

J C Hensly holding inquest and burying pauper	6 00
T W Finch serving road notices	52 50
W A Goodridge holding inquest	24 00
Judy Peno & John Hankins for burying drownded men	16
H Kennedy burying pauper	5 50
Geo Reeves do do	6
Geo Phelps do do	6
H J Foster & Son for printing	19 30
J W Kirk making drawer	1 50
James Hughes (col) conveying pauper to poor-house	3 00
E Fowler burying paupers and furn'ng milk for poor-house	41 00
R C Green county attorney	425
Cy Riddell county judge	333 33

January Term 1883

Claims payable out of the levy of 1882

Ben Rouse note, with interest thereon, also interest on two notes for $1,000 each	1,134 67
Sam Cowen jail account	77 00
do do for coal	21 00
J H Callahan constable	8 20
F P Walton funds fur'hed Co.	68 41
" " receiver	150 00
Ed Fowler superintendent	45 00
Dr Furnish pauper practice	68 75

Claims payable out of the levy of 1883

L H Dills ex-clerk	51 00
W O B Rich constable	18 54
Joseph Rich do	8 46
Curly & Edwards two coffins	12 00
Joseph Rich constable	7 60
F Hartmann burying child	6 00
L A Loder holding inquest	6 00
A D Riley constable	6 60
Ed Fowler milk for poor-house	15 00
same for sowing rye	6 50
S W Tolin as committee	12 00
Oscar Gaines same	6 00
E H Baker same	3 00

Justices present at November Term 1882

J Wagstaff	$3	L A Loder	$3
J C Hensly	3	W M Rouse	3
O Gaines	3	E H Baker	3
S T Johnson	3	W L Norman	3
W B Craven	3	M B Green	3
T H Sutton	3	B H Ryle	3
G W Baker	3	M C Norman	3
W A Goodridge	3	H Bannister	3

Justices present January Term 1883

W B Craven	3	T H Sutton	3
S T Johnson	3	J Wagstaff	3
J C Hensly	3	W M Rouse	3
L A Loder	3	O Gaines	3
E H Baker	3	G W Baker	3
M B Green	3	M C Norman	3
H Bannister	3	B H Ryle	3
A S McConnell	3	W A Goodridge	3

Justices present 2d day January Term 1883

M B Green	3	O Gaines	3
S T Johnson	3	T H Sutton	3
W M Rouse	3	J C Hensly	3
L A Loder	3	E H Baker	3
M C Norman	3	J Wagstaff	3
H Bannister	3	B H Ryle	3
W B Craven	3	W A Goodridge	3

Judges August election 1882

Wm Rouse	2	J O Roberts	2
J M Robinson	2	Geo Moore	2
J G Snow	2	M P Riley	2
J P Duncan	2	Z T Kelly	2
C Hurd	2	S S McWethy	2
Wm Wilkie	2	M L Rouse	2
G L Miller	2	W W Grimsly	2
J Breedon	2	W B Craven	2
J D Conner	2	I P Crisler	2
Alex Murray	2	Wm Allen	2
F M Underhill	2	J C Hughes	2
D M Snyder	2	Cyrus Kelly	2

Clerks August election 1882

H C Botts	2	J O Griffith	2
E S Rice	2	T O Graves	2
B S O'Neal	2	J L Johnson	2
C C Talbott	2	J K Latham	2
J P Craig	2	L P Sanders	2
W B Grubbs	2	E W Duncan	2

Sheriffs of August election 1882

Ed Fowler	2 00	S J Hedges	2 64
A S Arnold	3 20	L S Stephens	2 80
M V Cave	2 80	N Talbott	2 48
J W Eldred	3 00	G Stephens	3 20
Chas Helm	2 40	G H Aydlotte	2 48
A B Corbin	2 56	G R Griffith	2 88

Judges November elec.ion 1882

J S Noell	2	F M Underhill	2
J S Ransom	2	J Breedon	2
L C Yager	2	Alex Murray	2
J T Duncan	2	Z T Kelly	2
B S Kirk	2	E W Duncan	2
Geo Moore	2	J M Robinson	2
D M Snyder	2	Cyrus Kelly	2
J D Norris	2	C Hurd	2
V Dickerson	2	Wm Wilkie	2
J S Snow	2	M P Richy	2
J D Conner	2	Jno Stephens	2
J W Eldred	2	F M Jackson	2

Sheriffs November election 1882

J H Rich	3 00	Chas Helm	2 40
A S Arnold	3 20	A W Bristow	2 48
J K Latham	2 89	J A B Corbin	2 56
J A Riddell	2 64	J A Cowen	2 00
L L Stephens	2 80	G H Aydlotte	2 48
G Stephens	3 20	J Rich	2 88

Clerks November election 1822

W M Rouse	2	J M Sleet	2
C F Pettit	2	J D Craig	2
H J Foster	2	W B Grubbs	2
T H Sutton	2	A B Parker	2
J D Gaines	2	L P Sanders	2
C S Balsly	2	G W Cayton	2

Special term February 28, 1882

James Westbay allowed	$6

Special Term May 23d

Samuel Cowen for fence	$50

Special Term July 18th

L H Dills	$12 75

August Term

G L Miller	$3

COUNTY LEVY $2 00

Attest | M. T. GARNETT, Clerk.

Special SALE, Special!

To close down our entire stock before taking an invoice, and in order to reduce our stock, we make special Prices to do so at once. We have not taken an invoice since we moved into this house, which is nearly two years and we certainly ought to give our customers the "benefit of a deep slaughter" for three or four weeks. But don't put it off, come in at once, as the very thing you want may be the first sold.

The first slash that we make is in our entire line of Heavy Half Wool Hose at 15 cents per pair, that were 30 to 40 cents. The next is, we throw the 7c. Prints all over on the 5c. counter, and let them go. The next is, we slash the price on Lonsdale Muslin down to 8½c per yard, 12 yards for $1. The next is, one Bale of Heavy Sheeting slashed down to 6¼c. or 16 yards for $1. The next, a Wool Hood, heavy, lined nicely, and with long streamers that answer the purpose of a scarf, at the nearly give away price of 25c sold at from 60 to 80c. before the clearance sale. Another lot of Hoods slashed down to 15 and 20c. They must go, and the sooner you come in the better. The next is a lot of Wool Filling Dress Goods slashed to 10c per yard. And all

CASHMERES, SILKS & BROCADES,

are marked down at once. We split the price on Silk Handkfs., and slash them out at 38, 50 and 75c. that are really worth 75c. to $1 50 each. All Fancy Christmas Hdkfs. slashed to warrant quick sales. All Gloves shall go at these closing prices, and all salesmen have orders to slash goods out and use their judgment in making prices from COST to 50 PER CENT. less than cost, as this stock must be closed down before inventory, as it would be almost an endless job to invoice it as it is. Please bear in mind that this is a genuine clearance Sale, and not an advertising dodge, and you will think so if you will come and see the prices.

Large Canton Mittens, double, 10c. per pair. Men's and Ladies' Mittens and Glove must be sold. Large Wax Dolls, with hair, that open and close their eyes, at closing prices.

Cloaks, Jackets and all kinds of Wraps, you can get at your own prices. On Boots and Shoes you will be astonished to see the slash we have made. Bed Blankets at $1 50, was $2, Large 11 quarter Blankets (Schofield's) at $5, was $7. Mens' Casimere Hats 30, 40, 50 and 60c. These prices will sell them on sight. Young Mens' Hats, latest patterns out, at $1 50 to $2 75.

Overcoats at	$2 50	was	$5 00	Overcoats at	3 75	was	6 00
"	" 4 75	"	8 00	"	" 6	"	11 00
"	" 8	"	13 50	"	" 11	"	16 00

Men's Suits $3 50 to $6, which is less than half the real value. In fact, our entire stock of Clothing must be closed down, and our clearance Sale will do it at once. Job lot of Wool Vests (Boys' size) 25c each. You may all take warning that such rare chances as this are very scarce, and it will be to your interest to take advantage of it at once, and not wait until its too late. Black Cloaks trimmed in Velvet and Fringe, $1 75, was $4 00. Black Cloaks trimmed in Silk and Velvet. $2 25, was $5. Wool Jackets $3 was $6. Wool Faced Circulars at $2 50 was $6. Wool Beaver Cloaks at $4 50 and $6 75, was $8 and $12—and we mean what we say. Come in as early as possible. Respectfully,

Wm. COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind.

J. W. MILLER,
—DEALER IN—
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
432 Madison St.
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.
(Odd-Fellows Building.)

Is selling Fancy and Staple Groceries cheaper than any other house in Covington.

Fine Teas A Specialty.

A full stock of Family Groceries always on hand. 7-3m

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

PATENTS

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT?

Send a rough sketch or (if you can) a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

FOR THIS PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION NO CHARGE IS MADE.

What will a Patent Cost?

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20 to pay Government application fee of $15, and $5 for the drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made, and is all of the expense unless a patent is allowed. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. Thus you know beforehand, for nothing, whether you are going to get a patent or not, and no attorney's fee is charged unless you do get a Patent. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable, unless it really is patentable, so far as his best judgment can aid in determining the question; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade Marks and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications in revivor of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. Very often valuable inventions are saved in these classes of cases. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report will cost you nothing. Searches made for title to inventions, in fact any information relating to Patents promptly furnished. Copies of Patents mailed at the regular Government rates, (25c. each.) Remember this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and you therefore reap the benefits of experience, besides reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents.

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IRELAND of TO-DAY $75 to $150 Per Month. New Edition Now Ready. Gives Repression Bill, Events of 1882, etc. Agents Wanted. J. C. McCURDY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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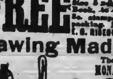

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Is the cheapest and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs fast and easy. Sent on test trial. Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. Deserters entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. Land Warrants procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

G. H. LOEBKER,
DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES,
36 Pike Street,
COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

AMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne, J. S. Mason, M. C. Motch, J. A. Mersman, Sam Hind, A. R. Mullen, J. J. Dulaney, E. J. Hickey, L. H Dills, E. J. Green, F. P. Helm,

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE,
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

H. F. BLASE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
540 MADISON STREET,
COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS

Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky

Local News.

Friday night was pretty cool.

The Sun was welcome l yesterday.

J. M. Conner purchased S. A. Palmer's organ.

Corn is selling for 45 cents a bushel in the crib.

Another installment of ice was put up last week.

The dirt roads were too rough for nice sleighing.

Born—To Wm. Bondurant and wife, a daughter.

Come down off the perch is the latest slang phrase.

The mosquitoes don't bother a fellow much these nights.

Mr. Edward Fowler has moved into his house here in town.

Last Saturday was a very disagreeable day for pedestrians.

Died—One day last week, an infant child of James Love.

The blacksmiths have enjoyed a feast in the way of work this week

Sunday was a bright day, and sleighs were going in every direction.

The sale of R. W. Cooper, of Bullettsville, is advertised in this issue.

It is said that the supply of white burley tobacco in the country is very large.

Burlington and Florence should have telephone connection with Covington.

A blinding snow storm swept over this section last Wednesday afternoon.

Some of the gallants from this place attended the ball at Hebron the other night.

Dennis Beemon claims to hold the reins on the finest pair of sleigh mares in his section.

The clatter of the sheep bell was recognizable occasionally when a sleigh would glide by.

It was very difficult to pass along the street Saturday without colliding with a snow-ball.

A. O, Hall and wife have moved in to the poorhouse, to take charge of the institution and inmates.

James Jones lost his horse one day last week, death caused from a kick from another horse.

Attorney Tolin was in Frankfort, last week, looking after some business in the Court of Appeals.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Erastus Garrison who has been very low with typhoid fever is improving.

Sleighs made their appearance last Thursday and the clatter of the bell was heard in every direction.

Our town now has two butcher-shops, and the meat market has been quite bearish since shop No. 2 opened out.

The firm of Graham & Brent, saw-mill men, has been dissolved, Brent selling his interest in the mill and stock to Graham.

We understand that the Bellevue Baptist Church is to be enlarged, and that the congregation is going to provide itself with a fine organ.

Henry Hoffman has sold his house and land adjoining Burlington to G. T. Gaines, and bought the land belonging to Geo. White on Woolper.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Beall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

Some of the light fingered gentry went through Mike Clore's drygoods store and Conner & Claytons hardware store in Hebron a few nights since. Goods and money to the amount of $20 were taken.

The snow storm which commenced on the 10th inst., was general in all parts of the United States where snow visits. Traffic on railroads in the northwest was suspended on account of the heavy fall of the beautiful.

Mr. McLean's lectures are pronounced by those who have heard them, to be very interesting. He will conclude his series to-morrow evening. The weather all last week was so inclement that his audience was small.

J. O. Huey came to town the other day in a sleigh, bringing with him a box of hen fruit which was fearfully pulverized while enroute, Had there been three or four sick eggs in the lot he would have had quite a pleasant ride.

Last Sunday week the superintendent of the Sabbath school at this place submitted the following question for answer on last Sunday: "How many times was the Saviour seen after his resurrection ?"—The answers ranged from 10 to 13 times.

Our young friend Ben F. Akin was in town Monday and we thought his eyes had a pecular sparkle, and upon investigation we ascertained that he had secured a license to wed Miss Mary Schruck. The nuptial knot is to be adjusted in Burlington to-day—Here's to you Ben!

A social party will be given in the Odd-Fellows' Hall in Florence on the night of the 25th inst. John M Reed is general manager which alone is a guarantee of a nice time. He will be assisted by a corps of young men who are very efficient in the management of such affairs.

The types made us say last week that Joseph Chambers' two horses were missing from the pasture of A. S. Gaines, when it should have read the pasture of Alfred Chambers. The horses were found and appraised at less than $100 each instead of the fancy figures at which it is said they are held.

Only twenty-five of the public schools in this county made the report necessary to draw the forty per cent. of the funds when the school is half out, which has to be before the tenth of this month. Commissioner Snyder sent his report off on the 10th inst., and the total amount drawn for the districts reporting schools half out will be nearly $1200.

The store of John Connar, in Walton, was broken open on the night of the 10th inst., and jewelry and money to the amount of about $40 taken. Suspicion pointed to Dan Cummings, a young man of about 20 years of age, and who resides in that vicinity, as the guilty party, and he was accordingly arrested. The examining trial was held by 'Squires Norman and Johnson, who fixed the bail at $300, in default of which Cummings was lodged in jail at this place to await the coming of Circuit Court. The entrance to the store was effected by cutting out the glass in the store door. Cummings had been about Walton that day and night, and had cut one of his fingers, which Mr. Conner's son tied up for him, and the rag which young Conner says he put on Cummings' finger, was found behind the counter in the store. Cummings showed the agent at the Short Line depot some jewelry which answered the description of that taken from Conner's store.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Normansville.

Our public school has a large attendance. All the pupils who had measles have recovered.

Miss Katie Kennedy spent the holidays at home.

Mr. Oscar Huey who has been for some time attending school at Georgetown, Ky., is now at home, and thinks he will remain out of school the balance of this winter.

Mr. Willie Riley, a young theologian of Hanover College, spent two weeks very pleasantly with friends in this vicinity. His brother Orland Riley is still here with relatives and friends.

J. D. Moore has gone to West Virginia, where he will accept a position with Mr. Geo. Meeks.

Died—On the 17th of measles, little Archie Campbell, son of Wm. Campbell and wife.

On the same day at 8:45 p. m., Julius Lucian, infant son of J. L. Johnson and wife, and on the day following at 11 p. m., little Anna, a five year old daughter of the same parents.

Bellevue.

The citizens of this place organized a literary society on last Friday evening with Dr. Piatt, President, Robt. Clore, Vice-President and Wm. Dicken, Sect'y. The first night the 19th inst., will be devoted to arranging rules, regulations, programme and general debate.

The F. C. A. have concluded their labors invoicing, but as yet have employed no clerk for the present year.

J. Harvey Akin was very suddenly stricken down with paralysis, recently, and is in a very critical condition.

W. B. Corbin and Bro., let their ponies get the start of them and capsized the sleigh broke one runner and dragged Bill on one hip for twenty yards, brusing him up considerably.

There was preaching at the school-house on Thursday eve, by Rev. Taylor, of the Christian pursuasion.

We would suggest that the Florence X-Roads correspondent reserve a considerable share of his sympathy for himself, as we have frequently seen his visage about here for the last 10 years, and so far as we know his labors have been in vain.

Funny to see—C. S. C. state the object of the literary society.

Uncle Jonas with his hat marked, "high grade flour and 20c coal."

Bob Clore stand at the gate while some other young man does the talking for him.

Lewis Sullivan away from Bellevue.

Petersburg.

Mr. Steve McWethy, who is working in the city, spent last Sunday at home.

William Turner spent last Sunday with his aunt in Cincinnati.

Mr. German, deputy Sheriff, was here last week collecting taxes.

Mr. Timothy Perry, who moved here last spring from Ohio, moved his family back there last Wednesday, as the climate here did not agree with them.

Mr. J. R Perry is building him a scow and will sail for Florida some time next spring. We would say all those wishing to explore the flowery land would do well to engage passage on Mr. Perry's scow.

About two weeks ago H. B. Fenton received $950 20 as back pension.

Mr. Bert Cloud and wife returned from Pittsburg last Friday.

Misses Hattie and Lou Thompson, two accomplished young bells, of Rising Sun, have been visiting Mrs. Bowman for the past week

Dr. Ed Terrill returned home from Florida last Wednesday, looking hale and hearty, and says Florida had advanced beyond his expectation, and says Mr. Shackley, who went from here there, has a farm worth $10,000. He raises on his land oranges, lemons, Cocoanuts, pine apples, bananas and grapes. Land that sold for $1 25 an acre when he was there 5 years ago, is now selling for $25 per acre.

What We'd Like to See.

The man that stole A. B. Parker's stove wood.

Solon Early get there—Eli.

T. W. Wade start his creamery.

Ed Terrill do as good shooting as he says he did in Florida.

Personal Mentions.

Capt. Finch is well again.

Mrs. Belle Pace, of Indianapolis, is the guest of Mrs. Carrie Riddell.

Miss Fronie Campbell is visiting friends in Williamstown.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, is very sick.

Miss Susie Rich, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. McKim, of this place returned home last Friday.

Miss Dora and Miss Sallie Rich, of Kenton county, spent last Friday in Burlington.

ILLINOIS LETTER.

QUINCY, ILL., Jan. 11th, 1883.

To the Editor of the Recorder:

I doubt if more than a dozen of the Boone countyites ever had the pleasure of seeing this lovely little city; but I know that if any has seen it he will corroborate my adjective.

Quincy is situated as every school-boy knows on the great Mississippi. It was originally built upon a high bluff, but the enterprising citizens have cut through the bluff until now one might say it is an inclined plane. The number of inhabitants is 40,000. The principal business streets are Hampshire, Main, Fourth, Fifth and Third.

I certainly never saw so large a number of beautiful homes. I do not say residences because they are truly homes. All of the residence streets are bordered by shade trees so thickly as to give one an idea of the country. I arrived here in October and fortunately the late fall had preserved the foliage and I obtained quite an idea of the city as it must be in summer.

Quincy is the proud possessor of one of the finest court-houses in the State, erected in 1876. It occupies what is known as Jefferson Square

A fine system of water works is in operation. The gas works are excellent, but owing to a misunderstanding between the city and gas company, when one is giddy enough to be out after dark he is compelled to carry his lantern. There is a probability of the introduction of electric lights and if that is not done no doubt the trouble in regard to gas will be speedily adjusted.

It is very strange to me that we Kentuckians, living in a timber State should almost universally use coal as fuel, while the Illinoisans generally use wood. In that they dispense with the coal dust and smoke that renders our cities so dirty and disagreeable.

There are five flourishing newspapers. The Daily and weekly Whig, the Herald the News (both dailies) the Review and the Germania. Four banks, seven railways and a large union depot; five parks, Washington, Highland, Jefferson, Franklin and Singleton. The latter is called in honor of Gen. Singleton, the present Congressman from this district. Four Catholic and I think 14 protestant churches, 6 public school buildings and an excellent system of education.

As for the natural beauty of the place, I will only say, that Quincy is acknowledged by all travellers of the Mississippi to be the most natural lovely city on the banks of the river from its source to its mouth, and having seen it, I concur in the opinion.

Being a thorough Kentuckian and having never known anything else, I was rather prejudiced against the people here and expected to find a class entirely different from our dear State—adoring Kentuckians, but instead those whom I have met are as hospitable and sociable, (and I am sorry to say, much more cultivated) as any offspring of either of our pet States, Virginia, Maryland or Kentucky. But I solace my disappointed expectatians with the knowledge that a very great number of the most refined, intelligent people here are descended from the "F. F. V's." and the "True Kentuckians." Most of the truly business men of the city are Jews, and among them I have found friends, true friends, and without quibble the very essence of refinement and true heart and brain culture. Among most christians the Jews are rather held as second-class, but it is merely because they have only come in contact with the very lowest of the sect, (and what nation or sect is without that class of representatives?) never even imagining the real Jew. I ask any one prejuced against them to with-hold judgment until he investigates. In looking over what I have written I find very little that I really intend to say and I will probably, in a future letter, give you more entertaining facts in regard to the place which, while I admire it immensly will never crowd out my "Kentucky" and "Boone county."

A LOYAL KENTUCKIAN.

AURORA LETTER.

AURORA, Ind., Jan. 8th, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

You will please give in your paper the following announcements for me:

I will begin, on the 28th, (4th Sunday) at the church in Burlington a short series of lectures on the three articles of the Universalist faith. They will be delivered on Sunday mornings, and as follows: 1. Creed or no Creed; 2. The Bible (involving art. 1) 3. God and Destiny (involving art. 2). 4. The Inevitable, Present and Future (involving art. 3). I may then conclude with "The Mission of the Universalist Church." This will take me to May, and I will then probably close my labors with the church. A very wide field, ripe unto harvest, is open to me. I will, of course, go where the opportunity is greatest.

I am happy to say the familiar face of the RECORDER is looked upon weekly by me, and with an anxious interest. Let me compliment you on the very presentable appearance—neat and very correct typographically—and, then, in matter, with the spiciness of a riddle (Riddell). Alas! to the people of Boone if they do not give it the patronage it richly merits. And I say unto you, *keep it where you have it, and great will be your reward on earth.* That is the only beatitude I think of to offer you at this beginning of another year.

Your early friend in the business,

C. C. CONNER.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope. DR. M. E. CASS, 201 York street Jersey City, N. J.

Mention this paper. Jan 17-83

Public Sale.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, at the late residence of Robt. W. Cooper, decd., on

FEB. 1st, '83

The following personal property, belonging to the estate of said deceased, to wit:

One Horse, Cattle, Sheep, 1 Road Wagon. 1 Horse Cart, Farming Implements, Household and Kitchen Furniture and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under cash in hand, over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given, the purchaser giving note with approved security.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock a. m.

JOS. A. GAINES, Executor.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

W B Craven, Plff. } Notice of
vs } sale in
Daniel Robinson, &c. Defts } equity

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the October Term thereof, 1881, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 5th day of February 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction: to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 12 months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment, to wit:

A parcel of land lying and being in the town of Verona, Boone county, Ky., bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in the Big Bone road, running with the same to the corner of the North District church lot; thence northeast about one hundred feet to the corner of the "old ice house"; thence south about fifty feet to a stone; thence back to the Big Bone road to the beginning. Said piece of land is known as the "Old Store-house lot.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Amount to be raised by sale, $134 86.
Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

Public Sale!

The undersigned will, as administratrix of Lewis Aylor, decd., sell publicly to the highest bidder at his late residence, on the East Bend Road, five miles South of Burlington, Kentucky, on

Friday, Jan. 26.

A lot of Drygoods, Groceries, Tinware, Quebnsware, 24 Stands of Bees and many things too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a. m., and continue from day to day till completed.

Terms made known on day of sale.

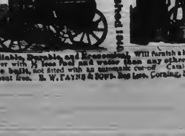
All persons indebted to the estate of R. L. Aylor, decd., will come forward and settle the indebtedness. All persons having claims against said estate will present them properly proven as by law required.

ELIZABETH M. AYLOR,
Admr'x.

THE EAGLE
DRUG STORE,
—IS POSITIVELY—
THE CHEAPEST
—HOUSE IN—
RISING SUN, IND.
Where will be found a fresh stock of
DRUGS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
PUTTY and
WINDOW GLASS,
SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
STATIONERY,
all at bottom prices.
GIVE US A CALL.
D. C. Thorn,
Main St., - - Rising Sun, Ind.
6-8m

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (Limited.) No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.



Established 1840.

Reliable, Durable and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue G sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box Lee, Corning, N. Y.

DUDLEY ROUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.

Has Knocked Down the Price on a lot of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S Side-lace SHOES so low that the fignres will surprise you.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS
Have been overtaken by the sam eSlaughter and are being Closed out at Prices which make them go in a hurry. Several pieces of nice DRESS GOODS must be sold and to make you want them they are going to be disposed of at a sacrifice. If you want any of the above goods call early as they are being taken rapidly.

I also have a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Yarns, Prints, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, Notions, &c.

A full stock of FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES always on hand

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

GREEN & RIDDELL.
ATTORNEYS at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office next door to Recorder Office. 2-tf

L. C. NORMAN. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

S. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

F. Adkinson. A. W. Gaines.
ADKINSON & GAINES,
Attorneys & Counseors at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. 41tf

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt and studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

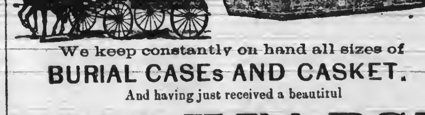
W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
38-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
Should take a policy at once.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky. | J. E. DUNCAN President, Burlington, Ky

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

JOHN Q. DAVIS
DEALER IN
Boots & Shoes!
HATS, CASP,
Gloves, Leather, Shoe Findings
SPECIALTIES:
Boots and Shoes Made of Leather,
Hats, Caps and Gloves, Latest Styles, Lowest Prices.
New Goods every two weeks. Leather and Shoe Findings at Lowest Cincinnati Wholesale Prices to the Trade. No misrepresentations to effect sales. Goods guaranteed as represented. Thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed, would refer to my past business career of 12 years for a continuance of the same.
JOHN Q. DAVIS,
Sign of BIG RED BOOT. Main Street, Rising Sun, Ind.

UNDERTAKING



We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
SOARDs & DAVIS, Hebron, Ky

CUSTOM GRINDING,
At MILLER'S MILL,
Rising Sun, - - Ind.
On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Also Flour and Corn Meal always on hand—for sale or exchange. Satisfaction guaranteed. (41-6m) J. C. MILLER & SON. Proprietors.

Ward Bros.,
Rising Sun, Indiana,
LATE OF VEVAY, IND.,
have on hand a large stock of
WATCHES & CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Silver and Plated Ware, and King's Spectacles. REPAIRING Promptly attended. Also Fine Silver Watches at Low Rates.
27-tf

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar3-tf23 J. W. Talbott.

My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1883 will be sent FREE to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. All seed sent from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so far, that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill the order gratis. My collection of vegetable seed is one of the most extensive to be found in any American catalogue, and a large part of it is of my own growing. As the original Introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon, and a score of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement. James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—An old maid in Belgium has bequeathed the whole of her fortune of $200,000 to the Belgian army.

—A recent trial has elicited the fact that many German girls cultivate their hair for sale. Really fine hair fetches some five dollars an ounce.

—Sheffield manufacturers have large orders for hoop-skirts, and the London papers say that the ladies are going to revive the use of balloon petticoats.

—The first letter written by Queen Victoria after her accession was one of condolence to her aunt, Queen Adelaide. She addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen." It was submitted to her that "Dowager" should be added. "I will not be the first to remind her of her altered position," was the reply.

—When Humbert of Italy—famed for his admirable horsemanship—visited Vienna, his horse, one of the best in the imperial stables, was so utterly unmanageable that he had, to his great mortification, to take his seat in a carriage. A groom, since discharged from the Emperor's service, now confesses that he, by cruelly flogging the horse on showing him white plumes such as the king wore, had been the author of the difficulty.

—A traveler in France, whose conscience would not allow him to use strong language, found that at the hotel where he was staying the waiters had been so accustomed to hear Englishmen do so that they set him down as a milksop and neglected him accordingly. He therefore hit upon this expedient to secure a proper amount of attention: Whenever he gave an order he rolled out in sonorous tones the words, "Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvelous.

—Lord Derby has doubtless many a time chuckled over his sagacity in selling his fine Tipperary estates before the troubles there began. His father left to his younger son—Lord Derby's only brother—Col. Stanley, Beaconfield's War Secretary, the choice between $500,000 and the Irish property. He took the former. Lord Derby, on receiving the latter, sold it for $800,000 to a rich Dublin merchant. The tenants sent a deputation to Knowsley, entreating Lord Derby not to sell, but he said he must do so, because he could not live in Ireland and would not be an absentee landlord.

—While driving recently from Godollo to a hunting meet, near the Hungarian village of Magoroyd, the Empress of Austria saw an old woman almost on the edge of a high bank overhanging a rapid stream. Without uttering a word to any one, her Majesty sprang out of the carriage and ran to the poor creature, whom she overtook just in time to save her from falling into the river. It turned out that the old woman was blind, and the mere child who acted as her guide lagged behind. When the little girl came up the Empress gave her a scolding and the old woman a handsome gratuity.

—At a recent School Board meeting in London, the Lord Mayor allowed each candidate a quarter of an hour's speaking. Sir John Bennett was the first to speak, and when he had gone through his fifteen minutes the Lord Mayor brought down his hammer. "Is time up?" inquired Sir John. "It is." "Not yet I think, my Lord Mayor," insinuated Sir John. "I think so," replied the Lord Mayor. "I have two minutes more by my watch," said Sir John, "and you can always depend upon my watch." This neat advertisement was received with considerable merriment. Sir John is a notable clockmaker.

GENERAL.

—It is noted as a rare occurrence that robins have remained all winter in Pittsfield, Mass.

—A lady physician says that the chief reason why women are more subject to hysteria than men is that they take too little out-door exercise.

—Ex-Governor Seymour, in a long letter on canals to the Buffalo *Express*, states his belief that the canals in future will be chiefly used to transport coarse and cheap articles, like lumber, stone, clay, and coal, which railroads can not carry as well, and which, as our population increases, will grow in tonnage immensely. He is disposed to think that increased efficiency lies in the direction of faster boats rather than in enlarging the canals.

—An application was made in Common Pleas Court at Pittsburgh, Pa., the other day, which is the first instance of the kind that ever occurred in this country. The application of a lady, Mrs. P. S. Breckenridge, of Allegheny, for naturalization papers. Mrs. Breckridge has been in this country thirty-one years, having arrived here when under age, therefore, she needed but one paper, which was granted, her son-in-law, J. Erastus McKelvy, Esq., witnessing for her. The lady is going to Europe and desires to become a citizen of the United States before her departure.

—The Northern Pacific Railroad Company having secured nearly all the right of way over the surveyed route, are beginning preparations to build the line from Portland to Kalama. This will connect the entire system of railways in Oregon and Washington Territories with Puget Sound. The transfer across the Columbia will be made by a large iron ferry-boat, capable of holding twenty cars, which is now in course of construction in New York. It will be sent by rail in detached sections. Work next summer will be delayed by high water, but it is expected the link will be done November 1, next year.

Did Him a Favor.

A few days since a prominent member of the Board of Trade was summoned to sit as a juryman in one of the courts of record. Now, however much business men may regret that our jury system is such that incompetent and unfit men may get upon juries, they do not care to improve the system at personal loss, and each term of court sees them urging their claims to be excused. The gentleman in question made an application to be excused, and, after being sworn, stated that he could not serve except at considerable pecuniary loss to himself.

"What is the nature of your business?" inquired the Court.

"I am a grain merchant."

"Where do you transact your business principally?"

"On the Board of Trade.

"Well, I think I shall, under the circumstances, do you a favor."

"Thank your Honor," said the merchant, bowing gratefully and starting for the door.

"Hold on! Hold on!" exclaimed the Court. "The favor I refer to is this: If you were to go down to the Board of Trade you would likely get cornered on wheat (is that the correct term?) and lose your money. I'll save you from loss by keeping you here. Swear the jury, Mr. Clerk!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Union Generale Bank.

M. Bontoux, President, and M. Feder, Director of the Union Generale Bank of Paris, the failure of which the 21st of January last created so much disorder in France, have been sentenced to 3,000 francs fine and five years' imprisonment. The official record amounts to a statement that this so-called bank was hollow from its inception, and throws back upon its administrators the whole responsibility for it. The three successive emissions of shares by which the company augmented its capital are declared by the official assignee in charge of the bankrupt estate to be null and void, because they violated the law. In each instance a false declaration regarding the issue was made, either by one member of the governing body in the name of all, or, as in the case of the last increase, by a whole batch of the governors together. First of all the capital was increased from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, and to this end 50,000 new shares were issued in June, 1879, at a premium of $4 per $100 share. Of that issue 2,653 shares were not taken up by the original subscribers, who had the first right to them—were never sold at all, in fact—and nothing was paid upon them. Nevertheless, the issue was declared to be complete, and all the money to be paid. These shares made a cross entry in the company's books. Of the second augmentation, by which the capital was raised from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000, 25,935 shares, nominally worth, including the premium of $35, at which they were issued, $3,505,225, were not subscribed by the public. Instead, 22,875 of them were fictitiously taken up by eleven employes or agents of the bank, and the balance, representing the shares which should have been alloted to holders of previous issues not subscribed, were taken up in the names of four administrators and two employes of the company.

But it is in the third and last increase of the capital that this dishonest system attains to its fullest proportions. Always progressing in prosperity, according to M. Bontoux, the last issue of 100,000 shares, by which the capital was raised from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000, took place at a premium of $70, part of which was to be devoted to paying up the order shares in full. It was declared, as the law directs, by nine of the Directors of the company that this issue was completely successful on Jan. 3, 1882. In point of fact, 20,920 of them had not been taken at all by the public, but were subscribed either in the name of Isoard, a convenient *prete-nom* of the society itself, or in that of one of its managers named Feder. In addition, a great number of the balance left was only nominally subscribed for by dummies who never paid up. From first to last all these declarations as to subscriptions were taken in faith by the genuine members of the company. No public meetings of the shareholders were ever held to verify the figures. Had the books been looked into or properly audited the fraud would have been discovered long before it was. As early as the end of 1880 the fictitious Izoard was debtor to the bank to the extent of $2,919,400, and this same account, which represented but a small part of the malversations of which the administration was guilty was made to contribute $500,000 to the net revenue declared in September, 1881. The entire dealings of the Union Generale Board in their own company's shares, including the shares carried on from account to account on the Bourse, amounted to $16,180,000 at the end of September, 1881, and at the date of the failure no less than $42,500,000 of the means this institution could command was locked up in Bourse operations, for which the only security was 28,003 of its own shares. The outlook for the creditors of the Union Generale is bad indeed. The individuals implicated may be ruined, but they can not make good the deficit nor anything like it.

MM. Bontoux and Feder were charged with infractions of the law relating to public companies. The defendants admitted having sold bonds, but maintained that they were their own property, and that they sold them with the object of preventing an exaggerated rise in the market price. The President of the court remarked that the company was irregularly constituted, as upon each increase of the capital one-third of the shares were fictitiously subscribed. He also accused M. Bontoux of having alleged that there was a profit of 3,000,000 francs on the Alpine shares at a time when the Alpine Company owed to Union Generale 17,000,000. M. Bontoux protested his sincerity, and declared that he honestly believed what he stated at the time. M. Feder affirmed that if the issue of 100,000 fresh shares had not been stopped by the downfall of the Union Generale, and if speculators had paid for the shares they had bought, there would have been no deficit in the company's treasury. M. Flory, an accountant, gave evidence at great length of the irregularities discovered in the operations of the company. The official liquidator estimated that if the legal decisions already given were maintained the shareholders would recover 50 per cent. of their losses. M. Bonneval, the chief accountant of the Union Generale, said that he drew up a balance sheet showing a profit of 36,000,000 francs, in accordance with instructions from M. Feder. The latter contradicted this assertion, but M. Bonneval maintained its accuracy.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Neglected Trifles.

If every young girl were instructed in the very common incidents of every-day life in housekeeping as thoroughly as she is in analytical geometry and metaphysics, let us say, or if she gave as much of her habits of observation to them as she does to the distinctions of shape and color of her embroidery or her paintings, the duties falling to her subsequent life as housekeeper would be very much lightened.

There are innumerable things in the course of both nice and narrow housekeeping not generally known, and not laid down in books, but which are handed down traditionally; and if the young girl does not observe them in her mother's house, she will not have them to bequeath when she leaves it for a house of her own. Perhaps they do not signify a great deal, but they do signify a certain amount of comfort, and if no one thinks [illegible] see them done, she does well to keep her own eyes open. Let her learn thus orally, and she will think her teacher daily for years to come—learn that lamp-wicks soaked in vinegar and dried will not smoke afterward; that there is nothing better to remove grease spots from carpets than ox-gall from the butcher's, used in water, and swelled as little as possible in the using; that an ounce of alum will purify a whole hogshead of foul water; that a furred teakettle may be cleansed by boiling it in a few spoonfuls of ammonia; and that if yeast is bitter, it may be sweetened by thrusting into it a red-hot poker. She may learn in school that wood ash makes hard water soft by means of its carbonate of potassa uniting with the sulphate of lime, and forming other substances, which fall to the bottom, and leave the water all right, and be glad of the knowledge in some situation where she can not buy washing soda; but she will not learn there, even though the principle be taught, that a steel pen heated in gas-light and dipped in cold water becomes as good as new, nor know anything about it unless she sees somebody do it. And she may generalise from her books the fact that if shot is used in cleaning wine-bottles, and is left by accident, the acid of the wine acts on it poisonously; but unless she sees her mother cover port and claret stains with salt, and wet them with sherry before washing with hot water, she will be helpless when some awkward elbow turns her best white damask a ruinous red. Nor, when she is in a furious hurry to boil some preparation for dessert in her "bain marie," or in one kettle set in the hot water of another, and, fire up as she may, it will not boil, is she likely to know, unless she has seen it done at home, that if the outside portion of the boiler be filled with brine the inside will boil immediately, owing to the much higher temperature of boiling brine than of boiling water. The homes of people who have thought it worth while when on earth to be comfortable are replete with such little bits of odd practice that one becomes familiar with only by observation and experience; and one may go forever to the cooking classes of learned professors, or to the chemical experiments of lecturers, and learn nothing about them. Perhaps many of them are make-shifts in a manner, but they are not used unless needed, and when they are needed they are needed so very much indeed that it is a boon to know them and their like.

There are, however, trifling bits of traditionary knowledge, of a different nature from make-shifts, that it would do no harm to drill into the memory of the young by constant repetition, till on occasion to use the knowledge it would be almost instinct. Thus every child should be repeatedly told that in escaping from a burning house it is better to go on all fours than upright, however great the haste, as the cold air falls to the floor, and one can breathe there when it is impossible elsewhere; and that, when one must pass by flames, the mouth and nose should be protected from their inhalation by wet bandages, or by a thick woolen that sifts at least a portion of the smoke and fire. Should not every girl, also, who is ever likely to bear any weight of responsibility, be forced into acquaintance with certain items in the management of diet, of advantage not only to herself, but to whomsoever may come into her hands and under her care? She will remember then that if one falls ill in a dark room, one can not get well in it, but must be moved to a room where the sunlight enters with healing on its wings; that it is well, moreover, to have a few green plants in a room, giving out oxygen and inhaling carbonic acid, but that many will produce a sort of malaria; that a room may be ventilated by pulling up the window-sash and filling all the open space with box or board, letting air in without direct draught through the open line between the two two sashes; that a fire will always ventilate by its own draught, but that, in case of infectious illness, one must not stand between the patient and that fire. Our young girl may even be made so much of a philosopher and a surgeon as to know, from seeing it done, that a strong magnet will draw out a broken needle from the flesh it has penetrated, and distinguish between a sudden attack of apoplexy and drunkenness by tickling the soles of the feet, which in apoplexy causes a spasmodic drawing up of the whole limb, and in drunkenness causes no effect at all. Of course it is neither necessary nor best that every young girl, irrespective of inclination, should be educated as a surgeon or a sick-nurse, but she could easily be prepared to take care of the sick on an emergency, or till the more educated nurse can be provided, and it is only carrying out the old tradition of woman in the days of chivalry when she is able to bind a wound with fit bandages, or stanch the flow of blood with tight ones in the proper place, or lance an ulcer without shrinking.

Life in boarding-houses, that has become so general a mode of life in our cities, and even where there is a family winter home, but whose inmates pass six months in the year as summer boarders, is doing a great deal to hinder the transmission of the small facts of housekeeping of a nature kindred to such as those which we chance to have enumerated, and to foster habits of reading, lounging, fancy-work, and pleasure that do not serve their owner very well when she comes to the hardships of life. But when those that are dear to her demand comforts that she does not know how to render, are ill, and need the utmost she can do for them, it is there, in her inability, that she finds the real hardship, not in doing, but in not knowing how to do, those things that would have seemed to come naturally had she kept her eyes open, or had been taught by a little perseverance on the part of those who perhaps neglected only what they deemed idling and trifling things, forgetting that trifles make the sum of life. —*Harper's Bazar.*

The Ague.

"Speaking of chills," said the gentleman from Arkansas, borrowing a match from the train boy. "I had one at home oncet that was away up in G. Stopped a train, that chill did."

They crowded around to hear the particulars.

"You see, they turned me out of the town and run me off the turnpike, so I took to the railroad, and I shook it up so the through express had to wait until I got over it."

"Right smart of a chill, that," assented a gentleman from Louisiana. "Had 'em myself; but I only delayed a train a little while."

The gentleman from Arkansas eyed him, but declined to ask any questions.

"Tell us!" shouted the chorus.

"Well," said the gentleman from Louisiana, with a glance at the gentleman from Arkansas, "they ran up to where I was shaking, and found they couldn't get past."

"What did they do?"

"All hands turned out and tunneled right through it," replied the Louisiana man, "and in the spring the icicles hung down from the roof of that chill so thick and so strong that they had to blast them out before they could transact any bus—!"

But the Arkansas man was climbing over the tender toward the cab, and even the chorus lost interest in the rest of the details.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—A Carlisle (Pa.) woman threw a pair of diamond ear-rings, valued at $1,000, in a fire at a Harrisburg hotel, by mistake the other morning. The jewels were recovered subsequently at the expense of burnt fingers and melted gold mounting.

Meerschaum.

The place most productive of this mineral is known to be near the town of Eski-scheir, in Anatolia, Asia Minor. A recent account by Herr Adler states that the preparation of one hundred boxes of meerschaum there takes twelve to fifteen persons two months, and costs about £120. In Eski-scheir the average cost of the box of mercantile ware has varied since 1873 between about £6 to £10 (last year it was about the former). Refuse ware can be had at about an eighth of the price. There are ten qualities, and each is to be had in four sizes, there being twenty-five to forty pieces of the first size per box, and 450 to 1,500 pieces of the fourth (the box is thirty inches long, eight inches broad and 15½ inches deep. In the last two decades the export of meerschaum has considerably increased; from 3,000 boxes in 1855, is has risen to 11,100 in 1881. In Constantinople the trade is managed by about fifteen firms—Austrian, Bulgarian, Greek, Armenian and Turkish—who bring their wares into the Vienna market. The large importation into Vienna may be said to date from between 1850 and 1860, when the production of pipe-bowls and cigar-tips was greatly increased for export to England, France and North America. In 1860 a considerable export of pipes to San Francisco was first developed, while large quantities of cigar-tips were sent to America and Australia via Hamburg. Since then the conditions of the trade have altered much, chiefly in consequence of the high duties imposed in America. In that country arose, with the aid of emigrant turners from Austria, a home industry, which has successfully competed with the Vienna pipe manufacture (for the products of which America was previously the best customer). With France and Germany, the United States obtains the raw product mainly from Austria.—*Chicago Herald.*

An Age of Suspicion.

Truly, this is an age of suspicion. Nevertheless, Captain F. M. Howes, of the steamer William Crane, Marchants' & Miners' Transportation Line between Boston and Baltimore, who suffered severely from rheumatism, caused by the exposure incident to his profession, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. This is no suspicion.—*Boston Globe.*

Two HEADS are better than one, in the opinion of a news editor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"Female Complaints."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir* —I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it. MRS. EMILY RHOADS, McBrides, Mich.

COCOANUT shells ground in quantities and mixed with black pepper, indicate that the season will be mild.

The Dead Cannot be Raised, nor if your lungs are badly wasted away can you be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is, however, unequaled as a tonic, alterative, and nutritive, and readily cures the most obstinate cases of bronchitis, coughs, colds, and incipient consumption, far surpassing in efficacy cod liver oil. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and kindred affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"You have lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George," she fondly lisped, "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grace."

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII. of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IT is not true that kissing cures freckles. At least you can't get a freckled girl to declare that she hasn't been kissed.—*New Haven Register.*

A Triumvirate.

As "one star differs from another only in magnitude," so do Mishler's Herb Bitters, Mishler's Green Label Bitters, and Mishler's Red Label Bitters differ from each other only in strength. They are compounded for diseases which differ in their characteristics. For example, our Herb Bitters are universally known and appreciated as a cure for Dyspepsia, Liver, Kidney, Lung, Throat and such troubles. Our Green Label Bitters *go to the root* of such *hereditary* diseases, as Scrofula, Old Sores, Ulcers, White Swelling, Syphilitic and skin diseases—"Sins of the fathers visited upon their children." The Herb Bitters haven't *strength* to *cure* in such cases; the Green Label Bitters will certainly cure these terrible maladies. The Red Label Bitters are presented with unfaltering confidence and knowledge of their efficacy, as *absolute curative agents* for all the many ailments peculiar to lad es only.

THE money lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Splendid Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robt. Newton, late President of the Eclectic College of the City of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living, and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought not to be considered merely as a patent medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of Lung diseases. It is a sure cure for Consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

POISONING by the use of horrid hair-dyes may be looked upon as a dyer calamity.

"ROUGH on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP, for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless. 15c.

ENQUIRER: How old are we? Why just nineteen. That is to say: Three years ago, a certain actress and ourself were just the same age, nineteen. She told us only a day or two ago that she was just nineteen that day.—*Boston Post.*

BORROWED money is a noteworthy object.

A CLEVELAND man has invented a barrel without hoops or staves. Who invented the Cleveland man is not stated by the paper which furnishes the other information.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DRIVERS keeping to the right cannot go wrong.

THE zodiacal sign for the opening of winter is a goat. The goat is a hard butter and hard butter is almost always a sign that the weather is cold.—*Philadelphia News.*

THAT young lady who made 70 words out of "conservatory" lest fall has run away from home. Her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of "flour."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LET women be brought up to the habits of industry and economy, and learn to support a husband, and the tramp nuisance will soon cease.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Chicago *Times* says that fogs are much more common in that city than they used to be, and it wants some genius to invent a way to suppress them.

A CALIFORNIA man has acquired a fortune in a singular way. He had a lot of mining stock of a nominal value, and pledged it as collateral for a loan. Then the stock rose very high. The person to whom it was pledged sold it. Subsequently it fell again, and he bought it back, making $295,000 by the transaction. The true owner of the stock found out about the transaction, and sued for the $295,000 as belonging to him. The Supreme Court gives it to him, too.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HORACE GREELEY once defined a "Bohemian" as "a man who would rather get one thousand dollars now and then, than fifty dollars a week regularly."

MOST of the mechanical toys are made in Connecticut.

A STRANGE REMINISCENCE.

The Escape of a Well Known ex-Army Surgeon from an Unforeseen Danger.

(*Baltimore American.*)

Messrs. Editors:

I seldom appear publicly in print, but the facts connected with my experience which follow are so striking, and bear so closely upon the experience of others, that I venture to reproduce them entire:

In the month of September, 1879, I was practicing medicine in New Orleans. The summer had been excessively hot and everybody was complaining of being exhausted and feeling tired. It was not an unfrequent occurrence to have patients ask for something to relieve this weary sensation, and that I should also partake of the same universal lassitude or weakness, did not alarm me. I supposed that over-work and exposure had produced a temporary physical prostration; therefore I made a trip to St. Paul, Minn., thinking that a rest of a few weeks in a cooler climate would soon reinvigorate me. Little did I dream, however, what was in store for me. After getting settled in my new quarters I took a short walk every day, and patiently awaited a return of strength, but in spite of all my efforts I seemed to be losing strength; and even any slight exercise became laborious and tiresome. During this time I had frequent dull aching pains in my head, and through my back and hips, occasional shooting pains in various parts of the body, with soreness, shortness of breath, and palpitation of the heart. My feet and hands would be like ice one day, and burn with heat the next. I had no desire for food, and what I did eat distressed me; my sleep became disturbed with the frequent desire to urinate. The quantity of fluid passed would at one time be small and at another quite profuse. Then for days I would be perfectly free from this desire and nothing seemed to be the matter; nevertheless my debility gradually increased. My eyelids were puffed out; my bowels were alternately torpid and too active, the urine would be clear some days, on others it would be of high color and deposit a brick-dust sediment, and at still others there would be a whitish appearance and a thin greasy scum would rise to the top. The pains in my head, back, chest, joints, bowels and bones were horrible in the extreme. I went in vain from place to place and consulted the best medical authorities the country affords; I would have a chill one day and a burning fever the next. I suffered excruciatingly with a numbness of my feet and hands, and at the base of the brain and between my shoulders; at times my limbs and body would bloat and physicians said I was suffering from the dropsy and could not recover.

How I could be so blind to the terrible trouble that was devouring me, I do not know; but there are thousands to-day who are suffering from the same cause and are as ignorant of its nature as I was. My skin was the color of marble at one time, and then again it would be like saffron, and this terrible restlessness, and I might say wildness, was followed by a dull, heavy, drowsy sensation. I was wasted to a mere skeleton except when the dropsical bloat occurred. I tried all the celebrated mineral waters of this country and Europe; all kinds of medicine and all kinds of doctors. Still no help came. I lay at my hotel in Philadelphia, where I was temporarily sojourning, given up to die by friends and physicians alike, when there providentially came into my hands a little pamphlet, which I carefully read, and from which I got a view of my real condition, which no other agency had revealed. Acting on its advice, I had my water analyzed at once, and to my surprise, albumen and tube casts were found in large quantities. A skillful physician was sent for and apprised of the fact. He said I had Bright's Disease, and that death was certain. My friends importuned me to take a remedy which had won a great reputation for the cure of all forms of kidney diseases, and I therefore laid aside my prejudice and commenced its use. At first my stomach rejected it and I had to use small quantities; but after the first five days my stomach retained full doses. This was one year ago last October, and my improvement was rapid and permanent. I have regained 50 of the 65 pounds of flesh I lost during my illness, and I feel as well to-day as I ever did, and I can unreservedly state that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy I used.

It may seem strange that I, being a physician and an ex-army surgeon, did not have the water analyzed before; but such is the fact. I had the symptoms of every other disease, and I did not suspect that my kidneys were in the least particular out of order; and here is just where I was in the greatest danger, and where most people who read this article are in danger. I find that I am only one of thousands who are suffering from kidney disorders, which, neglected, surely terminate in Bright's disease. I also know that physicians may treat these disorders for months without knowing clearly what the trouble is, and even after ascertaining the cause, be unable to prevent it. When death, however, finally overtakes the helpless victim they disguise its real cause, attributing it to heart-disease, convulsions, apoplexy, vertigo, paralysis, spinal meningetis, blood and uremic poisoning, etc., etc.

Words, of course, fail to express my thanks to H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., for giving the world such a needed and certain specific as the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, but such as they are I gladly give them; while to the thousands to whom I have lectured upon the laws of health and hygiene I commend this letter most cordially, and warn them to beware of the insidious nature of a disease over which physicians confess they have no control and which, in one form or another, is carrying more people to untimely graves than any other malady.

J. M. PORTER, M. D.,
Baltimore, Md., 94 Saratoga Street.

IS IT proper to ask a man how he is getting on, when he has just sworn off?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

WHAT do the wild waves say? Why, probably, "We cost a dollar and a half at the hair store."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles.

WHEN Fogg saw a train on the dress of an old lady he remarked that it was behind time.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar If timely used prevents galloping consumption. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A PEDDLER called at a Philadelphia house the other day, and asked to see the head of the family. He was referred to the servant girl.—*Philadelphia News.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE world moves. A New York plumber has been fined fifty dollars for slighting his work.—*N. Y. Sun.*

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable. Try it.

A VERY little thing turns the head of a crank.

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FOR dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventative against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

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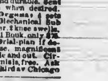

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A. N. K.—E. 809 8—83

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Boone County Recorder.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1883. NUMBER 13.

TWO TRIOLETS.

WHAT HE SAID.

This kiss upon your fan I press—
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it?
And may it from its soft recess—
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Be blown to you, a shy caress,
By this white down, whene'er you use it.
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Ah, Sainte Nitouche, you *don't* refuse it!

WHAT SHE THOUGHT:

To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man,
To kiss a fan,
When he knows that—he—can—
Or *ought* to know it—
To kiss a *fan!*
What a poky poet!
—*Harrison Robertson, in The Century.*

TUCK-OO-WA-TER-OO.

A Pawnee Incident.

'Man, while he loves, is never quite depraved."
—*The Hon. G. Larne*

In the year 1864 I was on duty as a military clerk in the headquarters of General Robert B. Mitchell, commandant of an Indian district comprising the Territories of Nebraska and Dakota. Within the confines of this command dwelt several fierce and large tribes of Indians, who, when not engaged in hostilities with the whites, made war upon one another. These tribes were the several bands of Sioux, Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, who roamed over the vast plains extending from Fort Kearney to the Rocky Mountains westward and from the Yellowstone River on the north to the Arkansas on the south. East of these tribes and bordering on the Missouri River dwelt the Pawnees, Omahas, Poncas and Otoes, who from time immemorial have entertained a deadly feud with the first named nations. This hatred had been constantly fanned and maintained at a white heat by continued forays, depredations and murders, in the accomplishment of which many adventures had occurred, displaying a hardihood, constancy and skill worthy of a better cause and a more enlightened race.

Our office was at the time specified in Omaha, a young and thriving city, the capital of the then Territory of Nebraska, now the initial point of the Great Pacific Railroad. Omaha is much frequented by the Pawnees and Omahas, who resort thither for the purpose of bartering their furs and trinkets for the goods of the white men, and to beg, a practice to which all Indians are as much addicted as the lazzaroni of Naples.

It was owing to the latter propensity that I was indebted, one fine December morning, to a visit from Dr. Jim, a Pawnee, and his squaw. Notwithstanding the cold, keen air, neither had on other clothing than an old buffalo robe, which scarcely protected them from the wind, and, as a consequence, their appeal for old clothes was irresistible. I likewise sent them to the messhouse, where the cook gave them a breakfast fully up to their capacity, which is almost infinite in that direction. I supposed this would terminate my acquaintance with the Doctor and his dusky spouse, but no sooner had they finished their meal than they returned, and, seating themselves at the stove, made themselves as comfortable as if they were domiciled in their own wigwam.

Not being thronged with business, I turned my chair and entered into conversation with the Indian, who spoke our language brokenly, yet intelligently. I soon found I was conversing with no ordinary savage, for the Doctor proved to be the brother of the big Big Medicine, or High Priest of the Pawnees, and a warrior of no little note in his tribe. During the forenoon I elicited from him, among others, the following incident of his savage, but eventful life:

His squaw belonged to the Omaha tribe, with which nation the Pawnees are connected by ties of the closest intimacy. Their reservations, or territories, almost join, and they invariably hunt in company. These hunts, which are annual, take place in autumn, and are the great epochs of Indian life. At such times the villages are deserted by all save the old and infirm, and the nations migrate, so to speak, en masse to their hunting grounds, which lie on the Republican and Arkansas Rivers.

At the time when our narrative commences the hunt was over, the two tribes had reached the Pawnee village on the Loup Fork of Platte River, had held their great hunting feast and dance, and the Omahas had taken up their line of march for their homes. It was late in the fall. The shallow streams which irrigate those regions were encrusting with ice; the cottonwoods which stoop over their turbid channels were leafless, and the northwest winds of winter sighed drearily through their branches, prognostic of increasing cold. The long swells of prairie were covered with dead, brown grass, which rattled dry and crispy under the returning feet of the Omahas. Yet the tribe was in high spirits. Their hunt had been successful, and their ponies were laden down with the delicious flesh of the buffalo, which enabled them to look forward without apprehension to the coming winter. Their journey was made by easy marches, for their village was near at hand, and they had no dread of hostile foe in such close proximity to their homes. But they were doomed to be cruelly disappointed.

On the second night of their journey, while encamped on the Elkhorn, a large tributary of the Platte River, they were surprised by a war party of Sioux, who, before the Omahas could rally, killed and scalped a couple of warriors and captured several squaws, among whom was the very squaw before me, who at that time was affianced to Dr. Jim, or, as he was known to the tribe, Tuck-oo-wa-ter-oo.

Word of this misfortune was quickly dispatched to the Pawnee village, and a party of warriors under the leadership of Big Buffalo, the great war chief of the tribe, and among whom was our doctor, started at once in pursuit of the Sioux.

The trail of the foe was struck at the Old California Crossing of Platte River, upward of a hundred miles above Fort Kearney. The Sioux were directing their course for the Republican, and Big Buffalo, with wary eye, followed rapidly on in their footsteps. The country they were now traversing is desolate in the extreme. Nothing but vast level stretches of weary sand meet the gaze, or hills of the same construction, furrowed and plowed by the winds. No horseflesh, save the hardy Indian pony, can endure the toil of travel in these wastes, or subsist upon the scanty vegetation occasionally found in the ravines.

Two days of such riding brought the patient Pawnees in the vicinity of their enemy, and it was determined to attack at once. The charge was successful. The surprised Sioux fled, leaving some scalps with the victorious Pawnees, who, with the rescued squaws, turned their faces homeward. In the melee the pony of Doctor Jim had received an arrow, which at first thought to be trifling, proved, indeed serious. To add to his distress the Sioux, recovered from their fright, were following in rapid pursuit, and in overwhelming force. The weather, too, became fiercely cold, and death stared the pair in the face when Big Buffalo informed them that, in order to save any, it was necessary for those well mounted to push forward with all possible speed.

The spot where the lovers were abandoned was on the banks of the Republican River, which was frozen from shore to shore. They were afoot, their pony having entirely succumbed, and they were painfully conscious of the near approach of their foes. They ran along the banks of the river with the hope of finding a hiding-place.

Fortunately, they observed a hole in the ice close to the shore, from which the waters had receded. They sprang into it, and by good luck found space sufficient under the thick ice to enable them to advance some distance from the hole. In these regions the water of the streams is always turpid, owing to the prevalent quicksands. The ice, therefore, was far from being transparent, and this fact saved the poor savages. The Sioux, suspecting them to be hidden in some one of the gullies opening on the river, trod over them again and again, but finally abandoned the search, and the two lovers emerged from their icy prison, after being confined there two days and one night. During this time they had subsisted entirely upon the doctor's rawhide quiver, an article which no warrior relinquishes excepting with his life.

Their journey to the Pawnee village was toilsome beyond comparison, and when accomplished, they were so emaciated with hunger, cold and fatigue as to be scarcely recognizable to the tribe, who welcomed them as risen from the dead. The grateful squaw rewarded her lover by the immediate bestowal of her hand; the tribe by a name commemorative of his endurance and constancy.

I could scarcely credit the exhibition of love which this narrative indicates in two such squalid objects as sat before me. Their buffalo robes were filthy beyond conception, and their coarse, unkempt hair, hanging in tangled masses over their shoulders, gave them an aspect far from lovable. But the very recital proved its existence, and it was with feelings far more respectful than I commonly extended toward the race that I opened the office door and told the swarthy pair it was time for them to depart.—*Edward B. Heaton, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Who Lived Here Before the Indians?

Have we any references to Esquimaux dwelling in regions significantly south of their present habitat? If there are such, then it is at once evident that the weapons and domestic implements of such people must now be buried in the dust of their ancient southern dwelling-places, and, these same spots being subsequently tenanted by the Indian, his handiwork must also be mingled with that of his predecessors.

The literature of this subject can be sufficiently outlined by reference to two authors. Mr. W. H. Dall, in "Tribes of the Extreme Northwest," remarks: "There are many facts in American ethnology which tend to show that originally the Innuit of the east coast had much the same distribution as the walrus, namely, as far south as New Jersey." I submit the rude argillite arrow-heads found in certain localities in such abundance, and at a significant depth, as an additional fact, tending in the same direction.

In Rev. B. F. De Costa's admirable resume of Icelandic literature there is given abundant evidence—ay, proof—that the people dwelling along the coast of Massachusetts, 900 to 1,000 A. D., were not the same race that resisted the English on the same coast six centuries later. The descriptions of the people seen by the Northmen show that, of whatever race, they were well advanced in the art of war, and used not only the bow, but hatchets and the sling. They were "men of short stature, bushy hair, rude, fierce, and devoid of every grace."

It need, therefore, only be remembered that the relationship between the true palæolithic implements and those of more advanced finish and design is evident to every one who carefully examines a complete series. At the same time, the student is confronted with reliable historical evidence of the occupancy of the Atlantic sea-board by the Esquimaux as far south as New Jersey.

Does not the impression derived from strictly archæological studies, that all the stone implements of our Eastern sea-board are not of one origin, go far to confirm the position of the historical student that an earlier race than the Indian once resided here?

De Costa remarks: "During the Eleventh Century the Red man lived upon the North American Continent, while the eastern border of his territory could not have been situated far away from the Atlantic coast. In New England he must have succeeded the people known as Skrællings. Prior to that time, his hunting-grounds lay toward the interior of the Continent. In course of time, however, he came into collision with the ruder people on the Atlantic coast, the descendants of an almost amphibious glacial man."—*Charles C. Abbott, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Several bags of cloves lately received in London from Zanzibar were found to contain artificial cloves, made of soft wood, stained, and soaked in the essence of cloves to give them an odor. They were imported into Zanzibar, but where from is not known.

—Waltzing has only lately been introduced at Adrian, Oregon, and a young man broke his leg in his first vigorous attempt.

PITH AND POINT.

—"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen-years' courtship.

—Lots of people pay five per cent. more for goods in Canada for the sake of smuggling them over the border.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"The best conductor of electricity at present known is silver." The best conductor into "society" at present known is gold. It used to be brains.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A New York genius has discovered a way of making leather out of banana skins. They will thus be able to kick the man who left them on the flag-stones to endanger human life.

—No man living walks in a straight line. The squarest-footed walker walks to the right or left a distance of thirty-six feet in a mile. In case there is a saloon on the way he may diverge as much as 150 feet.—*Detroit Post.*

—"Oh, yes," said the engineer, "I had a chance to become a hero by sticking to my post when the collision came, but when I reflected that my name would be spelled five hundred different ways in the newspapers I changed my mind and jumped."

—The prosperous hardware clerk is known by his stove-pipe hat.—*Bloomington Eye.* And the carpenter by his claw-hammer coat.—*Gold Leaf.* And the lawyer by his whole suit.—*Bruce.* But the lover you must discover by his sighs.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

—"What are you looking around for so much?" asked an Austin mother of her fifteen-year-old son, with whom she was walking. "I am looking around on your account." "On my account?" "Yes. I want to pick you out a good-looking daughter-in-law."—*Texas Siftings.*

—When a man is excited he is very apt to talk without thinking. An Austin landlord called on his tenant the tenth time for his rent. "I haven't got any money," was the response. "Well, if you haven't got money enough to pay your rent you ought to build yourself a house."

—Two rival belles at an evening party were seated in the conservatory with their respective cavaliers, enjoying their supper. The gas was turned down somewhat, as it should be in a conservatory at an evening party. "My dear Julia," said one of the fascinating creatures, "how beautiful your complexion is—in this dim light!" "Oh, thank you," responded her rival, "and how lovely you look—in the dark!"

—Let her whistle!—

What if a girl whistle?
'Twon't make your heart bristle
Or scratch like a thistle.
A whistling lassie
Need not be sassy,
Or vulgar, or brassy.
No psalm or epistle
Has thrown the first missile
At women who whistle.
It's quite as becoming
As singing or humming,
Or playing or strumming.
Be just philosophic,
O men, on this topic;
Not misogynistic
Nor grumpy nor mystic.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Some French chemists have succeeded in solidifying petroleum, in which state it burns like tallow. This solidification is effected by adding to distilled petroleum twenty-five per cent. of the purified juice of the plant belonging to the family of the Euphorbiaceous.

—Ether spray in the practice of Dr. McColganan, has not only immediately relieved facial neuralgia, but has effected a permanent cure. The intense cold produced is considered to have acted on the affected nerve, so as to have produced a complete change in the nutrition and its action.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Instead of employing an ammoniacal double salt of nickel in an alkaline solution, for nickel plating, a new plan is to use a neutral or slightly alkaline solution, containing certain organic acids; 90 parts by weight of sulphate of nickel, 25 of citrate of nickel, and 15 of benzoic acid, are dissolved in 4,000 of water.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—On Long Island the sand industry has grown to extraordinary proportions. Only four firms whose invested capital did not exceed $80,000 existed five years ago. The capital invested in the business at the present time exceeds $2,000,000. An average of 4,500 tons of sand are shipped in boats to New York daily.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Sheep culture is no longer a matter of doubt or experiment in the Arkansas Valley. Numerous streams of pure running water, tame and wild grasses, cheap food and market facilities present great inducements to sheep owners. From a very small beginning made about five years ago the business has increased to good proportions.

—The *American Naturalist* says that mountain cork has been recently used in Germany as a substitute for animal charcoal for the removal of color from molasses. The mountain cork, a species of amphibole, is dried, ignited and soaked in molasses, then again dried and ignited. The process is repeated several times until some 8.5 per cent. of carbon has become fixed in the mineral, which is then ready for use. It is more efficient than charcoal in removing the alkalies from molasses.

—A new map of the mean annual rainfall of the world has been prepared by Professor Elias Loomis, of Yale College. He finds that an equatorial rain belt of fifty inches of rain a year extends continuously across all the continents and [illegible] and is nearly fifteen hundred miles wide on an average. On the other hand the regions which receive less than ten inches of rain per annum are also very extensive, although Spain is the only land in Europe where the rainfall is so scanty as this. In Asia, however, there is an area three thousand miles long and one thousand miles broad, over which the rainfall averages less than ten inches, and like tracts exist in Africa, Australia, on the west coast of South America, and the North American continent near the Great Slave Lake, in Arizona, and in Southern California. Professor Loomis estimates that one-fifth of the earth's land surface receives an annual rainfall of less than ten inches. Very little is known as to the quantity of rain which falls upon the ocean.

Religious.

"CARETH."

"No man cared for my soul."—*Ps. cxlii. 4.*
"He careth for you."—*1 Peter v. 7.*

'Twas the voice of the King in his palace,
As on princes and peers he looked down:
They had cared for his wealth and his counsels,
They had many a care for his crown;
But for him—for the heart that was human,
For the soul that no kingdom could fill—
They had scarcely a thought, or a trouble,
He was monarch in solitude still.

'Twas the sigh of the desolate widow,
At the thought of her bright, early days;
With no helper to aid or befriend her,
Must she pass through the world's thoughtless gaze?
In her sorrow how few were the visits,
Still fewer the tokens of care!
Can we wonder to hear her lamenting
In a wail of unuttered despair?

'Tis the moan of the sufferer lying
Through the hours of the long, weary day,
As he calls, with no whisper replying,
No hand the brain's pulsings to stay;
By the friends who once loved him forgotten;
They come not who once often came;
For they think he has passed to the blessed,
So seldom they mention his name.

'Tis the cry of a sinner despairing,
Turned out from society's joys;
A prodigal, wearily bearing
A conscience that ever destroys
The pleasure he seeks. Rudely driven
From the world's slamming door to the brink
Of a suicide's grave—a closed Heaven—
Left alone—an immortal—to think.

Is it true—is it true that none careth?
Oh how sweet is the answer Divine;
There is One who the burden still shareth,
On whose bosom we still may recline.
Though no other may care for our sorrow,
"He careth for you." 'Tis enough!
Without fear we can face the dark morrow,
Marching on, though the path may be rough.
—*The Christian.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 21	—The Believing People	Acts 2:37-47
Jan. 28	—The Healing Power	Acts 3: 1-11
Feb. 4	—The Prince of Life	Acts 3:12-21
Feb. 11	—None Other Name	Acts 4: 1-11
Feb. 18	—Christian Courage	Acts 4:18-31
Feb. 25	—Ananias and Sapphira	Acts 5: 1-11
Mar. 4	—Persecution Renewed	Acts 5:18-32
Mar. 11	—The Seven Chosen	Acts 6: 1-15
Mar. 18	—The First Christian Martyr	Acts 7:54-60, and 8: 1-4
Mar. 25	—Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, *or other* lesson selected by the school.	

FAITH THE BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Perhaps the greatest need alike of believers and skeptics, at the present day, is some sane conception of just what reason can do, and of what it can not do. Reason has been exalted as the discoverer of all truth; and in many minds it has become a vague, unknown phantom, omnipotent to wreck or to build up. But the truth is, that reason is nothing more than a kind of higher arithmetic. It is useful in arranging knowledge, in detecting contradictions in apparent knowledge, and setting forth all that is necessarily implied in given premises. But that is all. It cannot discover any independent truth; it has absolutely no function until truth, derived from some other source, is given for it to work upon. You can never get out of it. If man is to know anything at all, that knowledge must come from some other source than reason.

Let the dogmatist in morals or in science strive to conceal it as he may, no system of knowledge can be established on a purely rational basis. Let the first principles of mathematics or of science or of metaphysics be *granted*, or let their truth be intuitively perceived and accepted, and it is easy to demonstrate that, since these first principles are true, certain consequences follow. But these first principles are incapable of proof, and who is to certify them? If nothing is knowledge except what is capable of logical demonstration at every stage of its genesis, then it is time that we all—religionists, philosophers and scientists alike—give up all pretensions to knowledge, and confess that nothing which is in Heaven above or in the earth beneath is capable of being known. There is no use of attempting to build a house if we cannot even lay a foundation. If we *must* have proof, who is to demonstrate to us that the operations of our senses and the processes of our minds are trustworthy? If we are dependent upon reason for our knowledge, we may as well give ourselves up at once to the dreariest skepticism in regard to earthly as well as Heavenly affairs; we must say with the old Greek skeptic. "I know nothing, and I do not even know that I know nothing." The so-called Agnosticism of the day would be a system of reverent and child-like faith in contrast with that self-destructive skepticism which would be the inevitable outcome of any consistent attempt to find a purely rational basis for knowledge.

The fact is that the principles of all knowledge are seen and received by faith alone. In a sense, they are the revelation of God. They are not established by any formal demonstration; they need none. And this is true of the every day facts and principles which we handle in ordinary life—as true of the scientific systems which the wit of man has built up, as it is of the truth of religion. The scientist justly refuses to permit the natural sciences to be destroyed by skepticism because the first principles on which they are founded are incapable of demonstration; and the believer in revealed religion can also afford to smile when he is met with the puerile demand for an infinite chain of proof which never existed and never can exist. If the apostle finds comfort in the thought that God is greater than our heart, why should we not find equal comfort in the knowledge that God is greater than human logic and the human brain?

Only the eye can catch the thousand varying pictures which the light paints for us; only the ear is sensible of the harmony of sweet sounds. The eye cannot fulfill the office of the ear, nor the ear that of the [illegible] it with faith and reason. Faith is the revealer of knowledge; it is the office of reason to defend that knowledge and to preserve it pure. Independent knowledge—the knowledge that comes not through faith—whether it be of things earthly or things Heavenly, never can be ours.

"We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see."

Yet if we will, the living knowledge—the knowledge which comes of faith—may be ours in religious things also, as it is already in earthly things. The light of God is falling around us; and all we have to do is to open our eyes and see. And of that knowledge and of that light we can pray:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster. We are fools and slight:
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light."

Long before Anselm of Canterbury had uttered the watchword, "I believe, in order that I may understand," inspiration had written: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." And after centuries of conflict between faith and unbelief, the words of the Hebrew sage stand scathless as the clear affirmation of an everlasting truth. Only as we trust in the bodily perceptions which God has given us, do we have any knowledge of the material world. Only as we come to God in quiet, waiting trust, content to see in the light of the Spirit, willing to receive through faith the message of God, can we attain to any spiritual knowledge. And the assurance granted to us regarding spiritual things is firmer and more definite than that regarding material things. For though by faith we understand that the heavens and the earth were framed by the word of God, by faith we also know that while these shall pass away the word of the Lord will endure forever.—*S. S. Times.*

An Important Truth.

We have many theories in these days in which men try to tell us how the world, acting upon certain fixed laws, has made itself; that it goes on by a progress that regards nothing but certain rules of advancement, regardless of all other considerations save their own irresistible, self-compelling principles. But here we have a truth not only given us in Holy Writ, but proved by our experience, that mental regret will convert a material wrong into a blessing, or, if the offender wills, it will make the same a hundred-fold more hurtful if he rejoices in his wrong-doing, or hardens his heart against regret. Materialism, evolution, pantheism, or any of the theories which deny the government of an intelligent God, are all phases of fatalism, and are confuted by this truth, that we can, by conforming to His laws, which demand repentance, convert evil into good, or by violating them make evil ten-fold more deadly and destructive. We can, by our minds and sentiments, change the influence of material events, and vary the action of laws which govern the world. If man, with all his weakness, can do this, it can only be by the aid of a higher power which shapes, directs and regulates.—*Horatio Seymour.*

Choice Extracts.

—Archbishop Parley testifies: "I have seldom known any one who deserted truths in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance."

—Two elements combine to destroy the Sabbath: one wishes to buy seven days of human work at the price of six days; the other aims to make money by open saloons, shops, theaters and shows from the unemployed crowds that stroll about cities and towns.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—The heart determines the gravitation of a man. If you would have your interest strongly centered in the work of God, put your heart there. In order to put your heart there, put your wealth there. "For where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

—We need to constantly watch against that secular spirit which is characteristic of our time. It is this spirit that crushes the spiritual nature under the wheels of traffic and the pomp and pride of life, and tends to displace the thought of God from the plans of men, and thus prepares the way for the reception of that materialistic skepticism which is favored in high places of learning and science—*Golden Rule.*

—There is one token to us that we were made for a higher and happier life than this, in the fact that sorrow and sin always come upon us as a surprise. Happy days do not astonish us, and the goodness of our beloved ones awakens no amazement. But if a sorrow comes, we cry aloud to let our neighbors know something has befallen us; and if one we love has sinned, we feel as if the heavens themselves were darkened.—*Hesba Stretton.*

—It is but a faint notion, no doubt, that the best man can have of God's goodness, so dull has sin made our hearts and brains; but let us comfort ourselves with this thought that the more we learn to love what is good, the more we accustom ourselves to think of good people and good things, and to ask ourselves why and how this action and that is good, the more we shall be able to see the goodness of God. And to see that, even for a moment, is worth all the sights in earth or Heaven.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—The *Morning Star* repeats an anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, in whose presence some officers had been speaking slightingly of Christian missions. It is said the old Iron Duke was mightily stirred. "When the chief issues marching orders," he demanded, "what are you, the inferior officers of the army, to do?" "We are to march," was the only reply. "Well, then, take the marching orders of your chief: 'Go ye into all the world and preach.' Your duty is to march and fight."

—Rev. H. O. Pratt was formerly a lawyer with an extensive practice in Ohio, a popular political orator, and for two terms a member of Congress. He told a Methodist ministers' convention the other day that until just before his conversion he was not at all in sympathy with the teachings of the Bible, and tried hard to make himself a confirmed skeptic. Nothing occurred while in Congress to direct his mind particularly to religion, and he was not inside of a church during a whole winter in Washington; but that was the very time when the subject of his personal salvation came into his mind, and he could not drive it away. He would often leave his seat in the House of Representatives, he said, and walk the streets to gain relief, but all to no purpose. On his return home he learned that there had been considerable religious interest in town, and that his wife and another Christian woman had unitedly prayed daily for several weeks for his conversion. His experience in Washington was no longer a mystery to him, and from that moment he believed in the efficacy of prayer. He abandoned law, turned his back upon his political prospects, and entered the ministry.

Our Young Folks.

A BALLAD OF BRAVERY.

To spread his fame I'll sing about
A little lad of ten,
Who, with no weapon, put to route
An army of brave men:

The glittering troops attacked, one day,
A quiet, sleepy town
And filled the people with dismay
As swiftly they came down.

They all prepared to hide or run,
With faces ashen pale.
All, did I say? No, all save one—
The hero of my tale.

"Cowards!" he said, with flashing eye,
"They pillage and destroy,
And yet [illegible] stand idly by!
I'll lead you, though a boy!"

He charged alone; the troops stood still;
He bravely knocked them down!
And thus, by his heroic will,
He saved the little town.

Lest this you think be hardly true,
It should be understood
That, though the boy was real like you,
The rest were made of wood!
—*Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SLEIGH-RIDE;

Or Two Ways of Telling a Story.

[The following story is as good this year as in 1834, when it was written and published by one still among us, and as ready as ever with graceful pen in every good cause]:

Young people commit more faults from thoughtlessness than from intent to do wrong; and want of reflection leads children astray much oftener than want of principle. Indifference to the feelings of the aged, a proneness to make light of peculiarities, are, however, occasionally indulged in by the young, and in the excitement of the momentary gratification which such merriment may produce, all thought of the wrong and all sense of the right are equally forgotten. The proverb of the wisest man saith: "The glory of young men is their strength; and the beauty of old men is their gray head." The strength of the young should protect and defend the beauty of the old. The hoary head should ever be protected, whatever may be the outward condition of its possessor: and neither sport nor ridicule should be thrown upon him whose enfeebled strength scarce suffices to bear the weight of the many years with which time has burdened him.

The following narrative, which is strictly true, illustrates what has been observed, and proves that the just recompense of a thoughtless fault may be more speedily repaid to those who commit it than may be either expected or desired by them. The common saying of "waking up the wrong passenger" is peculiarly applicable to the case.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys engaged in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid establishment, drawn by six gray horses. The afternoon was as beautiful as anybody could desire, and the merry group enjoyed themselves in the highest degree. It was a common custom of the school to which they belonged, and on previous occasions their teacher had accompanied them. Some engagement upon important business, however, occupying him, he was not at this time with them. It is quite likely, had it been otherwise, that the restraining influence of his presence would have prevented the scene which is the main feature of the present story.

On the day following the ride as he entered the school-room, he found his pupils grouped about the stove, and in high merriment, as they chattered about the fun and frolic of their excursion. He stopped awhile and listened, and in answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads, a fine, frank and manly boy, whose heart was in the right place, though his love of sport sometimes led him astray, volunteered to give a narrative of their trip and its various incidents. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir, there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were coming home, we saw, at some distance ahead of us, a queer-looking affair in the road. We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a sort of half-and-half monstrosity. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a slow rate and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. These we gave with a relish, and they produced the right effect and a little more, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow by the side of the road, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat and beneath a rusty cloak, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out: 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then,' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "that is quite an incident. But take your seats, and, after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too."

Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lord's Prayer, he commenced, as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do in the spring, he took with him his light wagon and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon. He was, as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thinned locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened, his sight and hearing, too, were somewhat blunted by age as yours will be should you live to be as old. He was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, when he had periled his life in fighting for the liberties of his country; to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the Gospel of his Divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had lain heavily upon him. While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed and even terrified by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon. In his trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

"In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow!'—'Give us the road, old boy!'—'What'll you take for your pony, old daddy?'—'Go it, frozen nose!'—'What's the price of oats?' were the various cries that met his ear.

"'Pray, do not frighten my horse,' exclaimed the infirm driver.

"'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous huzzas from the boys who were in it.

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion, to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh,' which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did; that they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows.

"'Aha!' exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh (for his constant good nature had not been disturbed), 'do they, indeed? Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.'

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end: the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for.

"That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm old man, that 'old fellow' and 'old boy' (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach), that 'old boy,' and 'old daddy,' and 'old frozen nose' was your master's father!"

It is not easy to describe nor to imagine the effects produced by this new translation of the boy's own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; some looked askant at each other, and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher, with apologies, regrets and acknowledgments without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

* * * * *

Years have passed by; the lads are men, though some have found an early grave: the "manly boy" is "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." They who survive, should this story meet their eye, will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the "School-house in Federal Street," and to their old friend and well-wisher,

H. K. OLIVER.

—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

The Air at Great Heights.

During a recent stay for a month on the summit of the Pic du Midi (which is about 9,590 feet above the sea level) MM. Muntz and Aubin examined the air and aqueous meteors repeatedly, with reference to the presence of ammonia and to atmospheric nitrification. The ammonia of the air seemed to be in much the same proportion as that found in the air on low ground; but that of the rain-water, snow and fog was considerably less than on low ground for which various reasons are adduced—the greater rarefaction of the air traversed, absence of nitrate ammonia, dryness of snow preventing condensation of ammonia, fogs being formed where found, without descent, etc. In all the observations of rain, fog and snow for nitrate, an almost complete absence of these latter was ascertained. In this connection the authors had an examination made of the record of thunder-storms kept at the observatory (nitrates being formed in the air by electrical action.) Of the 184 thunder-storms observed from 1873 to 1882, only 23 had been produced at a height above 7,700 feet, where the original station of Plantade is situated; in the latter the summit of the Pic was surrounded by clouds whence the discharge came. It may be said in general, that in the Pyrenean region the violent electric phenomena of thunderstorms never exceed a height of 10,000 feet ([illegible],000 meters), and that, consequently, the formation of nitrates under the [illegible] is beyond this limit. Atmospheric nitrification seems to be chiefly produced in the zone between the sea level and the mean height of clouds. This absence of fine powders of nitrates, the authors also remark, certainly contributes to the remarkable transparence of the air in high regions, and shows that the plants on high mountains, and the soil they have formed, can only obtain their nitrogenized matter from the ammonia of the air.—*London Times.*

—A New York Central Railroad engineer will not take a train out on any day that a white cat has run across his path. He has tried it three or four times and has always met with accidents.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JAN. 24, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
"	¼ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 9 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

FRANK JAMES' trial commences to-morrow in Missouri.

THE weather has been cold enough to freeze the price of hogs up.

JAY GOULD sent $500 to the relief of the Milwaukee fire sufferers.

THE impression that congress will not remove the tobacco tax seems to prevail.

THE more the Louisville officials are investigated the bigger the steal developed.

THERE were 693 visitors at the Ohio Penitentiary during the month of December.

GEN. GRANT's name is being mentioned in connection with the presidency. He won't get there.

SOME of the New York hotels are very badly constructed as regards avenues for escape in case of a fire.

SUNDAY'S Enquirer contains nearly three pages of history of the Ohio penitentiary. Some of its reporters were there.

LAST week, Gen. Jarvis Jackson, aged ninety-six years, a Mexican veteran and the oldest man in Laurel county, died.

HON. JNO. S. PHELPS publishes a card in the Lexington Gazette declining to become a candidate for re-election to the legislature.

ENGLAND don't want the United States to surpass her in anything, not even fires, and she outdone the Milwaukee fire the other day.

SOME of the regulators that infested Morgan county are under arrest. They have caused considerable trouble in the vicinity of West Liberty.

THE Lexington Lunatic Asylum contains 635 inmates and applicants are being refused admission. The other two asylums are also badly crowded.

IF our Union correspondent does not come to time oftener we will do something terrible to him, and we are constitutionally opposed to anything of the kind.

GUITEAU cursed the jury that convicted him, and prophecied all manner of evil of them. Two of the jury have since died and one has become a pauper.

THE Governor says there is but one instance in which he is sorry he granted a pardon, and that in every other case he has been actuated by humanity.

IT is said that senator Pendleton has not been boomed as he expected on account of the civil service bill. The country may rise up and call him great, yet.

THERE is a diversity of opinion as whether it is necessary to send troops to protect Neal and Craft at their next trial. Judge Brown has not signified his opinion on that subject.

GOV. BLACKBURN says, "if these hair-brained writers would only take the trouble to get down to the facts they would find I am far behind the record in the matter of pardons." Talk is cheap.

A BILL has been introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature making it a misdemeanor for the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and members of the legislature to accept passes from railroad companies.

THE Auditor has been putting the screws to some of the parties who presented fraudulent claims to him for payment. One fellow from Louisville gets one year in the penitentiary for that offense.

THE republican national executive committee has fixed the basis of representation in the next national republican convention at two delegates for each senator, two for each member of congress, two for each territory and two for the District of Columbia. The convention will be composed of 820 delegates, of which number Kentucky is entitled [illegible]enty-six.

CHEATING THE STATE.

"Do you find a very great inclination on the part of officials to present fraudulent claims against the Commonwealth?" was a query put by a Courier-Journalist to Auditor Hewitt after he left the witness stand, having testified in the Garrity case.

"Well, rather considerable, though by diligent attention I have been enabled to checkmate many of the claims. The greatest trouble comes from the country districts. The magistrates seem inclined to get all they can from the state. Why, as an instance, in one county two magistrates held a continuous session of court for 130 days trying sixty felony cases. In some counties they have practiced it so long that a whole ring of people seem to be drawn into it, and they will hold court among themselves, one of them acting now as a prisoner and again as a witness, and in the end they fix out the claims, get the money and divide up.

"Have you been able to cut down this fraudulent practice to any extent."

"Yes; it is practiced much less now than formerly, but is very hard for me to tell a fraudulent claim from a good one. The courts allowing the claims should be more particular and know when they are certifying and allowing a claim whether it is good or not."

"How do you manage to catch up with them?"

"Well, if too many claims come in from the same person, I think something is going crooked and investigate. My attention was attracted to Garrity's case that way. Then, again, I had a list of the policemen, and I saw he was claiming to have made arrests at a time when he was not on the regular force. It seems however that several of us grew suspicious of him about the same time."

"Does this thing of presenting false claims prevail to any extent with the Louisville policemen?"

"No; this is the only case detected so far. Unless the courts here watch the matter, it might be carried on to some extent and I not detect it, however careful I might be."

"The unostentatious country man is the one who gets in his work in a wholesale manner?"

"Yes; there's where the trouble comes in. The greatest fraud practised upon the state is in the idiots; many a man is adjudged an idiot, placed in the care of a committee and draws his $75 from the state, who is not an idiot; many mild lunatics are pushed in in that way. Then again, a great many idiots are brought into the state from other states to be made a burden upon the state. The fact that the draft upon the state for the support of these poor creatures has grown immensely in the past few years is evidence that fraud is being practiced, but unless the people who try them set down on the practice there is no way to help it."—Courier-Journal.

The Louisville "Weekly Commercial" announces that hereafter its yearly subscription price will be One Dollar. This reduction will make the "Commercial" the cheapest and best newspaper in the state.

It will also be greatly improved. On January 1st it will appear in an entire new and handsome dress, and will contain, among other valuable features, Whyte Melville's celebrated novel, "KATERPELTO." The adventures of the hero and his thoroughbred mare, "Keterfelto," with the charming and yet thrilling of Waif and John Garnet, make the tail one of profound interest throughout. There is not a dull chapter in the entire novel.

In order to obtain the first chapter of this tale of unparalleled popularity, subscriptions should be sent to the "Commercial" at once.

THE cause of education has evidently advanced in this county during the past eight or ten years. One of the strongest evidences of this is the number of new and commodious school-houses that have been erected. Nearly all the little, dark log buildings have been supplanted by frame buildings, put in localities where they can be found, instead of being placed in a deep hollow at the rear of some man's farm. There yet remains a few of the "ancient" edifices for education, and they are scarcely habitable, but we predict that these will soon be superseded by better buildings, such as the times and age demand. Good school-houses, churches and turnpikes are three things that can always be found among the intelligent and prosperous.

WE have before us a copy of the last report of the Commissioners of the Kentucky Institution for the education and training of feeble-minded children. The building of the institution has been enlarged, and there is now room for fifty more inmates. This institution is doing a noble work in behalf of that class of unfortunate children. A copy of the law, together with the necessary blanks, will be forwarded to anyone upon application to the superintendent.

UNDER the provision of an old Indian treaty with the Miami tribe the commissioners of the Land Office last week issued a patent to the heirs of the Indian known as "The Beaver" for three thousand two hundred acres of land in Indiana, about 20 miles west of Fort Wayne.

BOTH wings of the republican party are accused of being dissatisfied with the way President Arthur is administering the government. They charge him with looking entirely to his own political future instead of that of the party.

GOV. BLACKBURN says if Judge Brown calls for troops to protect the prisoners, Neal and Craft, that he will send more than he asks for. If Judge Brown asks for fifteen hundred he will send two thousand.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $6 50@6 65; fair to good packers, at $6 30@6 55; fair to good light, $6 10@6 35; common, $5 40@6 10; culls, $4@5 25; stock hogs, $4 75@5 50.

STATE NEWS.

—Franklin is out of debt and has $3,500 left.

—The widow of Chief Justice Hardin is insane.

—The fine for profanity is being enforced in Lexington.

—Small-pox has caused the suspension of business at Shilo.

—Elizabethtown is scared up over the appearance of the small-pox.

—John Roller was killed and robbed, last week, in Grant county.

—Abusive husbands are receiving the atention of Regulators in Hendreson.

—During the year just closed Newport had nearly 200 deaths from small-pox.

—Several counties in the eastern part of the state have commenced cultivating tobacco.

—Rhoda Alden has sued the Kentucky Central, at Lexington, for $50,000 for killing her husband.

—Wm. Eversole, of McLean county is 23 years old, three and one-half feet high and weighs 66 pounds.

—Rev. R. Douglass, of Lexington, owns a Jersey cow two years and one month old, the milk of which for one day yielded two and a half pounds of butter.

—The Daviess court of claims has settled upon three dollars for the per capita tax, forty cents for railroad tax, ten cents for road and bridge tax and three cents for bridge tax, which, with the state levy of 47½ cts. will make the sum total of one dollar and one-half cent on the $100 and $3 poll tax.

—Henry King, of Ironton, received the 3d inst., a check for $8,628 93 being the amount of back pay on a pension just granted him. In addition to this he will draw $72 a month as long as he lives. He belonged to Company I, 32d Ind., and contracted disease at Andersonville prison, which resulted in total blindness. This is said to be the largest pension check ever drawn.—Ashland Independent.

—The grand jury has created considerable sensation by reporting seventy-eight indictments. Nearly all of them against Catlettsburg parties. The saloon keepers who have sold whisky since Judge Brown's decision against them are indicted in a number of cases. They have been arrested and compelled to give bond, some of them as high as two thousand dollars. Gambling and the selling of votes are also receiving attention from the grand jury. The jury is still at work with a fair prospect of remaining so for some time. After Catlettsburg is knocked down and dragged out the sinners of Ashland will receive all the attention to which they are entitled.—Ashland Inde'pt.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—A negro child was born near Athens, Ga., with a full set of teeth.

—It is said that fields are still white with cotton in Colbert county Ala.

—The car-drivers of Memphis, have been picking the locks of the money-boxes and appropriating the contents.

—Work on the Atchafalaya river levees is being pushed on vigorously. In the neighborhood of Simmesport the levees are being rapidly rebuilt.

—Old Ned, the alleged last domestic of Henry Clay, who assisted in digging the grave of the Sage of Ashland, is said to have died recently in Texas.

—The project for a Confederate monument at Nashville seems at last to be assuming a tangible shape, and if the line indicated is carried out the monument is a certainty.

—A test was made in Sparta on last Saturday of the amount of water a bale of cotton would absorb in about one-half an hour's rain. The increase in weight was thirty-seven pounds.

—A Young man named Hurst was instantly killed a few days since at Klein's Landing, Sunflower river, while yoking up a team of oxen, by being accidently struck on the head with the yoke.

—At Greenfield, Tenn., an agent for a St. Louis cotton firm was caught weighing cotton with a brass pea, hollow inside and packed full of shot and making a difference of about five per cent. in the quantity of cotton required.

—At Dallas, Texas, an old half-blind man named Hend, from Greenville, was fleeced out of $300 by a sharper, who pretended he was shipping a stock of goods to his town, and lacked the amount to prepay the freight.

—The sugar crop of Louisiana has exceeded very largely any crop since the war. Two and a half to three hogsheads per acre has been an average on many estates of 600 or 800 acres of cane each. Some of the best cane has yielded as much as four to four and a half hogshead.

Lincoln Reads a Poem

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," o which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down:
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of N. Y.—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Jan., 19, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 00@	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 00	4 25
Colory Smokers	4 50	5 50
Colory Trash	6 00	8 00
Good Br't Trash	10	15 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	29 50	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 00	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	23 25
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Leaf	19	23 00
Good Br't Leaf	23 50	25 00
Fine Br't Leaf	25 50	27 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Filler	11 00	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	23
Com. Med Fil'rs	12 00	18 75
Good Med Fil'rs	19	22
Good L'f Fillers	23 50	25 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 50	27 00

FOR SALE.

The delinquent poll-tax list, both white and colored, of Boone county for the year 1882, will be sold to the highest bidder for cash at the Court-house, in the town of Burlington, at 1 o'clock, on the first Monday in February, 1883. By order of the Court of Claims, S. W. TOLIN, Co. Atty.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

PATENTS
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Send a rough sketch or (if you can) a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

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If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20 to pay Government application fee of $15, and $5 for the drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made, and is all of the expense unless a patent is allowed. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. Thus you know beforehand, for nothing, whether you are going to get a patent or not, and no attorney's fee is charged unless you do get a Patent. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is pateutable, unless it really is patentable, so far as his best judgment can aid in determining the question; hence, you can rely on the advise given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade Marks and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications in revivor of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. Very often valuable inventions are saved in these classes of cases. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report will cost you nothing. Searches made for title to inventions, in fact any information relating to Patents promptly furnished. Copies of Patents mailed at the regular Government rates, (25c. each.) Remember this office has been in successful operation since 1865 and you therefore reap the benefits of experience, besides reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & Beautiful Floral Chromo Cards, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

LIST OF CLAIMS ALLOWED
BY THE
COURT OF CLAIMS
OF BOONE COUNTY,
—AT ITS—
NOVEMBER TERM 1882,
—AND—
JANUARY TERM 1883.

November Term 1882.

Claims payable out of the levy of 1882

J W Kirk for tree boxes	$1 50
Sallie Underhill keeping pauper	100
W F Mckim for medicine	3 65
T W Finch Co. levy refunded	2 50

Claims payable out of levy of 1883

J C Hensly holding inquest and burying pauper	6 00
T W Finch serving road notices	52 50
W A Goodridge holding inquest	24 00
Judy Peno & John Hankins for burying drowned men	16
H Kennedy burying pauper	5 50
Geo Reeves do do	6
Geo Phelps do do	6
H J Foster & Son for printing	19 30
J W Kirk making drawer	1 50
James Hughes (col) conveying pauper to poor-house	3 00
E Fowler burying paupers and furn'ng milk for poor-house	41 00
R C Green county attorney	425
Cy Riddell county judge	333 33

January Term 1883

Claims payable out of the levy of 1882

Ben Rouse note, with interest thereon, also interest on two notes for $1,000 each	1,134 67
Sam Cowen jail account	77 00
do do for coal	21 00
J H Callahan constable	8 20
F P Walton funds fur'hed Co.	68 41
" " receiver	150 00
Ed Fowler superintendent	45 00
Dr Furnish pauper practice	68 75

Claims payable out of the levy of 1883

L H Dills ex-clerk	51 00
W O B Rich constable	18 54
Joseph Rich do	3 46
Curly & Edwards two coffins.	12 00
Joseph Rich constable	7 60
F Hartmann burying child	6 00
L A Loder holding inquest	6 00
A D Riley constable	6 60
Ed Fowler milk for poor-house	15 00
same for sowing rye	6 50
S W Tolin as committee	12 00
Oscar Gaines same	6 00
E H Baker same	3 00

Justices present at November Term 1882

J Wagstaff	$3	L A Loder	$3
J C Hensly	3	W M Rouse	3
O Gaines	3	E H Baker	3
S T Johnson	3	W L Norman	3
W B Craven	3	M B Green	3
T H Sutton	3	B H Ryle	3
G W Baker	3	M C Norman	3
W A Goodridge	3	H Bannister	3

Justices present January Term 1883

W B Craven	3	T H Sutton	3
S T Johnson	3	J Wagstaff	3
J C Hensly	3	W M Rouse	3
L A Loder	3	O Gaines	3
E H Baker	3	G W Baker	3
M B Green	3	M C Norman	3
H Bannister	3	B H Ryle	3
A S McConnell	3	W A Goodridge	3

Justices present 2d day January Term 1883

M B Green	3	O Gaines	3
S T Johnson	3	T H Sutton	3
W M Rouse	3	J C Hensly	3
L A Loder	3	E H Baker	3
M C Norman	3	J Wagstaff	3
H Bannister	3	B H Ryle	3
W B Craven	3	W A Goodridge	3

Judges August election 1882

Wm Rouse	2	J O Roberts	2
J M Robinson	2	Geo Moore	2
J G Snow	2	M P Riley	2
J P Duncan	2	Z T Kelly	2
C Hurd	2	S S McWethy	2
Wm Wilkie	2	M L Rouse	2
G L Miller	2	W W Grimsly	2
J Breedon	2	W B Craven	2
J D Conner	2	T P Crisler	2
Alex Murray	2	Wm Allen	2
F M Underhill	2	J C Hughes	2
D M Snyder	2	Cyrus Kelly	2

Clerks August election 1882

H C Botts	2	J O Griffith	2
E S Rice	2	T O Graves	2
B S O'Neal	2	J L Johnson	2
C C Talbott	2	J K Latham	2
J P Craig	2	L P Sanders	2
W B Grubbs	2	E W Duncan	2

Sheriffs of August election 1882

Ed Fowler	2 00	S J Hedges	2 64
A S Arnold	3 20	L S Stephens	2 80
M V Cave	2 80	N Talbott	2 48
J W Eldred	3 00	G Stephens	3 20
Chas Helm	2 40	G H Aydlotte	2 48
A B Corbin	2 56	G R Griffith	2 88

Judges November election 1882

J S Noell	2	F M Underhill	2
J S Ransom	2	J Breedon	2
L C Yager	2	Alex Murray	2
J T Duncan	2	Z T Kelly	2
B S Kirk	2	E W Duncan	2
Geo Moore	2	J M Robinson	2
D M Snyder	2	Cyrus Kelly	2
J D Norris	2	C Hurd	2
V Dickerson	2	Wm Wilkie	2
J S Snow	2	M P Richy	2
J D Conner	2	Jno Stephens	2
J W Eldred	2	F M Jackson	2

Sheriffs November election 1882

J H Rich	3 00	Chas Helm	2 40
A S Arnold	3 20	A W Bristow	2 48
J K Latham	2 80	A B Corbin	2 56
J A Riddell	2 64	J A Cowen	2 00
L L Stephens	2 80	G H Aydlotte	2 48
G Stephens	3 20	J Rich	2 88

Clerks November election 1882

W M Rouse	2	J M Sleet	2
C F Pettit	2	J D Craig	2
H J Foster	2	W B Grubbs	2
T H Sutton	2	A B Parker	2
J D Gaines	2	L P Sanders	2
C S Balsly	2	G W Cayton	2

Special term February 28, 1882

James Westbay allowed	$6

Special Term May 23d

Samuel Cowen for fence	$50

Special Term July 18th

L H Dills	$12 75

August Term

G L Miller	$3

COUNTY LEVY $2 00

Attest | M. T. GARNETT, Clerk.

G. H. LOEBKER,
DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES,
36 Pike Street,
COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green.
J. S. Mason, J. A. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H Dills, F. P. Helm,
J. J. Dulaney.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

H. F. BLASE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
540 MADISON STREET,
COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS
Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

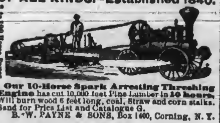
Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky

TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

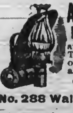
DR. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '81

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.



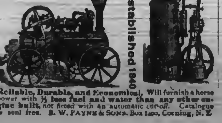
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.



AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the
CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.)
No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.



Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cutoff. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW Is the cheapest and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs fast and easy. Sent on test trial. Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. Deserters entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. Land Warrants procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Local News.

One man in jail.

Saturday was a dandy day.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

Umbrella and goose weather last week.

No excuse for not having ice next summer.

G. M. Riley is doing all the work assessing.

Not many hogs about here awaiting the buyer.

This winter will be known as the sleety winter.

There is an abundance of corn in this county.

Sleighing and skating is no more for the present.

Royal cod fish at Tebbs Bros , Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Take the advice of a friend and get vaccinated at once.

The rabbit market is good, but can't say as to the rabbits.

'Possums are ripe—one was on the market the other day.

Coal was being delivered here last week at 22 cents a bushel.

The freezes and thaws have injured the growing small grain.

John E. Walton now owns land enough to make a small county.

The bottom will be dropping out of the dirt roads now directly.

The delinquent poll tax list is advertised for sale in this impression.

The farmers are not anxious to sell their tobacco at the prices offered.

The supply of daylight has increased considerably in the last month.

Wanted to buy beef cattle and hogs at Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Burlington Lodge No. 264 F. & A. M installed its officers last Saturday.

The fruit prognosticators will shortly give you a forecast of that crop.

Last week and this it has been a difficult task to obtain local items of interest.

The county officers to be elected next August are a sheriff and representative.

We are receiving fresh fish from the lakes, Tebbs Bros , Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Sheriff Clutterbuck is doing the business of his office without the assistance of a deputy.

Wanted, 1000 lbs. of country lard, will pay 12½ cents cash, Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

We have had a good deal of dark, damp, dreary, dismal, drizzling, disgusting weather this month.

Mr. R. C. Rice and wife united by letter with the Baptist church at this place last Sunday evening.

During the year 1882 there were sixty-four marriage licenses issued to whites and seven to negroes.

The Georgetown Times has been enlarged to an eight column sheet—Good omen of success.

The small amount of litigation being done in Boone speaks well for the prosperity of the county.

Our Walton friend will please continue his favors, but don't fail to sign your name to the next communication.

On the first of March Mr. John L. Conner will take possession of his business stand at Erlanger.

Dogs made a raid on Mr. Blythe's sheep the other day. None of the sheep were killed, but the dog was.

Monday morning was the most disagreeable of the season, though the thermometer at this place was 2° above zero.

We hear it said that J. M. Conner will, in the spring, move to the house now occupied by James Smith, near this place.

Lewis Bremen will have several nice lambs for the eastern market. He has had good luck thus far with his young muttons.

Those having the matter in hand are very sanguine that the christian church edifice will be built in Bellevue at an early day.

McAndrews, the Chambers lightning rod man, was in town Friday. Mc. was looking badly, having been sick for several weeks.

Nothing done in County Court since the qualifying of J. R. Clutterbuck as sheriff, except releasing John L. Conner of an erroneous assessment.

School Commissioner Snyder was in town Saturday. He is taking a great interest in education, and has been visiting the schools.

[illegible] Cummings for Daniel Cummings, deposited with the jury Commissioner $300 in lieu of bail, and Daniel was released from custody.

Any of our patrons having copies of the RECORDER of dates December 6th and 13th, 1882, will please send them to us as we need a few copies of these dates.

Georgie Piper is going to try his luck in the book business again. Hope he will have better luck than he experienced on a former venture of that kind.

The several justices of the county will confer a favor by sending us on a postal card the time of holding their respective courts. We want to get up a directory.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Beall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

The next State Convention will be composed of 742 delegates and of that number this Congressional District will be entitled to 74, nine of which belong to Boone county.

We want the news from every neighborhood in the county, and upon application, we will at once forward the necessary stationary to those who desire to assist the RECORDER in that particular.

James Hogan, who lives on the Bellevue pike, near Burlington, having become tired of waiting for a buyer for his tobacco, says he will get some empty flour barrels and a rail and prize his tobacco.

Billie Sheehan writes us from Independence as follows: "I wish you would direct my paper here, as I have permanently located."

We have heard of others who became as suddenly located.

The post office department has fixed the following schedule for the mail between this place and Erlanger: Leaves Erlanger, at 10 a. m., and arrives at Burlington at 12 m. Leaves Burlington at 2 p. m., and arrives at Erlanger at 4 p. m.

Andrew Gluckin, an aged gentleman who lives about three or four miles from Florence and near Frogtown, has the small-pox. It is said that about 150 persons were exposed to his case, and considerable excitement prevails in his neighborhood.

The Cincinnati Morning Journal says: "While Tennessee is distracted with her debt complications, Kentucky's bank account is as solid as the foundations of her monument to Henry Clay; and Florida's treasury is full, with prospective revenues far in excess of prospective expenditures."

Mr. Wm. Tanner, of Florence, has gone to New Orleans for his health. Mr. Tanner for the past four or five years has been one of Florence's most active business men, and his many friends regret to hear of his illness, and hope that the southern clime will restore his shattered health.

Geo. W. Dunlap, a Lexington Evangelist, has written to our postmaster, asking him if the Court-house can be secured for religious services. His letter was answered in the affirmative, and he will probably be here in the near future.

LATER—He arrived yesterday at noon! Services had not commenced when our formes closed Tuesday.

An intelligent farmer of Woodford county said yesterday that he thought there was a blue prospect for wheat. The fly damaged it in the fall and the winter has been hard upon it. He says the late snow did more harm than good, as it was followed by a rapid thaw and then a freeze "which stewed the roots out of the ground." —Frankfort Yeoman.

Mr. T. A. Martin, of the firm of T. A. Martin & Co., No. 634 Madison St., Covington, Ky., was in town Friday. Mr. Martin was for many years with J. M Clarkson, of Covington, and is therefore well acquainted in Boone. Boone county people wanting stoves, tinware or grates when in Covington will do well to call on the Kentucky Stove and Tin works.

One of the largest land sales made in this part of the county was that consumated last Friday between William Walton and John E. Walton in which the former conveyed to the latter the farm on which he now resides, containing 336 acres. The consideration is $12,000. This trade has been under way for twenty years. Mr. William Walton contemplates buying land in some of the western states. If Mr. W. leaves here the county will lose one of her best citizens.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. Brent is visiting at Campbellsburg.

Sam Hind, of Walton was in town the other day.

Ex-Assessor W. N. Smith was on our streets Friday.

Thomas Cowen was visiting his brother in Gallatin county, last week.

John M Hoshal and J. C. Clore, of Hebron, were in town Saturday.

Miss Alice Souther, of Florence X Roads was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rouse, last week.

Miss Sallie Hyatt who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Grant, of this place, has returned to her home in Newport.

Real Estate Conveyances.

Lewis Conner to O. P. Conner, 71¼ acres on Gunpowder.—$1,500.

Patrick Crosby to Bruce Henry, 12½ acres.—$100 cash.

John N. Humphry to W. B. Kelley, 25 acres near Aylor's Store.—$1 000.

Commission Kenton Circuit Court to Trustees of Petersburg, town lots in Petersburg. This deed was made Jan. 7th, 1871.

Master Commissioner Kenton Chancery Court to Buffington heirs.

Commissioner's deeds have been recorded as follows: To N. W. Allen's heirs. To the heirs of Reuben Norman. To the heirs of Mathew Gordon. To the heirs of Willis Records.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Bellevue.

B. F. Garnett who has been confined to the house all winter is still very poorly.

Miss Katie Piatt has typhoid fever at her brother's, Dr. L. H. Piatt's,

Our old citizen, J. H. Akin, has improved none since he was stricken with paralysis.

J. H. Walton shipped 30 hogs the other night that averaged 380 pounds.

The new organ for the Baptist church has arrived. It is a splendid instrument.

The exercises at the literary society last Friday night were intensely interesting, the disputants making masterly efforts. The question, affirmed that there is more to be learned from books than from traveling was affirmed by Elder Dicken and J. T. Marshall and denied by Orlando Snyder and Elder Houston. The negative won the decision. We hope that the interest in the society will increase, as it is evident that all who participate in the exercises will be profited there-by.

Taylorport.

Miss Queen Grubbs spent part of last week visiting her lady friends in Delhi and Home city.

Miss Mollie Sprague has had quite a protracted spell of sickness, but we are happy to say she is slightly improved at present.

The most enjoyable affair we have had recently in the way of parties was the select party at Mr. Wheatly's residence near Parlor Grove. Beacom's orchestra furnished music. The dancing lasted until about two o'clock.

Snowden Humphrey has killed almost all the game in this section of the country and now proposes to rest until next season.

Dick Fox has at last come out victorious in the race with Esquire Myers, of Delhi. The Squire hasn't been over for a long time. Good looks and accomplished manners will accomplish what riches often fail to do

Mr. Harry Piper, a former resident of our city, was in town last week. He has been promoted to the position of chief operator, general office C. I. St. L & C. C R.R. LaFayette, Ind., and fills the position admirably. He has our best wishes for success. [We would like to hear from you ever week.—EDS.]

Normansville.

On last Monday, our district school house caught fire from the stove, and for a few minutes (no water being handy) great excitement prevailed; but, fortunately, no serious damage was done.

We have had no boats this week on account of ice in the river.

Our present mail-carrier, Billy Wilson, is very accommodating, only once in awhile suggesting that the young ladies write too many letters.

R. D. Finnell, of Walton, paid us a flying visit, this week.

Our school commissioner, D. M. Snyder, was in our midst, a few days since.

Prayer meeting at Big Bone every Friday evening.

Lost, strayed or stolen from a trunk in Normansville, two letters. The finder will please return them to whom they are addressed, and no questions will be asked.

Petersburg.

Little Davie, son of D. C. Alcorn, while sliding on the pike, last Saturday night, met with a serious and painful accident. His sled, getting the advantage of him, ran violently into the toll-gate, and broke his leg just below the knee. think this will be a lesson to all lovers of the sport, and stop all sliding, especially on the pike, as it is very dangerous. We hope the officers of the turnpike will pass a law that there shall be no more sliding on the road.

The Christian Sunday-school elected the following officers for the ensuing year: D. Riggs, Supt.; J. H. Snyder, Assistant Supt.; Willie Snyder, Secy.; F. M. Cox, Treas.; Charles McWethy and Mark Gordorn, Librarians.

Quite an excitement and interesting little fight took place in the west end of town last Wednesday, between Sam Falsteen and wife in which Mr. Falsteen beat his wife severely with the poker, and she was unconscious for about four hours. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but not served, and about 9 o'clock that night a posse of about 12 men, all masked, assembled at the house of Mr. Falsteen and politely took him from his warm bed and accompanied him to the river where they gave him a severe and a cool ducking. After he was brought a shore the paddle instead of the poker was administered to him. He begged manfully and said he would never do the like again.

Capt. A. B. Holabird got a boat load of ice out of Tanner creek, last week, that was about 6 inches thick.

Mr. Walker Tolin, county attorney, was here last Thursday.

T. H. Green was not able to be out last week, as he was very sick.

J. Frank Grant is confined to his bed with a very severe cold.

Sam Buchanan, of Rising Sun, Ind., was here last Saturday.

Funny to see—O. T. Porter playing No one to love, on the organ.

Dickie Parker dance the racquet.

Bob Bolen play punch and judy.

Plattsburg

John Smith has been offered $10 all round for his tobacco.

Died—Last Thursday, an infant child of Wm. Snelling.

J. B. Tolin was sick with plurasy several days last week, and Preston Miller is dangerously sick with pneumonia.

Perry Kirtley will handle the yardstick at the Gainesville store for the next twelve months. Perry's a good one.

Rev. Geo. Froh preaches at the Ashby Fork school-house the 4th Sunday in each month, at 3:30 p. m.

Egbert Nichols will move to Bromley, Kenton county, next week. We regret to lose Egbert from our midst. He's a good wood-workman.

—There are more geese in this market than there are buyers, since all the buyers have withdrawn except Westbay.

W. T. Crisler, who has been very sick with pneumonia, is on the high road to recovery.

We have quite a freak of nature in our town in the shape of a nest of young blue birds, yet unfledged. The mother feeds them daily.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the season was at the residence of Woodford Sullivan last Monday night. There were 15 couples in attendance, and all enjoyed themselves hugely. Hensly and Barker furnished the music, which was excellent.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope. DR. M. E. CASS,
201 York street Jersey City, N. J.
☞ Mention this paper. Jan 17-83

IRELAND of TO-DAY $75 to $150 Per Month. New Edition Now Ready. Gives Repression Bill, Events of 1882, etc. Agents Wanted J. C. McCURDY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; **Books & Bibles** low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Public Sale.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, at the late residence of Robt. W. Cooper, decd., on

FEB. 1st, '83

The following personal property, belonging to the estate of said deceased, to wit:

One Horse, Cattle, Sheep, 1 Road Wagon, 1 Horse Cart, Farming Implements, Household and Kitchen Furniture and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under cash in hand, over that amount a credit of 6 months will be given, the purchaser giving note with approved security.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock a. m.
JOS. A. GAINES, Executor.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

W B Craven, Plff. } Notice of sale in equity
vs
Daniel Robinson, &c. Defts }

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the October Term thereof, 1881, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 5th day of February 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction: to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 12 months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment, to wit:

A parcel of land lying and being in the town of Verona, Boone county, Ky., bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in the Big Bone road, running with the same to the corner of the North District church lot; thence northeast about one hundred feet to the corner of the "old ice house"; thence south about fifty feet to a stone; thence back to the Big Bone road to the beginning. Said piece of land is known as the "Old Store-house lot.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Amount to be raised by sale, $134 86.
Bonds payable to the undersigned.
W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

Public Sale!

The undersigned will, as administratrix of Lewis Aylor, decd., sell publicly to the highest bidder at his late residence, on the East Bend Road, five miles South of Burlington, Kentucky, on

Friday, Jan. 26.

A lot of Drygoods, Groceries, Tinware, Quensware, 24 Stands of Bees and many things too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a. m., and continue from day to day till completed.

Terms made known on day of sale.

All persons indebted to the estate of R. L. Aylor, decd., will come forward and settle the indebtedness. All persons having claims against said estate will present them properly proven as by law required.

ELIZABETH M. AYLOR,
Admr'x.

THE EAGLE
DRUG STORE,
—IS POSITIVELY—
THE CHEAPEST
—HOUSE IN—
RISING SUN, IND.
Where will be found a fresh stock of
DRUGS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
PUTTY and
WINDOW GLASS,
SCHOOL BOOKS
—AND—
STATIONERY,
all at bottom prices.
GIVE US A CALL.
D. C. Thorn,
Main St., - - Rising Sun, Ind.
6-3m

J. W. MILLER,
—DEALER IN—
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
432 Madison St.
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.
(Odd-Fellows Building.)
Is selling Fancy and Staple Groceries cheaper than any other house in Covington.
Fine Teas A Specialty.
A full stock of Family Groceries always on hand. 7-3m

DUDLEY ROUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
Has Knocked Down the Price on a lot of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S Side-lace SHOES so low that the figures will surprise you.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS
Have been overtaken by the same Slaughter and are being Closed out at Prices which make them go in a hurry. Several pieces of nice **DRESS GOODS** must be sold and to make you want them they are going to be disposed of at a sacrifice. If you want any of the above goods call early as they are being taken rapidly.

I also have a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Yarns, Prints, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, Notions, &c.

A full stock of **FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES** always on hand

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

GREEN & RIDDELL.
ATTORNEYS at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office next door to Recorder Office. 8-tf

L. C. NORMAN. H. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES.
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on small claims. G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

F. Adkinson. A. W. Gaines.
ADKINSON & GAINES,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. 41tf.

S. W. TOLIN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - KY
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
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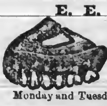

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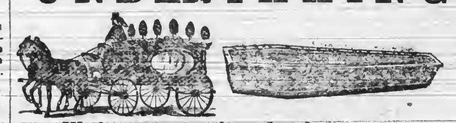

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BURLINGTON, : KENTUCKY

THE TWO WOOINGS.

In the garden sweet with roses,
Mused a maid one summer day,
Dreaming 'mid the bloom and fragrance
Of the years long passed away.
"In this very garden olden,
I have heard my mother say,
Did my grandsire, proud and stately,
Woo a maiden fair and gay.
Gay and fair, my girlish grand dame
(I have seen her pictured face),
Pure and sweet as any lily,
With a dainty, old-time grace.
He, so tall and grand and stately,
Powdered hair and quaint attire;
Yet beneath the garb of manhood
Beat a heart of youthful fire.
And he wooed in courtly phrases,
Murmured low on bended knee,
Like a true and loving subject—
Like a royal princess she.
Scarce he dared, with humble fervor,
Press her dainty finger-tips;
Lower bent his head, and lower,
When he raised them to his lips.
Ah, so grand that old-time wooing,
Timid glance and bended knee!"
"Thus" (so ran her gentle musings)
"Must my lover kneel to me."

In the garden as she lingered,
Dreaming dreams as maidens will,
Down the leafy walks there sounded
Steps that made her pulses thrill.
And a youth of modern aspect,
With a manner debonnair,
Came with words of careless greeting,
Sought the nearest garden chair.
And he chatted of the weather,
Praised the garden, plucked a rose;
Likened it to her in beauty—
Fairest, sweetest flower that grows.
Not a trace of awe or homage
On his frank and happy face;
Yet the maiden read his purpose
'Neath his mein of careless grace.
"Oh, his heart is true and tender!
Sweet the tale he has to tell!
And" (so ran her happy musing)
"Sure am I he loves me well."
Does he kneel, this modern lover?
Press her dainty finger-tips?
Ah! instead he clasps her closely,
Boldly kisses willing lips;
Eagerly, with eyes love lighted,
Gazes on her blushing face;
Calls her dearest, best and fairest,
Praises every tender grace.
"Stately was my grandsire's wooing,
On that olden summer day!
Yet" (thus runs her guileless musing)
"Sweeter far the modern way."

—*Ada E. Rockwell, in Our Continent.*

A GAME OF CHANCE.

BY MRS. CECILIA K. GIBSON.

"But you must admit she is very pretty, Miss Mercy," said her visitor, smiling quizically, as she once more endeavored to draw out her hostess upon the party under discussion.

"No, I am sorry to say I can not see it. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' and for my part I fail to understand why a young woman, if she is a widow, should be running around the country getting up concerts and theatrical performances, fleecing people out of their money and making herself generally ridiculous, if she has a mother and a home to stay in. Why doesn't she settle down and take in sewing, or teach school, like a respectable person, instead of flitting about from place to place making herself a laughing stock and a nuisance generally?" and Miss Mercy's black eyes snapped indignantly as she stroked down her soft, dark hair with her plump little hands, and settled herself in her chair with a decisive movement, as though to put an end, at once and forever, to the discussion.

Miss Mercy Proctor, though naturally the cheeriest and brightest of women, and one not addicted to making ill-natured or unchristian-like speeches, had been so unusually tried during the past few months that her sweet temper had become sadly ruffled, and she only needed the match applied in the shape of praise of her rival to make her break out into a sudden flame of bitterness and censure; for Miss Mercy loved John Lockwood, and had loved him for years, and on his return from the West he had treated her with such gentleness and apparent devotion that her tender heart had fluttered with expectation, and she almost felt sure she was loved in return. But then the widow, the brilliant Mrs. Hazleton, had appeared upon the scene, drawing him from his allegiance to her and diverting his attentions until she grew weary and heartsick, and almost despaired of ever winning him back. No wonder the little woman failed to discover beauty in the gay and dashing widow, for who ever knew a fellow-creature to appear to advantage in the eyes of an opponent.

Still, there was a good deal to be said after all on the other side, for Mrs. Hazleton, though indisputably gay, was far from being frivolous, while her beauty, in spite of Miss Mercy's opinion, was certainly of a high order. Married at the age of eighteen and widowed at twenty she was now, at the age of twenty-four, a still young and charming woman, "who could no more "settle down," as Miss Mercy expressed it, than the coursing mountain stream could quiet itself and become a stagnant pool. Fair and winsome, she made friends wherever she went, supporting herself by giving music and dancing lessons, with occasionally a concert or an amateur dramatic performance thrown in—for her talents were as varied as the play of her features, which were merry or sad, pathetic or demure, as the case might be. So it will be seen that Miss Mercy's summing up was hardly just, or on the whole thoroughly reliable.

And John Lockwood? John was a handsome, careless fellow, not worth half the laurels with which he was usually crowned. Some ten years before he had left his native village and gone West to seek his fortune—had been fairly successful, not so much from energy or application to business as from sheer good luck, which some how or other always seemed to follow him, like a bird of richest plumage perching on his shoulder and flapping its golden pinions in his face—even shedding its glittering moultings at his very feet. But six months ago he had returned from his journeyings, returned to find everything changed. "Everything but Miss Mercy," as he remarked, half fondly, to that patient little woman, his sweetheart of former days, and she had blushed and smiled down into her heart, thinking to herself that that at least was unchanged.

John had come back to get him a wife, he laughingly announced on his arrival, and many a maid had smiled up into his eyes, and many a heart had quickened at his advance, for John was thoughtless and distributed his attentions with remarkable evenness until the advent of the widow. But now all was changed, and Mrs. Hazleton, with her blue eyes, golden hair and infantile ways, had apparently taken possession of him; and Miss Mercy sighed and anxious mammas grew wrathful and acrimonious at the "designing adventuress," as they now secretly styled her, and wondered what in the world there was so attractive about widows that young men were ever ready and willing to fall into their toils. It had been an unusually lively fall, for Mrs. Hazleton's dancing school had been well patronized by both old and young, and the Tuesday and Thursday night "sociables" as she termed the throwing open of her doors to the general public on those two evenings each week, between the hours of nine and eleven, had insured the success and popularity of her school—for the public is always fond of dancing if some one else will only pay the fiddler.

Miss Mercy was a regular attendant, not so much because she was fond of dancing as because John was sure to be there, and he was invariably attentive and kind. Not more so to her than to the sprightly little instructress, who laughed and chatted gaily, and seemed to take his attentions quite as a matter of course. But sometimes he would invite Miss Mercy to dance, and then request her to sit in some quiet corner instead and talk to him, and the blushes would mount to her cheeks and her heart would throb with delight, which would suddenly deepen to pain when he would leave her afterward and walk off with the widow hanging fondly on his arm.

"Ah John, capricious John! Do you not know there is cruelty in such kindness?"

Thanksgiving Day was approaching, and it was generally understood that the young man was to start for his Western home the day following. The little village was in a constant state of half-subdued excitement, for Mr. and Mrs. Turner, old friends of John's father, were to have a large party on that night in order to give the young fellow a good send-off, and no end of conjectures arose as to whether it might not be a wedding after all. As far as observations went the matrimonial outlook remained about at a stand-still. Nobody was prepared to say that a trousseau was actually in course of preparation, although it was hinted that Mrs. Hazleton was having a lovely new dress made, purchased with the proceeds of her last quarters salary. "Of course it was unquestionably extravagant if such really was the case, still if she succeeded in catching a husband by that means it might be that the money was well spent." But then nobody knew much about it after all, as the lady in question was visiting a friend in the country, where it was decidedly unhandy to get at her, and John was about town as easy and off-hand as ever. It was understood he was to bring the widow to the party, however, and the older women thought ruefully of the long five-mile drive. What a chance for him to propose to her on the way, even if he hadn't done so already.

The long-looked for night at length arrived, and at an early hour the great old house was ablaze with light from garret to cellar, while the merry tinkle of sleigh-bells without announced the arrival of the first of the guests, for in good old-fashioned towns, and with good old-fashioned country people, parties assemble as soon after supper, or early candle-light, as convenient. Miss Mercy, an especial friend and favorite of the hostess, came in time to assist in the arrangements of the table, making herself useful in such a variety of ways, but in so quiet and unobstrusive a manner, that Mrs. Turner, who, at this crisis was in a highly nervous and distraught state, declared she could "never have got along without her—never." The little woman looked unusually pretty in her black silk dress, with a bunch of straw-colored chrysanthemums at her throat and another in her glossy black hair. She always wore her hair brushed smoothly behind the ears and fastened in a coil at the back of her shapely head. And how really becoming the chrysanthemums were—such a mellow, golden tinge—who would have imagined Miss Mercy would have known so well the color that suited her best!"

Mrs. Hazleton and John were the last to arrive, the latter flushed and radiant from the long drive in the frosty evening air, and looked like an old-fashioned picture just stepped out of its frame, in her pale blue silk dress cut square in the neck, her fair hair done high on the top of her head in a mass of bewildering curls, and her plump white arms but partially concealed by a fall of filmy lace.

John was in high spirits, escorting her out to supper, and afterward returning to the parlor for Miss Mercy. He finished the evening with old Mrs. Turner, sitting by her side and waiting upon her with ready good humor, but declining positively all further offers of refreshment. "Would you have a fellow kill himself outright?" he deprecatingly interposed, when she insisted upon his having "just one more cup of coffee." After supper "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious," and John became the target for many a lively sally.

"Why don't you get married, John, my boy?" asked jolly Captain McAllister, giving him a sly poke in the ribs; "I thought you'd come home for a wife."

"That is exactly what I should like to know, Captain," echoed a lady standing near. "I have come to the conclusion Mr. Lockwood is an unmitigated swindle. He made us believe we should dance at his wedding, but has never given us a chance."

"What's the matter, John? won't the party or *parties*, whichever it is (for on my soul I can't make out), have you—or are you in a strait betwixt the two? Can't you make up your mind which one you want?"

The young man laughed good-naturedly as he replied:

"I expect you've hit the nail on the head this time, Captain. I fear I am somewhat in the position of the party who originated the lines beginning:

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away—"

The Captain roared vociferously:

"Bless my heart, is that the case? And so you can't decide! Why, hang it, man, if I were you I think I'd find a way out of it, even if I had to draw cuts."

"The very thing," exclaimed a chorus of voices. "Draw cuts, John—do draw cuts, it will be such fun, and see which it shall be—the old love or the new."

The young man raised his eyes with imperturbable coolness as he replied in his usually careless tone:

"If the ladies have no objections I'm sure I have none."

"And will you abide by the decision and really marry whichever falls to your lot?"

"Unquestionably, if she will have me."

The two ladies were sought for and found; one in the library, the other in the dancing-room.

"Oh, Mrs. Hazleton, Miss Mercy," the young ladies exclaimed as they led them back to the room where a little crowd had collected, "Mr. Lockwood is going to draw cuts for a wife, and the choice lies between you two. Oh, won't it be fun?"

"Fun for the one who gets him," said the widow, laughing lightly. While Miss Mercy exclaimed, impetuously: "Draw cuts—John Lockwood draw cuts for a wife—how dare he do it?"

"I think it would be pretty, perhaps, to have the ladies draw," said Capt. McAllister, searching in his pocket-book for a slip of paper to cut into strips, "then they couldn't accuse Mr. Lockwood of unfairness or partiality. What do you say, John, have you any objections?"

"Not the least in the world," said the young man, unconcernedly—"any way to suit yourselves."

The slips were cut and the Captain arranged them in his hand. One long one marked "prize," and the others short and blanks. "Now ladies," said the Captain, "are you ready?"

Miss Mercy had a severe struggle with her heart before she could bring herself to consent. Mrs. Hazleton had not thought of refusing, and why should she hold back? Must she resign John now, at once and forever, or should she make one last effort to retain him? Her cheeks burned with excitement, and her hand trembled so she could scarcely put it out.

"Ready," said the Captain once again, smiling benignly at the two ladies as their hands were simultaneously extended.

The crowd held their breath while the choice was being made, then—"Miss Mercy has got it! Miss Mercy has got it!" was shouted on all sides.

Mrs. Hazleton turned away with heightened color, "What nonsense," she exclaimed, leading the way from the room. "Surely Mr. Lockwood will not be expected to abide by the terms of such an adventure."

Miss Mercy sank in a chair near by, unable to stand and hardly daring to raise her eyes. Had she, indeed, won him, and was it really true? or was it only an idle jest and a cruel one at that? Her heart beat wildly, and she took no notice that the party was breaking up, and the people were going home.

When she arose she found herself alone in the parlor and John with a quiet smile on his handsome face was advancing toward her. She tried to pass him without looking at him, but he stopped her, and taking her burning face between his hands raised it slowly till her eyes met his. For a moment he studied the quivering face, then whispered softly, in a low calm voice: "Be ready to-morrow dear, at ten o'clock—" and the next instant he was gone—gone to tuck the widow snugly in the sleigh preparatory to their homeward drive.

Little Miss Mercy passed the night in a state of feverish excitement, weeping and laughing hysterically at intervals. "Was John really in earnest in what he said, or was it but a continuation of an idle jest?" He had called her "dear," and his whisper was fond, nay almost tender. "Did he mean it seriously, and could it be that he loved her? or was he bent on making a martyr of himself to a mistaken sense of honor?" If such was the case she would "never marry him—no, never," even though her heart-string snapped in giving him up at last.

When morning broke she was already up putting her house in order and packing her trunk in case anything should happen.

She dressed herself with care in a soft, dark cashmere dress that might answer for a traveling dress, and after gathering a fresh cluster of her favorite chrysanthemums seated herself in the shadow of the curtained window to watch the passers-by. She wouldn't be silly enough to dress up in flowers in the morning unless— But then one never knows what may happen.

It lacked a quarter to ten o'clock when the jingling of sleighbells arrested her attention, and leaning forward she caught a glimpse of a lively procession approaching the house, headed by John and the clergyman, the Rev. Lemuel Sykes. Her heart leaped to her throat and she wanted to run away, but just then the voice of Mrs. Turner was heard exclaiming: "We've come to the wedding—but where is the bride?"

Her friend found her but she refused to appear; so John himself came for her.

"Not wanting to back out at this late hour," he cried extending his arms and drawing her to him, "Ah, little, woman, I should be heart-broken indeed."

She looked into his face incredulously.

"But, do you love me, John?" she whispered.

"Always and forever, darling."

"Why then did you hazard your chance of happiness so recklessly?" she asked. "It might have gone the other way."

"It might, indeed," said the young man, penitently, in which case I fear I should have been constrained to cry "God help me for my folly!"

"And so it came about that the wedding really did come off, and John really made his word good by carrying back to his Western home his old sweetheart and new wife. It was hinted that there was a lively scene between him and the widow the night of the party; but as the former never mentioned it, and the latter was not a woman to wear her heart on her sleeve, the facts were never fully known. However it was, she consoled herself shortly afterward by marrying a young physician, and it is to be hoped that under his skillful hand the wound was thoroughly and effectually healed.

What Is a Playa?

These areas are known locally as mud-flats, salt-marshes, borax-flats, alkali-flats, deserts, sinks, etc., the name usually indicating some peculiar feature of the valley to which it is applied. As these desert regions have an almost identical history, the Spanish word playa—meaning shore or strand—has been adopted by geologists as a generic term under which the various desiccated lake basins may be grouped. Valleys more absolutely desolate than the playas of the Great Basin can not be found, even in the midst of Sahara. They occur as mud-plains, occupying the lowest portion of arid valleys, and form a horizontal, even floor that is soft and perhaps covered by a shallow lake during the winter, but in the summer and fall becomes hard and dry, and crossed by innumerable shrinkage-cracks that give the whole broad surface the appearance of a tessellated pavement of cream-colored marble. At other times, after the water has evaporated, the salts contained in the mud of the playa are brought to the surface in solution by the action of capillary attraction, and a saline incrustation is formed on the surface of the desert when the water that held the salts in solution evaporates. In such instances the surface appears as white and dazzling as if covered with drifting snow. A journey across such a plain during the heat of summer, when the mirage renders even the most familiar land-marks uncertain, becomes the most weary and trying that the explorer is called upon to make.—*I. C. Russell, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Colonel George L. Godfrey, of Iowa, a member of the Utah Commission, expresses an opinion that the Edmunds law will eventually suppress polygamy in the Territory. The younger men among the Mormons, he states, are not inclined to become polygamists. The Mormon Church, he believes, is in danger of dissolution.

—The undertaker can stand no trifling. He wants everything dead in earnest.

—A cash boy in one of the largest dry goods stores in Chicago was suspected of having stolen a ten dollar bill, but vigorously denied the charge. The money was nowhere to be found, but as the boy was the only instrumentality by which it could disappear, he was detained in custody in the office until he should confess. He was obstinate for a long time, but finally burst into tears and acknowledged that he had taken the bill. "What have you done with it?" asked the head of the house. "Please, sir, I chawed it," answered the boy. And sure enough the little fellow, fearing detection, as soon as he was suspected had chewed the bill and swallowed it.—*Chicago News.*

—Near Salzburg, Austria, a mine has been found which seems to have been abandoned at least 2,000 years ago in consequence of an inundation. Bodies of the ancient salt miners have been discovered among the *debris* tolerably well preserved. Among the implements were wooden shovels, a basket made of untanned raw hide, a piece of cloth of coarse wool, and the remains of a torch bound together with flax fibres. The disaster which flooded the mine had evidently been sudden.

—J. H. Plummer, of Brattleborough, Pa., has a rose bush ninety years old, from which more than two bushels of buds had been plucked last season.

A High Opinion.

Captain John J. Dawson, late of the British Army, residing on Love street, between Mandeville and Spain, this city, says he used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest possible advantage when afflicted with rheumatism.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

WHEN the plasterer is at work upon a ceiling it may be said that he understands his business.

To Consumptives.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III. of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, costs two stamps, post-paid. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

GIVE the miser a knowledge of mathematics and he will cipher more.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Lady Wants to Know

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, art can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

HATTERS are the people oftenest caught napping.

What's Saved is Gained.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicine. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

THE New York *Commercial* thinks there is no excuse for snoring in church when twelve clothespins can be bought for one cent.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists

For thick heads, heavy stomachs, bilious ness—Wells' May Apple Pills. 10 and 25c.

SPECKLED MOON, a Pawnee Indian Chief, has seventeen wives. They ought to be able to keep his wigwarm.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Cures coughs, bronchitis and consumption. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

SPEAKING of rare coins, a twenty-dollar gold piece is rare enough with most men.

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS AND COLDS use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

A THEATRICAL company is like a kite. To have it go up quickly sticks are necessary.

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

WHEN a man says "cold as blazes," he means hot as ice. Take him as he means.

THE Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

"Like master, like man," may be all very well; but suppose you don't happen to like either—what then?—*Our Continent.*

MENSMAN'S peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old), who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

"Boss," said a darkey to a florist, "speakin' ob prices, would you say a flower am riz or has gone up?" "Well, speaking of buds," replied the dealer, pointing to a beautiful Marechal Niel, "I would say that flower is rose." The darkey blossomed out with the blind staggers.

A PHYSICIAN says an obstinate sick headache can be cured by wearing a pair of spectacles. We can't see through the remedy.

WE hope we shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say we have received 1883 calendars.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A MAN saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary dollar, and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card, in beautiful script, the magic words: "Don't Drink."—*N. Y. Mail.*

IN some cities the policemen give an alarm by rapping on the pavement. When he isn't walking his beat he is beating his walk.—*Boston Transcript.*

WHAT is the difference between a seal-skin hat and a vivid imagination? Why, one is a fancy fur tile, and the other is a fertile fancy.

THE Supreme Court of Indiana holds that while sleeping-car companies are not liable, either as inn-keepers or common carriers, for personal goods stolen from the occupants of a sleeping-car berth, yet a company is responsible to an occupant for the loss of personal goods resulting from the company's negligence; that the company, in accepting the price of the passenger's berth, impliedly agrees to keep watch over him while asleep, and take reasonable care to prevent the theft of his goods and money from his person, either by unauthorized intruders or by occupants of the car.

THEY have got to making rat-traps, nowadays, with looking-glasses in them. We suppose the rats run in to see how their new furs look.

THE lady trapezists are green with jealousy over a newspaper paragraph that tells of a bride who "walked on her father's arm."

FENDERSON doesn't see why an artist should be paid a high price for his paintings. His work is easily done, Fenderson says.—*Boston Post.*

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Why Mysterious Physical Troubles Arouse Special Dread—A Professional Experience.

Few things give more pain than dread or apprehension. Most people are able to face apparent danger heroically, but the sudden and unexpected coming of some indefinite calamity very naturally strikes terror to even the bravest. For this reason lightning and tornadoes are considered terrible; their coming and going are so sudden, unannounced and unknown. For this same reason an unknown disease, some poison in the blood, some malady that is gradually undermining the life, is specially dreaded by all thinking people. And, indeed, there are good reasons for such dread, for modern science has discovered that some virulent disorders show the least signs in their beginnings, while they have the worst possible symptoms. We know of many persons who have dull and uncertain pains in various portions of the body: whoare unnaturally tired one day and apparently well the next; who have an enormous appetite at times and a loathing of food soon thereafter. Such persons are really in a dangerous condition, even though they may not realize it. The following statement of a most prominent physician, who has had unusual opportunities for investigation, is of so striking and important a nature that it will be read with interest by all:

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OFFICE: No. 27¼ WEST EIGHTH STREET,
O. ANDERSON, M. D., SUPERINTENDENT.
CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 2, 1882.

Messrs. Editors:

I have, during my professional career of many years' practice, treated a large number of various disorders, of which, perhaps, none have given me more trouble than the mysterious disease known as acute nephritis; and while it may seem strange, it is, nevertheless, true, that the physician is generally greatly annoyed by this mysterious trouble, especially when the case is of hereditary origin. It is, doubtless, the first stage of the well-known, but terrible Bright's disease, as the kidneys contain large quantities of albumen; and while children and young people are especially liable to its attacks, it is prevalent with all classes, and usually continues until late in life.

One obstinate case which came under my observation, was that of a fireman of this city who applied to me for treatment. The case was diagnosed parenchymatous nephritis. The man was twenty-four years of age; plethoric and light complected. He stated that he had suffered from urinary troubles from childhood, and that he had "doctored" a hundred times, each time improving some; after which, in a short while, he would relapse into his former state of misery. I prescribed the usual therapeutics known to the profession with the same result that my colleagues had obtained. He got better for a while and then worse again; in fact, so bad that he had to lay off for some time. He suffered intense pain; so much so that I confess I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My druggist, who knew how disgusted I was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a remedy from which he (the druggist) himself had derived great benefit. As a drowning man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and, although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent medicines," I must confess that after my fireman had taken one bottle he grew much better. I made him continue its use for a period of two months, with the most gratifying results; it really worked wonders, and he owes his cure and present perfect health solely to the remarkable power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I prescribed, and he used.

Since the recovery of the man above mentioned, I have given considerable thought to the subject of acute nephritis, or kidney difficulty, and I find that its manifestations are most remarkable. It often appears without any special symptoms of its own, or possibly as a sequel to other disease. It may be a sequel to scarlatina, diphtheria, and other illnesses, and even arise from pregnancy. The first symptoms frequently show themselves in the form of high, fierce and intense pains in the lumbar region, "the small of the back," troublesome micturitions and frequent changes in the color of the urine which at times diminishes perceptibly. If the urine is entirely suppressed, the case, probably, will terminate fatally in a very few days. Dropsy is a consequence of the suppression of urine, and the severeness of it is governed by the proportion of retention. The nervous system becomes prostrated with subsequent convulsions and irregular circulation of the blood, which, in my estimation, eventually might cause a diseased heart to give out. As I have remarked, in many kidney diseases—yes, even in Bright's disease itself—there is no perceptible pain in the back, and these troubles often assert themselves in various symptoms—for instance, in troublesome diarrhoea, blood poison, impaired eyesight, nausea, loss of appetite, disordered digestion, loss of consciousness, husky voice and many other complaints too numerous to mention. Indeed, thousands of people are suffering from the first stages of Bright's disease to-day, and *they do not know it.*

In conclusion, I would like to state that I have, since my success with the fireman, repeatedly prescribed Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if my professional brethren could only be brought so far as to overcome their prejudice against proprietary medicines they would undoubtedly find themselves recompensed for their supposed sacrifice of liberty, as well as by the great benefits that would accrue to the world. Most sincerely,

O. ANDERSON, M. D.,
Superintendent.

IF a weak young man finds that chess playing hurts him, he should buy a chess protector.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHEN the Peak family of Swiss bell ringers were in Scranton, Pa., last, the chief violinist, Mr. J. F. Spalding, was suffering from consumption. He had used, to no purpose, about all the so-called specifics obtainable. Mishler's Herb Bitters saved his life. He sent an open letter to its proprietor to that effect. "I enjoy a new lease of life. I thought I must go with consumption, and so did my friends. I am now, however, a well man. Mishler's Herb Bitters cured me,"—these are a few of the cheering sentences in Mr. Spalding's letter. This matchless compound is a certain cure for most diseases ordinarily called incurable.

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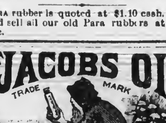

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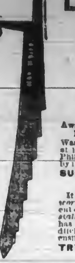

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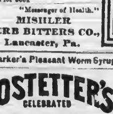

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Ask your nearest Dealer or Druggist for one of our Almanacs for 1883.
From the Christian Leader N. Y., Oct. 28, '71.
MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—We have made special personal inquiry in regard to the merits of this celebrated remedy, and find it a genuine article of rare value. It is by no means a new remedy. The establishment which produces it dates its manufacture as far back as 1833, since which time it has been steadily growing in public favor. The patentees are among the foremost business men of the city of Lockport. They are every way reliable.
From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 6, 1871.
MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—This Old standard article, under the admirable management of John Hodge, Esq., has reached an enormous sale. It is an honestly compounded article; it has merit, and now that the best business talent of the country is handling it, there is no reason why it should not double its present usefulness. No family can afford to be without it. For family use, as well as for animals, it is simply indispensable.
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FREE TO ALL!

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Minstrel Songs. Old and New, is a collection of those songs which are the people's favorites. Words often arrant nonsense, but the melodies some of the sweetest and best in the world. The Success of the Season, and is selling rapidly. A fine, large volume, pages full sheet music size.
94 Songs, including "Old Folks at Home," and all of Foster's best, "Old Uncle Ned," "Rosa Lee," "Kentucky Home;" also "Lilly Dale," "Twinkling Stars," and, in fact, a large part of the popular favorites of the last thirty years. $2, boards; $2.50, cloth.
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Boone County Recorder.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1883. NUMBER 14.

THE PLUMBERS' CONVENTION.

The plumbers have met in a congress,
In their rich robes of purple and gold,
The aggregate wealth of these craftsmen
Is reckoned in millions untold.

And an affluent plumber addressed them,
The chamber was solemnly still,
When he asked why their guild should not always
Be paid for concocting a bill.

He declared that his bills were so lengthy
That his outlay for paper was great,
That his clerk was kept busy till midnight
Inventing new bids on a slate.

That the making up of fresh items
Was too much for a head made of wood;
That the public should pay for trained brain work,
And the meeting resolved that it should.

And now, as the cold of the winter
Makes breaks for the pipe mender's skill,
All burghers must look for this item:
"Five dollars for work on the bill."
—*Boston Advertiser.*

BLIZZARDS.

"Say, John, are not all these stories about blizzards intended to amuse the small children, and the fellows who sit around beer-groceries?" inquired a correspondent of the *Free Press* of a resident of the treeless plains of Western Minnesota.

"If you think so, just remain here through the coming winter. No, sir, a blizzard is a little the liveliest circus that comes through this country."

"How many entertainments of the kind generally happens along during the winter?"

"Four or five. I never saw anybody who was really anxious to see more than the first one, though. Therein they differ very materially from the ordinary traveling show. They leave a sensation of completeness on the mind that is peculiar to no other exhibition I ever saw. A fellow can get serfeited on blizzards quicker than on anything else in the world."

"Trot out the best ones you have got in your recollection, and tell me about it."

"'Best one!' There is no such thing as a best one. They're all worst. The first one I ever experienced made the deepest impression upon my mind, however, probably for the reason that I then expected never to see another. Since then I have taken especial pains to be at home whenever a blizzard called. A fellow don't care to have one come along and journey with him on the prairie—it is always in such a hurry."

"So you were out in one once?"

"Yes, I was out."

"Now that's the one I want you to tell me about."

"I came out here three years ago last summer, bought a quarter section, sent to St. Paul for a bill of lumber, and worked all summer putting up a house and barn. In the fall I bought three horses and a sulky plow, and commenced turning up the black prairie soil. Before the ground froze I had about thirty acres ready to sow with wheat in the spring. Then I went East to see Mabel, and after the holidays, brought her back with me. By the middle of January we had got the furniture put to rights and were settled down to enjoy married life. A few things were wanted for the house, however, and one bright, sunshiny morning I hitched two of the horses to a bob-sleigh, and Mabel and I drove to the village, due north from my house six miles. A pleasanter morning I never saw. There was snow enough to make excellent sleighing, and the air was warm and balmy. It seemed as if spring was near at had, but a worse delusion never existed.

"The village has but one street, being merely a row of twenty or thirty wooden buildings parallel to, and about ten rods from, the railroad track. They are mainly used for stores, and when we drove up there were three or four bob-sleds or pungs in front of each store. Half the farming community of the township appeared to be in doing shopping. About one o'clock, while we were in a dry-goods store, the merchant, who had stepped out a moment before, said to us: 'I don't like to drive away my customers, but a blizzard is coming from the West, and it is coming fast. The telegraph announces that it has reached Morris. That is forty miles from here, but it is coming at the rate of forty miles per hour, so you have got no time to spare if you are going home to-day.'

"He rolled up our purchases as he spoke, and appeared to be in a hurry to get rid of it. When we got outside the store the first thing that attracted my attention was the fact that of all the teams in the street when we arrived not one excepting mine remained. Everybody had scudded for home. Even then I did not hurry. The sun was still shining brightly, with not the faintest suggestion of a storm apparent anywhere. Before we got a mile from town I had forgotten all about the coming storm, and the horses were jogging at their will.

"We were still two miles from home when suddenly the sun was obscured, and the air grew cold and chill in a moment. A darkness as of smoke swept over everything. Then I remembered why we were going home, and I gave the horses the whip in earnest, lashing them into a run. Away off to the West there appeared to be a leaden wall sweeping toward us. There was a hum in the air. A light breeze sprang up, grew stronger, and in one minute became a gale. The wall came down with railroad speed, the roar of its approach every instant growing louder. From the top of a roll in the prairie we could see our house, and it came pretty near being our last glimpse of it.

"No words will ever convey an intelligent idea of a blizzard; of the frightful roar with which it rolls down upon you; the howling and hissing of the wind. If you try to speak the wind dashes the syllables from your lips so quickly that you do not hear your own words. In thirty seconds from the time the first snow-flake fell, I could not see my horses. The atmosphere appeared to be *all* snow, and every flake of it was in a hurry to get somewhere before the rest should get there. I use the word 'flake' but that is wrong. No flakes could be distinguished. The whole atmosphere was filled with one big flake that hemmed us in on all sides. Although Mabel's head wasn't over a foot from mine, I could not see her features, and could only dimly see her form. I tried to peer downwards beside the sleigh and see the track, but I might as well have tried to see the earth beneath a snow bank. I could feel a motion to the sleigh, so that I knew the horses were still moving. The cold was intense. I tried to ask my wife if she was suffering, but I could not hear my own words.

"During the two or three minutes that intervened between the time I saw the storm approaching and the moment it struck us the horses had run at the top of their speed, so we were not much over a mile from home. It did not seem possible for the horses to keep the track. No one could live an hour in that storm. The only hope lay in the horses being able to keep to a track that was being buried deeper and deeper every instant. It isn't pleasant to sit still and freeze to death. In ten minutes I was chilled through and I felt that I was freezing. The horses were still moving, and although I could not see them, I lashed them with the whip. It seemed hours since the storm had shut us in, and I was just becoming convinced that the horses had got out of the path and that we were lost on the prairie, when there came a sudden lull of the fierce wind. The air was still full of whirling snow, but I could see objects about me, and it didn't take long for me to ascertain that we were in the barn and were safe. I had left the barn doors open in the morning, and the horses had found their way back; I think by instinct, but my neighbors think it was sheer accident, and declare that it wouldn't happen again in a thousand years.

"Although we had reached the barn, we were not in the house yet. From the barn to the house is about twenty yards, but as far as seeing it was concerned, the house might as well have been in the moon. The little woman helped me unharness the horses and put them into their stalls. Then I told her to remain where she was, and made a break for the house. It is difficult for any one to believe that in a blinding storm he can not go twenty yards in a line sufficiently straight to find a house, but try it some time!

"Do you see that pump? I stumbled over it. It is twenty feet to the right of the path from the barn to the house. If it hadn't a-been for that pump I would never again have found either house or barn. I knew that the handle of that pump pointed directly toward the house, and that it was not over ten yards away. I raised the handle and *felt* for my bearings. I let go of the pump handle and plunged toward the house. When I tell you that I ran 'smack' against it you will understand that seeing was out of the question. After I got into the house I took a ball of twine, tied one end to the door-knob and succeeded in getting back to the barn, and, by following the string, we reached the house again. For three days and nights thereafter neither of us even opened the outer door. When the storm ceased we could not see the barn, for the snow had piled in between the house and barn so deep that it covered the windows on that side of the house. On the east side of the house, however, there was very little snow. The shovel happened to be in house, and the little woman and I succeeded in tunneling through to the barn, but we had to carry every shovelful of the snow taken out of the tunnel through the house and throw it on the east side."

"Were the horses all right when you got to them?"

"You can safely bet they were glad to see me. They were about half buried in snow, and had even eaten the bedding from their stalls. It took me nearly all the rest of the winter to shovel the snow out of the barn."

"Do people out on the prairies ever get lost in these storms?"

"To be caught out on the prairie by a blizzard means death, and nothing can avert it. After a settler has been here one winter it's a sly old blizzard that catches him. Not so the new-comers. They can not imagine that there is danger at all times. Three people were lost that day in this vicinity, one of them a woman who had been over across the prairie about a mile to see a sick neighbor. When she saw that a storm was imminent she started for home on foot. She never got half way there."

"When was her body found?"

"In the spring when the snow melted."—*Hancock (Minn.) Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

The Capital of Madagascar.

A resident of Madagascar for seven years recently surprised his London audience in the course of a lecture for the benefit of a hospital at Tananariro, the capital of the island, by describing the civilization of the Malagasy. He found Tananarivo to be a really splendid city, with magnificent public buildings. The house he lodged at was as good as any in London, and there was a Roman Catholic Church which would not disgrace Paris. The Prime Minister, who was curiously enough husband of the Queen and almost the most intelligent, astute and clever man he had ever met, occupied a splendid official residence. The Premier knew precisely how far he could advance in the path of civilization, and where to stop. No outside people could so well control the Malagasy as the present Prime Minister. During the Queen's reign of ten years he had publicly abolished idol worship and embraced Christianity. The nobles of the land as well as the mass of the population were now Christians. The Premier was an educational reformer and had established numerous schools. He had abolished "trial by poison," a superstitious rite which used to decimate the country. It was intended to make the Queen de facto, as well as de jure the monarch of the island, and it was a great pity that any disturbance should come to the existing state of things. Among other beneficent changes which the Prime Minister had wrought was the abolition of the introduction of slaves from Africa. He did this with one stroke of the pen, and in doing it he did away with what might be called the "material wealth" of Madagascar. A man had before been considered richer or poorer in proportion to the number of slaves he owned. A natural anxiety prevailed that a country which had so far advanced in civilization should not go back.

The Phenomena of Death.

A physician of Philadelphia has made the phenomena of death a special study; by careful observation and lengthy consultation with his brother doctors, he has acquired a fund of interesting facts and suppositions regarding the fatal moment which all humanity sooner or later have to experience.

"One of the things of which I am convinced," said the Doctor in conversation recently, "is that death is painless. I mean that the moment of dissolution approaches as unconsciously as sleep—the soul leaves the world as painlessly as it enters it. Whatever be the cause of death, whether by lingering malady or sudden violence, dissolution comes either through syncope or asphyxia. In the latter case, when resulting from disease, the struggle is long, protracted and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scenes of life—the pinched and pallid features, the cold, clammy skin, the upturned eye, and the heavy, laborious rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time; some may be said to survive others, and the lungs are the last to give up the performance of their functions. As death approaches the latter becomes gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid which naturally lubricates the surfaces; the atmosphere can then no longer come into contact with the minute blood-vessels spread over the air-cells without first permeating this viscous fluid—hence the rattle. Nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with dreams which impel the dying to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life. The rustic 'babbles of green fields,' and the hero expires amid visions of battle.

"A very large number of deaths are attributed to old age," continued the physician, "yet few, even of the oldest, die merely from exhaustion or gradual decay; some positive disease, in most cases, overwhelms the small remains of vitality. Yet death from actual old age is not impossible and must be the sweetest death of all—a sleep indeed that wakes in eternity. In regard to longevity, it is asserted that the United States is more favorable to long life than any other country. If I can not abide entirely by that opinion, I can at least agree that this country has and can produce ten centenarians to any one of any other land, and I think Washington's body-servants affirm my statement. The average of human life is 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7 years; one-half before reaching 17; so those who pass their teens enjoy a felicity refused to one-half the human specie. In every 1,000 persons only one reaches beyond the nineties: in every 100 only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years. Of the upward of 1,000,000,000 inhabitants of the globe one-third die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour and 60 every minute. Married persons live longer than single; tall men longer than short ones, and women have more chances of life in their favor, previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. Persons who are born in spring generally grow more robust than those who come into the world at other seasons. Deaths are more frequent by night than by day."

"Have the hours most fatal to life ever been ascertained?"

"Yes, to a certain extent. I have the data here of some very interesting conclusions ascertained in 2,880 instances, of death at all ages. The examples are taken from all conditions of life and during a period of several years. If the deaths of the 2,880 had occurred indifferently at any hour during the twenty-four hours, 120 would have occurred at each hour. But this was by no means the case. There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this—two minama, in fact—namely, from midnight to 1 o'clock, when the deaths were 83 per cent. below the average, and from noon to 1 o'clock, when they were 20 3-4 per cent. below. From 3 to 6 o'clock a. m. inclusive, and from 3 to 7 p. m., there is a gradual increase in the former of 23 1-2 per cent. above the average, in the latter of 5 1-2 per cent. The maximum of death is from 5 to 6 o'clock a. m., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next, during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess; a third hour of excess is that from 9 to 10 o'clock in the morning, being 17 1-2 per cent. above. From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. the deaths are less numerous, being 16 1-2 per cent. below the average, the hour before noon being the most fatal. From 3 o'clock p. m. to 7 p. m. the deaths rise 5 1-2 per cent. above the average, and the fall from that hour to 11 p. m., averaging 6 1-2 per cent. below the mean. During the hours from 9 to 11 o'clock in the evening there is a minimum of 6 1-2 per cent. below the average. Thus the least mortality is during midday hours, namely from 10 to 3 o'clock, the greatest during early morning hours, from 3 to 6 o'clock."

"By the way," remarked the Doctor as his visitor got up to leave. "I said, just now that America could produce more cases of longevity than any other country. I must except the coldest regions of Russia, as I understand there is a level country of about one hundred leagues square, sloping to the south on the borders of Siberia, where a year rarely passes in the course of which some person does not die at the age of 130. I asked a Russian physician whether the report could be depended upon, and he says they are kept by the priest of the Greek church, who, for reasons of faith, are most rigid in regard to the exactitude of age of their dead. In one year, the foreign doctor informed me, 416 persons of 100 years and upward, died in the Russian Empire. The oldest was 135 years, and there were 111 above 110 years old. I regret to own that an American record can be beaten in anything, but in this instance the land of the Czar walks over the course. Many happy new years."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Religious.

MY FATHER KNOWS!

I can not see His skies above,
For autumn mists obscure the west;
But in the shelter of His love
I fain would hush my heart to rest.
Though some bright hopes have tenderly
Been gathered to their last repose,
This sweet remembrance comforts me—
"He knows!"

For why the summer came and went,
He shows not yet, to me, His child;
But patience, richer than content,
Broods softly where the summer smiled,
And where the last bright leaf shall fall,
The last pale blossom find repose,
Is safe with Him who loveth all—
"He knows!"

Amid the hush of promised things
He hears His children's feeblest prayer;
The tender shadowings of His wings
Extends beyond their utmost care;
And loss that ne'er on earth grows less,
With deep and holy meaning glows;
Since loss, and pain, and homelessness,
"He knows!"

I can not tell if cross or crown
Lies next within His thought for me;
It matters not, since faith hath grown
So strong in His dear sympathy;
The clouds that o'er my pathway move;
The joys beyond its final close,
All rise from His deep heart of love—
"He knows!"

- *Golden Rule.*

THIS FIRST.

The young, full of hope, look forward to the future, never doubting that they will succeed and that success will bring them happiness. But the experience of the world shows that their hope will not be satisfactorily realized. A successful man is not necessarily a contented man.

Jane Carlyle, the wife of the great writer, said: "I married from ambition. My husband has attained fame and success beyond my highest dreams. *And I am most miserable.*" And her husband was no better.

Talleyrand, one of the most successful diplomatists in history, who managed to keep a foremost place in the French Government in all the many changes of rulers, found little joy in his brilliant public life. Reviewing it in his old age, he bitterly said:

"Eighty-three years gone! What care! What agitation! What ill-will inspired! What vexatious complications! And without any other result than great moral and physical fatigue and a profound sense of despair for the future, and of disgust for the past."

Rothschild, the wealthy London banker, when greeted by a friend on New Year's Day with the usual greeting: "A Happy New Year, Baron!" sadly answered: "It will need then to be different from the last, for that brought me not one happy day."

Mr. Gladstone is the foremost English statesman of our day. Mr. D'Israeli was as eminent in debate and as strong a party leader, but he was seldom true to principle, and never commanded the confidence of the Nation. But Mr. Gladstone has not been contented with success or fame. Through his whole public life he has aimed to please God by doing good to men. He has found joy in an approving conscience and in the consciousness of being useful. In an address to the workingmen of England, after dwelling on the great achievements of the age, its rapid progress in inventions and art, its machines for lightening labor and multiplying home comforts, he said:

"Whatever I may think of the pursuits of industry and science, and of the triumphs and glories of art, I do not mention any one of these things as the great specific for alleviating the sorrows of human life and encountering the evils which deface the world.

"If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart, what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life, as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point to something very different: to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called 'the old, old story,' told of an old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

Our American life is so eager and ambitious that it pays a high price for these successes, "that keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to our hope."

We all need—especially the young—to heed the practical wisdom of One who, knowing what was in man, said "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The advice is based on the highest philosophy, for it bids us act upon the fact that the greater includes the less. He who strives to make the most of life by putting himself to the best use will find that he is at peace with himself, with mankind and with God—and that is happiness.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Now."

A very short word, but how full of significance! Expressing only the briefest period of time, yet it shapes the destiny of men and nations, and leaves impressions behind that even eternity cannot efface.

How we turn our faces toward the dim, uncertain future, and center our brightest hopes in what it may bring to us, while the plain, practical *now*, which should be filled with our noblest deeds, is silently slipping away and unconsciously shaping that future beyond our control. And how much time we spend in looking backward at the irrevocable "might have been." Instead of so improving to-day that it may glide into the past filled with bright deeds that memory will love to dwell upon.

Neither the past nor the future is ours; and whatever we wish to accomplish must be done in the present. A fragment of the past has been given to us, a fragment of the future may be given to us, but *now* is the only time we can claim as our *own*. And here we come to another little word, formed with the same letters, and filled with suggestive thought.

How blind we are to the beauties of the things we call our *own*. How fair and promising are the things beyond our reach, and which we are striving to obtain. In the mad race after wealth, how many there are who find no enjoyment in the abundance they now possess. Even our *own* dear friends are seldom fully appreciated until they have passed away and are lost to us on earth.

Again, we have faults of our *own* that look small. If our neighbor had them they would seem large, and we would wonder at his inconsistency. Have we a desire to seek out these faults and drop them? *Now* is the time to do it. This is one of the important duties which lie along life's pathway, and every error corrected is a victory *won*.

Here we use another little word composed of the same letters. How full of meaning when in this form. It refers to the completion of successful labor.

In the hour of conquest the soldier forgets the forced marches, the sleepless nights and the dangers of the battle-field in the triumphant thought that a victory has been *won*.

And so in every struggle on life's battle-field, this little word will cheer us on as it points to the goal and tells of hopes realized. But the grand victory over all is only achieved when the last page has been written, and life's book has been closed.

As friend after friend fails around us, we look upon the cold silent form, and think of his past life, only to ask: Was it a noble one? Was he victorious in its warfare? Has he *won* the prize?

And thus, from the present time to the close of life, these three little words have weighty meaning, and furnish food for our best thought.

May we so spend the *now*, while it is our *own*, that the pages of life's volume may be well filled with the bright victories which we have *won*.—*Golden Rule.*

Go To Work.

One of the best remedies for three-fourths of the ills which flesh is heir to, is good, honest, hard work. Many a sick man is cured by hard work, under the more palatable name of "exercise:" and many others never would have been sick, had they kept about their daily toils as they should. Hard, steady work is the path to recovery from vices and their results. There is little hope of reformation for any man who will not work; there is great encouragement to expect the reformation of any man who may have gone astray, if he is only ready to and willing to work! Hard work tames hot blood, subdues passion, brings appetite under control, steadies the nerves, and calms the temper, and, in a word, helps man to be what God intended that he should be.

The remedy for a large proportion of the financial troubles that surround us lies in the same direction. A great many live at their ease, and hire other people to perform their work for them, until servants have grown rich and their masters have become poor. Now let the idlers go to work themselves, exercise their flabby muscles, put their dyspeptic stomachs in working order, prove the truth of that Scripture which informs them that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

Steady, industrious, hard work, joined with thrift, economy and wise management, liquidates debt, removes mortgages, restores credit, increases self-respect, improves health, and makes a man feel as if he had a right and a place in the Lord's world.

Go to work! If not for yourself, for some one else. If you cannot get pay, work for nothing. Help some one who is in distress. Relieve the sick. Do what your hand findeth to do. You may find that the poorest paying jobs in the end bring the greatest reward. And remember, when you work, there is one Master who is over all, and He rewards the services for which men neglect to pay, and gives His inheritance at last to those who patiently fulfill His will.—*The Safeguard.*

Meditation.

There is a beautiful pastoral scene called up by the reference to Isaac in the world's younger days, and how he used to go into the fields at eventide to meditate. It has always seemed to us that those who are compelled to live in crowded cities are placed at a great disadvantage in this respect; it must be so much easier for a farmer, for instance, when the day's work is done and the sun is westering in clouds of shadowy crimson, to wander in solitary thought across his lands and commune with his Maker and God. The steady-going days of our fathers, who did not spend all their energies in winning wealth, but could spend an hour any day for the cultivation of their own hearts and the quiet study of the Word of God, those seem to be gone forever, and the loss of such hours is producing a superficial, thoughtless race in their place. But let us fight against this and every other pernicious tendency of the age, and make up our minds that we will not allow the world nor even the church to rob us of our thoughtful moments. We are well aware that some are of a more meditative constitution than others; it is all the more reason that we should urge those who have the least inclination to contemplate that they should regard it as a sacred duty, an obligation they owe to themselves and to God—to think of the past, and recognize where we have failed, and thank the good Lord for whatever we have achieved of right doing; to think of the present with its pressing claims upon us, and ask for Divine help to follow the path of duty; to think of the future with its unknown store of joy and sorrow, all in the hands of God, and in simple faith to leave the next step in His care. Thus quietly thinking more, we shall learn to pray more, and on the silent mountain of meditation gain strength and wisdom for the better doing our part in the great strife of life which is being waged below.—*Commonwealth.*

A noted Boston counterfeiter was captured in Philadelphia in rather a curious manner. Two thieves stole his valise containing a quantity of bogus coin and counterfeiting tools. In passing some of the money these men were arrested and held as owners of the valise until the Bostonian was heard making inquiries at the police station for his lost property, which he represented as being very valuable. He was taken in.

* * *

—A baby playing with a cocoanut in the second story of a house in Sacramento let it fall from a window and it hit and cracked a man's skull. No one is safe even from children nowadays.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Young Folks.

THE TRUSTFUL SPARROW.

"This crumb is *mine*," said Sparrow Gray,
"The only one I've had to-day,
And I *should* be a silly bird
To give you half, or even third.
For see! the ground is white with snow,
And may be weeks for aught I know."

"If 'tis," replied the younger bird,
"I'll tell you what I overheard;
I heard some little children say,
In that great house across the way,
How they should scatter crumbs of bread,
That every bird might be well fed,
Till all the ice and snow were gone;
So cheer up. *Pray* don't look forlorn;
I'd rather gaze on miles of snow
Than see a bird with looks of woe."

"You simple!" twittered Sparrow Gray,
"That's always just your heedless way.
No matter whether foul or fair,
It's '*chirp, chirp, chirp*,' without a care.
And now you think you'll be well fed;
I hope you haven't been misled;
But time will tell. Good-day, good-day."
And greedy Sparrow flew away.

The little bird was left alone—
Poor wee, wee Sparrow, scarce half-grown;
The cold winds soon began to blow;
No shelter offered, high nor low;
But mindful of the promised crumbs,
To the great house at length he comes,
A little shivering, hungry bird.
Then to the window where he heard
The children's voices, straight he flies,
And with his chirping Sparrow-cries
Soon brought them thronging to his side.
Then quick the sash they opened wide,
Strewed thick with crumbs the sheltered sill,
Till wee, wee Sparrow had his fill,
And chirping soft, as if to say:
"I thank you, thank you," flew away.

Dear little children! dear wee bird!
Could we but heed the promised Word
Of One who keeps both great and small,
And notes a single sparrow's fall!
—*Elizabeth A. Davis, in Harper's Young People.*

A BOY'S LECTURE ON KNIVES.

[Reported for the "Wide Awake," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz.]

The second of the John Spicer Course of Lectures took place yesterday afternoon in Barn Hall, and was listened to with attention, though there was some disorder among the audience as they entered the hall. Superintendent Dick informed the assemblage that Mr. John Spicer was waiting to have a hole in his trousers leg sewed up, and would be in presently. At this moment Mr. John Spicer appeared and was greeted by the audience with that prolonged clapping sometimes called applause. Mr. Spicer bowed to the audience and began as follows, and was heard to the end with quiet attention:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My subject is knives. There are two kinds of knives. I will mention them: eating knives and jackknives. You must not put eating knives in your mouth. You can a jackknife, because then you do not have any fork. I mean when you are eating raw sweet potatoes, or raw turnips, or any raw things outdoors. You can do nineteen things with a jackknife. I will mention them: whittle, sharpen pencils, clip off finger nails and thumb ones, play multipeg, cut knots, punch holes, shuck out clams and oysters, clean fishes, cut your name on anything, eat apples and pumpkin seeds and other things, make whistles, whet it on a whetstone, cut your fingers with it, break it, swap it, lose it, find it, lend it, give it away. Every fellow that borrows a jackknife ought to give it right back again. (*Applause.*) I don't mean before he's done with it. (*Applause.*) A jackknife is made of two parts. I will mention them: The handle and the blade. You can have a knife with six blades if anybody will give you one. (*Applause.*) Your father and mother hardly ever give you a six-blader. They do not think it is best. Some little fellows have numb jackknives. Numb jackknives are made not to cut. Numb jackknives are good for little fellows to have. My little brother's got a numb jackknife. Jackknives are very easy to lose. A fellow most always loses his knife. He feels very sorry when he first finds out he can't find his knife. He does not believe that knife is lost. He keeps feeling in his pocket, for he believes it is there somewhere, under his ball, or his jewsharp, or his pocket handkerchief, or 'mongst the crumbles. Then he begins and he empties out all these things, and turns his pocket inside out and shakes it, and stands up and shakes his trousers leg, and looks down on the floor, and puts them all in again, and then he begins to hunt. I know some verses about losing a jackknife. I will mention one:

When a boy gets a shining new knife,
Oh a jubilant boy is he!
Capering, shouting, prancing; chattering, laughing, dancing,
All so joyfully, high diddledee!
When he loses that shining new knife,
Oh a sorrowful boy is he!
Hunting, sniffing, groping; whining, sighing, moping,
All so dolefully, oh dear me!

One day I lost my knife somewhere in the house, and I hunted for it in ninety-seven places. I will mention them: In my mother's work-basket, in her other work basket, in her darn-stocking-bag, in eight of her bureau drawers, in six cracks of the floor up garret, in the ashes pail, all over eight floors (crawling), in the cookie pot, in my mother's pocket, in the baby's cradle, in the apple barrel, on four top shelves, on seventeen other shelves, in the spoon-holder, in ten of my father's pockets, in fourteen of my big brother's pockets, in two of my little brother's pockets, in four of my pockets, on six mantlepieces, in the waste basket, in my sister's doll-house, in her bureau drawer, in the bed-clothes chest, in my mother's trunk, in four of my sister's pockets; and all the time my knife was in my trousers leg, down at the foot of the trousers leg, inside the outside part of the trousers leg, back of the lining of it.

One time when I found my knife I was sorry I found it. I will tell you about that knife. One day I had a new knife. I never had such a pretty one. It had a white handle, and 'twas a two-blader. It was as good as a man's knife. All the fellows wanted to see it, and they thought 'twas a first rate knife. It had "J. S." on the handle. I was so careful of it that I wanted to keep hold of it when 'twas in my pocket, and I kept sitting down and taking it out to see it. My uncle who had been gone five years brought it to me. When I'd kept that knife not quite two days, there was a little hole in my pocket; a little bit of a hole. It wasn't as big round as the end of my little finger. I mean the very tip end of my little finger—not where it begins to be big any. It wasn't as big as a little white bean. I don't think it was as big as a pea. I think it was about as big as a quarter of a pea. No fellow would think a knife could get through that hole. But I kept it away from that hole—I put things in between, and I kept putting my hand in to touch my knife. Well, I played round a good while, and then we played "I spy!" and we had to run everywhere: and next thing I knew I put my hand in my pocket and my knife was gone! and my finger went right through that hole! not just exactly the same one, for that little one had grown a big one. My mother said that my knife rubbed and wore the hole out bigger. Nobody could find that knife. A long time after I lost it I stubbed my toe and fell down in the field, and my hand hit something in some grass, and I looked there, and there was my knife. "J. S." on the handle. I was not glad I found it. I was sorry. It most made me cry. It was all rusty and black, and you could not start the blade one mite to make it come open. My father tried to. I never wanted to see it again, and I dug a deep hole and buried it up. I know the spot, and every time I go by there I think of that knife.

Once there was a boy lost his knife and all the boys knew it, and they helped him hunt for it; and when it had been lost about three days a boy went huckleberrying with another boy and he let his basket fall down amongst the huckleberry bushes and spilled about a double-handful—and that was about all he had—and when he was looking amongst the huckleberry bushes trying to pick up his huckleberries, he found the other boy's knife. I mean that boy that lost his knife—and he knew 'twas that boy's knife just as well as he wanted to know, but he kept it private. (*Groans*), and he kept the knife out of sight, and nobody knew he'd got it for about six weeks; and one day when there'd been a circus and the boys were all standing on their heads, that knife dropped out of that boy's pocket when he was standing on his head, and then a little fellow picked it up, and another fellow, one that had gone over sideways when he was standing on his head, saw it, and knew whose knife it was in a minute (*Applause*). And the boy was so ashamed that he cried. He told the one that lost his knife where he found it, and all the fellows looked at him so. I mean looked at the one that found it—that he kept away from playing with the boys for a long time. And when any fellow lost his knife the other ones would tell him he'd better look in that fellow's pocket. I mean the one's pocket that found the knife. Ladies and gentlemen, many thanks for your kind attention. (*Applause*).

One Step at a Time.

I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Visphach Valley to a height of 10,000 feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh, it will require but one step at a time!" Before sunset I stood on the summit, enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Prof. Tyndall was the first man to discover by taking one step at a time.

Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind. When the famous Arago was a school-boy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of a text-book a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was: "Go on, sir, go on." "That little sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

Education of Poor Girls in Russia.

The most important step recently taken in Russian education is the institution of a special school for the instruction of the daughters of the poorer class of Russians. Middle-class education is already well provided for by private institutions and the public gymnasia. For the elementary education of women, however, the existing arrangements are by no means perfect. The fewness of the elementary schools, uniting, so to speak, the primary and middle educational establishments, has led parents belonging to the less wealthy state of society to resort with their children to the gymnasia; whereas, in the greater number of cases the pupils thus placed find themselves not only without the requisite capacity for the programme peculiar to these middle-class institutions, but also hindered by poverty from completing a successful course of study. As a matter of fact, very few of these young persons ever pass the examinations prescribed. They often leave the gymnasia without knowing Russia correctly, or being able to work an arithmetical sum without error. To supply the want caused by this state of things, a new school of a special type for girls from nine to eleven years old has been founded, under the patronage of the Empress. The course of study will include religion, the Russian language, elements of natural history, caligraphy, drawing, singing, music and needlework, and the term of study will extend over a period of four years.—*London Times.*

Killing Rats by Electricity.

Ralph Corbit, an ingenious twelve-year-old boy of Honeybrook, Chester County, has devised a novel plan of getting rid of the rats which infest his father's cellar. He has constructed out of old fruit-jars a battery of three Leyden jars, which he connects and places upon a large iron plate which touches the tin foil on the outside. The bait is so arranged that when the rat steps upon the plate and seizes the bait he at once makes the connection between the outside and inside of the jars and they are discharged through his body killing him literally as quick as lightning. He charges the jars by means of an electrical machine, also constructed by himself. He ran a couple of wires through the floor to the cellar from the room above, and as soon as he heard a rat squeak he would immediately recharge the battery. The first time he put the machine in operation he slaughtered twenty-five rats in a space of three hours, and in a space of two days the cellar was entirely cleared of the pests.—*West Chester (Pa.) Local.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JAN. 31, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$ 80
½ "	1 "	40
¼ "	1 "	20
1 "	½ "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

It is settled. Troops will be sent to guard Neal and Craft.

The Ohio republican state convention will be held on the 5th and 6th of next June.

Six Kentucky editors have announced themselves candidates for the legislature.

Senator Williams says: "The tariff reduces the revenue and increases the taxes."

Sunset Cox, of New York, has commenced a vigorous canvass for the Speakership.

Henry Waterson has been invited to address the Tennessee legislature on the tariff question.

Polk, the defaulting treasurer of Tennessee, has been admitted to bail in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Some women in New York propose organizing an insurance company. They think they can succeed where men fail.

The Robertson County Tribune now comes to us with a clean face, and equally improved otherwise. It also comes in on time.

A young Cincinnati artist, Carl Henry Niehans, got the ten thousand dollar prize given for the best bust of the late president Grafield.

The indictments against Colonel John B. Gaines and Colonel Chas. E. Sears, two dueling journalists at Louisville, have been dismissed.

Beck and Carlisle were selected by the opponents of the tariff bill to conduct the fight against it in their respective branches of congress.

The report that John Kelly, of New York, has retired from politics is denied. He can not quit politics any more than he can quit eating,

The wife of John W. Acre, who resides near Gainesville, this county, suicided by shooting herself with a pistol, Sunday. We have not learned the cause.

Week before last while the mercury was registering thirty degrees below zero in the northwest, a minister had the ice cut, and immersed half a dozen converts.

An extensive cave-in took place a few days since in the Delaware and Hudson mine in Pa. Houses settled from six inches to a foot, and the inmates were terribly frightened.

Hoggish—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $6 50@6 65; fair to good packers, at $6 30@6 55; fair to good light, $6 10@6 35; common, $5 40@6 10; culls, $4@5 25: stock hogs, $4 75@5 50.

News has reached San Francisco that a schooner was lost at the mouth of Fly River, New Guinea, and that the crew, seventeen in number, were killed by the savages, their heads cut off and distributed among the native villages.

The late destruction by fire of so many public buildings is causing anxiety among a class of capitalist in this country who are investing largely in apartment houses. Tall buildings they fear will become very unpopular as hotels and boardinghouses

A mob of masked men attempted to enter the jail at Shawneetown, Ill., the other day, to take out a couple of murderers to lynch. The sheriff and deputy repulsed them. The mob then brought up a cannon and threatened to batter down the walls, but were repulsed a second time by a volley from the jail.

We don't want to scare anybody into a case of small-pox, but we do want to urge them to vaccinate as a guard against the lothsome disease. It has made its appearance in many sections of the country, and as a general thing whole neighborhoods where it appears, are exposed before the disease is sufficiently developed to be recognized. By vaccination the disease is rendered less dangerous.

S. P. Carr, of the firm of Carr & Dickerson, of Richmond, Va., commission merchants, arrived here on Saturday to work up a tobacco trade for his house and city. He said that the "tobacco growers would be disappointed."

"In what respect?"

"I find that the White Burley tobacco is raised to a great extent in Missouri, Virginia, Tennessee, Ohio and even Texas, so that there will be a large quantity of it besides what is raised in Kentucky. There was a surplus in the market, and that will cause the loss of money. But besides this quality of the tobacco is inferior."

"Do you find the quality or the curing inferior?"

"Both seem inferior. In Mason county the White Burley is becoming dark. It seems to lose its bright color unless kept on new ground."—Mt. Sterling Democrat.

The next report of Auditor Hewitt, which is now in course of preparation, in addition to other new features will present an interesting table showing the gross amount of revenue charged to each county, the credits obtained for commissions, exonerations and delinquents, the net amount paid into the treasury and the percentum cost of the collections From the table of 1881, but partly made up, it is discovered that Shelby stands at the head of the list of counties whose sheriffs have collected the largest proportion of the revenue for that year:

	Per cent. paid treas'y	Per cent. cost collec'n.
Shelby	95.22	4.78
Boyle	95.13	4.78
Christian	95.02	4 98
Fayett	94.83	5.17

In contrast to the above are the counties in which are located the large cities:

Kenton	77.21	22.79
Campbell	83.97	16.03
Jefferson	87.19	12.81

Kentucky scene: Gubernatorial office:—And you are a convict. Poor fellow! And you stole, you robbed, you killed, you gambled, you—oh, goodness! The cruel laws, with its cruel courts and juries and Shylock prosecutors sent you to languish in the narrow, dirty cells of the penitentiary or jails Oh, such miserable cruelties do wring the heart of humanity! It shall not be! Here Mr. Secretary, a pardon. There now, you you miserable used unfortunate. Go now and come again. Tell your neighbors, who are inclined to become like you, that a towering bulwark of convict-love stands between them and all danger.

The Western Tobacco Journal says it is estimated that 600,000,0000 lbs. were raised in the United States during the past year. Of course Kentucky leads, with Virginia second, Pennsylvania third and Ohio fourth. The greatest yield per acre is in Connecticut—1,620 pounds. All the Seed Leaf States, Connecticut, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, New York, and Massachusetts, get a far better average yield per acre than the states growing chewing and smoking stock.

The recent discovery of a fine oil well at Rocky Hill, this state, is only one more proof of the immense wealth with which Kentucky abounds. It only needs capital to develop the hidden treasury of the state, and we predict that the time is not far distant when the attention of capitalists will be turned especially towards Kentucky, and a new era will be opened up for the grand old Commonwealth.

We have received a proposition from a company in New York to teach us stenography, saying that at the same time we can be instructing a class in the art. They have more confidence in our ability than we have, and therefore we decline giving them the forty dollars in advertising which they desire.

State Auditor Hewitt sent a circular letter to county assessors urging the importance of assessing all property at a fair and full value, the necessity of requiring persons giving in a list of taxable property to make oath to the same, and also urging care in making true and correct lists.

In Decatur county, Texas, the Mercury was six degrees below zero one morning during the recent cold snap. As the people down there had never encountered such low temperature, there was considerable [illegible]. The houses were too frail to afford comfort

Judging from the reports in our exchanges the wheat crop in this State will be a failure this year. It has been our observation that but little can be told as to the final out come of that crop so far in advance of the period of its maturing.

The grand jury at Washington has returned an indictment against Foreman Dickson, of the 1st Star-route jury, for endeavoring to influence the vote of his fellow-jurors in the Star-route trial.

The Calloway county Court of Claims allowed Dr. [illegible], of Louisville, $500 for his services among the small-pox patients of that county during the recent epidemic.

Mr. Carlisle says the Civil Service Bill is not understood by the people. This expression applies to the public, and the same may be said of some of the national law makers.

The surgeon of the New Haven Register says that when "Dr. Bliss received the $6,000 offered instead of the $25,000 demanded, his respiration was slow, his pulse rapid and his pus cavity distended with bile.

By subscribing for this paper and the Indiana Farmer, at this office, you get the two papers, the regular subscription price of the two being $3 50, for $3, besides receiving as a present a dictionary worth $2.

They have a bear up in Eastern Kentucky that is doing a good business in paying off church debts. He has on different occasions, been put up and raffled off for that purpose, bringing in considerable money. Bruin is a "big man" in the church up there.

The Maysville soldiers are not anxious to turn out again to guard Neal and Craft. Their excuse is the state did not treat them as it should in regard to their comrade who died from the effect of a wound received on their last expedition. They contend that his doctor's bill and funeral expenses should have been paid by the state, in as much as it had done the like on other occasions.

In the Southern division of Illinois, where over half the winter wheat of that State is grown, the area is five per cent. better than a year ago, and the condition sixteen per cent. worse. In the Northern division the area is one per cent. less and the condition two per cent. worse and in the Central division the area is eight per cent. greater and condition a fraction better than in 1882.

Frye, of Maine; Hoar, of Massachusetts. Plumb, of Kansas; and Cullum, of Illinois—Republicans—have been lately elected to the United States Senate. Garland, of Arkansas; Harris, of Tennessee; Ransom, of North Carolina; Kenna, of West Virginia, and McPherson, of New Jersey—Democrats—have also just been elected United States Senators by the Legislatures of their respective States.

A boy baby was born on the 16th inst., to the wife of Perry Schultz, a prominent citizen of Olympi, Bath county, which is horribly deformed. The arms terminate where the elbow joints should be, one ending in a stump. From the other projects a thumb and one finger. Its legs are short stumps, without joints, resembling those of a tarrapin, and the toes are grown together like the webbed feet of a duck. Both the father and mother are strong, well formed and healthy and are at a loss to account for the hideous malformation of the child.

The Morgan county democrats fired a Jones gun the other day. In a mass convention they resolved, "That reposing special confidence in the ability and integrity of Col. Thos. L. Jones, of Campbell county, and in appreciation of his valuable services to the party, we pledge him our hearty and undivided support for the office of governor of Kentucky."

The convention endorsed Hon. V. B. Young, of Bath county, for Lieutenant Governor; J. G. Cecil, of Pike county, for Register of the Land Office, and then put in a final resolve endorsing Senators Beck and Williams for opposing the passage of the Pendleton Civil Service bill.

An effort of the Auditor to bring about forty counties reported as pauper counties up to a revenue-paying basis, is beginning to be productive of good results. A clerk is now engaged upon a table which will show the increase of revenue in each county in the state. In some instances this is very noticeable. In 1879 Magoffin county drew from the State Treasury the sum of $12,971 78 over and above the amount she paid in, while for the last fiscal year she only drew $3,577 11 more than she paid in, a difference in favor of the State of $9,394 67.

Floyd county for 1879 drew $13,712 62 more than she paid in, and for 1882 only $3,308 19 a difference of $10,404 46 in favor of the State. At this rate it will not require many years to make every county self sustaining.—Yeoman.

The trial of Neal and Craft is set for the seventh day of February.

STATE NEWS.

—The wheat crop in Hardin county looks badly.

—Corn is selling from twenty to thirty cents a bushel in Breathitt.

—The late small-pox epidemic in Calloway county resulted in sixteen deaths.

—Frankfort has had a bon ton negro wedding. Numerous and costly presents were made.

—Millie McElroy, 102 years old, and Lindy Field, 106 years old, both live in Elizabethtown.

—Owing to the severe freezes it is feared that the wheat crop in Butler county will be a failure.

—A large lot of confiscated gambling tables were burned by the authorities at Lexington Monday.

—The Somerset Reporter says a white man and a negro woman are cohabiting together in that town.

—Frank Fields shot Geo. Williams in the foot at Paris, and then Geo. stamped Frank nearly to death

—A young attorney in town takes his pay in shelled corn and rides home on the bag.—Richmond Herald

—Tobacco here 3c to 10c; average 7½c. In Fayette several crops sold for 10 cents all around.—Paris Kentuckian.

—Madison Campbell and wife, colored, of Richmond, celebrated their silver wedding, and $300 or $400 in presents were made.

—Stephen Jett and Clint Hall of Breathitt county, were pardoned before trial, for the killing William Davidson, of Owsley county.

—The land around Reelfoot Lake is sinking and the water is encroaching upon the adjoining farms. This is the first change in the lake since its formation by the earthquake in 1811.

—J. Stone Walker sold his farm lying on the Irving pike, one mile from Richmond, to Napoleon B. Terrill. It contained 141 acres, and the price was $15,000 cash.—Richmond Herald.

—Government officers raided Caloway county the other day, and found 3,600 gallons of beer, 36 bushels of mash and 200 gallons of whisky which was destroyed. The moonshiners had skipped.

—Sarah Ann Leach, an old colored woman, was fatally burned at Georgetown by her clothes catching fire at a grate. In attempting to put out the fire her grandaughter was also burned.

—Three men working on the Kentucky Railroad extension in Rockcastle county were killed by the explosion of some herculese powder cartridges. The blacksmiths shop was blown to atoms.

—Martin Pinder, of Clark county has been sent to the Asylum. Several years since he was struck on the head with the jaw bone of a horse. The other day he put a keg of powder in his house and blowed the builing up.

—Mrs. Fannie Alexander was arrested at Elizabethtown on the 24th for stealing a horse. She disposed of the horse at Greenwood, Ind. She is a buxom woman and a shrewd talker, and was raised in Boyle county this state.

—The jail at Tompkinsville, together with the house occupied by the jailer, was burned January 22. No loss of life or escape of prisoners. Edgar Wyatt, of Louisville, sentenced to the penitentiary for life went out of the jail and rendered heroic service in saving the town.

—The reports as to the prospects of the wheat crop of Bourbon for next season are rather discouraging. We are told that owing to hard freezes after melting of the snow the wheat sown broadcast was seriously injured, especially on poor land, but the drilled wheat has not been hurt.—Kentuckian.

—A Sensation was created at Dalton, Ga., the other day by a sick man who was put off the train at that place. The Mayor threatened to quarantine the patient in the waiting-room of the depot and enforced quarantine against the road before it agreed to remove the man, who finally proved to have the measles.

—Bill Saddler and Bill Childers have been arrested at Dry Ridge, Grant county, on the charge of stabbing Henry Mason, a street-car conductor at Newport, last summer. They have been taken to Newport for trial. They are believed to be the two men who killed a man named Brindley in Newport last September.

Frankfort Yeoman: Dr. U. V. Williams met with another accident yesterday afternoon, which will probably disable him for some time. He was at or near Mr. Church Vaughn's about three miles from the city, on a visit to a patient, when he fell and fractured his leg. A carriage was sent for him, and he was brought home about 4 o'clock. This is the fourth time his leg has been broken.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—The demand for Georgia pine is greatly on the increase in the North.

—In Charleston S. C., they guard the back doors of saloons on Sunday.

—There are 3,400,000 acres of United States lands for sale in Mississippi.

—Defalcation has become epilemic. Savannah is investigating her treasury.

—The City Treasurer of Savannah is charged with being $30,000 in arrears with his accounts.

—Many bridges at Opelousa, La., are washed away by freshets, and those left are badly damaged.

—Ruthford, N. C., has a man six feet ten inches tall. He is said to be the tallest man in the State.

—A man in Rome, Ga., who was annoyed by creditors, hung out a small-pox flag, and reposed in peace.

—A woman in Malvers, Ark., is lying at the point of death from an overdose of Hughes' chill tonic.

—The decline of Raleigh's trade during the past twelve months is said to be caused by freight discriminations.

—The sheep men of Texas are losing heavily. Col. W. H. Martin, from a flock of fine merino sheep numbering 2,500, lost 1,200.

—There is talk of an elevated railway at New Orleans, to run along the river front at a heigth of fifteen feet above the surface of the ground.

—A prisoner given into the hands of the deputy sheriff of Chattanooga walked out, got on a horse and galloped away, and has not been seen since.

—A woman in Athens, Ga., got possession of some very damaging and, to her, conclusive evidence against her husband. Instead of suing for a divorce, she got a cowhide and flailed him all over the front yard, in full view of the neighbors.

—Salt Lake City has projected five Mormon missionaries into Chattanooga, who will distribute themselves through the adjacent region. These young men were originally residents of the Southern States, having emigrated about five years ago. It is said that sixty-five missionaries are already at work in the South.

Lincoln Reads a Poem

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took Parker's Ginger Tonic, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of N. Y.—Proprietors of the tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, Parker's Ginger Tonic is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Jan., 26, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 00	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 00	4 25
Colory Smokers	4 50	5 50
Colory Trash	6 00	8 00
Good Br't Trash	10	15 00
Fine Br't Trash	none	
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 00	16 00
Fine Strip'g Lugs	17	22 50
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Leaf	19	23 00
Good Br't Leaf	23 50	25 00
Fine Br't Leaf	25 50	27 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	10 50
Good Lug Fillers	11 00	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	22
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Fil'rs	19	22
Good L'f Fillers	23 50	25 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 50	27 00

FOR SALE.

The delinquent poll-tax list, both white and colored, of Boone county for the year 1882, will be sold to the highest bidder for cash at the Court-house, in the town of Burlington, at 1 o'clock, on the first Monday in February, 1883. By order of the Court of Claims, S. W. Tolin, Co. Atty.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the Pectoral a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your Cherry Pectoral saved me. Horace Fairbrother."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Cherry Pectoral had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Emma Gedney."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. Crane."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Joseph Walden."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. Bragdon."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it will *always* cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

G. H. LOEBKER,
DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES,
36 Pike Street,
COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300.000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green, J. S. Mason, J. A. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H Dills, F. P. Helm, J. J. Dulaney.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.
dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

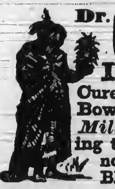
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

H. F. BLASE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
540 MADISON STREET,
COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS
Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky



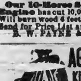
TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

Dr. Clark Johnson:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCamc, Scaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '81

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.



AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the
CLIPPER M'F'G CO.,
(LIMITED.)
No. 268 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Established 1840

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue G sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. [illegible] druggists and dealers in perfumes.
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The New Improved
MONARCH LIGHTNING
SAW
Is the *cheapest* and *best*. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast* and *easy*. *Sent on test trial* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS [illegible] and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. *Land Warrants* procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO. Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Local News.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

Two First-class Papers and a fine Book for Only $3 00.

We have made arrangements to club with the *Indiana Farmer*, the largest and best agricultural journal now published, just what every farmer needs. It is a weekly, 52 issues per year of 16 pages each, cut and bound in magazine form in a shape that may be easily preserved and making an elegant volumn. Its contributors include many of the best agricultural writers of the world, and every number contains instructions and suggestions that will be of more value to any live farmer than the subscription price. The regular price of the *Indiana Farmer* is $2 00 per year. We have made arrangements by which we can furnish the RECORDER and the *Indiana Farmer* for $3 and, besides this, we will present each subscriber with a VALUABLE DICTIONARY of over 500 pages, bound in cloth, and containing *every useful word to be found in the English language*, with its true meaning, derivation, spelling and pronunciation, also a vast amount of absolutely necessary information upon Science, Mythology American History, Constitutions, Laws, Land Titles, Cities, Colleges, Army and Navy, Rate of Mortality, Growth of Cities, Insolvent and Assignment Laws, Debts, Rates of Interest, and other useful knowledge, being a perfect library of refference in one handy volume, which alone is worth the price of either paper. Specimens of the INDIANA FARMER, and also the Dictionary, may be seen by calling at this office. Subscribe at once.

In order to accommodate old patrons, and enable them to get the INDIANA FARMER and Dictionary at the reduced rate, we will extend the offer to those who have already subscribed for the RECORDER before this offer was made. A club should at once be formed in every neighborhood, as this opportunity will not be given for a great length of time.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

Saturday was a real spring day.

This month has been rough on live stock.

There seems to be a demand for good milch cows.

Much of the last year's crop of tobacco is yet unstripped.

Nobody in jail. We should have so stated last week.

There will be plenty of ice to save the mint crop next summer.

Won't there be lots of frozen potatoes to resurrect this spring?

Mrs. Virginia Huey, who was very sick last week is much improved.

It's 11 p. m., the coal scuttle empty and our eyes heavy; good night.

"Man wants but little here below"—of such weather as January brought.

Mr. L. A. Loder is the only justice who has complied with our request so far.

—A colored infant in town got its hands frosted and was not out of the house.

The urbanity of the handsome deputy p. m., across the way, is his winning card.

The appearance of small-pox in the Richwood neighborhood is to be deplored.

Those who attended the party at Florence last Thursday night, had a jolly good time.

Dr. Grant has gotten entirely well again, which is very gratifying to his many patrons.

Mr. Blizzard, of the northwest, has been in this county since about the first of January.

The colored school at this place opens and closes each day with a song by the scholars.

Mack Aylor has 1,000 or 1,500 nice locust fence-post for sale—will also furnish shed post.

Those of our people who like vocal music have been enjoying a treat in that line the past week.

Mr. Edward Fowler, of this place attended balls in Williamstown, Grant county, 50 years ago.

A nice dictionary and two good papers for $3. Five dollars for 3; what better offer do you want?

Mr. Alfred Cason was offered by W. C Goodridge $9 an acre for corn land. Mr. Cason did dot want to rent.

You might prepare your plant-beds for burning. Nothing like being ready to burn when the time comes.

We understand that Mr. William Walton contemplates an extended western tour before he reinvests in land.

If this community has not been enlightened, religiously, this winter, there is no use of wasting time and words with it.

Monday Mrs. Henrietta Huey sold to P. A. Ryle 68⅔ acres—part of the Jonathan Utz farm on Gunpowder—for $40 per acre.

Mr. Absalom Conner, we learn, is now located at Cynthiana, this State; but we did not learn in what business he is engaged.

Sam Crutcher, of Florence X-Roads, mourns the loss of his celebrated stepper. One of the stars of the turf has gone down to rise no more.

MARRIED—January 25th, at the Sandford House by the Rev. H. J. Foster, Mr. Coon Hoppens and Miss Annie Cantwell, both of East Bend.

Should there be any trouble in getting the corn planted next spring to come, the severe cold weather of the winter will be accused of being the cause.

Nearly everybody in the neighborhood north of town are moving their base. Oscar Gaines, G. T. Gaines and W. T. Smith are the only old landmarks left.

The sale of R. L. Aylor's personalty was largely attended. The stock of goods was sold in small quantities, and the prices brought were satisfactory.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Beall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

Last Wednesday, Mr. Thos. Goodridge, while cutting briars, received a very ugly lash in the face with a large briar, one of the thorns penetrating his eyelid and badly lacerating the eyeball.

Master Ben Owens played the "devil" in the RECORDER's office last week; or, in other words he manipulated, in a most satisfactory manner, the roller, while the edition was being printed.

It was colder at Union, last week, than anywhere else in the state. A letter from a friend there says: "I write you on a single sheet, because it is so cold that two dry sheets of paper will freeze together."

Our town, or at least that portion of it needing coal, is being supplied from Erlanger. The coal is bought by the car load in the city and sent out to Erlanger, from which place it is hauled in wagons.

Our drygoods merchants wanted more light, and have, therefore, provided themselves with what is called the needle lamp, which makes a powerful light. One of them is equal to several ordinary coal oil lamps.

Mr. Benjamine Craven, who lives near this town, is up in the nineties, and enjoys good health and can get about with much comfort to himself. He is a very prudent man and his chances for living many years are favorable

At the last term of the Boone Circuit Court Merideth Carroll was fined $25 and 10 days imprisonment for carrying concealed weapons. Last week the clerk received a remitter from the Governor releasing Carroll from paying the fine and going to prison.

"You must not believe all you see, and but half you hear." We object seriously to the latter part of the above saying, because we hear that a certain good looking young friend of ours is shortly to be married, and we should hate to believe that he is only going to be half married.

Buddie Smith, who learned the art of lead heaving on the RECORDER, is now engaged on the Times at Chattanooga. Buddie has developed into one of the best job printers in the country. We have been shown some handsome work which was executed by him in Chattanooga.

One day last week, while Mrs. Dudley Rouse was returning from her brother's the horse she was driving balked; she got out and attempted to lead him, when all of a sudden he sprang forward, knocking her down and falling himself at the same time, badly hurting Mrs. Rouse about the face. The buggy was slightly damaged.

The newest thing out in the way of a church entertainment is dubbed a basket supper. These entertainments are conducted as follows: Each lady prepares enough supper for two in a basket; each basket is put up at auction, the gentlemen being the bidders, and the lady who prepared the supper helps the purchaser eat it. They are said to be very enjoyable affairs.

Since the last term of the Circuit Court in this county, the Governor has remitted fines, which otherwise would have been paid in, to the amount of $950. In the assessment of fines Boone is not more than an average county out of the 116, but, when it comes to the amount remitted, she certainly comes under the string in the lead of all the others, outside of those in which there are cities.

Dr. Furnish was leading his nag across Gunpowder about daylight one of those cold mornings during last week, when the ice broke and let him into the water up to his knees. He had some distance to ride after crossing the creek and when he reached his destination he was suffering intensely with the cold. A few mornings after wading Gunpowder he got one of his ears frosted. The doctor is of the opinion we have had a severe spell of weather.

Picking up the Boone County, (Ky.) Recorder, several days since, we were forcibly reminded that a marked change had taken place in the appearance of the paper, and our eyes naturally sought the reason, when it was revealed to us that Riddell was again at the head of the management. We welcome you back, Bro. Riddell, into the brotherhood of editors, and wish your efforts may be crowned with abundant success.—Lawrenceburg, (Ind.) Register.

Since last Friday we have had a new mail carrier, Oscar Conrad, of Florence, on the Burlington and Erlanger route. The mail now arrives and departs on the schedule time published last week. The former mail carrier, W. R. Terrill, having been suspended because refusing to comply with the schedule or to deliver mail at Florence the intermediate postoffice. There has been no good feeling existing between Terrill and some parties at Florence for some time, and to spite them, he refused to deliver the mail for that place, thus discommoding a whole community. The effect of this has been his expulsion from the service. Mr. Terrill has carried the mail for some time just as it pleased him, and against the remonstrances of nearly everybody, and the only wonder is that he has not been dismissed long since.

Died.

At her residence in this place, on the morning of the 24th inst., Mrs. Graham, wife of Lewis Graham.

Mr. Graham and family have been residents of our town since last June, during the most of that period Mrs. Graham has been a patient sufferer with that much to be dreaded disease, consumption, which culminated as above stated. Her death was a great shock to the family who have the sympathy of the town. The remains were interred in the cemetery at this place last Thursday at 10 a. m.

Mr. Dunlap, the evangelist, whose arrival was mentioned in our last, has been conducting religious services in the Court-house afternoon and evening every day since Tuesday of last week. At first the congregation was small but increased rapidly, and in a few days the house during the evening devotions was corwded, while the afternoon services have been well attended. Although the nights were dark and the roads bad, in the congregation has, each evening, been recognized the familiar faces of a number of persons who reside a considerable distance from town, and, judging from the attendance, there is being considerable interest manifested in the meeting. Mr. Dunlap informed the congregation at the out set that he was not laboring on behalf of any particular church, and that those who confessed in his meetings were allowed to take their membership in the church of his or her choice.

The organ is presided over by Mr. Sibley whose singing has completely captivated those who have heard him.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Judge Hawes is on the sick list.

Mrs. R. H. Pace is still very sick.

James E. Smith has moved to his father's, W. T. Smith.

Mrs. Dudley Rouse is landlady at the Centrel this week.

Henly Smith was laid up a day or two last week with a severe cold.

Mr. Wm. White, who has been quite ill with pneumonia, is recovering rapidly.

Mr. Jule C. Durant, agent for Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., was in town yesterday.

Thos. G. Tupmen and wife, of Kenton county, spent last Thursday in Burlington.

Mrs. Ellis, of Kenton county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Gaines, of this place.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures Colds, Coughs, and Consumption; an unequaled anodyne expectorant.

Rev. C. C. Connar and wife, of Aurora, Indiana, spent a portion of last week with relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. R. C. Green and Mrs. F. P. Walton are visiting Dr. B. F. Stephenson and family at Visalia, Kenton county, Ky.

James Riley was in town the other day and some thought he was here on a trip which but few make more than once in life.

Billy Piper is thinking about giving his store to some poor man. He is as rich he wants to be. It was born Monday, and is a B-O-Y.

That handsome and interesting young gentleman, H. M. Piper, of Lafayette, Ind., graced our town with his presence a day or two last week.

Mr. John E. Utz, of Milan, Indiana, was in town the other day. Mr. Utz has recently been out among the Indians, and is highly delighted with their reservation.

The handsomest advertising cards we have ever seen are published by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., who will send a set of them to any address on receipt of letter and stamp.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Rabbit Hash.

We have no constable in our precinct at this time.

Jerome Wilson, little son of Ben Wilson is very sick with typhoid fever.

Robt. Holmes left our place last week for Jonesburg, Mo., where he expects to make his future home. His family preceded him a few weeks.

T. C. S. Ryle sold 29 head of hogs to J S. Walton which averaged 388.

Mrs. Wm. Piatt left East Bend a few days ago for her home in Illinois. Deep regret is felt over her departure, as she is held in high regard by the many friends she has made during her stay here. During the past year she was the organist for both churches, which place she filled with credit, and it will be difficult to find one to take her place.

Plattsburg

The French Spoliation Bill which lately passed both houses of congress, benefits an industrious mechanic of this community.

According to Venner's predictions we are to have a rough time of it next March; but we don't believe he knows any more about the weather in the future than he knows when the next carbuncle will come on a fellow's back.

IT IS RUMORED

That ice will be cheap for '83.

That Orlando Snyder will soon be a qualified juryman.

That all the old bachelors in this community would merry if they could.

That the Woolper turnpike will have to change hands before the bridges and road are repaired.

That the subscription list of the RECORDER is increasing, but will not reach 10,000 before 1884.

Hebron.

Mr. L. S. Kiser, of Springfield, Ohio, will preach at this place on next Sunday, morning and evening. Mr. Kizer is a very fine speaker, and he will probably be secured to preach for the Lutheran church at this place the ensuing year.

Last Saturday the remains of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Allen were taken from the vault and interred in the cemetery at this place.

There is strong talk of erecting a cheese factory at or near this place. We hope it will be a success.

Several of the Hebron gallants attended the dance given at the residence of Mr. Jeddy Davis, Saturday night.

Mr. John Aylor has sold his fine trotting horse to G. C. Grady, for the nice little sum of $250.

Messrs Harrison Clore and Ray Snyder are the only tabacco buyers in this section. They are paying the highest price for the weed.

J. C. Clore will close his select school on the second day of March, after which he will again attend the Wittenburg College at Springfield, Ohio.

There is a great deal of Sickness in this community.

The Hebron base ball club is preparing for organization.

The following are on the sick list this week: Mr. Elijah Tanner, Neil Brown, John Quigley, Geo. Yowl, Laura Hicks, Mike Clore.

The Hebron Dramatic Club will give a series of entertainments about the first of March.

A social hop will be given by a young gent and lady at the Hebron Hall, February 14th, '83. Refreshments will be given and good music will be in attendance. All are invited. No cards.

Verona.

Born—To R. O. Powers and wife, a boy.

Married—On the 20th inst., Batty Long to Miss Jennie Casey, of Covington.

Died—On the night of the 23d inst Mr. James Sleet, brother to Ben and Richard. His remains were interred in the New Bethel Cemetery.

Mr. N. B. Hamilton and wife returned from Missouri, recently. Mr. H. is now assisting his sister, Miss N. E. Hamilton, in her school.

Mr. Geo. Roberts has bought a tobacco press, and some tobacco. He intends trying the business.

Mr. G. B. Powers intends going to Covington this spring to go into business.

Mrs. Julia Craven is in ill health at this writing.

Health of vicinity not very good.

Union.

Rev. J. A. Kirtley will preach at Union on the 1st and 2d Saturday nights in each month.

Rev. Spears commenced a protracted meeting here last Sunday.

Martin Bartelle and family moved to Shelby city Monday.

Uncle Henry Blanton is able to be out on the streets again.

Burl Conner's infant son is suffering from a sore throat.

We hear it said that James Huey will move to Union. He is a worthy man and we will be glad to have him join the array of Union worthies.

John McHatton will move into the Bartelle premises in a few days.

F. Dickey has just received from Ohio, a registered alderney bull, and a royal animal he is.

For alderney milch cows apply to H. P. Stephens. If they are as good as he says, we will take two.

L. B. Stephens and wife go to Florida next month to visit their daughter, Mrs. D. F. Frazer.

We regret to hear of the death of Andrew Glacken—cause small-pox. He was buried on Wednesday last at his home, near Richwood. His negro servant is convalescing. No new cases reported, and but little fear now entertained of more cases. Deceased was quite an old man and a good citizen, well beliked.

John Conner has two fine alderney cows for sale.

Clarence Shutts has a horse to sell.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope. DR. M. E. CASS,
201 York street Jersey City, N. J.
☞ Mention this paper. jan 17-83

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—IS POSITIVELY—
THE CHEAPEST
—HOUSE IN—
RISING SUN, IND.
Where will be found a fresh stock of
DRUGS,
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PUTTY and
WINDOW GLASS,
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—AND—
STATIONERY,
all at bottom prices.
GIVE US A CALL.
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6-3m

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—DEALER IN—
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
432 Madison St.
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.
(Odd-Fellows Building.)
Is selling Fancy and Staple Groceries cheaper than any other house in Covington.
Fine Teas A Specialty.
A full stock of Family Groceries always on hand. 7-3m

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Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION. KY.

GREEN & RIDDELL.
ATTORNEYS at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office next door to Recorder Office. 8-tf

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

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EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
Should take a policy at once.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
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MARBLE
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WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
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FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

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Leads the Van in Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS AND
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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS CAPS, &c.
Also a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, &c.
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DEALER IN
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HATS, CASP,
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SPECIALTIES:
Boots and Shoes Made of Leather,
Hats, Caps and Gloves, Latest Styles, Lowest Prices.
New Goods every two weeks. Leather and Shoe Findings at Lowest Cincinnati Wholesale Prices to the Trade. No misrepresentations to effect sales. Goods guaranteed as represented. Thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed, would refer to my past business career of 12 years for a continuance of the same.
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Sign of BIG RED BOOT. Main Street, Rising Sun, Ind.

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We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET,
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
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On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Also Flour and Corn Meal always on hand—for sale or exchange. Satisfaction guaranteed. (41-6m) J. C. MILLER & SON, Proprietors.

Ward Bros.,
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LATE OF VEVAY, IND.,
have on hand a large stock of
WATCHES & CLOCKS,
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Your Own County Paper.

A Night of Horror.

Cases are of rare occurrence in which, as in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," one's hairs grow white

In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears,

but there is a well-authenticated instance of this kind in the person of Charles B. Wardrop, of No. 218 North Fourth street. "This Newhall House fire in Milwaukee vividly recalls an incident in my early life," remarked Mr. Wardrop to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter who dropped into his store yesterday afternoon. "My white hairs date from February 20, 1858, and if you care to hear the story I will tell it to you. The old Pacific Hotel in this city was opened for the reception of guests on Seventh and Poplar streets on June 28, 1857. The hotel was three stories high, the first being occupied by stores, and it was a very good hotel for those days. I was about twenty-five years old at that time, and after serving a while as clerk changed for the position of head porter. The house had been opened less than a year when, on February 20, 1858, it was swept by such a fatal fire as this city has never seen before or since. That night thirty occupants of the house perished in the flames, and it was by the merest chance that I was not included in the number. I had given up my room for that night, and was sleeping with eight others, mostly railroad men, in the same room on the third floor of the house. About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the fierce crackling of the flames, and was conscious of a sheet of fire rolling through the chamber in which we were sleeping. I rolled out on the floor and crawled along on my hands and knees under the flames, which filled all the upper part of the room. The stench from the roasting bodies of my dead companions was fearful, and I expected to meet the same fate. Although badly scorched I kept my presence of mind and crawled along out of the room, through the hall, and to the stairways leading to the second floor. On attempting to descend them I fell through the fire which had destroyed them, setting my shirt on fire and striking on the banisters leading from the first to the second story, and breaking two ribs. From this place I gained the street and was saved. Of the other eight men in the room not one escaped. Among the dead was Mr. Gerry, a newspaper man. In making my escape my hair was singed off my head, and when it grew out it was as white as snow. The terrible experience of that night whitened it completely, and although succeeding growths have had some dark hairs mingled with them, my head is still very white, as you see. A long investigation was conducted after the fire, but its cause never fully explained. It was proved that the watchman, who perished in the flames, was drunk that night, and, although some thought the fire incendiary, I always charged it to some swinging lamps in the back part of the house. The night was bitter cold and the wind blew fiercely. The fire department, which had recently been organized, was hindered by frozen fire-plugs. From that day to this I have never slept in a room that was not within jumping distance of the ground, although I have traveled a great deal and stopped in many hotels. Whenever I could not get a room suiting me in that particular I have frequently spent the night in a chair in a hotel office. From my experience I have a good opportunity to judge of what the poor people in the Milwaukee fire suffered, and I can tell you that it must have been something terrible."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Starting Plants in the House.

In the absence of a propagating house much may be done in the way of starting early plants in one's dwelling. The principal impediment experienced is the difficulty of obtaining in the spring the proper kind of soil or compost to put in the boxes. Professional gardeners prepare the soil with great care the previous year. But, when there is nothing ready, excellent results may be obtained by placing at the beginning of winter in the cellar a load or two of any good light sandy loam. In the spring, before using this, run it through a sieve. It is a good plan to mix a tablespoonful of superphosphate to each half-bushel of soil; then get some peat, moss or sphagnum, such as nurserymen use for packing, dry it thoroughly and sift it fine, and to each peck of soil add two or three quarts of this dry sifted moss, mix carefully, and there will be as good material for starting fine seeds as may be desired.

Leaf mold may be substituted for moss. The best is obtained from beach, maple and oak woods and ought to be gathered the previous summer and kept until wanted. Before using it should be mixed with equal parts of sand and sifted. For merely starting plants rich soil is not essential. Seed will germinate in moss and sand as well as in the richest mold. After the plants are started and begin to grow, a little plant food is necessary. Equal parts of sods, sand and well-rotted manure made into a compost and worked over and sifted until it is fine, is a favorite material for potted plants. Dried muck from the swamps is a useful material for the gardener. It will make heavy earth light and dry soil moist. It will make cold soil warm. It is an absorbent of water and grasses, and is in itself a manure. Muck should be exposed in a heap during summer, later turned to facilitate drying, and when dry stored where it will keep dry until required for use.

Boxes two and a half feet long, twelve inches wide and three inches deep, made of half-inch stuff, will be found a convenient size for starting plants, though these may be varied in size to suit the windows in which they are to be placed. They may be held in place by a screw at each end about an inch from the top of the outmost corners, wound round by a piece of wire of right length, the other end of which is twisted round a screw fastened to the casement of the window. In boxes such as have been described there is no reason why plants should not be successfully started.

Whether plants are or are not started in the house, a hot-bed will be found useful. Cold frames are also a great [illegible] hardening off plants. A well-sheltered spot in the garden with a sunny exposure is not, however, a bad substitute for a cold frame.—*N. Y. World.*

* * *

—The Dominion of Canada has three-cent letter postage, penny postal-cards, and free newspaper postage on papers sent from the office of publication. The service is nearly self-supporting. The current appropriation is a trifle over two million dollars. The policy has been to reduce rates and popularize the system as rapidly as possible. When the revenues exceed the expenses, the latter rate will be further reduced.

* * *

—The fruit of idleness usually runs to seed. If you don't believe it, look at the tramp.

Care of Fowls in Winter.

Most persons who keep fowls derive very little benefit from them during the winter. They gain little if anything in weight, and the losses are often large. Many birds are injured by the severe cold. They are liable to have their combs or feet frozen, or to become diseased or get out of condition. As fowls are generally selected and managed, very few eggs are obtained during the winter season. As fowls are not generally a source of profit during the winter their owners are very liable to neglect them. This neglect is the chief cause of their being unprofitable, and of the bad condition of the birds in the spring. All the gallinaceous fowls are of tropical or semi-tropical origin. However long they may have been kept in cold climates they retain their love of a tolerably warm atmosphere. They also retain their desire for green food and for a partial meat diet during all seasons of the year. Domesticated fowls raised in the North are not as well supplied with feathers as those that run wild in countries having quite warm climates. On this account they should be well housed during the winter. They suffer in winter not only from the cold but from the wet. They can endure a tolerably cold atmosphere provided they have suitable food and are kept dry. If their feathers become wet and the water turns to ice they will suffer on account of it. The roof of a poultry-house should be tight and the building should be well supplied with glass windows on the south and east sides. If it is well ventilated and kept scrupulously clean it may be artificially heated to good advantage.

Next to shelter and warmth the supply of food should claim attention. In most parts of the West this consists almost entirely of raw corn. This is good for a partial food, but it should not be relied on exclusively for keeping fowls during the winter. Generally it should not be fed oftener than once a day, and the best time to give it to fowls is at night. Other grains should be fed during the day, and it is desirable to so feed them as to afford a variety. Oats can be given one day, rye the next, and then wheat screenings or buckwheat. The seed of sunflowers, broom-corn and sugar-cane are all desirable. It is best to give young fowls some cooked meal in the form of dough. Coarse fat may be mixed with the dough to excellent advantage. Fowls of all ages require some meat, or a substitute for it. Where wild rabbits are plenty, as they are in many localities, there is little trouble in supplying fowls with meat during the winter. There is always considerable waste meat about a farmhouse that can be given to fowls. The trimmings of cut meats, hearts and livers can be obtained from butchers. Vegetables of some kind should be given to fowls every day during the continuance of cold weather. The trimmings and rusty leaves of celery are excellent. Cabbages are also very good. These can be fed without preparation. Beets, carrots, parsnips, pumpkins and squashes are all good in their way, but they should be cooked before they are given to fowls. They may be mixed with meal to which coarse fat is added. Fowls are very fond of hash, and show a greater preference for it than most frequenters of city boarding houses do. It can be made of scraps of lean and fat meat, potatoes, esculent roots, and favored with mustard seeds, chopped onions, or peppers. As a morning meal there is nothing superior to a hash made in this way. It should be served warm on clean boards or in low dishes.

Many persons who keep fowls are very negligent about supplying them with water. They think it is not necessary to give them a supply oftener than once a day. Generally in the morning they bring in a pailful of water and pour it in a pan or other shallow vessel, and pay no more attention to the water supply till the next day. The water may freeze in the course of a few hours, if the weather is severely cold, and the fowls have nothing to drink for twenty-four hours. If the water is not frozen, the chances are that it will be wasted or become too dirty to drink. To be of the greatest value to animals and birds water must be pure and fresh. Hens that are laying eggs, or are expected to lay eggs, require a large amount of water. Especially is this the case when they have little to eat but dry food. Birds that are producing eggs, like cows that are producing milk, require a large amount of water, for water is the largest ingredient of eggs and milk. It is generally more profitable to feed milk to fowls than to pigs. Skimmed milk or sour milk can be fed to them to great advantage. If the weather is severely cold, it is better to convert the skimmed milk into curd. It forms a very good substitute for meat. Pulverized shells, bones, or limestone should be provided for forming egg shells. Sand or fine gravel should also be provided. When the weather is fair the birds should be allowed to exercise in the open air. They should also be encouraged to exercise in the poultry house. The encouragement may be afforded by putting in bundles of unthrashed grain, stalks of buckwheat, heads of sunflowers, and cabbage-heads, and allowing them to pick out what they want to eat. Strict attention must be given to killing vermin on fowls, and to keeping the insects away. This matter will require repeated attention during the winter season.—*Chicago Times.*

Setting a Dislocated Neck.

As Adam Weiber, who lives at No. 50 Brinckerhoff avenue, was about to arise from his bed early yesterday morning, he turned his head suddenly upward and to the right, and was much surprised and startled afterward to find that he was unable to move it again. He was taken to Dr R. V. Morse's office, who sent him to Dr. Terry's office, and after an investigation it was pronounced a case of dislocation of the third cervical vertebra. As the case was a very peculiar one, a large number of physicians were called in to see it, and all concurred in the conclusion of Dr. Terry. The reduction of the dislocation of the third cervical vertebra is attended with considerable danger, and at the sufferer's request Rev. Father Fehling, of St. Mary's Catholic Church, was called in as his spiritual adviser. The head was bent to the right, and to leave it in that condition meant death. Yet an attempt to reduce the dislocation might be attended with instant death. Dr. Churchill, being the oldest physician present, was called upon to replace the dislocated member, and after ether had been administered the dislocation was reduced successfully.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

* * *

—The convenience of having ice at hand during the summer is best understood by making a trial of it for a single season. Farmers who use ice once a year will never again be without it. For a dairy it is almost indispensable. Farmers can usually secure a supply of ice in the winter, practically without expense, after the ice-house is built, as the work would be done when men and teams have nothing else of importance to do.—*Exchange.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Too much whole grain will make the hens fat, more liable to disease, and less likely to lay.

—For citron cake stir together three cups of brown sugar, four and one-half cups of flour, seven eggs, two cups of citron cut in small pieces, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sweet milk.—*Chicago News.*

—The basket willow will grow well around the mill ponds and along the margins of the water-courses. It is an article which is always salable, and should be made to take the place of the unsightly briars and bushes that often prove so troublesome in such places.

—The *United States Veterinary Journal*, Chicago, recommends the following as a remedy for heaves: Powdered resin, two ounces; tartar emetic, two ounces; Spanish brown, two ounces, and Cayenne pepper, two ounces. Mix and give two teaspoonfuls twice a day in soft feed.

—For Lancashire pie, take cold beef or veal and chop and season as for hash; then put into a shallow baking-dish a layer of the meat, then a layer of hot-mashed potatoes, well seasoned, and so on until the dish is filled. Make the top layer of the potatoes and make little holes and drop in small pieces of butter, and bake until a nice brown.

—The Devon cattle, in the opinion of the Chicago *Times*, are probably better adapted to the conditions and wants of the far West, where the feed is scanty, the climate severe, and considerable heavy teaming is required, than animals of any other breed. It predicts that, though for the present out of fashion, they are "as sure to come into fashion again as the old styles of bonnets."

—Substitute for Butter: A lady who is a famous housekeeper recommends an economical plan for making cakes without butter, which may be of use to our readers who have a dread of "margarine." Take a piece of fat pork, melt it down and strain it through a piece of coarse, thin muslin. Set it aside until it is cold. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound-cake, she assures us it is delicious.

—Graham Pudding: Mix well together one-half a coffee cup of molasses, one-quarter of a cup of butter, one egg, one-half a cup of milk, one-half a teaspoonful of pure soda, one and one-half cups of good graham flour, one small teacup of raisins, spices to taste. Steam four hours and serve with brandy or wine sauce, or any sauce that may be preferred. This makes a showy as well as a light and wholesome dessert, and has the merit of simplicity and cheapness.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Wet weather is frequently followed by attacks of pneumonia among sheep. These animals can not well resist wet and cold together. This disease is rarely cured. The best treatment is to give small tablespoonful doses of turpentine in milk once a day—in the morning before eating. A dram of saltpeter given in a bran mash may be beneficial. But care to keep the sheep dry and to provide a dry, airy shed for them is far more effective to prevent the trouble than any medicine can be to promote a cure.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mustard.

Within the past few years the production of mustard has become quite an industry in California. About three thousand tons a year are now produced. The mustard plant flourishes most in the Salinas Valley, Alameda County and the southern part of the State. There are two varieties—brown and yellow. The former grows wild, while the yellow is cultivated. The brown mustard seed is growing more scarce every year, because as it luxuriates on good wheat lands the farmers pluck the weeds from their growing wheat. The mixture of mustard with wheat makes the wheat rank and destroys its sale. So while the wheat farmer declares war on the small mustard seed he is enhancing its value. Formerly the brown mustard seed was worth only two cents per pound; now that it is scarcer it sells at three and one-half cents, and will likely advance in proportion to its scarcity. Formerly the yellow mustard seed was dearer, but now it is cheaper, because more abundant. The yellow variety is imported from England and from Holland. The brown seed is imported from Italy.

The yellow mustard fields of the Salinas Valley are very beautiful, and smell ranks not only to heaven, but to every passer-by who inhales the heavily laden breezes. The plant grows to a height of two or three feet within a month. It is cultivated mainly by Chinese. During the first nine months of the present year about 250,000 pounds were shipped from that city, and nearly 50,000 pounds were shipped from interior points. The bulk of the shipments are sent East by rail, but large shipments are also made by steamer and sailing vessels around the Horn. The Sovereign of the Seas will leave in a few days with 5,000 sacks.

There is a brisk demand for mustard in Eastern markets, and our dealers say they can easily get rid of their supplies. Mustard is on the free list. Before the civil war there was a duty on it, but it was repealed under the pretense that mustard was a medicinal quality, necessary for plasters to weak backs. The mustard merchants in this city want the duty restored to protect a Pacific coast industry.

Mustard was formerly used as a medicine. It was not known to the table until about 1720. The seed had been previously pounded in a mortar, and in that crude state separated from the integuments and prepared for use. In England at the period referred to it occurred to a woman named Clements that mustard could be used for other purposes than blistering. She ground the seed in a mill and treated it the same way as flour is treated. Her mustard was, in consequence, very superior, and being approved by George I, speedily came into general use. [illegible] kept her secret for a considerable time, though a woman, and acquired a large fortune. In the countries of the far East mustard is extensively cultivated. Half an acre is considered a good-sized farm.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

* * *

—According to the newly revised pharmacopœia, quinine must no longer be called quinine, its recent Latin name, but quinina. The word hydrate in chloral hydrate has been knocked off, and other alterations made. But for what possible reason have the committee revised out of existence their former English synonyme licorice, and substituted the awful word of "Doctor's Latin," glycyrriza? Such a change if enforced would ruin half the confectionery shops of the land. Imagine any possible small boy asking for a cent's worth of glycyrrhiza!—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Monopoly of '49.

Mr. Henry L. Goodwin, of East Hartford, Conn., made a good share of his large fortune by a curious sort of monopoly. He was a California "forty-niner," and in those early days, when San Francisco and its vicinity had a wretchedly poor supply of drinking water, he was one evening charged half a dollar by a man who owned a well for a drink for his oxen. That made him mad and he resolved that he too would become known as man-who-owns-a-well. With the aid of his partner, an engineer, he bored eighty feet deep on his town lot and there struck an inexhaustible supply of the best water yet found on the whole coast. Then he established a free drinking fountain for all passers-by but for all other purposes he sold the water, six gallons for a cent. Cattle owners could have their stock watered for fifty cents a yoke per week. For a long time everyone who wanted pure water had to go to Goodwin's well for it, and a handsome fortune was realized therefrom.—*Hartford (Conn.) Currant.*

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—The Chicago correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "An immense number of young women here have been seized with a frenzy to have their tresses dressed in the style of the 'Langtry bang.' This necessitates cutting the hair to within two or three inches of the head head as far back as the crown and arranging this shortened crop in a series of flat reversed curls. This may be a new rage, but it is as ancient a style in treatment as the wig itself."

—A big Chicago firm is going into the business of preparing beef for the Eastern market on a huge scale. They have a capacity of slaughtering one thousand cattle a day and for "chilling" three thousand, and say that they can chill meat for exactly what it costs to handle the ice. The chilled meat will be sent East in immense quantities in refrigerator cars.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It should never more be said that it is no offense to take an umbrella. Henry Wilson and W. B. Lewis, of Cincinnati, presumed too much upon the immunity which umbrella thieves are alleged to have, and took one from in front of a store. The minions of the law pursued them, and each was fined $150 and committed to jail for thirty days besides.—*Detroit Post.*

—The fall of a factory chimney at Bradford, England, the other day, was caused by an attempt to straighten the chimney, which leaned over on one side, by chipping the mortar from between [illegible] in the other side. This so weakened the structure that it fell, killing forty people and injuring more than fifty others.

—The story is told in the New York papers of a young actor who, on receiving his week's salary, purposely made a disturbance in the streets in order that he might be committed to jail, where he hoped to overcome his drinking habits. According to his story, the fashion of "treating" was gradually ruining him in purse and body.

—An enterprising orange-grower in Florida recently sent an order to a New York butter factory for several barrels of skimmed milk. He wanted it for a wash for trees to kill off insects, but he could not obtain it. It was all used for making "full cream cheese."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—SAN FRANCISCO papers relates that Rear Admiral Schenck, whose death occurred recently, was the first to bring gold East from California. He was a Lieutenant then, and was dispatched with the news of the discovery by Commodore Ap. Catesby Jones, and took with him three claret cases of gold chunks.

—A PITTSBURGH detective observes that there are few fat men among the criminal classes. The lean and hungry Cassius is the bad man. "Our most desperate criminals," the detective remarks to a reporter, "are mostly small-sized men with light complexions."

A Hotel Man's Luck.

Mr. J. G. Tyler, chief clerk at the Union Depot Hotel, Ogden, had rheumatism in the muscles of the chest and left shoulder. By applying the Great German Remedy three days he realized complete restoration, and he is of the opinion that there is nothing equal to the St. Jacobs Oil for pain. The Great German Remedy is also a specific for burns and sprains.—*Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune.*

TOM THUMB tried to knock down a Chicago hackman, and was mad because the man didn't know it.

Snakes as Life Destroyers.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the scrofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of scrofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous disease, or king's-evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

WHAT'S the use of getting up loan exhibitions when the windows of pawn-shops are open to all gazers?—*Detroit Free Press.*

"How do you like my pin?" said young Brown, speaking to his most cherished girl and referring to a new scarf-pin. "Oh!" said she, "is it a pin? I noticed it; but I thought it was a bit of salad dropped on your tie, and I was going to call your attention to it."—*Newark Call.*

THE Mississippi is the artery of the nation; therefore some think that money spent upon its improvement is expended in vein.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE United States has forty-six different treaties with Mexico, and yet the greasers skip over the top rails and steal our cattle the same as if we hadn't one. The next treaty should have more powder and lead in it.

"You are always prying into other people's business," said the policeman to the burglar who was endeavoring to open a jewelry store with a jimmy.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THERE was a first-class story-book wedding at New Haven, Conn., the other day. Henri Mouton, a handsome young Frenchman, saw and loved Adele Pommier years ago in France. Pretty Adele was a laborer's daughter, Henri a tradesman's son, and the stern parents frowned on their love. So Henri started forth in pursuit of fortune and independence, giving up his prized office at home of a sergeant de ville, came to Wallingford, hoarded his earnings through the years, and finally sent for his sweetheart. She escaped from her relatives and was joined to her hero in happy wedlock.—*New Haven Register.*

A RECIPE for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

A LEMON from Florida, weighing over three pounds, has been on exhibition in Boston. It's sour of [illegible] that such a lemon is worth squeezing.—*N. Y. News.*

HANDSOME tidies are placed on satin-covered sofas, not so much as a gurantee of good faith as to cover up the spot that is worn through.—*Puck.*

A MILLINERY house in Toronto has failed for $150,000. How the concern came to have two spring bonnets left on its hands is not known.

Taken Out of Bed.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house. Respectfully, AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

THE poorest excuse a boy can give for not wanting to saw wood is "The saw's got the toothache."—*Baltimore News.*

Fits, Fits, Fits,

Successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE question which excites the drivers of public carriages is: "Does a hack or a coupe best?"

A Happy Lady.

Mrs. Harriet Orr, of Lancaster, Pa., is perhaps one of the happiest residents of that place. "I have been subject to inward weakness and pains in the small of my back for ten years," said Mrs. Orr, "and I had given up all hopes of getting better. I was induced to try Mishler's Herb Bitters, and after using it for a short time I am happy to call myself well." For all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Billiousness, Nervous Ailments and General Debility, there is nothing so good as Mishler's Herb Bitters.

JONES—"Can you give me change for a dollar?" Fend son (the simpleton)—"Yes; how much do you want?"—*Boston Post.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Will rescue the baby from croup. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

WHEN a convict's watch runs down it does not necessarily follow that his time has expired.

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT, no more useful article can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. 25 cts.

WHAT poem does barking your shin remind you of? Graze L e g, of course.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

RUSSIA Salve is unrivaled for its speedy healing qualities. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cts.

THE proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar coaled.

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

A LITTLE New Hartford three-year-old in admiring her baby brother, exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head like papa."

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 35c.

A TIE VOTE: When two people agree to get married.—*Boston Star.*

RHEUMATISM CURED. Send stamp for free prescription. R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

LAWYERS are given credit for being sharp because they generally file their answers.

The Doctor's Endorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional endorsement: "I have prescribed DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I have also found DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used."

THE mania for adulteration is so great that you can't buy a pound of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.—*Philadelphia News.*

SKINNY Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1. "WELLS' ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

IF you kan't trust a man for the full amount, let him skip. This trying to git an average on honesty has always been a failure.—*Josh Billings.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

Our Watchful Guardian and Faithful Protector Restored to Active Duty Again.

MR. HENRY A. WATERMAN, of the city of Providence, R. I., for many years the faithful and vigilant night watchman of the Barstow Stove Company's very extensive establishment, having been confined to his home several weeks by a very distressing illness, on resuming his duties again avails himself of this early opportunity for stating briefly a few plain facts.

MR. WATERMAN, says:

"A few months ago I was taken down with a severe sickness, which confined me to the house quite a long time, and much of the time I was so very lame as to be unable to walk, and my left leg, from the hip to the toes, became monstrously swollen, and I suffered extremely from the constant intense pains produced by so great inflammation; I was trying the various so-called cures, all the time, and was under the treatment of a physician seven weeks, but getting no substantial relief. At this time an old time friend, a police officer, called upon me, and during our conversation informed me of the great benefit which he had obtained by the use of Hunt's Remedy, and urged me to try it, as he considered it a wonderful medicine. I commenced taking Hunt's Remedy, having very little faith that it would do much in such a stubborn case as mine, but my doubt was soon dispelled, for before I had taken one bottle I began to get better, the severe pains disappeared, the swollen leg gradually decreased in size, and I was encouraged to continue the use of the Remedy; and the improvement to my health continues, my appetite is good. I have regained my strength, and I am now performing again my duties as watchman at the foundry. Every night I go up and down stairs more than one hundred times, and am in good condition, and feel that my recovery is due to Hunt's Remedy alone. My severe sickness and terribly swollen leg was caused by the diseased state of my kidneys, and I think that it is a most valuable medicine that will so speedily relieve and cure such a severe case as mine. I therefore most cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all afflicted with kidney diseases, as I know it to be a safe and reliable remedy.

"PROVIDENCE, Dec. 5, 1882."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives steadiness to the nerves, induces a healthy, natural flow of bile, prevents constipation without unduly purging the bowels, gently stimulates the circulation, and by promoting a vigorous condition of the physical system, promotes, also, that cheerfulness which is the truest indication of a well-balanced condition of all the animal powers. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MANUFACTURED BY MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL CO.

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JOHN HODGE, SEC'Y. — LOCKPORT, N.Y. U.S.A.

For Internal and External Use.

CURES RHEUMATISM,
Burns, Scalds, Chilblains,
Frost Bites, Chapped Hands,
Flesh Wounds, Sprains, Bruises,
External Poisons, Caked Breasts,
Sore Nipples, Toothache,
Cramps or Spasms of Stomach,
Colic, Asthma, or Internal Pain,
Lame Back, Bites of Animals,
Galls of all kinds, Sitfast,
Ringbones, Cracked Teats,
Poll Evil, Garget in Cows, Spavins,
Sweeney, Scratches or Grease,
Foot Rot in Sheep, Stringhalt,
Windgalls, Roup in Poultry,
Foundered Feet, Fistula,
Cracked Heels, Mange in Dogs.

Ask your nearest Dealer or Druggist for one of our Almanacs for 1883.

From the Christian Leader N. Y., Oct. 29, '71.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—We have made special personal inquiry in regard to the merits of this celebrated remedy, and find it a genuine article of rare value. It is by no means a new remedy. The establishment which produces it dates its manufacture as far back as 1833, since which time it has been steadily growing in public favor. The patentees are among the foremost business men of the city of Lockport. They are every way reliable.

From the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 6, 1871.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—This Old standard article, under the admirable management of John Hodge, Esq., has reached an enormous sale. It is an honestly compounded article; it has merit, and now that the best business talent of the country is handling it, there is no reason why it should not double its present usefulness. No family can afford to be without it. For family use, as well as for animals, it is simply indispensable.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Large Size $1 00; Medium 50 c.; Small 25 c.; Small Size for family use 25 c.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge

Secretary.

ST. JACOBS OIL

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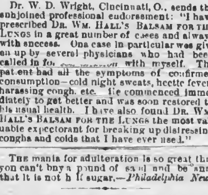

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
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Boone County Recorder.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1883. NUMBER 15.

THE STEAM WHISTLE.

With bale and ban
Curst be the man,
With ear of toughest gristle
Who first conceived
And then bereaved
His brain of the steam whistle—
The engineer's pet whistle,
The "angel whisper" whistle,
Horse-crazing,
Cattle-hazing,
Man-amazing
Whistle.

Morn paints the sky—
To France I hie,
Where John went (see epistle)—
A fiendish yell
My dreams dispel—
'Tis that infernal whistle.
That zenith-soaring whistle,
That earth-devouring whistle,
That welkin-rending,
Wide-extending,
Heaven offending
Whistle.

Gone my repose is;
Tho' meek as Moses,
With righteous wrath I bristle;
And fume and fuss,
And storm and cuss
At that confounded whistle—
That mournful, moaning whistle,
That shrill, death-shrieking whistle,
That sharp, persisting,
Brain-entwisting,
Oath assisting
Whistle.

Were I a saint
(The which I ain't),
I'd take some deadly missile,
Some metal tract,
Or "Texas tract,"
And interview that whistle,
That diabolical whistle,
That peace-destroying whistle,
That ear-drum-shivering,
Nerves-set-quivering,
Curse-deserving
Whistle.

—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE CHICKADEE AND ITS COMPANIONS.

On mild days in winter, when we open our windows to admit the breath of heaven within doors, while listening to the frequent clash of icicles loosened by the sunshine, and to the dropping eaves, as the melting snow gives us a musical intimation of the coming of spring, we may hear a little bird crying "chickadee-dee" from a tree very near the house. Another soon answers him from the garden or orchard; and these notes and their responses are repeated with occasional intervals throughout the day. We hear at the same time, though not so often repeated, the "yank, yank"—like the sound of a child's toy-trumpet—of the white-breasted nut-hatch, as it moves spirally around the branches of a tree in its diligent search for insects; and, withal, the shrill notes of the little downy woodpecker. These birds and the brown creeper are usually associated in winter with the chickadee. They keep together apparently to escape that solitude which may be painful to them in the dark days of winter, and perhaps from a sense of greater security when in company with other small birds.

The chickadees do not assemble in flocks, like buntings and cedar birds. They are commonly seen in parties of six or eight; and while foraging singly on different trees, they utter their call note and then wait for a response. If they hear none they again cry "chickadee-dee," until some one answers. The birds use this note for mutual recognition, that they may not be separated beyond hailing distance. The song of the chickadee is very different—not querulous, like his call note, but two flute notes like *pee-dee*, the first syllable accented and about a musical third above the second. Beside the song and the call notes, I have frequently heard the chickadee sing in a low warbling tone a kind of soliloquy, apparently for its own amusement.

The chickadee, or black-capped titmouse, is a very small bird, with the top of the head and throat black, beneath a light ash color and brownish-white on the sides. This bird is universally known; it confines itself chiefly to the woods in summer, and in winter pays frequent visits to the garden and orchard for certain insects which are abundant in the fruit trees. Prompted by hunger, it sometimes enters our inclosures and picks up crumbs of bread and meat from the ground. These little birds seem numerous in winter, because hunger renders them more familiar, and the absence of the summer birds and the leafless condition of the trees make them more conspicuous and cause their voices to be more audible in the greater silence that prevails in this season.

We marvel at the power of resisting cold in birds so minute as the chickadees; but they are thickly clad in downy feathers, and constantly in motion during the day. At night they resort to the hollows that contain their nests, where they find warmth and protection; but in the daytime they seem mindless of the severest cold. They seek fatty substances, like other winter birds; and if a piece of suet be nailed to a tree or a post, the chickadees and other small birds will frequently peck from it. This contributes to their animal heat. Many of them perish, however, some perhaps from starvation; others become victims of the shrike, a rapacious bird that winters in the Northern and Middle States. The unfortunate individual who introduced the English sparrows into our land, as Satan brought sin into the world, in one respect befriended our small winter birds by furnishing the shrike and the owl with additional booty. I would join with Dr. Coues, therefore, in protecting the shrike until the English sparrows are exterminated.

The chickadee places its nest in the hollow of a tree, after clearing it of chaff. It is composed of a variety of soft materials, fine mosses and leaves of grass, with a lining of cotton and hair, all closely felted. The quantity of material varies according to the width of the cavity. When very spacious, the nest is constructed in the form of a purse, with a hole at the top for the bird's entrance. The eggs are usually six, rarely exceeding eight; they are white, with a faint reddish tint, and dotted with brown at the larger end.

The benefit conferred upon agriculture by the chickadees from their consumption of insects is immense. They are exclusively insectivorous, and being permanent residents their good work never ceases. Each individual, according to computation, consumes annually nearly half a million of insects with their larvæ. This seems to me a moderate calculation. The companions of the chickadee join in the same good work, and are equally useful in proportion to their numbers. The least valuable species as checks to the multiplication of insects are the granivorous birds. The English sparrows, especially, confine their foraging to the little æsthetic mounds that temporarily adorn our streets and roads, and to those æsthetic coverings which are spread upon the inclosures of fanciful people who are especially *neat* in the management of their lawns.

The birds most frequently seen with the chickadee, and therefore regarded as its companions, are the nut-hatch, the creeper and the little downy woodpecker. My most agreeable reminiscences of winter rambles are associated with these birds. Sometimes, during a period of calm sunshine, the squirrels will come out of their burrows, and in the echoing silence we hear their rustling leap among the dry oak leaves, and the dropping of nuts from the lofty branches of the hickory. The woods are then frequented by numbers of these little woodpeckers, so interesting on account of their lively motions, their brilliant plumage with its contrasted colors, and their curious manner of winding in and out and over and under the branches of the trees.

Small parties of these birds will often assemble in company with creepers, nut-hatches and chickadees, and make the woods resound with their querulous voices; for though evidently fond of being together, something will occasionally happen that causes a shout of scolding and chattering that does not quickly subside. The mild serenity of the weather, the fresh odors from thawing vegetation, the beautiful haze that surrounds the horizon, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, the lively chattering of poultry in the farmyards, the bleating of flocks and the lowing of kine, an occasional concert of crows in a neighboring wood, and the lively cerulean plumage of the jay, that often flashes upon the eye—all these sights and sounds, when thus united, make winter for a day or two as delightful as June.

The chickadees seem to be the leaders of this interesting group of small birds, among which the downy woodpecker is the most attractive. Dr. Coues notices the hairy woodpecker "among the few birds that endure the run of winter in the Upper Missouri, apparently without the slightest inconvenience. On entering the crackling, dry weed patches of the bottom at such times, the ear is often saluted with the shrill, startling *quank* of the active bird, unseen in the low covert, until disturbed at its meal in its snug retreat, *it takes a long, swift swing* up into the nearest tree, or disappears among the festoons, further into the underwood."

There is a precise similarity between the hairy and the downy woodpeckers; their only difference is in their size. The downy woodpecker is but a miniature of the other. Their ways and habits are similar, and their notes differ only in volume and sharpness. It is the smaller species that most frequently associates with the chickadees, following them through the wood, the garden and orchard, and even into the barnyard, and sounding its little trumpet note along with the "chickadee-dee" of its comrades.

The downy woodpeckers do not make a nest. They lay their eggs on the bare wood, in holes which they excavate in the trunk of some old tree, preferring one that is half-decayed on account of the greater ease of perforating it. After boring five or six inches in a slightly downward direction, probably to secure better light and ventilation, it is carried down perpendicularly two or three inches, and the bottom of the cavity is smoothed and rounded to receive the eggs. This habit of laying their eggs on the bare wood, without any soft nesting materials, comes probably from an instinct that prompts them to use this method of protecting their young from vermin, which are always profuse in the nests of birds that build in holes. The downy woodpecker lays six eggs, which are purely white.

The creeper forages along with the chickadees and woodpeckers. Its colors are dark gray varied with white and brown. Indeed, all the birds of this group have only a different mixture of the same colors. Those of the woodpecker are speckled or checkered, and are more lively in their contrasts. The creeper comes next in the speckled character of its plumage; the chickadee and the nut-hatch are pied, not speckled. The creeper is remarkable for a habit, when it perceives some one watching it, of keeping on the opposite side of the tree, and eludes observation by ascending the bole on the same side to the top, and then flying off.

The white-breasted nut-hatch is another of this interesting group. Like the others, its colors are a mixture of white, brown and gray, arranged more like those of the chickadee. It is ashen blue above, with a black head and neck, the remainder of its plumage chiefly white and gray. The nut-hatches resemble the woodpeckers in their habits; and when searching for insects and their larvæ they bore into the bark of trees and tear off the lichens and scales with their strong beaks. Of these four species which I have described, the woodpeckers only excavate their own habitations; the others appropriate one already made. According to Mr. Gentry's observation, they are not always secure in the occupancy of their resort. He tells a story of a pair of nut-hatches that built their nest in the hollow of an oak. After removing the remnants of a squirrel's nest, and when they had collected the materials for their own, a pair of flying squirrels, the former occupants, took possession of the premises and expelled the birds.

All winter have these little wanderers traversed the wood, the garden and the orchard, now widely separated, then coming together on hearing their mutual call notes—the music of their irregular march—in severe weather creeping among the oaks and pines of the dense wood, on calm, still days foraging among our fruit trees and wayside elms. Their frequent call notes—always musical—their agile movements, their chattering in their petty quarrels, their occasional concerts when in a mirthful humor, constitute the life of Nature in the winter. I have often felt, when rambling in the woods on pleasant winter days, deeply affected by the solemn silence that prevails a great part of the time, that the frequent prattling, chirping and tuneful complaining of these social birds awakened cheerful emotions, unfelt even when the song birds first announce the arrival of spring.—*Wilson Flagg, in Boston Transcript.*

How to Walk with an Escort.

A great many girls seem to be very anxious to know just how to walk properly in the street with a gentleman escort. It is right and proper that girls should ask about these things, if they are not settled in their minds concerning them, and that they should be unwilling to do anything that might not appear ladylike. Next to being in everything correct and proper comes the appearing so to others.

The etiquette with regard to the taking of the arm lies in a nut-shell. Common sense and the custom of the country govern it. Where, as in most American towns, a lady who takes a gentleman's arm in the daytime is supposed to be engaged to him, it should not be done by any but husband and wife, or mother and son, as long as daylight lasts. The members of a large, mixed party walking out of town may always do it. The idea, in such a case, is that roads are rough, and ladies need support, and their parasols may be thus carried for them by their escorts. In the city, during a rain storm, most men of self-possession will at any hour offer an arm to a lady over whose head they are carrying an umbrella. The reason is obvious.

In the evening, after dark, no lady should ever walk with a gentleman in any city or town without taking his arm. This is so imperative, that if the gentleman is too ignorant to know his duty, or too bashful to offer his arm, the lady should signify that she is ready to take it, after walking a few moments. The fact that she has his arm, says to strangers: This gentleman has this lady under his protection. They are not merely strangers who have spoken to each other.

In going to any place of entertainment the lady should keep the gentleman's arm until the door of the auditorium is entered. Then she should drop it and let him precede her to her seat, which he will wait for her to enter first, he taking the outside place. This also is common sense, as you can see; it gives the gentleman the position of leader and protector, which he should always take in public. He should also, as a rule, always walk on the outside of the pavement, changing, if a turn alters his position, by passing behind the lady and then offering his other arm.

There is no familiarity in taking a gentleman's arm. There is nothing but respect implied by the offer of it. It is a courtesy, and a proffer of polite service, and nothing to feel awkward about or conscious about, if the arm is taken properly, with one hand, not thrust too far past the gentleman's elbow.

The lover-like way of clasping both hands on the coat-sleeve is only suitable for moonlight rambles in courting days, or for very gushing wives during the honeymoon.

As a general thing, if a gentleman of high social position and much experience in the world offers you his arm—we suppose you to be young and inexperienced—you may safely take it, for he will not do it unless he is sure that it is correct under the peculiar circumstances.

In crossing a wide street, climbing over something, passing through a rough crowd, and in many positions which might by chance occur, you would be foolish to decline that crook of the elbow, even in broad day.

Under general circumstances one might say: Do not take a mere friend's arm by day. Always take an escort's arm after dark, out of doors, or in crossing a large room at a ball, party or fair, and in going to supper.

A gentleman should never slip his hand through a lady's arm in walking in the street. Bashful young men sometimes do it through ignorance; but the lady should always politely signify that she prefers to take her escort's arm, if it is at a time when the arm should be taken at all.

What I tell you is for the present time and for the present American ideas. Should you go abroad, you must notice what the most respectable persons do, or ask well-informed people about such matters, and learn as fast as you can.—*M. K. D., in N. Y. Ledger.*

Patent Elopement Preventer.

You know the old saying about love and locks. The young people evaded all precautions, managed to see each other frequently, and last night was decided upon to go over to Jeffersonville and get married. All the arrangements were made and the preacher engaged. Friends of both parties were invited, and went over to the house of a mutual friend in Jeffersonville to await the coming of the bride and groom, and they may be waiting yet for all that I know. About seven o'clock last evening the would-be groom, accompanied by a couple of friends, went out to the neighborhood of the young lady's house. The agreement was to meet her on the corner a few steps from her gate, and, as a precaution, the young people left the carriage standing around on another street. The young lady was prompt. Thus far all went well and hope shone brightly in the future. You know it was a frightfully mean night—misty rain overhead and sloppy and slippery under foot. As she approached the corner the groom took her by the hand, and, placing his other arm around her, hurried her almost to a run. About midway over the crossing the bride slipped, and in his desperate efforts to save her both bride and groom went down into a puddle of mud and water. It was the ending of all their hopes and expectations. The bride had to go back to change her dress and promised to return soon, while the groom washed himself and remade his toilet as well as he could at the pump. In the meantime the young lady's father returned, and that put an end to all further proceedings.—*Louisville Post.*

—Some mischief-maker in New York the other night sent out several false fire alarms, calling out seventy-six engines and sixteen hook and ladder companies. There is a heavy reward for his capture. Superintendent Walling and his officers are trying to devise means to put an end to this practice, which has become a perfect nuisance.—*N. Y. Mail.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Money does not make the man; it is the man that makes the money who commands respect.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Good cider can not be made from rotten apples," remarks an agricultural exchange. That's very singular, and lots of people will hesitate to adopt such a startling theory.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Agriculturist" writes to know how to keep seeds from the depredations of mice? Answer—Keep the mice full of cheese, which we believe they prefer, when they can get it, to seeds.—*The Judge.*

—It is not always the man who has the most learning who knows the most. It sometimes happens that when a man fills his head with lumber he has to take out his brains to make room for it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him which he thought was the cheaper, to move or pay rent. "I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg; "I have always moved."—*Boston Transcript.*

—When Brown failed to catch the young lady who slapped his hands at copenhagen, Fogg remarked that it was quite a marine disaster. "A smack lost, you know," he explained in answer to the interrogating glances levied at him from all sides.

—"You say your wife gets mad and raises a row?" "I should say she did. She makes enough fuss to run a freight train forty miles an hour." "But if you knew that she was in the habit of getting mad, why did you marry her?" "Because if I had held back she would have got madder than ever."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A scientific journal heads an article: "Wanted—A Substitute for Leather." From a careful reading of our paragraphic exchanges during the past six months, we conclude that many fathers have adopted a cross dog as a substitute for leather. It goes right to the spot with the same earnestness—if not a little more so.—*The Judge.*

—A London rate-payer, in great excitement, arrived almost breathless at a school board polling station in Hackney. "I want to vote for a woman!" he called out. "Ah," said a friendly voice, "I suppose you mean Miss Miller?" "No," replied the rate-payer; "that's not her name. Let me sit down and think. I saw it on a placard as I came along." Thinks aloud. "I have it. Poll Early—that's her!"

—Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters, call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Walter Novegold, a lad fifteen years of age, living in Bristol, Pa., has patented important improvements in rolling-mill machinery. He is said to be the youngest inventor on the records at Washington.

—A company has been formed in Iowa for the purpose of manufacturing sporting shot from iron. It is stated that the trials which have been made of the shot have proved it to be fully equal and in some respects superior to lead shot.

—It has been noticed that copper when melted with salt and subsequently cooled is much tougher than ordinary copper, this being due, in all probability, to the removal of the cuprous oxide which is generally present in greater or less quantities.

—A physician in Erie, Pa., has discovered a chemical preparation which he claims will preserve dead bodies in a condition "natural as life" for five thousand years. By retaining this mixture for the exclusive benefit of his own deceased patients he expects to become immensely popular and secure all the medical practice of his town.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—An average day's work for a bricklayer is 1,500 bricks on outside and inside walls; on facings and angles and finishing around wood or stone work, not more than half of this number can be laid. To find the number of bricks in a wall, first find the number of square feet of surface, and then multiply by 7 for a 4-inch wall, by 14 for an 8-inch wall, by 21 for a 12-inch wall, and by 28 for a 16-inch wall.—*The Household.*

—The first lot of tacks ever made in California have been turned out by works recently erected near Oakland. The manufacture of this useful article will now continue at the rate of about a ton a day. Over 150 men are now at the buildings, and 300 workmen will be employed when the different manufactories are in full operation. Files and other hardware will also be made. The iron used is mined in the State.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—In Scotland there are ninety-nine factories engaged in the jute industry, having 183,056 spinning spindles; 5,855 doubling spindles; 10,000 power looms, and employing 8,920 males and 21,841 females, jute pickers. Men receive $1.15 per week for fifty-six hours' work. Women receive $2.88; coarse spinner female, receive $2.62 per week; loom weavers, male, are paid $3.75, and female, $2.50 respectively, for fifty-six hours' work.

—Twenty billion wooden hoops are used in the large packing establishments of the country for barrels alone. Now a hoop-maker will make 150 hoops in a day of ten hours, twelve or fourteen feet lengths. An exceptionally good hoop-maker will produce 300 eight-foot in a day of ten hours, and after this has been done these hoops must be again finish-shaved by the cooper before he can notch them, bevel the ends, or drive them. A couple of Bostonians have invented a machine, the production of which, stated within bounds, will be 20,000 eight-foot marketable hoops in ten hours.

—Snow brings to the earth more fertilizing ammonia than any other process in nature.

A Pen Portrait.

While we take great pleasure in defending farmers against the various slanders and slurs cast upon them, there are some prominent cases within our acquaintance, and doubtless they are in all neighborhoods, whose portrait we should take pleasure in pen-painting. They are rich and honest, so far as strict dealing is concerned. They are blessed with health and all of the appliances to make them happy. The man has a good, neat and loving wife, intelligent children, capable of enjoying or adorning society. Really all of the pleasures and happiness of the world are at his command. And yet neither he nor his family, on his account, are happy. He always broods over the anticipation of some impending calamity. His barns are crowded with the best of stock, his granaries bursting with fullness, his cash account largely in his favor at the bank. And yet he nearly starves himself and family, and grudgingly provides for his wife, sons and daughters such things as their station in the community demands, and such as by their industry and economy they are entitled to. He is always reminding them of the danger of drought, floods, or some fatal calamity, which will destroy crops and stock, and bring them to want. His money is always a trouble to him. He is afraid to keep it in the house as there is danger of burglars. He would not trust it in banks as he considers all of the officers thieves. He would not loan it, as he had no confidence in the honesty of other men. He would not expend it for conveniences or luxuries for himself or family, as that would be wasteful extravagance. He does not know what to do with it, and its possession makes him miserable. He is never satisfied with the seasons or the weather. He is always unhappy, whether hot or cold, wet or dry. When it rains he always expects a deluge. If the sun shines he predicts a drought.

This is no fancy picture. The men can be found in almost any community who can duplicate this picture. And we ask some rich old grumblers to cut this out and paste it in the crowns of their hats and read it every time they begin to feel economic cramps.

Heroes of the Newhall House Fire.

Among the almost countless acts of bravery performed at the fire, Otto Kleinstenber's deserves high mention. He is the electrician of the Fire Department, and being early upon the scene siezed a lantern, and, entering the building, got as far as the head of the third-story stairway, and staid there in the dense smoke waving a lantern and calling out loudly, "Here's the stairs." In this way he saved Mrs. McGuire, Mary McCully and Mary Garvin. A big man took away his lantern, but, nothing daunted, he got another and went on with the work. He repeatedly called out for the inmates seeking to escape to throw themselves on their knees and crawl toward him, and in this way he saved at least seven lives, C. W. Briggs, of Grand Rapids, among the number. Milwaukeeans are loudest in their praises of Foreman Keimer, of the Fire Department, and Sergeant Keller, who saved no less than eight persons by means of a ladder which they projected amidst the plaudits of the crowd below from the roof of the Frackelston Building across a sixteen-foot alley to the west wall of the Newhall. There were a number of women within sight, but none of them could be induced to venture upon the ladder. The fireman crawled cat-like across the ladder, and, seizing one of the women, dragged her with him. She resisted furiously, and he was obliged to use force, and beat her, to make her let go the rounds of the ladder and permit him to save her. The last two or three women brought over were apparently lifeless, but came to later. It was directly beneath where these feats were performed that so many of the domestics lost their lives by jumping into the alley. The scene there must have been a terrible one. The bodies fell so thick the people who were holding blankets and canvases for them to jump into were obliged to discourage those upon the upper stories from jumping by leaving the alley. Their work was useless, as nearly every one who jumped was mashed to death upon the frozen pavement.

Securing Advice.

A prominent Detroiter who has the reputation of knowing all about horses, was coming down Woodward avenue the other day when a stranger halted him, inquired if he was Mr. So-and-so, and added:

"I have walked seven miles this morning to secure your advice. Will you go to the harness shop with me?"

The citizen turned back and walked three blocks to the shop. The stranger then showed him two horse-brushes, and said:

"This brush is twenty cents and that one two shillings. Which would you advise me to purchase?"

"I'd take the dearer," replied the disgusted adviser. "Did you bring me here simply to settle that question?"

"Oh, no. I had already about made up my mind to get a brush with a landscape painted on the back. Now about currycombs. The object of a currycomb is to agitate a horse, I suppose, but what particular style do you advise? Here are both red and blue-handled currycombs, and I will be guided by what you say."

"Did you ever own a horse?" asked the citizen.

"Mercy, no!"

"Do you own one now?"

"Why, no!"

"Then, what in flaxation do you want of those things?"

"Well, that's another matter on which I wanted your valuable advice. Isn't it better to buy a brush and currycomb in the winter and then buy the horse in the spring, or would you buy all at once?"

"You'd better buy a saw-horse!" remarked the indignant citizen, as he walked off.

"Just see that!" gasped the man who had walked seven miles. "Why, I was intending after we got through to ask him to take a glass of beer, and he walks off as if he took me for a dead-beat! What other man in Detroit knows all about horses?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Young Folks.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

There's an army that musters its legions,
And marches to roll-call each day;
And happy and blest are the regions
Which lie in that army's bright way.
They troop over hillock and hollow,
They spring across brooklet and pool,
And gayly and cheerily follow
The summons which bids them to school.

By thousands the army is numbered,
Its soldiers are fresh as the morn;
Not one is by sorrow encumbered,
Not one is by care overborne.
At decimals sometimes they stumble,
And sometimes by verbs are perplexed;
And the proudest grows saddened and humbled
When a question is passed to the next.

But forgot at the briefest vacation
Are problems and puzzles and prose,
The grief of the stern conjugation,
That late was a fountain of woes;
And the army goes back to its duty
The hour that play-time is done,
Resplendent in love and in beauty,
Unmatched 'neath the light of the sun.

They gather, this wonderful army,
In field and in grove and in street;
Their voices are music to charm me,
So ringing and eager and sweet.
Their cheeks are as red as a cherry,
Their eyes are as pure as the day,
And the sound of their marching is merry,
Wherever they pass on their way.

There are people forever a-sighing
And saying the world is all wrong;
But somehow their doubts take to dying
At sight of this wonderful throng.
The world *may* be clouded and weary,
Of trouble and toil may be full,
But at least there is hope where the cheery
Dear children are going to school.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

THE MYSTERIOUS THIEF.

It was a quiet summer afternoon, and I was sitting at my window, looking out upon the lovely view that lay in the lengthening shadows before me. The hills were deepening from a delicate violet to a deeper purple, the sunlight was fading from the sky, which was rich with its crimson softness, and not a breath stirred to rouse the flowers from their long afternoon nap.

"Baby," now six years old, was busy with her doll, "Joan D'Arc," by name; so-called, because of her mysterious eyes, which, Baby thought, bore a striking resemblance to those of that heroine's picture. Her wardrobe disturbed her motherly notion of tidiness, and a small toy wash-tub had been brought out from the baby-house, with all the laundry appurtenances, and the little maiden, with the sleeves of her gamp rolled up and an important look on her baby face, was emulating the laundress' skill, with a consummate gift for acting, that filled my mother's heart with tender pride.

At last the little dress was ready to be whitened, and I watched Baby with a lazy smile, as, utterly ignoring the fact that the sun was almost ready to say good-night, she stepped out on the little grass-plot in front of the cottage, and stretched its small proportions into a proper place, and, turning back, resumed her stand at the little wash-tub. How pretty she was, with the long, fair curls caught back with a tortoise-shell pin she had taken from my cushion, and her little apron turned up to enable her to realize more vividly her "situation."

But even with so enchanting a picture before me, my eyelids slowly drooped, and I only knew that I had fallen asleep by being aroused by an excited little cry of trouble. "What has happened?" I asked, starting anxiously up.

"Why! Joan D'Arc's dress has gone, mamma," came the quiet reply, and looking out, I saw Baby standing, a very picture of astonishment, with the rest of the doll's wardrobe wet and crumpled between her little hands, the work of bleaching being summarily and completely brought to an end.

"Gone! Oh! that is impossible," I said, calmly; "of course it is there, dear."

"But where, mamma?" came the question, so practical, that my vague assertion proved itself at once valueless. I leaned forward, and looked out of the window, feeling bound to produce proof of my superior wisdom. But, seeing no speck of white visible on the grass-plot, I said quietly, with ready ingenuity: "Why, Baby, the wind must have blown it away."

She turned her deep blue eyes towards me, and stood quite still for a moment, and then said, slowly: "But where is the *wind*, mamma?"

Seeing it was the still, sultry day it was, this logical question, only augmenting the difficulty as to the whereabouts of the wind as well as of the dress, roused me from my romancing to immediate action. I got up from my chair, and joined Baby in the garden.

After asking the usual questions in such cases, viz.: "Exactly where did you put it?" "Then where did you go?" How long did you stay?" etc., *ad-infinitum*, I sat down again, with Baby standing by my side, and tried to solve the curious mystery.

Perhaps some little child had strayed into the garden, and, coveting Joan's dress, had absconded with it, while Baby was busy at the little tub; and so comforting her with the promise of another, which promise I immediately proceeded to fulfil, I went back to the little cottage parlor.

Baby, having spread the remainder of the doll's garments on the grass, came and, drawing her little chair by my side, watched me as I began my dress-making.

I drew from my scrap-basket a dainty bit of dotted muslin and some pretty lace, and Joan's robe was fairly under way, when Baby, springing from her little chair, cried out, between despair and dismay:

"Why, mamma, *they're* gone too!" I followed her gaze to the empty grass-plot, in utter bewilderment.

"Some one must be the thief!" I exclaimed, at last. "Here! Baby," as a sudden thought flashed across my mind. "Take these little scraps of muslin and lace, and dampen them, and lay them out on the grass, just as you did the rest, and we will drop the lace curtain and watch behind it, and discover who it is." And having laid the snare, we sat in breathless stillness watching for our prey.

But the minutes came and went, and not a sound disturbed the serenity of the dying day. Baby had climbed into my lap, and was a picture for an artist's brush, as she sat with crimson cheeks and shining eyes, her tiny fingers laid warningly on her lips, as nurse came in to take her away for her tea. Not a voice, not a step, not a sound. Still we watched with persistent resolution. The quiet was unbroken, save by a robin, who hopped suspiciously across the lawn, so ignorant of our dilemma, so innocent of all such evil, mundane matters as theft or crime.

I turned to nurse, and said in a low tone, in response to Baby's eager whisper in my ear, that her tea might be indefinitely postponed to-night, and, turning back to my post, found the grass again devoid of the decoys we had set. With heightened interest we arranged them again, and this time nothing tempted me to lift my eyes from the window.

Five—ten minutes—passed, and then again came the robin, hopping innocently along. For want of any other object, we lazily watched him as he ran over the grass, now pausing to look from side to side, as though fearing sight or sound. Nearer and nearer he came to our bits of lace, when suddenly, after one rapid survey in all directions, with a quick dart he caught them in his beak, and flew upwards.

Dropping Baby from my lap, I ran hastily out on the lawn, and, following his flight, I called back: "Hurry, Baby! tell John to bring a ladder, quick!"

With cries of delight, Baby executed my commission, and when at last I paused beneath a large tree, in which the bird had found a hiding-place, I was soon joined by Baby, nurse, John and the ladder. We all stood in breathless expectation, while John plunged into the upper boughs; and when from the nest he brought down all the little lost garments, as well as the lace and muslin, which had proved such successful decoys, Baby's delight knew no bounds.

But we had learnt a lesson, never in any similar situation to accuse any one of theft, and, in the beautiful and ingenuous unsuspiciousness that has taken possession of us, are a most delightful prey for any enterprising pickpockets. But, as Baby said the next morning at breakfast, thereby delighting her laughter-loving papa: "*Is* it the reason they call it a *rob-in*?"—*N. Y. Observer.*

How Jennie Let in the Cat.

It was snowing hard when Jennie went to bed. It began about four o'clock, just after the sun had tucked himself close around with clouds before going to sleep. In the room where Jennie slept a bright fire was burning, and the flicker upon the wall kept her awake till long past the night time. But by and by the little girl went fast asleep, and was just dreaming of a sleigh-ride that was almost three weeks long, when she woke up again as wide awake as ever. The fire was out and the tip end of Jennie's nose was cold as an icicle.

"Me-ow!"

"O, dear, dear, dear," cried Jennie, sitting up in bed and rubbing her eyes to make them see better, "there's Mumpsy out in the cold as sure as I live."

Yes, indeed, poor Mumpsy, with her four little kittens down in the cellar on the shavings almost crying their eyes open, was out of doors without a single doubt.

Jennie slipped down from the bed and went into the hall. The house was very still, and the lights in the library were out; so she knew papa was in bed.

But the hall gas was burning, as it always did, and what would be easier than to run down and open the front door for old Mumpsy? So the bare little feet pattered down the broad front stairs and across the hall.

"What lots of locks and chains," Jennie said to herself as she twisted the big key and the little one, and then pulled out the chain bolt.

Then with both hands she tugged and tugged at the knob, and in another minute the door flew open.

"Ding-aling-aling-aling-aling-aling!" Such a racket you never, never heard. It was the burglar alarm; and in almost no time papa was standing at the head of the stairs with a real gun in his hands, while mamma, with a candle, was looking over his shoulder to see what a true burglar looked liked. But they didn't see much to be afraid of—only a little girl about as high as the second step with ten little bare toes standing in a row. O, yes, they did see something else. It was a cat that came running in and scooted down cellar as fast as four legs would carry her.

Papa turned off the burglar alarm, and came down and took his little girl in his arms, carrying her lovingly up stairs.

"Mumpsy was crying for the babies, and I let her in," said Jennie. "Don't scold, papa."

Do you suppose he did? Does anybody suppose he did?

But I know a little girl who had a very big and sugary gum-drop before she really went to sleep that night.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Curious Atmosphere.

The other afternoon, although the weather was very cold, the heavens became obscured by a peculiar vapor, which seemed neither fog nor smoke, nor yet clouds. Though the sun could be plainly seen, it presented precisely the same appearance as when viewed through smoked glass. To the southward this vapor appeared of an orange hue, while to the west it was blue. Some of our people, looking in that direction, called out: "Old Mount Davidson has got the blues!" and really, everything in that direction had the blues. About four o'clock the whole mass of vapor moved east and settled down over the valley above the Carson River. Then it presented a white appearance, hiding all the valley land and low hills, but allowing the peaks of the Como range of mountains to be seen. Next the mass of vapor separated into several distinct stratums, and these slowly ascended to the regions of the upper clouds. While this was going on there was visible on the eastern horizon a broad band of deep blue with above a corresponding band of a deep rose red. In all other directions the heavens were perfectly clear and of the usual mild azure hue.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

—The London *Practitioner* records a case of severe hysteria, with contractions of the lower extremities which gave way to bread pills prescribed under the name of pilulæ mica panis.

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POLK's bond has been reduced to $50,000.

Too much Mayor material in Cincinnati. They do not know which piece to select.

CINCINNATI has had her big music festival, and her citizens are happy again.

THE item in last week's issue entitled "Kentucky Scene," should have been credited to the Richmond Herald.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer suggests that by and by some one will ask why congress pays so much attention to whisky and so little to the whisky bill.

THE Maysville boys did not want to leave their mothers, but the governor commanded, and the poor little fellows had to pick up their traps and march.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal gave its readers the picture of the immense building to be erected for the cotton exposition. It will cover thirteen acres.

THE horse that Bob McConnell, of Aurora, gave away by raffle to his customers was won by a ticket held by a young man who suicided a few days before the raffle.

THE grand jury in its indictment against Brown for attempting to bribe jurors in the Star Route trial find that he offered $25,000 for the conviction of Dorsey and Brady.

OSCAR WILDE does not entertain an exalted opinion of Americans. His last experience on this continent was with a bunko man, and he left the country with a bad taste in his mouth,

WE have received Demorest's Illustrated Magazine for February. It is replete with the choicest literary dainties for the ladies, besides being a complete index to all the latest fashions.

A COMPANY in California are engaged in ostrich culture, and for that purpose have imported a flock of birds, which safely arrived at San Francisco. The birds cost about $1,000 each.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 00@7 25; fair to good packers, at $6 75@7 00; fair to good light, $6 50@6 80; common, $5 75@6 45; culls, $4 50@5 65: stock hogs, $4 75@5 50.

A NEW five cent piece will soon be seen in the land. The Philadelphia mint commenced coining them last week. Hope they wont be so difficult to hold. We suggest that a handle be put on them.

BY subscribing for this paper and the Indiana Farmer, at this office, you get the two papers, the regular subscription price of the two being $3 50, for $3, besides receiving as a present a dictionary worth $2.

MR. CARLISLE is reported as saying that he has but little faith in a tariff bill at this session of congress. Neither does he anticipate the calling of an extra session of congress in the event the tariff bill fails.

MRS. LANGTRY will be in Cincinnati next week. If Freddy should come along, these terrible newspaper reporters will have to look a little sharp, or he might have to leave the town to keep their blood off of his hands.

JUDGE OWSLEY says he holds his corner on good terms with each of his opponets in the contest for governor. He objects to being called the candidate of the sporting and whisky men. He anticipates a fair and friendly race.

THE ground-hog prognosticators say we are to have six weeks more winter. As the sun was shining sufficiently on the second inst., for his hogship to see his shadow, he came out, gave a significant grunt, and then disappeared to await the return of spring

OUR neighboring city, Lawrenceburg, has provided herself with two steam fire engines. That town's experience with fire has cost many thousand dollars, and we hope that she is now well protected against the destructive element.

IT is said that Mr. Blackburn will retire from the contest for speaker, not desiring to defeat Mr. Carlisle, which would evidently be the result of his canvass. We are glad to see Mr. Blackburn's better judgment and sense of right prevail, and hope to see it properly rewarded in the future.

W. C. OWENS, of Scott county, will be a candidate for re-election to the legislature, and, if successfull, will desire the speakership, which position he filled so creditably during the last session. His congressional aspiration did not expunge his love for a less pretentious position in politics.

WE understand that Bellevue gets its mail by the way of Rabbit Hash. It seems to us that Bellevue ought to get its mail from Burlington. This route is never molested by the ice, and mail could be taken from here at as little expense to the government as is now the case. What say our Bellevue friends?

AGAIN John Bush, the negro who killed Miss Vanmeter in Fayette, has had his lease of life extended, the Supreme court of the United States quashing the indictment because it was found under a law that prohibited negroes serving on juries. Thirty-five out of thirty-six jurors have adjudged him guilty, and the death sentence has been pronounced twice.

ONE of Morgan Rice's ewes dropped a lamb the other day which was a monstrosity. It had eight legs, eight feet, two tails, two bodies, from the heart back, one neck, two heads, on ear on each head, four eyes—one one the side of each head and two in a socket towards the top of the heads Of course it was not in the proper shape to live, but the buys are trying to preserve the carcass. Bro. Craddock, we claim the horns now.

STATE NEWS.

—Adair's wheat crop looks badly.

—Milton has two tobacco hogsheads factories.

—The hemp crop in Fayette county is in fine condition.

—Lexington is filling up with fine and fast steppers for the approaching races.

—It is rumored that the Maysville Knitting Company will move to Cincinnati.

—Boyd county is buying up the turnpikes within her borders and making them free.

—Lexington has the youngest editor in the United States. He is only nine years old.

—The editor of the Robertson Co. Tribune rejoices that knee-pants are coming in style again.

—In the last few days three pairs of twins have been born in Richmond and vicinity.—Herald.

—One hundred and forty-four wood-choppers left Lewis county for Michigan, the other day.

—Two Berkshire hogs weighing respectively, 1.260 and 1,040 pounds are on exhibition at Paducah.

—The Richmond Herald says that the prospects for a good wheat crop in Madison county are pretty fair.

—A prominent railroad official of this city is reliably reported to have eaten nine dozen buckwheat cakes at one sitting.

—In Meade county when a man is mean enough to rob his family of food to buy whisky, he is horsewhipped by the vigilants.

—It is thought that the wheat is considerably damaged by the sudden freezing and thawing, rooting it out in Boyd county.

—A storm destroyed, in Bath co., a barn containing 13,000 pounds of tobacco. The tobacco was scattered to the four winds.

—James C. Hamilton, of Bath county, had the misfortune to lose Airdric Duchess, which cost him, not long since, $3,000.

—Dr. Fritts, of Centerville, Bourbon county, has a Brahma rooster which weighs 16½ pounds. It is thought to be the largest chicken in the United States.

—Henry Wilhoite, one of the most reliable farmers of Severn neighborhood says the wheat is looking very bad, and many of the farmers have despaired of making any crop at all. —Owen News.

—Some farmers tell us that their wheat does not look at all promising. The hard surface feezes have thrown the roots out of the ground in many places and the blades look dead.—Clinton Democrat.

—The dockets for the present term of the Circuit court closed with 246 equity cases; 125 ordinary causes, about 600 commonwealth's prosecutions; 5 murder cases and one for grand larceny.—Boyd.

—Last Monday morning, a little child of Mr. Jerry Burbridge, who lives near Glenville, was scalded to death. The child was sitting near the fire, when a kettle containing boiling water turned over upon it, with the result above stated.—Columbia Spectator.

—Mrs. Geo. Faulkner, living near Bartonville, recently obtained a pension of $2,500 from the government for the loss of her son during the war, and died upon the day the check for the money came to her postoffice. The money was returned to the pension department at Washington—Vanceburg Courier.

—The Commonwealth has entered suit in the Franklin Circuit Court against delinquent railroads for the taxes of 1882. The railroads sued are the New Orleans and Texas Pacific, Chesapeake and Ohio and Southwestern, and the Louisville and Nashville and Great Southern. These roads claim that the Railroad Commissioners made an excessive advance over the valuation of their roads in 1881.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—There are over 900 blind persons in the state of Arkansas.

—The number of spindles now running in Georgia is 348,000 against 200,974 in 1880.

—Lake City, Fla., is supplied with bear meat, which is sold at fifteen cents per pound.

—An Alabama baby enjoys the unwanted luxury of having five-living grandmothers.

—A physician has been arrested in Chattanooga on a charge of concealing small-pox.

—Texas expends $75,000 a year in maintaining a battalion of rangers on the Mexican frontier.

—Alabama has twenty-two iron furnaces in operation, producing daily more than a thousand tons.

—The Governor of Alabama is mansionless, and his salary is only sufficient for a bare subsistence.

—Considerable damage was done by the late frost to the mango and orange trees around Tampa, Fla.

—The Vicksburg Herald estimates that there are forty pistols to every subsoil plow in the State of Miss.

—Another manatee, or sea cow, has been captured in Brevard county Florida. It weighed 2,000 pounds.

—There is a well in Georgia that affords an abundant supply of water during a drouth that goes dry in wet weather.

—Wild ducks are so thick in the water-courses in Brevard county, Fla. that they have to be shoved aside while boats are passing.

—Three barges and 90,000 feet of walnut lumber, valued at $3,600, were lost last week on the Powel river, on the way to Chattanooga

—The governor of Louisiana has commuted the sentence of Buffalo Bill, convicted of murder in the Parish of Grant, to imprisonment for life

—A Tree was cut a few weeks ago in Hempstead county, Arkansas, that measured twenty-six feet in circumference. It took six men, working constantly, half a day to fell it.

—Telfair county, Ga., has almost been submerged for the past ten days The creeks have been higher than at anytime for several years past, and some of the largest are still rising.

—A suit between parties in Baton Rouge, La., for $7 50 having gone through the different courts of appeal, from a ward justice court up, is now before the Supreme Court of the State.

—A gentleman in Athens, Ga., has a large Indian peace-pipe that will weigh five or six pounds, taken from a mound in Greene county. It is the exact shape of a crow and as sound as when first carved.

—A woman whose youngest daughter is said to have died from old age several years since, is still trudging about the streets of Danielsville, Ga., and is supposed to be "considerably" over one hundred years old.

—The damage to cattle from the recent cold snap was not so great in Texas as at first feared. The largest number reported lost from one pasture was fifteen head. The shipments are light now, as the cattle are in bad condition.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Normansville.

The illness of Mr. J. L. Johnson, of Hamilton, has for several weeks confined him to his room.

Mr. Chas. Hannah and wife, of Dover, Ky., are visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

The Big Bone school taught by Miss Kate Craig, of Rabbit Hash, closed week before last.

Rev. J. S. Kirtley, of Georgetown preached at Big Bone church last Sunday.

The Normansville and Hamilton school will close on the 22nd inst., and on the 23d (Friday) the teacher, Miss Allie Carson, and pupils will give an entertainment at Normansville, in J. W. Kennedy's new warehouse. The programme will be long and interesting, consisting of recitation, dialogues, tableaux and music both instrumental and vocal. All are cordially invited to attend. Admission 25 cents.

Petersburg.

Born.—On the 26th ult., to James Stewart and wife, a daughter.

Capt. Bradley, of the steamer Wave, was here a few days last week.

Mr. John Hurde and family, moved here from Bradsfordville, Kentucky, last week.

W. I. McWethy is learning the barber's trade under Mr. Perry, and will open up a shop in the spring

Rev. Mr. Taylor, who has been engaged to preach two Sundays in each month at the christian church, moved his family here from Carrollton, last week.

Mr. Woolly has bought S. G. Bott's prpoerty just out of town, and will move there in the spring.

Sam Buchanan, of the firm of Langsdale & Buchanan, of Rising Sun, who sold out about two weeks ago, will move here and start a drug store, something that is badly needed. Sam is a nice man, and we are glad to welcome him among us.

Gen. John W. Finnell, Collector of the 6th district has made the following assignments of guagers and store keepers at this place for the next two months: W. A. Dickerson, W. L. Israel, Geo. Kevett—Guagers. W. H. Ayars, W. C. Barry, W. R. Irwin, W. L. Neyman, A. M. Snyder, store keepers:

Mrs. Mat Loder has returned home from Memphis.

Dr. Ed Terrill was confined to the house a few days last week with a severe cold.

Rev. Froh has been confined to the house for the past two weeks with a bad cold and a rising in his head.

F. M. Cox after a week's sickness is able to attend to business again.

Hebron.

There will be an election held at Hebron Academy, Saturday, Feb. 10 from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., for the purpose of electing trustees for the ensuing year; also to select a teacher to teach the spring school.

Mrs. Nettie Renakar, of Cynthiana, Ky., is visiting relatives in this section.

Mrs. Susan Clore has been quite sick for the last few days.

The dance given at T. B. Rouse's on the night of the first, inst., was one of the grandest affairs of the season. Those present enjoyed themselves tripping the light fantastic till the late hour of four in the morning. Old T. B. enjoyed himself the best of all.

Richard Gordon has been quite sick for the last ten days.

Mrs. Mary Moore, of this place, is visiting relatives in Covington, this week.

Miss Katie Clore has returned after several months absence, accompanied by Miss Mary Clore, of Montgomery county, Indiana.

The public school at this place, taught by William Gaines, will close on the 16th.

Mrs. Charley Graves has returned home from visiting relatives in Montgomery county, Indiana.

Miss Sallie Watts, who has been visiting friends and relatives at Lexington, has returned home.

Frank Crigler is confined to his room with measles.

The sale of Robert W. Cooper was largely attended.

Miss Annie Clore entertained quite a number of guests Sunday.

Bellevue.

Our district is without a constable, Owen Rogers the officer elect having resigned and shook the sand from his number 10 s, and left for Putnam county, Ind.

The literary society met at the usual hour on Friday evening, and discussed the following question: Resolved, that intemperance has caused more distress than war. It was affirmed by D. M. Snyder, O. Snyder, J. W. Kite and Wm. Dicken, and denied by Wm. Barkley, J. T. Marshall and Robert Rice. Decision in favor of the affirmative. Following the debate was an essay by Miss Ettie Moody; select reading by Miss Katie Rice and declamation by Ottie Grant.

NOTES.—O. Snyder was pronounced the most logical.

Wm. Dicken, the most eloquent.

The sale of the estate of R. L. Aylor continued nearly four days, and everything brought fair prices.

It is rumored that there will be a wedding in our burg this week.

F. P. Walton bought John Henderson's tobacco at 14 cents a pound.

Miss Kate Piatt is very sick.

LAUGHABLE.

Ike with his fur collar off.

Tom trimming hedge on Monday morning.

Wild Bill rejoicing bacause of no ice in the river.

A certain widower, of this community, exchanging notes with a young lady by moonshine.

ADDITIONAL UNION NEWS.

Great interest is being manifested in the protracted meeting being conducted by Bro. Evans, of the Presbyterian church. There have been 10 additions at this writing, Monday. Among them are Wm. Wilkie and wife, Robert Chambers, Elbert Dixon, [illegible] Graham, Miss Fullilove and others. At the close of the sermon, all persons out of Christ are invited to come forward and confess him before man, and then unite with the church of their choice. The charm of his preaching is his own wonderful earnestness, and his power of simplifying by numerous and forcible illustrations.

The party at Baty Judge's last week, was well attended. The same can be said of the party at James Donigan's.

John Rogers has not recovered his stolen horse.

Miss Willie Bradford is convalescing.

FUNNY TO SEE.

John Bradford out in his sheep ranch, yelling like a comanche.

T. W. [illegible] was appointed deputy sheriff last Monday.

THE candidates for the various state offices are arranging their programmes for the final set-to at Louisville in May.

THE price of hogs popped away up yonder the other day, greatly to the satisfaction of those who have hogs on hand. Mr. L. H. Dills and E. H. Baker started about 150 nice hogs to town, Monday, to get advantage of the advance.

OHIO, Indiana and Pennsylvania have suffered terribly from the floods that have swept everything before them the past few days. Millions upon millions of dollars worth of property has, within the past few days in these states, been destroyed, Much distress prevails in the flooded districts.

Lincoln Reads a Poem

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down:
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of N. Y.—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Feb., 2d, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 00@	$3 00
Common Smokers	8 00	4 25
Colory Smokers	4 50	6 50
Colory Trash	6 00	8 00
Good Br't Trash	10	15 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	6 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	10 50
Good Stripping Lugs	11 00	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	22 50
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Leaf	19	23 00
Good Br't Leaf	23 50	25 00
Fine Br't Leaf	25 50	27 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	10 50
Good Lug Fillers	11 00	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	22
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Fil'rs	19	23
Good L'f Fillers	23 50	25 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 50	26 50

TAKEN UP.

Taken up as a stray by Ephraim Helm, living on the Anderson Ferry and Minneola turnpike road about 1 mile from Anderson Ferry, in Boone county, on or about the 8th day of September, 1882, one red and white spotted cow with underbit mark on the right ear, and right horn drooped, but having no other brands or marks, Which I have appraised at $15.

Witness my hand this 3d day of January 1883. JOSEPH WAGSTAFF, J. P. B. C.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD."
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles, $5.

G. H. LOEBKER,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

36 Pike Street,

COVINGTON, - - KY

G eorge H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
E legant his display of Boots and Shoes
O ffering at low prices, all should call,
H ere is the place to suit you all.
L arge stock of best made on hand,
O f every kind as we command.
E ach noted maker's work there we find,
B oots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
K eeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
E ach sees fine leather from our own land.
R ightly skillful labor in all combined,
B oots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
O ur fancy wins at the earliest glance,
O f these he sells for the walk or dance.
T he Kid so fine, the form so neat,
S lippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
A ll goods he sells will wear quite long,
N otice, well finish secure and strong.
D oubt not the best are cheap in the end,
S hoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
H ither we go with an eager tread,
O ur comfort to feet is warranted.
E ver low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
S urely all people should there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK,

Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne, M. C. Molch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
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J. J. Delaney.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE.

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

H. F. BLASE.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

540 MADISON STREET,

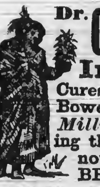
COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS

Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky



Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

TRADE MARK,

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

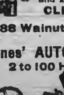
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. R. MCCAME, Scaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '81

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines

OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

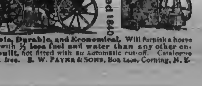


AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the

CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.)

No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.



Established 1840

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an Automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
50c & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved

MONARCH LIGHTNING

SAW

Is the *cheapest* and *best.* A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast* and *easy.* *Sent on test trial* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during [illegible] INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper) [illegible] Send [illegible] for full Instructions, Blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Local News.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

Two First-class Papers and a fine Book for Only $3 00.

We have made arrangements to club with the *Indiana Farmer*, the largest and best agricultural journal now published, just what every farmer needs. It is a weekly, 52 issues per yea · of 16 pages each, cut and bound in magazine form in a shape that may be easily preserved and making an elegant volumn. Its contributors include many of the best agricultural writers of the world, and every number contains instructions and suggestions that will be of more value to any live farmer than the subscription price. The regular price of the *Indiana Farmer* is $2 00 per year. We have made arrangements by which we can furnish the RECORDER and the *Indiana Farmer* for $3 and, besides this, we will present each subscriber with a VALUABLE DICTIONARY of over 500 pages, bound in cloth, and containing *every useful word to be found in the English language*, with its true meaning, derivation, spelling and pronunciation, also a vast amount of absolutely necessary information upon Science, Mythology American History, Constitutions, Laws, Land Titles, Cities, Colleges, Army and Navy, Rate of Mortality, Growth of Cities, Insolvent and Assignment Laws, Debts, Rates of Interest, and other useful knowledge, being a perfect library of refference in one handy volume, which alone is worth the price of either paper. Specimens of the INDIANA FARMER, and also the Dictionary, may be seen by calling at this office. Subscribe at once.

In order to accommodate old patrons, and enable them to get the INDIANA FARMER and Dictionary at the reduced rate, we will extend the offer to those who have already subscribed for the RECORDER before this offer was made. A club should at once be formed in every neighborhood, as this opportunity will not be given for a great length of time.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

This is ground-hog weather.

The crows stayed in this latitude this winter.

Mr. Dunlap has had very few good nights for his meetings.

Considerable live stock offered for sale on the street Monday.

Land on Gunpowder and a house and lot advertised in this issue.

Full proceedings of the county court will appear in our next issue.

The Bellevue denizens are trying to get a daily mail. Hope they will succeed.

The man who prophecied that we would have an open winter, can not be found.

Frank Walton was out buying tobacco last week, paying as high as $10 for some.

Geo. Blythe's whip and a balky horse called everybody out on the street the other day.

Elder John M. Thompson, of Ohio, will preach at Mt. Pleasant next Saturday and Sunday.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, for dressing the hair and promoting its growth: an indispensable toilet article.

James Conner bought Alfred Cason's hogs last Friday. Mr. Cason had some very fine porkers.

W. L. Gedge has a sorrel mare 7 years old and a sorrel horse 8 years old for sale. Both good drivers.

The breaking up of the ice Sunday, in upper tributaries of the Ohio was accompanied by a heavy loss of property. Some lives were lost.

Our readers can rely on our tobacco market. It is corrected each week by the report sent us from the Bodman Tobacco House in Cincinnati.

T. B. Rouse has hit upon a happy plan for saving ice. He says his pond is frozen nearly to the bottom, and he believes he will cover it with straw.

We heard an old gentleman say the other day: "I have heard a great many preachers, but Dunlap can get more out of a chapter than any I ever heard."

The residence of T. B. Rouse, who lives near town, was the scene of quite a gay party of youngsters last Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Rouse's hospitality was unbounded.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Beall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

Last Monday, William Welton sold to Thomas and William Goodridge 67 acres of land on the Burlington and Bellevue pike for $50 per acre cash. Mr. W. has now sold all his land.

The smallest country newspaper is worth more to its subscribers in one month than its price for a year, and does more for its neighborhood for nothing than many a high official does for his munificent salary.—Printers' Circular.

Religious services are held in Petersburg as follows: Rev. J. E. Taylor preaches at the christian church on the 1st and 3d Sundays in each month. Rev. Geo. Froh preaches in the M. E. church on the 4th Sunday in each month.

Monday afternoon the county judge held court in the clerk's office, while the court-house was occupied for religious services. It looks like we are approaching the millennium, when the court-houses are vacated in favor of the church.

The following causes in which parties in this county are interested were disposed of by the Court of Appeals last week: Fisk vs Snyder, &c.,—suit for fee in Bounty fund case—affirmed; Kelly vs Roberts, &c., and Ryle vs same, reversed. The last two also grew out of the Bounty Fund case.

GHOULS.

Ten Dollars the Price Named for Stiffs.

A Paupers Grave Gives up Its Dead.

A few days since a letter directed "To the Director of the Hospital of Burlington, Kentucky, States Unis, Amerique," arrived at the post-office here, and was handed to Mr. A. O. Hall, Superintendent of the poor-house, who opened it and found it was written by Emma Ruff, of Veytaux, seeking information in regard to her father, Abraham Santchi, who was sent to the poor-house in 1881 from James Moore's. From the tone of the letter it is evident that the writer thought her father had some effects when he died, of which fact she was aware, and she has authorized her uncle at Madison, Indiana, to attend to the business of settling them.

Mr. Hall called on Mr. Fowler, ex-superintendent of the poor-house, for what information he could give in regard to the man. It seems that Mr. Fowler knew nothing except that Santchi was brought from James Moore's, and that he died in the poor-house, that his remains were consigned to mother earth in the pauper grave yard which is a secluded spot on the poor-farm. Mr. Fowler also stated that some time after this man died, he received a letter from a person in Cincinnati, stating that he had resurrected him and that he would give him (Fowler) $10 a piece for bodies, as he wanted to purchase a thousand subjects. Mr. Fowler paid no attention to the letter, and heard nothing more of the pretended medical man and his offer.

The daughter will succeed in ascertaining where her father died, and where his last resting place was intended to be had he not been molested by the ghoul; who has, in all probability, relieved the pauper's grave on the Boone county poor-farm of more than one of its occupants. And while the graves of those poor unfortunates who the cold charity of the world provided the narrow cell for, are being desecrated, who can say to what extent the labors of the body-snatchers are being prosecuted at other places?

The case above referred to indicates that there is some person or persons in this neighborhood who know more about grave robbing than they would like to make public.

The information sought by the letter referred to suggests that the county ought to provide a suitable register for the poor-house, and have a correct description, &c., of every inmate, kept, the record being at all times in the institution.

Mr. Dunlap's meeting is still in progress in the court-house, services being held afternoon and evening. The congregations are increasing, some evenings the seating capacity of the court-room being insufficient to accommodate the congregation. Members of all denominations go to hear him and leave well pleased with the discourse. Mr. Dunlap has the gift of illustration and makes everything so plain that it is easily understood by the most illiterate. He is easy and graceful in his manners, a fluent speaker, and in his sermons he often approaches the eloquent. Up to the time of going to press 12 persons have been convinced of the error of their way and have made public confessions. The meeting will continued through the week.

Mrs. Acra, whose suicide we mentioned last week, we understand had been melancholy for some time, and had been watched by her husband who feared she would attempt to destroy herself. The Sunday before she committed the deed, she obtained a pistol and hid it; her husband missed the weapon, and searched for it but failed to find it. Monday morning while Mr. Acra was out chopping wood with which to get breakfast, Mrs. Acra took the feather tick off a single bed, and lying down on the straw bed, presented the pistol to her left breast and pulled the trigger, the ball passing through her body and lodging in the plastering on the wall Mr. Acra, hearing the report of the pistol, ran to the house and found his wife in the last agonies of death. Mr. Acra and his family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Uncle Jonas Clore requests us to say that there was no truth in that part of the Bellevue communication of the 17th ult, representing him as selling coal at 20 cents a bushel, as he never sold higher than 15c per bu. and from the interest manifested in the late protracted meetings there, he did not think anyone could be found who would make such incorrect statements knowingly and wilfully, as he knows their minister has been striving to teach them better.

Zeke Rice, of Richwood, was attacked by small-pox last Thursday, and Saturday he was taken to the hospital in Covington. The negro who, in our last issue, was reported improving, has since died, being the second death in that neighborhood from the disease. Two or three schools have suspended on account of the disease. It is to be hoped that there will be no more cases.

Some of the papers in the central part of the state are always boasting about the beauty of their ladies, when in fact they are not comparable to the Boone girls, whose beauty is second to none; who can flourish a broom, cook a meal that would make the lips of royalty water, and then go in the parlor and play and sing charmingly.

We received a letter from Marcus Collins the other day. At the head of the letter was printed the following: "Wittsburg and Sunk Land U. S. Mail Packet, Str. Advance, Marcus Collins Master & Clerk." Mark says he is doing well, and expects to own a third interest in a steamer in a few days. His many friends will be glad to hear of his prosperity.

The encouragement the RECORDER received Monday is very gratifying to the management. New subscribers and renewals come pouring in from every direction, accompanied by assurances that our endeavors are appreciated by the people. Let the good work go on, and we will do our best to make the paper worth twice the subscription price.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. Emmet Gullion, of Eagle Station, Carroll county, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John O. Campbell, of this place.

Miss Sophrona Campbell has returned from a very pleasant visit to Williamstown.

Mrs. Hattie Arnold, of Williamstown, was visiting her sister at this place, last week.

Emmet Gullion, of Carroll county, was in town last week.

Miss Carson and Miss Hind, two of Walton's charming belles, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Dills.

Mr. Pope Sandford and wife, of Kenton county, were the guests of Mrs. W. L. Riddell, Tuesday.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Rabbit Hash.

Wheat in this section has been seriously injured by the severe freeze.

The spectacle vender has been in our midst.

Mrs. Clara McKay, nee Hastings, is expected home on a visit, in a short time.

Jerome Wilson is improving, being now able to sit up. His case is a very mild form of typhoid fever.

Solon Stephens has the brag lot of lambs in this neighborhood, numbering forty-five.

Mr. James Calvert formerly of this place but now of Junction City, will arrive in a few days on a visit to friends and relatives.

John Hankinson has vacated the farm of A. P. Marshall where he has lived for a number of years, and moved to Robert Craig's. He has never heard of the $900 which he lost several weeks ago.

Union.

The Union Sabbath-school is growing in interest and numbers. In the departure of Mr. Bartelle the school has lost a faithful and appreciated teacher.

Jeff Norman, son of M. C. Norman, and Martin Bartelle are going to crop together this year. We can see Jeff leading Martin from daylight till dark, and wonder how Martin's constitution will stand it.

Dr. Randall Riley, our enterprising and genial young M. D., is now boarding at Chas. Bannister's on upper Water street.

The commissioners of the U. B. B. & P. B. T. P. are *reminding* the taxpayers of this road district that the first installment of tax is about due, and a test of the Boone County pike law may yet be had. In the mean-time, let everybody keep as the weather does—cool. The U. F. P. & P. R. will soon follow suit.

Henry Odenwald and force are at work on O. C. Utz's buildings, and expect to finish his new house by November next.

Dr. Blanton and C. T. Rice will resume their improvements in the spring. J. A. Huey may improve then also. John Bradford and L. C. Norman say they will then join the ranks.

Mrs. Elizabeth Huey will remove into the property bought by her from O. C. Utz, March first.

J. D. Smith resold the Connelly place to his vendor.

Rumor says George Ransom becomes a benedict in February. The bride is a Virginia lady. As May approaches, so does cupid, and bachelor celibacy retires with old winter.

A debating society has been organized at Big Bone Grange Hall near here, and meets every Tuesday night.

Union will probably follow Carrollton's example, and have a hugging party soon. Prices to range from a 3-cent stamp, or a wad of chewing wax to a farthing. No admittance fee charged the ladies. Gentlemen are expected to be liberal patrons, as the proceeds are not to be used for church purposes as Carrollton proposes, but to build Uncle Ed Stephens a branch office at Union.

Esq. Bannister's dog, Baby, is the most highly accomplished of Union dogs. He shuts doors, walks around upright when told, and speaks fluently the canine language.

F. Dickey offered $500 for two registered Jersey cows, a few days ago. The Ohio owner asked $600. Shinkle, of Kenton Co. sold two alderney cows, a few days since, at $500 each, and thus butter and cream are becoming an expensive luxury.

Died.

NORRIS—On the 2d inst., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. William Appleton, near Petersburg, Charles Norris, aged 69 years.

The remains were interred, Sunday, in the Petersburg cemetery, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and acquaintances. Mr. Norris was the largest man in the county, his weight being 400 pounds.

GARRISON—On the 3d inst., at 6 p. m. at his residence No. 18 W. 4th street, Covington, Ky., Erastus Garrison aged 55 years, son of Eliza Garrison, of this county.

Mr. Garrison has been sick for several weeks of typhoid fever from which he was a terrible sufferer. The funeral was preached at his residence by Revs. Vardiman and Felix, Monday, after which the remains were placed in the vault at Highland cemetery to await the final interrment. Due notice will be given. The deceased was born and raised in this county, where he has many devoted friends who will be pained to hear of his death. His family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

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Poisoned Sugars.

A few years since nearly all the hard sugars, i. e., the lump and granulated, were refined with the acetate of lead. The lead being poisonous, the refiners neutralized it, or supposed they did, with sulphurous acid gas. But they were mistaken. They failed of perfectly accomplishing their object. Enough of the lead still remained to prove very pernicious to the consumers who had delicate constitutions. Consequently bleeding piles increased throughout the whole country with fearful rapidity.

Of late some, perhaps all, of the refiners have used the sulphur more freely, so that generally they have entirely neutralized the lead. In some cases they have used so much sulphur that the sugar became charged with that chemical to such an extent that a long continued use of it would produce that class of diseases that would be the natural consequence of sulphur. But sulphur is far less injurious than lead. Therefore consumers have been much benefited by this change whenever they could obtain this class of sugar.

But now, when we purchase hard sugars, we are not sure that we are getting that which is refined with lead and sulphur, for of late much of the hard sugars are nothing but coffee sugar dried into granulated, and pressed into lump. This class of sugars are more pernicious than the former, as they are refined with chemicals that produce irritation of the mucous membrane of the alimentary organs, gradually developing dyspepsia and kidney disease.

If all the granulated sugars were refined with lead, and we could have the assurance that the lead was perfectly neutralized with sulphur, then they could be commended as comparatively safe. But as a portion of the granulated are nothing but coffee sugar dried, no person with a delicate constitution can use them without danger of becoming a confirmed invalid with dyspepsia or kidney disease. If he has a delicate stomach, dyspepsia will be the result; if the bowels are sensitive, he may expect a certain form of piles; if the kidneys are easily affected, kidney disease will be the result. Frequently it will develop all of these complaints in the same person.

For the last thirty years I have never tried a sample of coffee sugar that was not injurious to health. If a healthful article has been made it has not been my good fortune to discover it. Most if not all the chemicals used by the refiners are pernicious to health.

Doubtless, many strong, vigorous people will reply to this statement that they have used sugar for many years without being conscious of any injurious effect. While that may be true with them, there are multitudes of others with frailer, more delicate constitutions, in whom it has developed dyspepsia, piles, and kidney diseases.

Only one mode of refining sugar has as yet been discovered which will make a perfectly healthy article, and that is the old method, by the use of blood and bone-dust, without chemicals. But as that is more expensive than where chemicals are used, there is no hope of the refiners returning to that method. That being the case, the refiners ought to universally adopt the use of those chemicals which will prove the least injurious to the consumers. Of all the chemicals used there are none that will do less injury than the acetate of lead, providing that it is thoroughly neutralized with sulphur. The reader may be surprised to see so poisonous an article as acetate of lead commended for such a purpose; but years of observation has convinced me that since the refiners use the sulphur more freely, less injury accrues from the use of sugar refined in that way than from any other now made. Furthermore, the refiners ought to adopt a new brand for this kind of sugar, so that the consumers can distinguish it from the granulated made by drying coffee sugar.

I have lately been informed that there is another way in which sugar is poisoned, and that is by the use of galvanized evaporating pans. Whether this is true, or to what extent it may be true, the writer can not say. If it is true, there is a twofold reason why sugar should be poisonous, for the oxidization of zinc is quite as pernicious as any of the chemicals used in refining. This is demonstrated by the effect of water kept in water-coolers, so commonly used in stores, which are made with galvanized iron. No one with weak alimentary organs can drink water out of such coolers without suffering with irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach. Now, if simple cold water will be poisoned by standing in galvanized iron, how much more must cane-juice be poisoned by being boiled in that kind of vessel? There is no kind of metal so safe for the consumers of sugar as iron.

Crying as a Fine Art.

Every woman, no matter how obtuse, who knows the value of beauty, seeks to make the most of her charms by secreting moles, freckles, pimples, harsh angles, gray hair and crows' feet by the use of lotions, powder, rouge, cosmetics and pencil. Every movement, attitude and expression is done according to a prescribed method for performing that operation. Her voice is modulated to a melodious pitch, and in company she is never without her good manners.

She is strapped up with bands of steel, whalebone, cable-cords, shoulder-braces, stocking-suspenders, skirt-supporters and web-belts to keep the hips down, until one might fancy her in armor. If her hips are low and her back hollow, she has to load her fragile form with a wire bustle and a pair of hip pads that never allow nature to forget her heedlessness in leaving those tantalizing depressions. False hair, false teeth, false eyes, false eyebrows and lashes, false blushes, false dimples, false voices, false laughs, even false tears are manufactured, and nothing that study and art can devise for enhancing beauty is permitted to go unrecognized. In spite of all the witty and satirical allusions to woman's make-up, she is perfectly justified in having recourse to any and every method conducive to personal attraction. Beauty of face and form especially, [illegible] by the charms of moral and mental beauty, has other values besides that of æsthetic pleasure. It is equivalent to so many dollars and cents in husbands, homes, social standing and influence. It is hateful for women to acknowledge this, but, nevertheless, such is the state of affairs in modern society.

Unfortunately, women do not always make the most of their charms. Gray hairs, those first flakes of hary storms, and the coming of crows' feet are too often hastened by anticipating them. Those plunderers of beauty should never be looked for, and the less one seeks, the fewer they will find, for thinking brings them on. If they must come, they will come, and there's an end. Truly they do mar a pair of pretty bright eyes, but very little artistic skill is necessary to tone them down with chalk, Egyptian black, or the end of a burnt match. The fashion in vogue a few years ago of laughing with the eye has proved disastrous, and not a few ladies charge the cluster of creases that radiate from the corners of the eyes to the-shut-eye-tight-laugh.

Another cause for wrinkled faces is the habit of making faces or grimaces during laughter. If the habit is too well set, beautifiers give up the case, and center their attention on children who get it by imitation. "A laugh," says the poet, "is the ripple of the heart," and of such importance is it that dozens of ladies in this very city take lessons in the art. This ambition is gained by society people who are too often jealous of the accomplishment as displayed on the stage. To be sure, a woman is not giddy enough to apply for lessons in laughing. If the instruction is required from one of those professors of the art of pleasing she has no hesitancy in divulging her crudeness, but these artists are as scarce as blue-bottles in January, and fifty dollars is not an unfrequent sum to invest in merry ripples. So the sly maiden takes elocution lessons, and selects for study only such poems and recitations as require a great amount of laughter. Such practice, if assiduous, often produces very charming results, but such study is not recommended for young children, lest art destroy the spontaneity of nature.

A voice must be a medley of sweet sounds to be loud. If produced with open mouth the coral and pearls must be superior to criticism. It is considerable of an art to laugh audibly, merrily, sweetly, and not open the mouth wider than is necessary to utter the word "doh."

Many ladies who are compelled to laugh behind their handkerchief smother the vocal sound. If only the upper lip is covered the result will be much more agreeable, and a long mouth, ulcerated gums or defective dentals be concealed.

Although a woman's greatest power is her tears, few know how to shed them. Aside from adding to the mute eloquence of the eyes, tears enhance a woman's beauty and overpower the giants whom pugilists can only master with difficulty. They should be brief, not too wet, and by no means bitter. They must rush to the eyelids, linger like dew drops, and when they do fall the precipitation must be speedy. To be effective they must be premeditated. A whiff of the tearful onion, a fresh inhalation of pungent smelling salts, a few grains of pepper or a slight irritation of the outer corners of the eyes with a match or toothpick will suffice for a copious flow, and if the lover, husband or father can be cornered the shower will have the desired effect. But avoid a frown or scowl. Manufacture a feeling of sadness, hold the breath to get up color, pout judiciously, incline the head to one side, droop the body but not the shoulders, use a small, soft finish cambric handkerchief with both hands, taking care to rub the eyeball down and out. The object in rubbing out is to have the tears roll over the cheek. There is too much of the deer sentiment when they course down the innocent nose in piteous chase.

It has been observed that only those women who are prettiest when they are the coldest can cry with advantage. Such ladies get deep rosy cheeks and lips, while their nose and ears blanch like the lily. They truly are blest, and can wrench diamonds by the peck, seal-skin sacques, dresses, bonnets, bonbons, in fact, anything tangible, from the susceptible husbands, with their tears. But when, as ordinarily, a flood-tide of salt tears makes the eyelids, nose and lips swell, pickles the dimples and gives the face the appearance of being parboiled, the game is lost. The weeper is not only uninteresting, but positively hideous, and if the looker-on does succumb it is only as a means of escape. When such a deluge comes on, and every woman knows when to expect it, she can do herself a gracious favor by immediately hiding herself.

Women cry because their lovers neglect them; cry because they are too ardent; cry because their dress doesn't fit; their bonnet is being duplicated; cry when their gloves tear, or their shoes don't squeak, cry with vexation at the triumphs of their friends, cry because their diamonds are waning, cry because their arms get tired before they can make their hair stay up, cry at the taunts of big brothers, and little brothers, too, cry when they get the toothache, cry when they get a proposal, cry when they don't; they cry to look pretty, and cry because they can't. They are a simpering set of mortals, and if they had the faintest idea that these incessant showers not only spoil the face but produce a peevish temper and petulant disposition, they would shut off the fountain and depend on other persuaders. An argument that can be effectively used in cutting off this water supply, is the unquestionable fact that tears injure the sight. Tears are romantic enough on paper, or in the eyes of the poet's ideal, but every-day women should be made of sterner stuff.—*Chicago Herald.*

College Athletics.

We are happy to see that one college president has spoken out loud in condemnation of the excess to which athletic sports have been carried in many of our public institutions for several years past. At the opening exercises of the college term, at Princeton, last week, President McCosh addressed the students concerning desired reforms and additional facilities and advantages lately given the institution. Speaking of the abuses arising from excessive indulgence in athletics, he said:

"This is a matter which demands immediate attention. The fever has risen to such a height that the pulse-beats of it, which I feel, seem to me alarmingly strong and swift. When one walks across the Campus, the conversation he overhears bears no relation to the science and knowledge which we come here to pursue, but it is this game and that game, this record and that record. The college papers, too, which are primarily literary organs, are devoted to gymnastics and athletics. The press of the country and the public at large are getting tired of it, and make a mockery of it. Physical culture carried to a moderate extent, no sane man can censure; but in this, as in most things, extremes are dangerous."

We commend these remarks to the attention of all colleges. Exercise, in ordinary cases, is essential to health, and the more entertaining the exercise the more healthful it will be. But exercise and dissipation are two entirely different things. Athletics, as they are called, have become largely a professional matter, the benefit, if there be any, as at present conducted, being confined to a few individuals, a large portion of whose time must be devoted to the cultivation of their muscles, and boat-talk and base-ball talk, to the neglect of study, while the evil is entailed upon the whole college. A gymnasium is a very important part of the equipment of a college, but boat-clubs and boat-races, as at present conducted, do not come in the same category. We hope for a revival of letters and the decadence of boat-races and base-ball matches in colleges.—*N. Y. Observer.*

HOME AND FARM.

—An Iowa farmer, writing to the *Homestead*, gives as his experience that an exclusive diet of corn is the cause of hog cholera. He claims that the hog should be treated to a variable diet like any other animal, and that corn is not a complete article of food, the hog requiring suitable food for converting into bone and muscle as well as fat.

—It is stated that five of the hundreds of firms engaged in the seed business in the United States annually pay $380,000 for postage on seeds. The rate is one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, while for books, cards, chromos, and many other articles much more likely to injure the contents of the mail-bags, the rate is one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

—At the New Jersey Experimental Station it was found that sorghum meal, from amber seed, freed from hulls, had no injurious effect upon milch cows; that it had no noticeable effect on the taste, color, or chemical composition of the milk; that in digestibility it probably falls slightly below corn-meal, for, when fed pound for pound with corn-meal the latter gave seven per cent. more milk.

—The *American Cultivator* says: Whoever places much dependence on the strainer for securing clean milk will never make gilt-edge butter. Allowing dirt to get into the milk and then depending on the strainer to get it out, is a poor apology for cleanliness. More or less of the dirt, especially everything of a soluble nature, and some that is not, will find its way through the meshes of the strainer.

—For Clifton loaf use half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, six eggs, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of baking powder; beat the sugar, butter and spice together until light, and then add the milk, the eggs, well beaten, and the flour; beat thoroughly and add baking powder. Butter and paper a pan, and bake in a moderate oven.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—For an excellent cake beat to a cream half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, and one cup of milk in which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. After beating thoroughly add one cup of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar rubbed in it, and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites separately until stiff; add them and two cups of flour and beat thoroughly; butter two tins, pour in the cake, and bake about half an hour.—*Chicago News.*

—Salmon served with lobster sauce is considered delectable by the epicure. If the salmon is fresh, boil it until it is tender, wrapping it in a cloth. If canned salmon is used, heat it to the boiling point in the can, then drain the oil from it and pour the sauce over it. To make the sauce: To two tablespoonfuls of butter allow one heaping one of flour. Stir them together till soft, then add a pint of water or of stock if not too rich; let it simmer gently. When the sauce begins to whiten add two tablespoonfuls of lobster meat, picked very fine, pepper and salt, and lemon juice to taste.—*N. Y. Post.*

Composting Manure.

One of the important questions which every farmer has to decide is the best method of composting manure. Farmers do not agree on this subject; while some hold that it is best to apply manure in its green state and compost it with the soil, others believe it best to compost it in the yard by mixing with it an equal quantity of muck or loam. Advocates of the last method claim that the manure is thus decomposed and brought into plant food that is immediately available. The advocates of composting directly with the soil claim that it saves a large amount of labor of hauling in material to compost with, the pitching of it all over, and the carting out and spreading twice the quantity; and they also claim that during the process of decomposition in a compost heap, under ordinary conditions, a portion of the fertilizing elements is lost; while if applied directly to the soil the process of decomposition improves the condition of the soil and prepares it for plant growth much better than if applied after decomposition has taken place.

While it is probably best for most of crops to apply the manure in the green state, there are some crops that need forcing with manure already well decomposed. For example, strawberries that have been set one year sometimes require a fertilizer that will act at once. Grass land, if manured between the first and second crop, should have well decomposed manure.

The farmer in composting his manure should never forget that all of the muck, loam or sand which he mixes with his manure, above that which is necessary to absorb the liquids and gasses, is a waste of labor, and only makes his manure heap a deception which his crops will surely find out. While it is important that every farmer should always have at hand sufficient absorbents to prevent the loss of the liquids, but few farmers work to the best advantage when they haul into the barn yard as many loads of muck, loam or sand as they have of manure. The large additional cost of removing twice or three times such large quantities of materials, but little better, if as good, as the soil upon which it is spread, never comes back in the increase of crops.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Fourteen Pall-Bearers.

Mr. W. Ignatius Dyer, the builder and contractor, who recently died in Georgetown, was a large man. He was powerfully built, and weighed 375 pounds. Indeed, avoirdupois began to interfere with his business affairs some time ago, and he retired from active life. Mr. Dyer, when he died was the largest man in the district. Ever since he was compelled to remain in the house he has increased in weight. His last illness, while partially resulting from a fall, was chiefly owing to the constant accumulation of fat, the cause of his death being the growth of that substance about his internal organs. To such an extent had the mass of fat increased that when he died he weighed no less than 375 pounds. As can readily be imagined, no ordinary casket would serve in a case like this. One had to be made to special order in Philadelphia, and when it arrived its unusual size naturally attracted a large crowd of curious persons. It appeared four times as large as an ordinary casket, being six and a half feet long, nearly three feet wide, and very deep. It was the very largest casket that could possibly be carried into the house. Ten pall-bearers assisted by four experienced men furnished by the undertaker, bore the casket, which weighed over 500 pounds.—*Washington Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—Who said the inventive genius went unrewarded? A New Hampshire man who has invented a machine to make cloves out of basswood has been offered $50,000 for his patent. The cloves are sold to hotels by the bushel.—*Boston Post.*

Cremation of the Dead in Japan.

As men and women are born into this world, so sure is it that they shall die; and as death has that about it that is mystery unfathomable, it is not strange that it should be attended with all the pomp and ceremony the occasion will admit of. The Japanese have rites peculiar to their religious faith that are observed in consigning their dead to earth, there to await the unknown that may be. After death the cadaver is taken by the friends to the cremating grounds at evening; it is taken to the house of the priest attendant upon the place, who offers prayer for the dead. The body is then cremated, burning all night. On the following morning the relatives collect what particles of bone they can find unconsumed and place them in a fine jar, which is securely sealed. It is customary to place a number of coins and some leaves of a plant sacred to that use—known as the Shikibi—in the jar to insure the passage of the dead across the Sandsu or Styx; as it is supposed that there is an old woman who has charge of the ferry who must be paid ere she will allow any soul in her boat. A square bier is used to transport the coffin jar upon as it is being taken to the place of sepulture, on each corner of which is affixed a branch of the Shikibi plant. The bier is covered with white garments, such as are worn by women when they are being married. All who attend the funeral are dressed in white. In front of the bier there is carried a wooden tablet, on which is inscribed the record of name, birth and date of death of the late departed. White lanterns are also carried in processions, the more elevated the rank of the dead the more lanterns there are carried.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A lecture on "The North Pole" was given in Aroostook County, Maine, the other evening. The lecturer is not known to fame, but ought to be, for a correspondent of a journal of that State remarks: "As a facial acrobat the professor has no equal, and if it had not been for a quantity of red pepper on the stove the lecture might have been prolonged."

—Mrs. Maria Baldwin, of Jerusalem, Yates County, N. Y., married John A. Enos in October, 1882, on condition that he would give her his note for $3,000. After a few months she left him on account of his cruelty. When she sued him to recover the amount of the note the jury gave her a verdict in full.—*N. Y. Times.*

—How much money is paid for base-ball exhibitions in this country, may be estimated from the fact that the Providence (R. I.) club reports its receipts for the past year at $41,217. There are five other professional clubs, whose receipts cannot have fallen much short of the Providence.—*Chicago Times.*

—Cincinnati means to have a World's Fair in 1888, when she will be a century old. Like sensible men, the Cincinnatians have begun their work early, and they will have more than five years in which to complete it.—*Chicago Journal.*

[New York Graphic.]

O'Donovan Rossa's Opinion.

O'Donovan Rossa, speaking of the Great German Remedy to a friend, said: "Mrs. Rossa has been cured of a very severe attack of neuralgia by St. Jacob's Oil, as she will gladly tell you, if you call at my residence, 679 Bushwick ave., Brooklyn, N. Y."

IN-AUGUR-AL addresses are doubtless so called because they are often bores.—*Lowell Courier.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on diseases peculiar to women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A FAT men's ball should be advertised as a "mass meeting."

"Accept our Gratitude."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude.

Yours truly,
HENRY WHITING, Boston, Mass.

PEOPLE who lose their money in bucket shops should rejoice at a chance to kick the bucket.

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

THE poet who addresses verses to a diminutive darling writes them in short meet her.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A Noted Town.

James Buchanan lived in Lancaster, Pa. It was there also that Mishler's Herb Bitters first were offered to the public, more than a quarter of a century ago. Mr. John Kuntz, of Lancaster, said in a letter to a friend that, "I have had a touch of the lock-jaw for five or six weeks. I was laid up of course. I could find no relief until I used Mishler's Herb Bitters which cured me in one week." This remedy is endorsed by the multitudes. It deserves the success which it has attained.

A PAIR of slippers—the orange and banana skins.—*Puck.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
Cures throat and lung affections. Don't trifle. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

HOW TO expedite the males—Get papa to ask what their intentions are.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, February 5, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 00	@3 00
Choice butchers	4 75	@ 5 00
HOGS—Common	5 65	@ 6 25
Good packers	6 60	@ 6 85
SHEEP	4 50	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 5 75
Fancy	5 50	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 10	@
No. 2 winter red	1 07	@ 1 08
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	40	@ 41
Rye—No 2	63	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@12 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	17 50	@17 75
Lard—Steam	10-50	@10-60
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@ 28
Prime Creamery	40	@ 48
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 3 00
Apples, prime per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 3 75
Good to choice	4 00	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 16¾	@ 1 18½
No. 1 white	1 16	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	67½	@ 67¾
Oats—mixed	48	@ 50
PORK—Mess	18 50	@18 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red	1 05½	@
Corn—No. 2	54¼	@ 56
Oats—No. 2	37½	@
Rye	61½	@
PORK—Mess	17 50	@
LARD—Steam	10 75	@
WHISKY	1 16	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 11	@
Corn mixed	68¼	@
Oats mixed	47	@ 49
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 50	@18 75
Lard refined	12	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	9	@ [illegible]
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 03	@ 1 05
Corn—mixed	48	@ 49
Oats—mixed	42	@ 43
PORK—Mess	18 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 01	@
CORN	47	@
OATS—White, new	38	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer.

A DRUNKEN man has no grounds for displaying his "reel estate."—*Exchange.*

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

EVE's first dress must have been ribbed silk.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

That Husband of Mine
Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

A FRIEND every man turns his back on. His bed.

THE Fraser Axle Grease is the best, and intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor axle grease. Try it.

ANYTHING but a pleasant trip: Falling over a sidewalk obstruction.

No Matter
What you are doing, it will pay you to see our great offer to agents. No canvassing required. No license necessary, as you manufacture your own goods. A good chance to make money. A stamp will insure a prompt reply. Address EATON & CO., Washington, D. C.

Personal!
THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Dose Cup. Advertisement in another col.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS, as Prepared from a German formula. In use over 300 Years. Is skilfully compounded and not to be compared a moment with the cheap concoctions which flood the market. A CERTAIN REMEDY FOR KIDNEYS AND LIVER, Purifying the Blood and Secretions; Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, Fever and Ague and periodical Complaints, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, and kindred diseases. It is a pure and wholesome Stomachic Appetizer, a Tonic without a rival. A Panacea for all diseases of the Lungs, Throat and Heart. $1 per bottle. Mishler's Green Label Bitters is a Specific for Scrofula, Syphilis, Old Sores or Ulcers, while Mishler's Red Label Bitters is a certain remedy for all female complaints, of whatever character. $1.50 per bottle. Send for book "Messenger of Health." MISHLER HERB BITTERS Co., Lancaster, Pa. Sold by druggists.

No Worm Syrup so Pleasant as Parker's.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised as by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. 25 100 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS on any disease, wound or injury. Parents, widows and children are entitled. Millions appropriated. Fee $10. Increase pensions, bounty, back pay and honorable discharges procured. NEW LAWS. Send stamp for instructions and bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Attorneys, Box 588, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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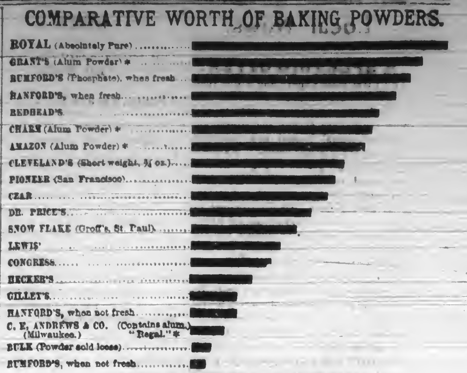

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.—

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance. HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

"June 23, 1882.—We have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by ourselves in the open market here, and in the original package. We find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients.
"JUAN H. WRIGHT, M.D.
"ALBERT MERRELL, M.D., } Analytical Chemists, St. Louis."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analyses and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work.

A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

HIGHEST HONORS AT EVERY GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITION FOR 16 YEARS.

100 STYLES, $22, $30, $57, $72, $78, $93, $108, $114, $500, AND UP
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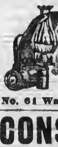

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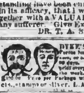

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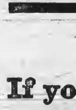
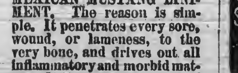


AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.) No. 61 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.



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If you are Interested

In the inquiry—Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast?—this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

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CHURCH COLLECTION
—FOR—
Quartet and Chorus Choirs.

A fine collection of Quartets and Anthems of a novel and striking character, by such composers as Gounod, Stainer, Rubenstein, Sullivan, Rheinberger, Franz and Schubert, in all about 50 pieces, by about 40 noted musicians. Compiled and arranged by W. M. RICHARDSON and J. E. BURGESS. The solo singers are well remembered. Price, $1.25.

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A new Sacred Cantata, of a charming character, fairly easy, and just the thing to give in a vestry, by such a chorus as can be easily formed. Scenery and costumes simple and not expensive. By E. A. ANDREWS.
Price, 65 cents, or $6 per dozen.

The CHORAL CHOIR ($1.00), for Choirs, and the PEERLESS (75 cts.), both by Dr. W. O. PERKINS, for Singing Classes, are the newest and best books of the kind.
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AS BLUE FLANNEL GARMENTS
Of Inferior Quality of Goods
are sold as the "genuine Middlesex," which are not made by that mill, The Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Clothing made from THE MIDDLESEX STANDARD INDIGO BLUE FLANNELS AND YACHT CLOTHS, sold by all leading clothiers, must bear the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Selling Agents to all parties ordering the goods.
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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1883. NUMBER 16.

IRISH SONG.

Of all the girls with clustering curls
From Kerry to Kildare,
There's not a lass that can surpass
My love with the golden hair.
Sure, if the sun forgot to shine,
The moon refused her ray,
Her very shadow on the earth
Would turn the night to day.

But what's my chance to gain the glance
Of one so good and fair,
With all the boys from Clonmacnoise
To Cork around her chair?
Yet somehow still she steals a look
Upon me through the throng,
And when I sing, with smiles and tears
She answers to my song.

—*Belgravia.*

STRESS OF WEATHER.

Of course it was very cold, but fine, seasonable weather. So said each of the three middle-aged gentlemen as they drew themselves up for a final warm at their dining-room fires; waited on by such feminine slaves as happened to exist for them in the shape of wives, daughters or housekeepers. What a hero a man must feel who sees his mittens laid in the fender, his great coat heated and regretful admiration in the surrounding countenances.

Arrived at the railway station, and deprived of their natural worship, these three men were just as ordinary, comfortable-looking citizens as you could well meet with. They were all strangers to each other, and chanced, at the same hour, to book themselves for Paddington; all doing it cheerily, for how could they tell what was going to happen?

There was a look of having outwitted somebody—a complacent look—on Mr. Dolman's countenance as he pocketed his ticket and purchased his newspaper.

"I'll drop in upon them before breakfast," he muttered to himself, with a self-satisfied nod.

Mr. Weaver [illegible] neither a *Times* nor a *Telegraph*, but the latest edition of a scientific journal.

Mr. Podbury supplied himself with *Punch*, *Fun* and *Truth*; laughter and polite lies being his usual requirements for a happy journey.

Then these three middle-aged gentlemen got into the same first-class compartment, obtaining steam-hot tins for their feet, and occupied the minutes, before starting on their sixty-mile journey, in rolling themselves in stout railway rugs. The whistle sounded, the train moved with a prophetic groan, and each man, like a true Briton, opened wide his newspaper and shut out any possible sight of his fellow-travelers.

An hour later the newspapers are dropped, and the gentlemen are all silently engaged in forming their own private opinions as to the meaning of a very fierce wind that has risen, and is now engaged in blowing snow as fine as sifted sugar through the cracks in the carriage windows. Mr. Podbury, indeed, changed his seat, having a clear objection to being ornamented like a Christmas cake. At last he—the most genial of the three men—spoke:

"Never saw such a sky! Full of snow!"

"Humph! think its getting thicker?" inquired Mr. Dolman.

"Thicker, sir?" broke in Mr. Weaver, solemnly. "There are evidences about us that the elements are preparing for a struggle—a great struggle, sir."

At this pronounced opinion from so evidently scientific a man, Mr. Dolman looked in amazement at his opposite neighbor. Mr. Podbury laughed cheerily.

"Good gracious! Cats and dogs, I dare say, in snow form!" A great swirl of wind drove the snow hard against the glass as he spoke, and, for a minute or so, the windows were blinded. Slower and slower moved the train, and finally stopped.

"What now?" cried Mr. Dolman, as he and Mr. Podbury thrust their heads out of opposite windows, and as suddenly drew them in again. A guard plodding his way along, and bending to the tempest, showed the most remarkable instance of railway-official-forbearance on record, for he waited to hear and answer the two gentlemen, who now tried to thrust their two heads out of one and the same window.

"Why have you stopped, guard?" asked the one.

"Why don't you go on, guard?" asked the other.

"We're fast in a drift, sirs, and can't get no further."

At this astounding news, the questioners became momentarily dumb; even from Mr. Podbury's cheerful face the light died out.

"It's disgraceful!—to-day of all days, guard!—I shall be too late, after all!" burst forth Mr. Dolman, in angry reproach. But the guard passed quietly onward, and the gentlemen shut up the window.

The only one of the three who wore an air of comfort and composure was Mr. Weaver. He read a short paragraph in his scientific journal, and murmured to himself:

"Most interesting! Wonderful!"

"What is, sir?" testily inquired Mr. Dolman. "Our being stuck in the snow?" Mr. Weaver glanced up from his reverie with a mild remark. "I have been engaged for some years in the study of the Glacial Period, sir. As it was in the past it will undoubtedly be again. I see a beautiful corroboration in the scene around me of the evident near approach of the extraordinary cold phenomena we are led by the most learned of our men to expect."

"Every one to his taste," cried Mr. Podbury, shivering, "I hate ice, myself," and he drew out a well-filled pocket-flask. Mr. Dolman, evidently put out by some private, serious complication, frowned and glowered silently. The snow was getting uncommonly deep, and presently the guard appeared again.

"No chance of moving, gentlemen, till we can get some men to dig us out. Nearest station just one mile off." And away he went.

"Does the fellow think we can walk?" demanded Mr. Dolman of Mr. Podbury.

"No, no. We must grin and bear it."

"I *can't* bear it, sir!" said Mr. Dolman, unreasonably. "If I don't get to Paddington in an hour, my niece and my niece's fortune will be lost to me for ever."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Podbury, with keen pleasure at the chance of a little amusing scandal, "how's that, sir?" Even the Glacial Period man looked across with mild interest.

"My niece, a charming young lady, is also my ward," said Mr. Dolman. "I have always intended that she should marry my son. Unfortunately I was persuaded to allow the girl to visit her aunt—one of those dreadful women who act for themselves, and think they are cleverer than *men*; and, under this misguided person's roof, she has been permitted to renew a girlish love affair of which I had entirely disapproved, and put a stop to. The result is that they are to be married this morning at Paddington Church at half-past eleven. A clerk of mine found that out and telegraphed for me, so that I might be in time to stop the mischief. And I should have been in time, but for this—this—" and finding no adequate word ready to express his wrath, Mr. Dolman glared fiercely out at the fair but impeding snow wreaths.

"It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good," smiled Mr. Podbury, with an attempt at pleasantry, which the aggrieved uncle bitterly resented. "How jolly glad the young couple will be, sir, when they hear that you stuck fast on the right side of Reading!"

"Ugh!" growled the miserable Mr. Dolman. "Her money's all tied up! that's one comfort; young Weaver can't make ducks and drakes of it!"

"Weaver, sir?" said the scientific gentleman, with difficulty recalling himself from antediluvian dreams, "that's my name—and my son, Tom Weaver, of the Engineers, is going to be married to-day. I was on my way to be present at the wedding. He is a downright good fellow, sir, and the pretty young girl is Mary Dolman."

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Podbury, laughing heartily, "one on his way to assist, the other to prevent, and both stopped by the snow! Ha! ha! ha! I must say it's good!"

If Mr. Dolman could have roasted Mr. Podbury, and converted Mr. Weaver into a permanent glacial monument, he would have done it. That he should in his storm-bound desperation have confided his hopes and their disappointment to the father of that young rascal, Weaver!

But the snow got worse and worse. They reached Reading toward nightfall, and there Mr. Dolman stopped, wildly desirous to send off telegrams; one of reproach to his wicked niece, one to his home to say he was not *lost*. As the wires were damaged by the storm, he could not send either. He made his way to an hotel in the town, and went to bed, roughly desiring the chambermaid not to call him until the line was clear for him to get home. As the young woman did not know where he lived, she wisely remarked that it might be a week or more; to which he sulkily replied he didn't care if it was ten. The girl looked a moment at the door as it closed, and then nodded her head knowingly:

"'E looks old, but there's no mistake in the symptoms. 'E's bin and proposed to some one, and she won't have him!" —*Argosy.*

Russian Courage.

I should rather incline to think that mere courage is more general among Russians than among any other people nowadays. I mean the unreasoning, irresponsible readiness of a dog to risk life and liberty upon provocation. Not more volunteers rush out, when a desperate enterprise is mooted, than from our own ranks; more than all is a mathematical absurdity. But the Englishman stakes his life in another, a grander spirit. He feels and reckons with the peril. Before meeting it, so far as I have seen examples, he is quiet, thoughtful, contemplating the worst and making his arrangements. A Russian scorns all that, does not even think of it. After assuring himself, rather roughly, that the needful dispositions have been made, he becomes the lightest-hearted of the company to which he hastens. I do not say affects to become, for it may well be that deadly danger stirs him to mirth as it stirs another man equally brave to self-commune. I can not forget an instance on Radisovo Hill the morning of the great attack. An infantry regiment stood at ease in the rain, waiting the order to descend into that valley blind with smoke, echoing with thud of guns and angry crackle of musketry. The Colonel and a staff Captain approached and asked us to accept charge of letters for their wives, to be forwarded in case of accident. Then they stood chatting of London and Paris with the warmth of men whose hearts were there, though the battle raged closer, and a ball now and then musically spun above our heads. They asked the precise story of a scandal half-forgotten now, and their shrewd comments told they were attending closely, when an aide came galloping through the mist. Three minutes afterward the doomed regiment filed away down toward the valley of death.—*All the Year Round.*

—A town has been laid out on the proposed line of the Nevada & Oregon Railroad in Nevada, of which great things are expected. It has been christened Belfast. An adjacent lake has been tapped to supply the town with water, two thousand shade trees have been planted, a hotel is being built, together with a blacksmith shop and store, and several families have already taken up their residence in the new town. There is a tract of 150,000 acres of valley land around Belfast which awaits occupation, but it must be irrigated, and this is being arranged for by the projectors of the town.

—A marriage ceremony came to an abrupt and ludicrous termination, the other day, in Atlanta, Ga. A prominent clergyman of that city having consented to unite a colored couple, had just asked the solemn question: "Wilt thou take this woman? etc." when an old flame of the bridegroom poked her head into the room and said: "Henry, I jess dar you to say yes." Henry sank into the nearest chair without a word, and the company thoughtfully withdrew.

—Faint-heartedness would never have won the Vicksburg fair lady who refused her suitor four times, but yielded when he fell on his knees before her in a parlor in the presence of a dancing company and for the fifth time urged his suit. She accepted him on the spot, and appointed a day for the wedding.

PITH AND POINT.

—One lawyer in Des Moines, Iowa, has put through 189 divorce cases within a year. The fare to Des Moines is about seven dollars.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* suddenly remarks that: "The man who hangs his hair hasn't enough sense to blow out his brains, even if he possessed any."

—Highly sugar-coated: A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement reads: "Hymeneal incompatibilities as a specialty, carefully adjusted. 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled."

—A Pennsylvania paper tells of a family which has been poisoned by eating pie containing arsenic. It seems like a work of supererogation to put arsenic into pie. A pie that can not kill a family without the help of arsenic is a very weak pie indeed.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—An African traveler gives a thrilling account of a "vegetable vampire"—a tree which envelops a person with its branches and strangles him to death. The nearest approach we have in this country to a vegetable vampire is the "dead beat," who also lives upon others.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"My mother's awful fickle," said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. "When she saw you coming up the street, she said: 'There's that horrid Mis' Smith; I hope she isn't coming here;' and a minute after she told you she was real glad to see you. Mother says I'm fickle, but I guess I don't change my mind as quick as that."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—It took me four years to save my first thousand dollars. It was saved from a soldier's pay in the army, and the boys often said: "Charlie, you might as well spend your money, for you may never get home to use it." It required courage to resist the influence to spend all, but the schooling of those four years was worth more than the thousand dollars, for I learned to save money.—*Charles W. Black.*

—An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and, on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted, "Hello, Jane!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone-wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried, "That's Jane every time."—*Modern Argo.*

—"James, dear, Reginald desires a new sled. I think you had better get him one." "What's a sled good for to him? You've brought him up to stay in the house and look pretty. He wouldn't know what to do with one." "Oh, I don't mean one of those great big out-door sleds. I mean a little house sled that he can play with in the front hall, dear, just to get him accustomed to the idea, you know." Lots of little Reginalds are being cultivated indoors, and they will either go to early graves or grow up to be flats.—*Boston Globe.*

—If we must talk about the weather, why not vary the formula, "It is a pleasant day." Every one is tired of admitting that it is. Why not be scientifically accurate when one meets a friend? The following is submitted as a specimen dialogue: Jones—"Ah, Mr. Smith, I see we have cloudy weather with light rains." Smith (with a cheerful smile)—"Yes, and variable winds shifting to colder northeasterly, stationary or higher pressure." Jones—"Quite so; but it is gratifying to know that the rivers will remain nearly stationary and that the temperature has fallen thirty degrees in the Rio Grande Valley. Good-morning, sir."—*Boston Advertiser.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Nail kegs of sheet iron are manufactured at Cannonsburg, Pa.

—Lieutenant Danenhower has distributed among nurserymen of West Chester, Pa., seed of the Arctic pines, from which they will endeavor to raise trees.

—Glue, when mixed with one-fourth part glycerine, is found to have an elasticity and pliability which prevents it cracking when dry. A German chemist in Nuremberg has called attention to this.

—An apiarist of Bristol, Vt., has an order for thirty thousand section hives of what are known as "pure-bred" swarms of bees. This industry is rivaling the leading business of the Champlain valley, viz., Spanish merino sheep-breeding.

—Paper is now being largely made in India. In the public offices the coarse quality used is no longer imported. Signs are not wanting that ten years hence the export trade to India will have greatly declined. The Indian government can now obtain at home, at a vastly reduced cost, many things which it has had to import. With such an enormous population, labor is very cheap, and the people are expert at handicraft.

—In his home, built upon the hull of a superannuated steamer which lies in the Schuylkill River near the Wissahickon landing, Captain Rowe is still at work upon his iron man. This mechanical biped, of which a crude model was exhibited at Manayunk several years ago, is to be operated by steam, and the inventor, who is said to have devoted a fortune to his whim, expects to live to see it running faster than any horse and performing many useful services.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—France has already done much in the application of electricity to agriculture, and she is now being followed by Germany. The new motive power promises to be very valuable to the farmer. At an agricultural gathering recently held at Ladenburg some interesting experiments were made in the use of electricity instead of steam for the threshing of wheat. Messrs. Piette and Krizik lit up electrically the space reserved for machines, and at the same time utilized the current to drive an ordinary threshing machine. The cylinder attained a speed of 1,400 revolutions per minute.

Religious.

WITHIN THE SANCTUARY.

Oh, soft and low and full the organ tones
Blend with the sacred stillness of the hour,
Voicing an invocation from each heart,
And bringing Heaven so near to human need
That, hallowed by the Father's answering love,
Their echoes breathe a benediction calm.

Now reverently putting off the shoes
Of worldliness from weary, toil-worn feet,
On sacred ground we stand; subdued, we yield
Ourselves as to the loving guidance of a friend,
Responsive to the spirit's gentle "Come."

Straightway a wondrous peace fills all our soul,
And anxious, wearying Care shrinks back apace,
And Doubt, the offspring of our misery,
Assumes the pigmy's stature as we rise
From the low level of our baser selves
And press along the path that ever leads
Straight to the Father's heart; at length we feel
Our groping spirit is thrilled with sudden joy,
And know the living presence of the Lord.
In rapturous, eager haste we follow on,
Up, up the mount where Faith serenely smiles,
Till on the summit we would fain behold
The glory of the Presence.

Eagerly,
With vision keen, gained on these heights alone—
Where Heaven and earth, the human and Divine,
Man's yearning and the Maker's matchless love,
Unite for human weal—we look adown
The long, dim vista of the ages past,
And lo! the halo of its own pure light
Reveals Truth—omnipresent and vari-formed,
Now beaming bright, with no uncertain ray—
A star of hope athwart the midnight age
Of dark despair; and now, refreshing, pure,
It sparkles forth, a fountain to the soul
Athirst upon the desert plains of sin;
Or, falling on the famished realm of thought,
Enervate with an idle, sensuous creed,
Is manna, from Omniscient fullness sent;
Now, wonderingly, a world of life inert
Throbs into sentient being, vitalized
By Truth's resistless, tender, brooding breath.

Oh, miracle of mercy, that our eyes,
Blind from our birth, should open to behold
The glories of a world invisible;
And clear, distinct above the din of earth,
A new-found sense discern new harmonies!
Oh, voice so strangely sweet! "I am the Truth!"
Oh, joy ineffable! "Who hath seen Me
Hath seen the Father also." Lord of Life,
We praise Thy tender mercy for the boon.

Oh, sweet and clear and full the organ tones
Blend with the holy hush, the sacred calm,
Voicing a benediction on each soul,
And raising earthly aims until they glow
With the near radiance of God's design;
While fervid, calm and clear their echoes ring
From hearts inspired and pulsate with new zeal,
An invocation to the throne of God.

Mrs. H. W. Powers, in Boston Transcript.

Home Religion.

Piety that cannot endure the test of home experience is worthless. It is in the family circle and the close relationships of social life that the fruits of the Spirit come to their most abundant harvest. It is a mistake to look upon the use and enjoyment of religious privileges as in any respect the end of Christian living. They are needed sources of help and inspiration, but the benefit that comes from them can only be measured by the effect on the daily life. The vine that has a sunny exposure, and whose roots are carefully enriched and watered, is far more likely to ripen luscious clusters of fruit than if neglected and untilled. But the important point is that there should be life. Dead branches are only fit for the fire. As the vine or fruit-bearing tree requires the sunshine and care of the gardener, so the spiritual life needs the means of grace for its sustenance, but the quality and reality of this life finds its expression in the home and the active duties and responsibilities of every-day experience. The test is very practical and easily made. The Saviour never yet entered a home that did not reveal the radiance of His presence. If "His joy" be in the heart, it will flow forth in thoughts and acts of love that will set the bells of joy ringing in other hearts. No matter what the profession may be, or how rigid the performance of certain outward forms and duties, that life is but a travesty of religious experience that does not make its influence felt in the common ways of life, in such a manner that it will bring joy, sympathy and help to others.

Home religion should have in it the heroism of faith and the spirit of self sacrifice, and constant thought for the happiness and welfare of others. In this atmosphere the harsh and chill winds of wrong temper and bitter feelings should never find entrance. The true Christian home is, indeed, the place where harvests of the best earthly good are garnered and the noblest victories won over self and wrong tendencies of character. Such homes are not exempt from trial, but in the darkest hour the clouds have a silver lining; there is sunshine beyond. What record shall the new year give of our home life? There can come to us no question of deeper interest than this, for in its answer, to a very great extent, will be found the secret and test of real inner life and experience.—*Golden Rule.*

Power of Conscience.

Even a superficial reader of Shakespeare is struck by the prominence which he gives to conscience. The great dramatist knew, either from personal experience or from imagination's insight, the terrible power of the human conscience, when stirred by the consciousness of guilt.

Hundreds of murderers, since Lady Macbeth, have uttered her pathetic exclamation: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." "O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!" has been the moan of not a few tyrants, since humpback Richard's day.

An illustration, similar in kind, though differing in dramatic interest, to that which Shakespeare gives of conscience's afflicting, paralyzing power, occurred once in Wales.

For years it had been the custom to hold a great fair at Rhuddlan on the Lord's Day. Farmers went there to hire laborers; crowds of rough laborers waited there to be hired. It was also a great market-day, whereon men sold their cattle and produce. Inns' doors were wide open, and in scores of booths could be heard the sound of revelry. It was a wild scene of traffic and dissipation.

Into the midst of this fair there came, one day, a young man of solemn mien. Taking his stand on the steps of the chief tavern, he began to pray with a loud voice. There was something in his grave, compassionate petitions that arrested the attention of farmers and laborers. They stopped in the midst of their bargaining to listen.

Then the young preacher, taking for his text: "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy," began his sermon by announcing to the astonished crowd that he had come to open upon them "the whole ten cannon of Sinai."

The preacher's denunciations were so terrible that the crowd seemed to stand at the foot of the mount "that burned with fire."

One man had just bought a sickle. As he listened to the preacher, his arm seemed paralyzed, and the sickle fell to the ground. He feared to stoop to pick it up with the other hand, lest that, too, should be paralyzed.

The multitude of farmers and laborers were panic-stricken. The fair was broken up and never again held on the Lord's Day. The man who let his sickle drop became changed in character and lived, to old age, a religious life.—*Youth's Companion.*

Atheists Ruled Out as Witnesses.

Judge Briggs, of Philadelphia, in a comprehensive opinion delivered a few days ago, ruled that atheists and all others who do not believe in a Divine being and Divine rewards and punishments are incompetent as witnesses. The question was brought up on a motion for a new trial in a suit, the ground for the motion being that Judge Briggs had admitted the testimony of Robert Becker, who said that, although he believed in the Creator of the universe and in a supreme power which would punish him here for false swearing, he did not believe in God as commonly understood by the people, nor in a personal God, nor in God as an entity. There was no other evidence in support of the objection to the witness. In his opinion, Judge Briggs said that it was with some doubt that he admitted the witness. After quoting authorities he continued:

"It follows that the faith of a witness should be a religious belief of some kind in the existence of an omniscient being who will reward and punish either here or hereafter for good and evil deeds. A belief in a power as exhibited by the forces of nature and call it supreme and yet ignore that that power is the handiwork of the omniscient and omnipotent God is totally insufficient to meet the law's requirements. Nor is any advance gained by asserting that he who violates the law of nature will be punished, for admittedly such punishment will follow with unerring certainty. If one jump overboard in mid-ocean, or thrust his hand into a raging fire, or violate any law of his natural existence, he would be immediately punished just in proportion that he violates these natural laws. A belief in such a punishment is not a belief in a Divine punishment, and clearly insufficient to render one entertaining it competent to testify under our law. While the witness said he believed in a supreme power that would punish him here for false swearing, he would not say that he believed that power was Divine, and he totally denied the personality of God and of God as generally understood by people. With such a belief how can he be said to be in fear of Divine punishment for testifying falsely? His belief being defective in this respect, it falls short of the requirements which are indispensable to exist to entitle him to be examined as a witness in the courts of this State. It follows that I erred in receiving his testimony, and that a new trial should be ordered."

Strength of the Sects in the United States.

The Rand-McNally Index of the World gives the following estimates of the strength of the various sects in the United States in 1881. The Catholics include men, women and children, every one who was ever baptized into the church. The Protestant sects only include adults or persons at the years of will, choice or discretion:

Roman Catholic	6,174,702
Baptist	2,133,014
Methodist	1,680,779
Methodist Episcopal South	828,013
Lutheran	634,570
Presbyterian	573,377
Christian	517,448
Congregational	384,685
Protestant Episcopal	323,876
United Brethren	155,437
Reformed Church in the United States	151,742
United Evangelical	144,000
Presbyterian South	119,970
Protestant Methodist	113,170
Cumberland Presbyterian	111,855
Mormon	110,377
Evangelical Association	99,607
The Brethren	90,000
United Presbyterian	80,236
Reformed Church in America	78,917
Freewill Baptists	76,709
Friends	67,643
Second Adventists	63,500
Anti-Mission Baptist	40,000
Universalist	37,945
Church of God	30,224
Wesleyan Methodist	17,847
Moravian	16,112
Seventh-Day Adventist	14,731
Jews	13,683
Free Methodist	12,120
Adventist	11,100
Reformed Episcopal	10,459
Seventh-Day Baptist	8,005
Reformed Presbyterian	6,020
New Jerusalem	4,734
Primitive Methodist	3,370
New Mennonite	2,910
American Communities	2,838
Shaker	2,400
Independent Methodist	2,101
Six-Principle Baptist	2,075

A Verification of Luke's Writings.

A remarkable fact bearing on the Gospel according to Luke and the Acts of the Apostles is mentioned as having recently appeared in a work published within the last few weeks from the Dublin University Press. The learned writer states that he has examined the two books by Luke, the physician, in order to discover any peculiarity of words and phrases, not found in the other evangelists, or in the classical writers of his day. He examined many medical writers from Hippocrates to Galen, and he finds that all these writers whom he has examined invariably use the same words and phrases as Luke does. The medical words common to these Greek medical writers from the time of Hippocrates to Galen are used by Luke, the physician. The testimony to the authenticity of these books thus brought forth is really very striking and very strong that the two books were written by a believing physician, and we know of one believing physician who was in close sympathy with the Apostle Paul. Thus the two books are clearly the work of one hand, and yet between the close of the Gospel and the opening of Acts there seems a divergence which, however, can easily be explained on close examination.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Our Young Folks.

A VALENTINE.

Little lassie with sweet eyes of brown,
Through long drooping lashes looking down;
Little maiden with the eyes of blue,
With the clear soul of you shining through;
Eyes of gray or hazel, violet, jet,
All undimmed by care or sorrow yet,
Wherever you be, dear friends of mine,
I would send to you this Valentine.

I have never looked upon your faces,
Heard your voices, watched your girlish graces,
Clasped your hands, or read the meaning glances
Of your eyes, or shared your happy fancies;
But I know, by trust teaching taught,
Something of each hope and dream and thought
That you cherish. Ah! how fair they seem,
Every darling hope and thought and dream.

Now could my every wish for you be granted,
You should dwell ever in a land enchanted;
But since life has its bleak and drear December
As well as sunny May, I pray remember
That hands are made for kind deeds and caressings,
And lips are made for smiles and tender blessings,
And eyes that heart to heart in glances meeting,
Each unto each may send its wordless greeting.

That giving though but hand-clasps warm and tender,
A kindness that the poorest child can render,
A smile, a tear, with happy grateful gladness,
May fill a heart borne down by heavy sadness;
That all along life little hidden byways—
Aye, even in the hot and dusty highways—
Some flower, if so some hand will do the sowing,
May make the world the brighter for its growing.

Life is so short: a little space where beauty
And love and work and care clasp hand with duty;
Life is so long: no dial hath the power
To tell the story of a single hour;
Love is so sweet, and hating hath no pleasure,
Who loves and gives shall reap in endless measure.

Little lassies, full of girlish graces,
I may never look upon your faces;
But it matters not, with calm insistance
Warm hearts triumph o'er time and distance.
And whatever skies may bend above you,
Pray remember that I love you, love you;
And I send this, as seal and sign,
In the name of dear Saint Valentine.

—*Carlotta Perry.*

THE MISSION OF MABEL'S VALENTINE.

Mrs. De Castro said Placide was "sure to make a rise in the world." Placide was tall for a boy of twelve, and all arms and legs. His eyes looked large in his thin, sallow face, and his thatch of light hair stood out all around like a door-mat.

The whole school made fun of the poor boy; but he took it all with a pitiful kind of smile. Nobody knew how cruelly it hurt him, nor how he longed to be friendly with his school-mates.

On entering the school room he invariably saluted Miss Rose, the teacher, with an elaborate bow. Placide's father had been a little, broken-down French dancing-master, and the bow was about all he bequeathed his son, excepting a fine sense of honor and a sensitive social nature.

There was nothing French about Mrs. De Castro, the mother of Placide. She was American born, but of the most commonplace type. She read every word in her weekly story-paper, and religiously believed in the possibility, at least, of all the wonderful occurrences therein detailed.

The shop-windows were gay with reminders of the approach of the great February holiday. Mabel Lawrence and some of her school-mates were examining an assortment of them one morning in the book-store.

Some of her companions wished to send a hideous comic valentine to Placide. But she, feeling how it would hurt him, refused to sanction such an act, and, buying the valentine, destroyed it, much to the disgust of the boys.

Mabel had been looking wise ever since valentines began to be mentioned; she was planning a surprise. On the table in her room was a pile of them, very small but very pretty, in fancy envelopes, addressed to all her boy and girl friends and associates. It had occupied all her leisure time for a week to write, in a very slow and painstaking manner, on the blank pages: "Miss Mabel Lawrence presents her compliments, and will be pleased to have you spend the evening of February 14 at her home." Upon consultation with her mother, she now added another pretty valentine to the pile. It was addressed to Master Placide De Castro.

They were all sent out on the 13th.

But it was nearly a week after the party when the postmaster hailed Placide, as he was passing by, and handed him his invitation. It seemed a pity on the face of it, but no valentine ever imparted a greater degree of pure felicity than this belated one. It was a beautiful thing to happen to the sensitive, slighted, ridiculed boy, to be so remembered. He went singing and whistling about his work, the weight lifted off his heart, the sorrowful look gone from his face, his eyes bright with hope and pleasure.

Mrs. De Castro accounted herself strong in the usages of polite society. "Now, Placide," she said, "you must acknowledge this complimunt by actin' accordin' to etiquetty."

"Yes, ma'am," said Placide, more than willing.

"Seein' you couldn't attend, nor send your regrets, you must make a party call. Let's see, Placide, your pa was a small man. I shouldn't wonder if you'd most growed into his swaller-tail coat by this time. [illegible] was pa's dress-coat," she said, as she laid it out on the bed.

"Now, slip in your arms and let's see how it will do." (The tails came within six inches of the floor.)

"'Taint so dreadful long if it *is* a little loose," she said. "Coats is worn long now—gentleman's overcoats come clear down to their heels."

The white vest did pretty well by pinning up a broad plait in the back. His mother's black kid-gloves didn't wrinkle *very* much, and the shine on his shoes couldn't have been improved. After being thoroughly instructed on various points, he set out to make his "party call," thinking his costume just about the thing. Fortunately, darkness protected him. Smiles strove for the mastery in Dolly's face as she ushered him into the sitting-room, announcing: "This young gentleman wants to see Miss Mabel." They were all ladies and gentlemen at Dr. Lawrence's, however. Mabel reddened, as he entered, but she arose as grave as a Judge, and offered him a chair.

"This is Placide De Castro, papa," she said to the doctor, who eyed him through his glasses in some amazement.

Placide executed his bow with great elegance and precision, saluting in turn the doctor, Mrs. Lawrence and Mabel, ending up with a comprehensive salam for the rest of the family.

"Please accept my respectful thanks, Miss Lawrence, for the kind invitation to your party," was his opening remark.

"I am sorry you didn't come; we had a very nice time," answered Mabel, politely.

This opened the way for his second speech.

"I should, doubtless, have enjoyed the occasion extremely, but my attendance was prevented by circumstances over which I had no control." (This sentence he had memorized from a "Complete Letter-writer.")

"Wouldn't your mother let you come?" asked Mabel.

Not being exactly prepared for this, he answered naturally enough. "Oh, yes, ma'am! The reason is, that I did not get the valentine till to-day."

"That was too bad!" said Mabel.

"Otherwise, I should have been present or sent my regrets," recited Placide, seeing his opportunity. When the doctor asked him: "Are you attending school this winter?" he replied: "Yes, sir, I am pursuing my studies under the direction of Miss Rose Mayfield," and he was prepared with several other elegant replies to possible queries; but after this the conversation ran in channels unfavorable to their introduction.

The doctor was regularly captivated; the quaintness of the whole proceeding took his fancy. Politeness in "young America" was a phenomenon worth studying. Once clear of the points of "etiquetty," he found the boy quite simple and child-like, while the thoughtfulness and intelligence of his replies pleased his questioner very much.

Not to outstay the proper limits of a call, Placide presently arose and made her adieux.

"That must have been poor De Castro's professional beat," said the Doctor. "There is certainly something in that costume which gives an air of gentility to the wearer."

"Why—didn't you think he looked ridiculous?" asked Mabel.

"Not exactly, my dear; it looked as though he might be masquerading. There are some unusual elements of character in that boy," he went on. "I like his nerve. I doubt if another boy in the place could be induced to perform that little act of courtesy."

One day, while his interest was still fresh, Rose Mayfield praised Placid, in his hearing, as her most ambitious pupil. "It is a pity," she said, "that he must leave school when spring opens; they are so poor it is necessary for him to work."

The doctor determined to be of service to him. He really needed an office-boy—an errand-boy—a generally useful boy. Placide, he felt confident, was exactly the kind of boy he wanted, and so the lad was presently lifted to the topmost pinnacle of human bliss by the offer of the situation, with the privilege of pursuing his studies under direction of the tutor employed to prepare Hal and Archie for college. And that was the "rise in the world."

These same qualities of faithfulness and zeal, which secured him the first advance, in time enabled him to become the trusted associate of Doctor Lawrence.—*Anna North, in St. Nicholas.*

An Angry Lioness.

Peter Marvine, an animal-trainer, was severely injured by a lioness belonging to J. R. Doris' inter-ocean circus, in the winter quarters of the show, at Frankford, a suburb of this city, last evening. The animals of the show occupy several buildings in Harrison street. The tropical animals are kept in a room by themselves. The room is fifty feet square, and along three of the walls are heavy oak and iron cages, in three tiers, one above the other. The lions, tigers, leopards, panthers and hyenas are imprisoned in the lower dens. Juno is the largest lioness of the collection and is five years old. Until a few months ago she was considered one of the best disposed brutes of her species. Last summer she assumed a protectorate over two motherless cubs in the show, and since then has shown great rage whenever her proteges were approached. Just before dark last evening Mr. Marvine gave the cubs their share of liver, and paused a moment to fondle them. This angered Juno, and as he advanced toward her cage to pacify her he stumbled and fell against the bars. In an instant Juno seized his right arm above the elbow. Marvine grasped the bottom of the cage with his left hand. Juno held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. A lad named Donohue seized an iron bar and tried to make Juno drop Marvine, but only increased her rage. All the animals became wildly excited, and their roars and cries could be heard blocks away. Donohue ran out shrieking for help, and a number of men started to go to Marvine's assistance. In the meantime Juno had torn the flesh from Marvine's wrist, struck him several terrible blows on the shoulder, and then allowed him to drop to the ground and crawl away.

Just as the rescuers reached the doors they heard the sound of crashing timber, accompanied by the angry beast's roars. Juno had thrown herself against the bars, and broken through. The interior of the building was dark, and no one dared venture in. They heard Juno charging about the place, and hesitated. They supposed Marvine was dead. He had reached the rack in which the heavy iron bars used to clean the cages were kept, and, seizing one, boldly advanced on Juno, who was crouching in a corner. The men outside, reassured by hearing above the din the animals were making the voice of Marvine ordering the lioness back to her cage, entered, and the beast was subdued. After Juno was caged it was noticed that one of a pair of blauw boks, for which Doris paid $1,000, was trembling like a leaf, and tears ran down the frightened animal's face. Two minutes later it was dead. Marvine, though seriously injured, will recover, and may regain the use of his arm.—*Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. FEB. 14, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1	½ "	40
1	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE FLOOD.

THE flood now prevailing in the Ohio River is doubtless the most destructive of any flood in the history of that river. Property of every description has passed down the raging stream in the past few days, and all the towns up the river have suffered much. Large portions of Cincinnati, Newport and Covington are inundated, mills, distilleries and other business is shut down and thousands of persons who depend on their labor for support are thrown out, and many of them have been driven out of their houses and suffering for the want of a place to take their families. The merchants in that part of the city between 3d street and the river have suffered heavy losses, and were driven to the second floors with their goods, incuring, in many instances, a heavy loss. The water got into a lime house at the foot of the suspension bridge, the other day, and caused an ugly fire. The water at the Cincinnati end of the suspension bridge is several feet deep, and travel is interrupted. If a fire should get started in the flooded district it would be difficult to get under control. The loss in Newport and Covington has not been as great as in Cincinnati, but their losses have been very heavy.

From Lawrenceburg come the saddest reports. All hussiness is suspened. The town is, in a manner, submerged, and hundreds of families are quartered in the public buildings. The loss of one saw mill there is estimated at $25,000. The mayor called on Cincinnati to send them 500 loaves of bread. The railroads that pass through the town are under water and no trains can pass there.

Petersburg stands high and dry, and no damage has been done except the washing away of a few barges.

Aurora has not been slighted by the unruly stream, and hundreds of her families have been driven from their homes, and all business is suspended. The water at Chambers & Stephens' corner is several inches deep. The river bottoms from Lawrenceburg to Rising Sun are all under water on the Indiana side.

Rising Sun has kept her head out of water, but her neighbor, Rabbit Hash, is crowded to the wall.

The amount of property destroyed by the flood is incalculable.

MONEY invested in wheat would be bringing good interest.

THE canvass for seats in the next legislatnre has opensd np with much vim in some of the counties.

IF sleet makes a good fruit year, what an abundance of that article this section will enjoy this season.

THE discussion of tariff bill has afforded considerable sport for the members of the Lower House of congress.

ONE of onr friends, Uncle Church Clore, who watches closely passing events, says we have had 32 snows this winter.

THE price of wheat has been looking up a little, probable because of the discouraging reports in regard to the growing crop.

NEAL and Craft are expensive citizens. Their trial, if continued a month or so, will draw heavily on Uncle Jim Tate's bank account.

THE Covington jail contains seventy-nine prisoners, a majority of which are moonshiners. One moonshiner serving out a sentence died there the other day.

GEN. HEWITT is the only candidate for a state office, who has no opposition. In view of the fact that the office of state auditor is such a good one, it speaks well for the General's official standing.

THE inundation of Lawrenceburg will probably injure that city's future prospects. For the last few years Lawrenceburg has been growing rapidly, and was developing into a manufacturing town of considerable importance. Steps will have to be taken to prevent a like occurrence if she wishes to continue her prosperity, which we trust she will succeed in doing.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Hughes has a good school in the Academy at this place, and hope he will succeed in building up the Morgan Academy to that place which it should occupy in educational circles.

The Building and lot belong to the county, and it seems to us that the county ought to support a good and paying school there.

Its location is a desirable one for an institution of learning, it being in the healthiest section of the county, adjacent to a town where boarding can be had as cheap as anywhere in the state. The society of the town and surrounding country is of the best class. In fact the town presents few opportunities for students to revel and neglect their studies. There is not a place in the United States better calculated for the location of a successful school, than Burlington. It is true it is not as easy to get to and from as some other places, but this objection is overcome by a multitude of advantages.

The people of the county believe in education, and many young men and ladies are being sent abroad to school at a heavy expense. By patronizing the school in the Morgan Academy a large per cent. of these heavy board bills would be saved, and the parents could enjoy the satisfaction of having their children at home two days out of each week if they so desired, thus dispensing with much solicitude which naturally follows the absence of children.

That large schools have not been kept up at this place is not because of the want of qualifications on the part of the teachers eployed, but because a sufficient number of persons interested in good schools have not put their shoulders to the wheel. In other words, there has been no cooperation, a necessary ingredient in such enterprises. Keeping a school in successful operation, requires time and attention, and a unity of interest on the part of an entire community. Every person is interested in the education of those into whose hands this country and its affairs are to pass, and are, therefore, interested in organizing and sustaining good schools.

The people of Boone county have children and the means with which to educate them, and the state has provided them with a building, which with a few dollars expended for repairs, is ample for their accommodation.

We trust the county has not abandoned the property, but that it will join hands with those in this locality who are anxious to have a school kept up in the Morgan Academy, and put the institution on the high road to prosperity and usefulness.

THE Farmers' Insurance Company is an institution that commends itself to the farmers of this county. It is purely a home enterprise, and is run on a principle that is neighborly, no assessment being made unless some policy-holder meets with a loss by fire. These assessments are small, making the rate of insurance light, and leaving the money in the hands of the insured until it is needed to adjust a loss. The gentlemen in whose hands the business of the company is entrusted are competent and good men to look after the interest of all concerned.

A WESTERN senator has characterized the tariff debate in congress very neatly. He says: "It reminds me of those female walking matches they had in every city a couple of years ago. There were generally prizes for the winner, the second and third, and also a handsome prize for the lady walker exhibiting the most style and grace. The result was that every woman wanted that, and thus they generally covered but little ground. They all walked for style. Now all the leading participants in the debates are not talking to make progress, they are simply walking for style. Each one wants to show the country what a handsome, level-headed and elegant gated candidate for the presidency he is."

IT seems that the preference already expressed by some of the counties for Jones as governor has caused considerable comment from some of his opponents who claim the action taken by the counties that have seen proper to choose him at this early day, is irregular. The charge is based on the ground that the state central committee fixed the fifth day of May as the time for holding the primary meetings. This is all true; but nothing was done to preclude the democrats in any county from expressing a choice. The democrats in the counties referred to have done nothing wrong, and when the fifth of May comes, they will select their delegates as other counties will, in obedience to the edict of the central committee.

AT the depot in Grand Rapids, Iowa, the U. S. Mail was robbed of $12,000 the other day.

MR. BLAINE is engaged in writing a book—a political history commencing with Lincoln's administration and ending with Garfield.

REPORTS from the cattle range section of Colorado say that the loss of stock by the snow storms and cold weather will amount to 15 per cent.

SOME of the business men in Louisville have discharged their clerks who are members of the Lonisville Legion and who are now in Grayson guarding Neal and Craft.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 00@7 25; fair to good packers, at $6 75@7 00; fair to good light, $6 55@6 90; common, $5 75@6 45; culls, $4 50@5 65: stock hogs, $5 00@6 25.

THE keepers of thirteen bawdy-houses were indicted at Lexington, and their trials were to be had last week, but Liberal Pardon Blackburn pardoned them before conviction. Neal and Craft have hopes yet.

AN old colored lady in Indianapolis had her husband and four sons killed in the rebellion, and the other day she drew $4,500 arreage of pensions on their account. Their going into the army was a good investment for the old lady.

No trouble has been had at Grayson, yet, and there is no indication that there will be. These organized companies of armed men have failed to materialize, and the soldiers are getting over their scare, and will commence flirting with the girls.

WE find it necessary to again remind some of our friends that communications must bear the name of the author. Without we know who sends a communication it finds its way to the waste basket, and we do not like to thus dispose of a friend's favors.

SOME prisoners in the Williamstown jail succeeded in nnlocking the inner door of the jail, and when the jailer unlocked the outside door to take supper into them, they rushed out by him and made their escape. Two of them were charged with horse stealing.

The cry that the Eastern part of the State would be against Jones for Governor is being emphatically denied by the action of the democrats up there. The hopes of some of the boys are blasted to the extent a preference has been signified in that section of the state.

THE militia was in rather a demoralized condition when it arrived at Grayson, several of them being ill. A hospital was, upon their arrival, organized with several patients. Some of the boys rode many miles without saddles, which was calculated to produce information of the brain.

THE citizens of Ashland held a meeting and appointed a committee to assist in securing the attendance of witnesses and doing other things necessary to assist in the prosecution of Neal and Craft. The people there say that they believe in Neal and Craft they have the true criminals, and want them punished under the law, and according to their deserts.

IN New York City, the public school question which has been agitated for several months has at last been settled in a way that is anything but pleasing to a large number of the teachers employed. The commissioners of education have decided to cut off the special teachers; the instructors in French, German, Music, Drawing, etc., and to reduce the salaries of the regular teachers. Then occurred a remarkable thing. The regular teachers had a meeting and deciced to petition the board to retain the special teachers, and to further reduce their own salaries so as to make up the requisite fund. Sympathy is generally extended to sufferers, but practical sympathy like this is indeed rare in these days.

WE have been importing rather too much during the past year, and our warehouses have got so full, that there is no further need of buying goods abroad. Then our exports have increased largely. We are now sending forward a great deal of cotton, wheat and corn. It has been found that the crops were not so very large on the continent, a proof of which is found in the fact that France and Germany are buying three bushels of our cereals this year to one last year. It is now expected that gold will again begin to come from Europe, in which case we will see a great revival of industry in the early part of 1883. The nation is rich in natural productions. We never had so much cotton, wheat, corn and petroleum, to send abroad. The prospect ahead is hopeful.—From Demorest's Monthly for February.

—There are 60,000 colored Baptists in Tennesee, with 150 churches.

J. O. HUEY and O. P. Conner are industriously engaged soliciting subscriptions to build a turnpike starting about three miles from Burlington on the East Bend road and terminating at this place. Two routes, we understand, are proposed, and over either of them a good road can be built. The people along these routes know the benefits to be derived from good roads, and no doubt they will encourage the enterprise. No class is benfited as much by turnpikes as farmers, and no other roads build up a country as rapidly as pikes do. Once on a pike, always on a good road, nearer by several miles and much labor, to any place you want to go. In these days of fluctuating markets, the producer should be so situated as to be able to reach the city as soon as possible to take the advantage of the advance in the prices of his products. Those living on dirt roads cannot enjoy rapid transit, especially at this season of the year.

The river still rises.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Verona.

DIED—On the night of the 6th inst., Miss Mollie Jhonson, of typhoid fever. She was a daughter of John S. Johnson. Her funeral was preached by Rev. L. F. Johnson, after which her remains were interred in the New Bethel cemetery.

She was concious to the last, related her experience and selected the hymn she wanted sang at her funeral.

Miss Mollie was called away in the early morning of her life, but in her short career she had gained a large number of ardent and devoted friends who will greatly miss her.

The fever has been in this family ever since last September. They have nearly all had it. Little Walter is now lying at the point of death.

The afflicted family have the sympathy of the entire community.

STATE NEWS.

—Henderson has eighteen tobacco stemmeries, and most of them are doing a very large business.

—A shot-gun which was used in the Revolutionary war by Samuel Johnson is in the possession of A. A. Davis, of Daviess county.

—C. C. Lashbrook was convicted of passing counterfeit money by the Daviess Circuit Court, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

—The nine year-old daughter of John Brents, in Barren county, caught fire at an open grate and was burned to death before assistance could reach her.

—Col. Francis Klett, for two years past manager of the Mammoth Cave, has resigned the position, and is succeeded by Miss Julia Clark Jesup, one of the owners of the cave.

—Owensboro Messenger: Mrs. Corn lives in Mercer county, Mrs. Wheat in Jefferson, Mrs. Oates in Mead, Mrs. Bran in Pendleton, Mrs. Shorts in Shelby and Mrs. Hay in Daviess, as well as in Muhlenburg.

—Columbia Spectator: Last Saturday afternoon a cabin on the farm of Maj. T. C. Winfrey, this county, occupied by a colored woman, was consumed by fire, together with two of the woman's children, one four years of age and the other one. The mother had left the cabin and was at the residence of Maj. Wintrey, where she was doing some work, and the fire was not discovered in time to save the children. After the house had burned to ashes the bones of the infant were found and buried.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—A band of gypsies are wandering about Mariqoro county, S. C.

—West Virginia contains 52,000 persons over ten years of age who can not read.

—A colored child at Rock Hill, S. C., swallowed a toy china cup without apparent inconvenience.

—It is said that there is a negro man in Newbery county, South Carolina, who has 42 children and 324 grandchildren.

—The Texas cattle drive for the coming spring is estimated at 220,000 head. Of these not more than 120,000 will reach the open market. The rest will be reserved for ranches.

—Stewart, alias Coleman, the bank crook arrested in New York, while being conveyed to a train to be taken to Texas, cut his throat and died the next day.

Tobacco

Cincinnati, Friday, Feb., 9, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	4 25
Colory Smokers	4 50	6 50
Colory Trash	6 00	8 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	15 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 00	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	22 50
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	19 75
Good Med. Leaf	20	23 25
Good Br't Leaf	23 50	25 00
Fine Br't Leaf	25 50	26 75
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	11 50	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	22
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	19 50
Good Med. Fil'rs	20	23
Good L'f Fillers	23 50	25 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 50	37 75

Lincoln Reads a Poem

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down:
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of N. Y.—Proprietors of the tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,
BURLINGTON, KY.
HARNESS MAKER
—AND—
DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

The public generally and all persons, especially merchants, are hereby notified that my wife Nannie V. Kelly, did, on the 7th day of February, 1883, leave my house and abandon me and my children, without just cause, and that I will not pay or be responsible for any of her acts or debts hereafter made or contracted by her.

This Feb., 9th '83. W. B. KELLY.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."

Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."

Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

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Local News.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of Boone Co., on Monday, March 5th, 1883, to determine the manner in which delegates shall be selected to attend the State Convention to be held in Louisville, on May 16th, 1883.
J. G. FURNISH, Chairman.

Sunday was inclement.

This is Valentine day.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

To-day is wedding day with the feathery tribe.

The Burlington coal train was running last week.

Mr. John H. Smith says his wheat field is as bare as the mud road.

N. E. Hawes and J. W. Calvert have been on the sick list for several days.

Several persons went from this place to Lawrenceburg Saturday to view the flood.

James Conner has handled over 1,000 hogs this winter, and has lost but two.

Mr. B. F. Corbin and wife, of Union spent Monday with F. P. Walton and wife.

Hogs are a scarce article. The last advance in the market caught about all of them.

Clergymen, speakers, singers, find that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral improves and aids the voice.

The people of Burlington have been preached to considerably since the first of October last.

Spring the price of an article a little if you want to find out whether there is any of it in the country.

The land trade between Mr. Wm. Walton and Wm. Goodridge is off, some misunderstanding as to price.

At Lawrenceburg the river was higher than it was last year. The destruction of property was very great.

Mr. Willis Grant and Miss Missoura Crisler were married at the Baptist church, in Bellevue, last Wednesday by Rev. Dicken.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that we will henceforth kill every dog that we find on our premises. GEO. & HARRY BLYTHE

Some of the farmers have been quite busy the past week watching their flocks. They are generally having good luck with their lambs.

A drove of eighty head of fine cattle, belonging to Mr. Alf Gaines, passed through town last Friday. They were bought in Carroll county.

To buy tombstones and monuments there is no better firm of which to buy than Geo. Huschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind. Jno. Buall, of Hebron, is their agent in this county.

Just be a little careful how you speak any word that has g for a starter and a pair of o's and an s sandwitched between it and an e, when in the presence of Mij Yabtsew.

A horse attached to the buggy in which Frank Maxwell was going to Willis Grant's wedding, became frightened, run off, demolishing the vehicle and injuring Maxwell slightly.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Chambers, who live near Gainsville, are emerging from a siege with the measles. One little fellow had measles, pneumonia and menigitis and survived them all.

We call your attention to Albert M. Acra's adv. in this issue. He wants the people in this section to patronize him, and in return he will make them glad they did by doing good, honest work for them. It's so.

One day last week J. O. Huey and O. P. Conner were in town in the interest of a proposed pike leading from their neighborhood to this place. That section of the county is in need of a good outlet and we would like to see a good pike built out that way. They propose raising the money by subscription.

Fred, a german boy about 12 years of age, and who resides with Esq. E. H. Baker, came near being drowned Friday evening. The ice on the pond broke with him and let him in the water up to his eyes. Mr. Baker happened to see him and went to his rescue with a plank. Had he been three feet further from shore he would not have escaped.

An old colored lady who lived on Mr. Berkshire's farm about three miles from town, on the Bellevue pike, was found near her door Saturday morning in a dying condition. It is thought that when she stepped out at the door her foot slipped and she fell, striking her head on a stone, which resulted in her death. She had been out of the house but a short time, when found by one of the family living with her.

At the last January term of the court of levy and claims it rejected a claim of Sam Hind for keeping paupers. Mr. Hind proposes to test the order rejecting his claim, and for that purpose has filed his appeal in the Circuit Court. The County Court had made an order saying it would pay nothing for the support of paupers outside of the poor-house and was acting in accordance therewith, and Mr. H. proposes to see if there should not be exceptions to this rule.

Mr. Dunlap, the evangelist, closed his meeting at this place Sunday night, having preached 40 sermons to the whites and one to the colored people and received 31 confessions. Had it not been for the violent weather during his work here, the court-room would not have been large enough to have accommodated the people that came to hear the preaching. He had preached but few sermons before there seemed to be great interest in the meeting and it increased throughout. This week Mr. Dunlap is holding meeting in Williamstown.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mr. Arthur McAfee, of Cave-in-rock, Ill. was in town last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stephens, of Union, were visiting friends in town, one day last week, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Huey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Corbin, of Bellevue, were the guest of Mrs. Campbell, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Randall were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Grant for two or three days last week.

Mrs. Dr. L. H. Piatt, of Bellevue, was visiting her grandmother several days last week.

County Court.

Margaret Souther, &c., vs Mary and Jas. D. Henry—Commissioner appointed to make division of lands.

John D. Williams released from poll-tax erroneously assessed against him.

W. A. Crigler moved to have a new road established from the point where the New Cut road strikes Gunpowder Creek, thence to the Anderson Ferry and Burlington road.

Benjamine Conner, &c., application for road—Gaines Robinson dismissed as one of the applicants—Commissioner given till next term to make report.

Probate of Andrew Glaskin's will continued.

Owen Rogers resigned as constable in Bellevue, and J. M. Moody appoint to fill vacancy.

T. W. Finch appointed deputy sheriff.

Probate of James H. Akins' will refused F. P. Walton appointed adm'r. of the estate of Jas. H. Akin. D. M. Snyder, T. H. Sutton and J. S. Huey, appraisers.

Edward Seniour appointed adm'r. of Adam Seniour—J. H. Hughes, J. W. Howe and S. C. Johnton, appraisers.

S. D. Urtson released from paying tax erroneously assessed.

L. J. Riley appointed deputy assessor.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Union.

The meeting in the Presbyterian church is still in progress. An immense congregation was in attendance Monday night, and there were four additions, among them Lin Frazier. At the conclusion of the services Lea Cleek and Jessie Wilkie were married.

Rabbit Hash.

Our roads are sufficiantly muddy to cause an outbreak of turnpike fever.

Will McConnell is receiving considerable tobacco. Sellers are generally disappointed in the weight of their crops, tobacco being much lighter than was expected.

Mr. Z. T. Holmes has a very severe attack of pneumonia.

Intelligence has just reached us of the death of Mr. Carlton Willitt, father of Mrs. J. H. Lawell. He was formerly a resident of our neighborhood, but moved to Bourbon county a number of years ago.

Mrs. Jennie Hanna is visiting her father Mr. B. M. Allen.

Great inconvenience has been felt since the Queen stopped running, and an earnest wish is expressed by many that she will soon make her regular trips again.

Hebron.

Health in this vicinity not very good.

Mr. Alonzo Gaines has been confined to his room for several days with rheumatism.

Mr. T. H. Rouse has purchased a track of land lying on the Dog Leg Road, of of John Dolahie at $35 per acre.

Richard Gordon lost one of his fine horses one day last week.

Perry Aylor is on the sick list this week.

Last week Harrison Clore purchased of W. J. Rice 50 acres of land near this place for the sum of $2,900.

A dance at the Hebron Hall to-night.

The social party given at the residence of Oscar Gaines, last Saturday night, was an enjoyable affair. The belles of the evening were Miss Minnie and Meta Smith, Anna and Mary Clore and Nettie Graves.

Hebron and its vicinity visited the Ohio river Saturday.

The mail bus did not reach this point last Saturday on account of the backwater being over the pike at Constance.

Plattsburg

J. W. Kite, of Bellevue was in town one day last week.

Burt Cloud and wife have gone to Illinois to make that State their future home.

Sid Gaines will attend commercial school at Lexington in the spring.

From some cause or other John C. Sebree quit his school at Ashbyfork.

Squire J. C. Hensley is very poorly with asthma and is not able to be out of the house.

Nearly all the tobacco in the northern part of the county is being bought by our three buyers. From 6 to 10 loads pass through here every day.

Several of old John Robinson's circus ponies that W. H. Grant was wintering, have died.

Our friend Chas. Schramm was in town one day last week. The Bishop is as jovial as of old and chuck full of business.

Since our last communication we have received three chalenges to fight a duel. We did not know that there were so many fellows in this community that thought themselves old bachelors.

The backwater is up Woolper as far as the Woolper store.

The old ferry boat at Lawrenceburg broke loose, and sunk the other night.

Petersburg.

Mrs. Fannie King returned to her home at Milton, Ky., last Sunday.

R. H. Bolen is learning the yeast business.

Some of the boys took in the opera at Cincinnati, last Saturday.

Phillip Hoffman has gone to Lynchburg, Ohio, to take charge of the mash floor, at Freiberg & Workums distillery.

Dr. Ed Terrill fell last Tuesday night and hurt his leg so he had to walk with a cane for several days.

The Coopers were all sick last week, only four able to work.

Mr. Smith McWethy has a smile on his face as broad as a palm leaf fan, its a—daughter.

The high water and drift last Wednesday, parted the lines on one of Capt. Holabird's coal boats and carried it adrift, when just above Aurora, the Str. Wave caught it and started for shore, and would have landed it, but when about 100 yards from the bank it sprung a leak and sank. The loss is estimated at $1,000.

Mr. Sam Buchanan, of Rising Sun, Ind. has started a first-class drug store in this place.

Mr. D. Riggs has his cellar full of water, caused by the hard rain Tuesday night.

If all reports are true there will be a wedding in town soon.

Bellevue.

Since our last we have been treated to such weather, as the oldest man has no recollection of Rain, snow, sleet and then it pours all together till we are nearly drowned out—and still it rains. The Ohio river now is several inches higher than during the great flood one year ago, and it is still rising. Fortunately our citizens have not thus far sustained much damage—less favored localities have met with great loss. The large bottoms opposite Bellevue are nearly all under water from Rising Sun to Aurora.

Mr. Jas. Smith, our fisherman, was forced to leave his boat, which he used for a residence, and take to the high banks.

Our public school closed on last Friday. Quite a number of visitors were present to witness the closing, which consisted of the usual exercises by the scholars in their various branches of study; also select reading by several of the scholars. The exercises were creditable alike both to pupils and their teacher, Mrs. Walker. His Hon, D. M. Snyder, the Com., of public schools for the county was present and addressed the school.

The literary society is as attractive as ever Last Friday evening it met according to program. The president not being present Mr. D. M. Snyder was appointed President pro tem. The following was argued, Resolved, That the Indian has received more oppression from the white man than the Negro. Affirmative, J. T. Marshall, Wm. Dicken and W. R. Moody; negative, O. Snyder, C E. Dickens and Robt. Rice—decision in favor of affirmative. Essays—Miss Lizzie Berkshire and Wm. Dicken; select reading—J. T Marshall and Miss Katie Walton; declamation—Douglas Rice

According to the old adage that a "white sleet makes a fruitful year," we are to tickle our palates again this year with luscious fruit.

Miss Katie Piatt, who has been so seriously ill, is slowly improving; Mrs. Marion Lafever is recovering from injuries received from a recent fall.

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In order to accommodate old patrons, and enable them to get the INDIANA FARMER and Dictionary at the reduced rate, we will extend the offer to those who have already subscribed for the RECORDER before this offer was made. A club should at once be formed in every neighborhood, as this opportunity will not be given for a great length of time.

1883

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Taken up as a stray by Ephraim Helm, living on the Anderson Ferry and Minneola turnpike road about 1 mile from Anderson Ferry, in Boone county, on or about the 8th day of September, 1882, one red and white spotted cow with underbit mark on the right ear, and right horn drooped, but having no other brands or marks. Which I have appraised at $15.

Witness my hand this 3d day of January 1883. JOSEPH WAGSTAFF, J. P. B. C.

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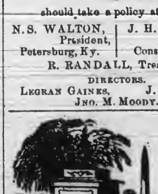

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Sign of BIG RED BOOT. Main Street, Rising Sun, Ind.

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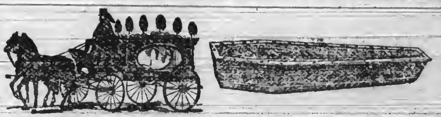

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BURLINGTON. : KENTUCKY

THE VALENTINE.

At a counter richly laden
With St. Valentine's choice sonnets
Stands a very charming maiden
In the shaggiest of bonnets;
Her love-locks and her tresses
Appear a halo golden,
While the style in which she dresses
Is extremely quaint and olden.

She inspects the glowing treasures,
Silken, fringed and satin banners,
And scans their ardent measures
In the gracefulest of manners.
Now and then a saucy Cupid
Pleases this bewitching critic,
But the verses are too stupid
For a taste so analytic.

O'er forget-me-nots and roses
Like a butterfly she wavers,
Till the honey one discloses
Proves the daintiest of flavors.
With this nectar Love insnares her,
And he holds her in possession,
And he tempts her and he dares her
To the following confession:

"If I had the brush of Watteau,
And the wisdom of the sages,
I could paint a worthy motto
On this loveliest of pages;
But no truer heart is beating
Than the heart which beats for you, love;
So I send a simple greeting,
And I sign myself your True-love."

Satisfied with her selection,
As the clerk she re-imburses,
For the missive of affection,
From the prettiest of purses,
While she fastens furs and plushes,
Unaware of admiration,
In a conscious way she blushes,
Thinking of its destination.

Will a certain hero wonder,
Ere the trusty seal is broken,
If his fate is hidden under
Shelter of this tender token?
Will he, when his heart discovers
Who has sent this timely warning,
Be the happiest of lovers
On St. Valentine's own morning?
—*Harper's Bazar.*

JENNIE'S VALENTINE.

"They say the singin' master's makin' up to your Jennie, Mis' Eastman," said Miss Jane Eastman, a cousin of the family, making her industrious knitting-needles flash, during a morning call at the farm-house.

"They say a good many things," calmly returned Mrs. Eastman, a roly-poly little woman, who was making squash pies with the baby tied to her apron strings.

"Yes, to be sure, but then I'se seen enough myself to make me pretty sure that there was goings on between 'em, and I thought, seein' as you was a member of our church, 'twas my duty to warn you."

"Warn me against what?" said Mrs. Eastman, with a flush that resembled anger on her placid little face.

"Why, against Joe Carlton, of course. Is he the kind of a husband you'd like to see jined to your only daughter—your one little ewe lamb? He boarded with us when he kept school here, you know; and I knew him root and branch. A more godless, self-sufficient young man I never saw. Why, he never went to meetin' but half a day Sundays, and spent the other half a wanderin' in the fields, and writin' letters, and readin' unprofitable books. I'se even known him to hire a horse and go to ride on the blessed Lord's day. But then, what could you expect of a young lawyer, and a singin' teacher into the bargain? Lawyers is always fast, and they do say music 's dreadful pervertin' to the morals. He used to kind er shine up to me, but you may be sure I didn't encourage his attentions."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Eastman, with a queer little smile. "I was thinking that you used to praise him very highly at one time, Cousin Jane; and that you said you were sure he was a Christian if he didn't belong to the church."

Here the conversation was interrupted, for a sleigh came dashing up to the door, and the gentleman in question appeared in quest of Miss Jennie.

Miss Jennie was summoned from the upper regions, where she had been making vigorous use of the broom and dust-pan. She came down with a great show of roses on her cheeks, and a great deal of sunshine dancing in her brown eyes.

It was such a splendid morning that a party of young people—his friends over at Stamford—had suddenly started a sleighing party. They were going to drive to East Fairfield, a distance of twelve miles or so, have supper and a dance at the hotel, and then drive home again by moonlight. Would she go?

Go? Of course she would go, that is, if mother was willing. She had just been wishing for a sleigh-ride, the weather was so delightful, and the sunshine was so splendid on the clean, white snow. The quiver of bells thrilled her like dance music.

She came back to her mother with a pleading, half-anxious face, knowing that she was not over pleased with Mr. Carlton. Cousin Jane was always talking against him to her, and Mrs. Deacon Sparks was sure he was going to destruction because he smoked.

Mrs. Eastman hesitated. She preferred the young minister, who was very anxious concerning the state of Jennie's mind, and went home with her from the last evening meeting; and, in spite of herself, she was somewhat influenced by Miss Jane's talk. She was a good woman, and a sensible one, in her weak, mild way, but her life in that little New-Hampshire town had made her inclined to be narrow and prejudiced, and, in her circle, Joe Carlton was considered a decidedly worldly young man, to say the least. But she was very, very fond of her bright, pretty daughter, and it was evident that she cared a good deal for him, and, as she really knew no harm of him beyond the smoking of a good many cigars, she gave her consent with a little reluctant sigh.

In ten minutes Jennie was ready for her ride, and away the happy couple flew, the music of their jubilant bells having a very lengthening effect on Miss Jane's saffron-colored face. She remained some time after they were out of sight and hearing, giving Mrs. Eastman more warnings on the same subject, and succeeding at last in making that lady dimly aware of the error of her ways in allowing Jennie to make one of that sleighing party.

"He's an awful flirt as ever was, and has been goin' with that girl and this one ever since Jennie was a baby in her cradle. As for ma and me, we don't even invite him into our house, we don't think it proper to shelter such a person under our roof, even for half an hour. He's a viper, and I'm glad he took an office over to Stamford instead of here at the corner, for society is in a low enough state anyhow, and his singin'-school makes it lower. I 'pose he don't hev no practice, and has to keep it to eke out a livin'," said Miss, Jane, as she rose to go, and have a further talk on the subject with Mrs. Deacon Sparks.

And Mrs. Eastman thought, "O, if Jennie could only fancy the minister. He is pleased with her, I'm sure."

But away on the smooth, shining road, Jennie was in a perfect dream of bliss beside her handsome lover. The distant mountains looked as if they were incrusted with precious gems in the glowing sunshine. The fields were sown with diamonds; the pine-woods drooped their green, velvet plumes by the wayside; the sleigh-bells mingled together in one grand winter chorus. Altogether it was a merry procession. There were at least a dozen couples; and the girls were looking as fresh and pretty as possible in their gay worsted wrapping, while they sang and laughed, as the spirited horses pranced along, each one well pleased with her own cavalier. But still, none could deny that Jennie's companion was the handsomest and most noble-looking of them all. He was rather quiet that day, but he seemed more than content, and Jennie's doubts about his caring for her all fled, when she met his glance every now and then, when there were no other eyes save her own to interpret their meaning.

The supper at the hotel was charming; the dance delightful; the ride home in the clear, still moonlight more enchanting than anything ever known out of dreamland. It was twelve by the village clock when Jennie reached home, and her mother, who had been sitting up to tell her that the minister had called on her that evening, and she had told him she had gone to drive with an old friend, and so on, was asleep in her chair, and dreaming that Joe Carlton was a wolf, and was going to eat her cherished daughter. Jennie went to bed a little saddened after that interview; but then, if Joe loved her, what could come between them? Her mother would not be so cruel as to separate them, and, as for the minister, even if she had never seen Joe, she could not marry him.

One week from that day was St. Valentine's Day. It had been a stormy week, and rather long and dreary to Jennie, since she never saw nor heard from Joe during that time; but it was the fashion for gentlemen to send valentines to their lady loves, in Crampton and the region round about, and on St. Valentine's morning, as soon as she opened her eyes, she was in a perfect flutter of expectation. She was so absent-minded, that when she dressed the bewildered baby, she put his stockings on his hands instead of his feet, and, at the breakfast-table, prepared her father's coffee with salt instead of sugar. Her mother understood the state of affairs, and regarded her with wistful sadness, and the boys teased her until she was glad at length to make her escape out of the room.

Farmer Haynes, who lived at the Cross Roads, and was the possessor of a whole house full of pretty daughters, passed by bright and early on his way to the post-office, of course, and he always took it upon himself to bring the Eastman mail as well as that of his own family, liking to stop and have a bit of friendly gossip with his neighbor. Jennie could hardly wait for his return, and left her work every other moment to gaze out of the window in the direction of the village.

But at last he came, bearing in his hand, beside the numerous letters stowed away in his pocket, the *Weekly Argus*, a letter for her father, from Uncle John, who lived out West, and one for Jennie, also, in such a queer envelope, and directed in such an old-fashioned, awkward, cramped hand! There were two red-and-green turtle doves, apparently cooing at each other, in one corner of it, and it was very much soiled and crumpled. Jennie actually blushed at Joe's bad taste, and wondered how he could have sent her such a looking valentine. What a hand for such an elegant and scholarly young man the address was written in, too, she thought.

"If there's so much love on the outside of that valentine, what must there be within?" said the farmer, with a meaning smile into her blushing face.

She ran away up-stairs, and opened the precious affair in the privacy of her own room; but, oh, how the expression of her face changed as she glanced down the written page, and at the signature! It wasn't from Joe, after all, but from Deacon Simpson, a gray-haired widower, with ten children, who lived over at Stamford Center, and who sometimes came to pour his trials on the score of housekeepers into the sympathetic ear of her mother. The valentine, in spite of the turtle-doves on the outside, and a cluster of pink-and-blue angels, round a very fat cupid, in the inside, was a decidedly practical offer of the gentleman's hand, and the general surrendering of the youthful ten into her motherly hands.

"I a'nt very young, to be sure," he said; "but it seems more takin' to make a bargain on Valentine's Day, and I thought I'd say what I had to say now, so you'd get it when other folks is gettin' their valentines. Doubtless you don't expect none to-day, and 't will be a surprise to you, but, to tell the truth, I've had my eye in your direction for some time."

Jennie quivered all over with indignation, and remembered that only a week or two before he had stopped at their house to tea, and said, in a joking way, that he should look out for a housekeeper who made as nice cake as she did.

She went to her mother with tears of anger in her eyes; but Mrs. Eastman only laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks. It was so absurd for Deacon Simpson to send a valentine to Jennie, and such a valentine! He was a funny little old man—talked through his nose, wore green glasses, and carried a red bandanna handkerchief, with which he was continually wiping his bald head.

"And he is so sure of a favorable answer!" exclaimed Jennie, not able to see the fun; "and what impudence! He says he supposes that I'm not expecting any valentine to-day."

Then she forgot all about the Deacon, and remembered to be disappointed and unhappy beyond measure, because of the valentine which did not come. Still it was not yet too late, there was another mail from Stamford in the afternoon. Deacon Simpson requested an immediate answer to his proposal, but, as he was very busy hauling logs, he should not be able to come and talk it over until Sunday night. It was then only Tuesday. Jennie declared that she would not answer it at all; but, after waiting until the end of the week, her mother answered it for her, giving a decided but polite nay to the gentleman's proposal.

Jennie went to the post-office herself that night, but the postmistress gave her sympathetic looks instead of a valentine, and she came home in a more unhappy mood than she had ever known in her life. But she found a little consolation in knowing that she should certainly see him at the singing-school on Thursday night; "and if he didn't send me a valentine," she thought, "he will certainly come home with me then. He would not go away with another, girl right before my face and eyes.

Thursday night came, and, after making a more careful toilet than usual, Jennie tripped away to the school-house, with a beating heart. But, after the first glance, which she fancied had something of reproach as well as coldness in it, Joe looked at his violin instead of looking at her, and at recess devoted himself to Belle Archer, the Squire's daughter, who had always been pulling her cap for him, and who was more than delighted. Jennie tossed her head with the most superb indifference, and her sweet, shrill little voice never echoed more gayly through the flowery measures of *Merry May*.

The minister, who was not too dignified to attend the singing-school, listened to it with an expression of perfect enchantment, and never left the side of the singer for the whole evening. Joe went home with Belle Archer, and the minister, finding himself alone with Jennie under the dim, romantic starlight, was moved to tell the story of his love, and waited breathlessly for the little maiden's answer. None came, however. She only sobbed, and begged him not to speak to her then.

"But when will you give me your answer, Jennie?" he pleaded.

She could not tell him, so he was obliged to wait with what patience he might, and wonder what grieved her so. Was she offended with him?

He had a talk with her mother the next day, but she could do nothing with Jennie, who declared that she could not make up her mind, and he must wait. She said to herself that she never could love him, but, if she could marry him, it would prove to Joe that she cared nothing for him, and that there were people who valued her, if he did not. It was very hard, but if she did not die soon—and it seemed to her as if she could not live long and see Joe married to Belle Archer—she thought she should make up her mind to become his wife. Her mother would be pleased; but the world was after all what Deacon Simpson was always calling it in vestry-meetings—a vale of tears.

The days went on drearily enough until Sunday night, when a most astonishing revelation came to Jennie. The minister was waiting with a pathetic countenance, and preached a touching sermon that day on the danger of delay, and hope deferred. Her mother said nothing, but watched her anxiously. Joe Carlton took Belle Archer on a sleigh-ride the day after the singing-school. Jennie was sitting meditatively by the fire after the afternoon service, when Cousin Jane came bustling in, all out of breath, and requested a private interview with her. She was somewhat startled by such an unheard-of honor, and led the way silently to her own room.

"I came to see if you didn't want to swap valentines?" said Miss Jane, looking somewhat confused and downcast.

"What!" exclaimed Jennie, with a very haughty face.

Miss Jane repeated the question, at the same time producing an elegantly written letter, and placing it before Jennie's bewildered eyes.

"There has been a mistake made: you got mine from Deacon Simpson, and I got yours from Joe Carlton. He ought to have known better—Joe had—than to have sent a letter to you directed to Miss Jane S. Eastman. Everybody in town knows that my name is Jane S., if they don't know yours is Jane T., and Miss Hoddock she sent it up to me, of course. I thought 't was kinder bold in Joe to offer himself to me, I'se been so cool to him lately, and ha'nt given him any encouragement at all; but, just to show him that I hadn't no ill-will against him, I wrote and told him I'd have him yesterday. He requested an immediate answer, you see, but I was over to 'Bijah's—his boy is sick with the measles—and didn't get it till night before last, then ma sent it over to me. Deacon Simpson got your ma's letter last night, and came over to see me to day, in a dreadful pucker. He wants a woman of mind to oversee that great, nice house of his, and look after them dear children, and was surprised to think you and your ma thought he wanted such a frivolous child as you. Of course, you won't say anything about my writing to Joe, and I shall keep the mistake you made about the Deacon secret to the grave."

"But have you seen Joe? How do you know about it?" questioned Jennie, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes! I was over to Stamford yesterday on an errand, and thought 't would n't be improper to just drop into his office and see him a few minutes, under the circumstances. He's a dreadful straight-forward up-and-down man, and thought it was his duty to make an explanation, though he seemed kinder cut-up that it was a mistake, and seein' as he found out that I would have him at a pinch, was kinder loath to let me go. I could see that plain enough, though he didn't say anything, of course. I told him I'd make it all right with you, but he looked dreadful blank, owin' to your carryings-on with the minister, I s'pose."

For the first time in the whole course of her life Jennie felt like embracing her spinster relative, and, strange to say, felt not one single pang of jealousy on her account, if Joe had seemed kinder cut-up because it was a mistake, when he found out that she would have him at a pinch. Miss Jane was only fifteen years older than the gentleman in question.

The next morning Joe received his answer, and you may be sure it was a favorable one. She was a little vexed about Belle Archer, but then there was the minister, and she hadn't much to say. Everything was explained most delightfully at the next meeting; and, as for Miss Jane, she got, not only her valentine, but the Deacon as well, and invited Jennie and Joe to her wedding, which took place the next month. The minister consoled himself in time by marrying Belle Archer.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

A Forgotten Duel.

The tearing down of an antiquated house at St. Augustine, Fla., brought to light a rusty sword. To it is attached a story. Eighty years ago, at a grand ball given by the Spanish gentleman who lived in the house, two officers came to high words over the attentions paid by them to a beautiful lady present. They repaired to the street and fought a duel with swords. One man fell dead. The other threw away his weapon and fled. A little child that had been a witness to the encounter picked up the sword and carried it into the house. It was hidden that at least one evidence of the bloody deed might be concealed. Long after the story of the crime had been forgotten the finding of the blood-stained blade calls it anew to mind.—*St. Augustine Herald.*

—At one session of the Common Council of Lewiston, Me., Policeman McGillicuddy was acquitted on a charge of drunkenness, and Policeman Stone was dismissed because he knew that McGillicuddy was drunk and did not report him.—*Boston Post.*

—The following lines are sung by the children in a Mormon Sunday-school:

A loving band of children, we're all to Zion bound,
For our father loves our mothers, every one and all around.

The Sting of the Bee.

If we press the abdomen of the bee or wasp, so as to cause the sting to protude, we should naturally think that the sharp, dark-colored instrument was the sting itself. This, however, is not the case. The real sting is a very slender instrument, nearly transparent, keenly pointed, and armed on one edge with a row of barbs. So exactly does the sting resemble the many barbed arrows of certain savage tribes that, if the savages had possessed microscopes, we should certainly have thought that they borrowed the idea of the barb from the insect. What we see with the unaided eye is simply the sheath of the sting. Many savages poison their spears and arrows, and here also they have been anticipated by the insect. But the sting is infinitely superior to the arrow poison. No poison that has yet been made, not even the terrible wourali, or curare, as it is sometimes called, can retain its strength after long exposure to the air. The upas poison of Borneo, for example, loses its potency in two or three hours. But the venom of the sting is never exposed to the air at all. It is secreted by two long thread-like glands, not nearly so thick as a human hair, and is then received into a little bag at the base of the string. When the insect uses its weapon it contracts the abdomen, thereby forcing the sting out and compressing the venom-bag. By the force of the stroke which drives the sting into the foe its base is pressed against the venom-bag and a small amount of poison driven into the wound. As a rule, if the bee or wasp be allowed to remain quiet, it will withdraw its sting, but as the pain causes a sudden jerk, the barbed weapon cannot be withdrawn, and the whole apparatus of sting, poison-bag and glands is torn out of the insect, thereby causing its death.—*Good Words.*

—J. Selby Goslee, of Delmar, Md., has a hog that shed its skin. For two weeks it ate nothing, then two cracks appeared around its neck and legs. This continued for about a week, when on going to the pen, Mr. Goslee was astonished to find the skin lying in one place and the hog alive and well in another. An inch of fat was still adhering to the cast-off coat, and the whole weighed thirty-three pounds. The skin on the legs and head remained on the hog. The animal is now apparently in good health, and a new skin is beginning to form. This is a pig story.—*Boston Post.*

—The price of flowers in New York which has been steady at an idiotic figure for months, has broken, on account of over-production. The effect of the great supply and consequent cheapening has been to lessen the demand. To the gilded vacuum of society nothing cheap can be beautiful, so he will not give his girl a Jacqueminot rose at a cost of 20 cents, though at $1.25 a bud there was nothing so superbly and utterly all but too.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Indiscriminate kissing between ladies where even scarcely a moderate friendship exists is distasteful. One lady we know has such an aversion to it that she kept an imaginary abrasion of her lips, for which she apologized on entering a room where her friends were, and found it had the desired effect.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Among the antique articles in possession of Mr. Sewall, of Maine, are a set of pewter plates bearing the seal of King Richard, and supposed to be more than 400 years old; also, one large silver spoon, which represents all the money received for building a saw and grist mill—the payment having been made in silver and then cast into the spoon.

At a Bad Time.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., writes to us from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief. Dr. Hoyle recommended to me St. Jacobs Oil, the happy result of the use of which was my *complete and wonderful cure.*—*Washington (D. C.) Army and Navy Register.*

One of the sons of the Prince of Wales is being trained for the church. In America lots of women train their dresses for the church.

Halo's Honey of Hor hound and Tar
Will tackle an obstinate cough or cold. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A guarantee of good faith—giving a church $10,000.—*Puck.*

Russia Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and flesh wounds.

Tug-boats are like human beings, inasmuch as some of them tow out and some of them tow in.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

Men keep up appearances. Shabby genteel gentlemen who are actually suffering for food will complain of gout.—*Boston Post.*

One pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

In the spring the trees will start a branch business. Do you twig?—*N. Y. News.*

Rheumatism Cured. Send stamp for free prescription. R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, February 12, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 85
HOGS—Common	5 75	@ 6 45
Good packers	6 75	@ 7 00
SHEEP	4 50	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 60	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 11	@ 1 12
No. 2 winter red	1 10	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	55½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	41	@ 41½
Rye—No. 2	67	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@12 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 00	@18 25
Lard—Steam	11	@ 11¼
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@ 23
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 3 00
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 3 85
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20	@ 1 20½
No. 1 white	1 16½	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	71½	@ 72½
Oats—mixed	48	@ 50
PORK—Mess	18 90	@19 12½
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 07½	@
Corn, No. 2	55¾	@
Oats—N	39½	@
Rye	58½	@
PORK—Mess	17 95	@18 00
LARD—Steam	11 50	@
WHISKY	1 16	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 18¾	@ 1 18¾
Corn mixed	73½	@ 74½
Oats mixed	47	@ 49
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 25	@
Lard, refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9⅜	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 05	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	48	@ 49
Oats—mixed	42½	@
PORK—Mess	18 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 06	@
CORN	52	@
OATS—White, new	39	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

ELDER MOSE KITE.

His Hair-Breadth Escapes from Saan and Unseen Foes.

Troy Kansas Chief, January 18, 1883.

Most of our older citizens well remember Mose Kite (who lived in Petersburg Bottom), the hero of our State's early political history, who was of stalwart build and powerful physique; who in 1858 led a colony of our people to Pike's Peak; who fought the Indians on the plains and was shot through the body; who on his return here after the rebellion was converted and baptized by Elder Hanshall, of the Christian Church at Petersburg Bottom, and became a revival preacher of celebrity all through this section. They will also recall the fact that, attacked with consumption and reduced to a skeleton, he was obliged to remove to the Rockies in the hope of saving his life. None thought he would succeed. Last fall, however, the editor of this paper met him at the head of the Republican River, bigger and more robust than ever. "Why, I thought you had died of consumption long, long ago, Elder!"

"Me! I never had consumption, man! though people thought that was what ailed me, and I thought so myself. But the doctors had sent me on a wild-goose chase after a dozen other diseases, just as fatal, and this was the wildest one of all."

The good Elder then recounted to us, in a charming vein, his many adventures in the rough and ready life he had led, "but," he said, "remarkable as you may think my warlike life has been, I have a much more interesting story to tell you."

"You know what a rough, noisy fellow I used to be; and I could stand any hardship. Why, on a wager, I have knocked down an ox and a mule with my fist. I have fought ruffians, border outlaws and Indians; but I was

DOGGED FOR YEARS

by a more dangerous unseen enemy that was ever getting me more completely in his clutches. I was shot by an Indian in a fight on the plains, but that wound healed readily and gave me but little trouble. After I returned to Kansas and commenced preaching, I first began to give way. I had a dull feeling, accompanied with a pain in the right side. Dr. Butler, our family physician, said my liver was out of order, caused by the malaria of the bottoms. I had always had an appetite like an ostrich, but my digestion became seriously impaired. While on the circuit preaching, I consulted a doctor, who said I had dyspepsia. After that, distressing palpitation of the heart followed, and the physician said this was caused by my indigestion and diseased liver which would probably terminate fatally. Sometimes I had a ravenous appetite, at others none at all. I was feverish and then chilly. My food seemed to do me no good. A specialist told me I had a tape-worm! Then I was troubled with unusual quantities of water and a frequent desire to urinate, which was done with difficulty and great pain. The specialist said I had a touch of the gravel, caused by use of the alkaline water of the plains. I then began to suffer severe pains in the loins and the small of the back, accompanied with sudden attacks of dizziness, during which I had to sit or lie down, to avoid falling. I was forced to abandon

TRAVELING AND PREACHING,

because I could no longer ride on horseback, or trust myself out alone. I began to be seriously alarmed, and sought the advice of the most noted physician within reach. He said that my frequent horseback riding had jolted and jarred me until the old Indian wound, which had injured my kidneys, had become inflamed. He treated me with medicines and electricity also, but gave me no permanent benefit. My painful symptoms all returned. I began to cough, got very thin and my legs were disagreeably numb. I began to despair. At each attempt to cure, my ailments became worse, with new symptoms. I next consulted a celebrated physician from the East, who, after thumping and examining me, stated that I was in an advanced stage of consumption and threatened with diabetes and paralysis! He thought I might possibly prolong my life for a year or two, by seeking a higher and drier climate. This was my condition when the people in your part of the country last saw me.

Then I started for the Rockies, but liked this country, and settled here. At first the change helped me, but about three years ago the benefit ceased. Then I failed so rapidly that I could be out of bed only part of each day. All my old symptoms returned. At this crisis, a party of Eastern gentlemen,

ON A BUFFALO HUNT,

made my house their headquarters. In the party was a Dr. Wakefield, who informed me that I had a bad case of incurable Bright's Disease, and gave me a preparation which might, he said, ease me for a few weeks or months, but that was the best that could be done. Around the bottle was a newspaper. Now a newspaper was a rarity in our home, and I sat in my chair looking it over when my eye providentially fell upon an article relating a most wonderful cure of Bright's disease—the very malady that was killing me—by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, (of Rochester, N. Y.). Convinced that further delay would be fatal, and everything else failing, the next morning I dispatched one of my boys to the nearest railroad station, many miles distant, to obtain a bottle of the Safe Cure. The druggist said the demand for the Cure was so great he could not keep it in stock, and he had to send to Kansas City for more. It was more than a week before it arrived, and I was daily getting weaker. But it came at last, and I at once began to take it. When I told Dr. Wakefield what I was taking he gave me a look, half of scorn, half of pity, as much as to say:

'POOR FELLOW!

he is putting his trust in a humbug.' Nevertheless I persevered, and for the past year and a half I have been as stout and rugged as I ever was in my life. After escaping the attacks of Indians and half a dozen doctors, I was lying at the mercy of a still more dreadful foe that was about giving me the finishing blow, when that great remedy stepped in, slew my adversary, and placed me firmly on my feet once more. I have commenced preaching again; for I look upon the circumstances and manner of my cure as a direct interposition of Providence, and to Providence are my services due. That is my story. I think it is as good as a romance—and much better, for it is true."

Such is the substance, and very nearly the language of Elder Kite's narrative. Those who read it, and are suffering, may benefit by his experience, if they will follow his example.

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty cent piece is shoved on him.

Young men, and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series Books. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

"For nobby wear," says the Boston *Transcript*, "there is nothing like a darned stocking."

Cholera Asphixia.

This is the most malignant form of this disease, called Asiatic cholera. James N. Pearson, of York, Pa., said recently: "I was suddenly attacked with severe vomiting and purging, with spasms and violent cramp. My limbs became cold and rigid. A profuse perspiration broke out over my whole body and the physician pronounced my case to be one of pure Asiatic cholera. Four wine glasses of Mishler's Herb Bitters cured me entirely." Keep a bottle of this medicine always in your house, reader. It is a priceless jewel in cases of sickness.

No matter if the postage is reduced, it is just as much trouble to lick a two-cent stamp as a three-cent one.

"Became Sound and Well."

Hatcher's Station, Ga., March 27, 1876.

R. V. Pierce, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, Thomas J. Methvin.

A little child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children," it must mean dolls.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

The reason why a rumor travels is because it gains currency, and, therefore, makes money and can afford to travel.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes: I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly relieved.

A counterfeiter would make a good compositor, as he follows copy so closely and never drops a line.

It is now fashionable to speak of the night robe as a nap-sack.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Questions in natural history—What does a catamount to?

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

The proper place for a corner in coal—down the cellar.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless. 15c.

"What is the boundary that separates a smile from a tear?" "Give it up." "The nose."

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The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
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80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will MAKE HENS LAY like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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Rejoice, Rejoice, "He is Alive Again." "Was Lost, but is Found."

Under date of July 9, 1882, Mr. E. B. Bright, of Windsor Locks, Conn., writes a plain, modest narrative which, from its very simplicity, has the true ring of fine gold. He says:

"My father is using Hunt's Remedy and seems to be improving, in fact, he is very much better than he has been for a long time. He had been tapped three times. The first time they got from him sixteen quarts of water, the second time thirteen quarts, and fully as much more the third time, and he would constantly fill up again every time after he had been tapped, until he commenced using Hunt's Remedy, which acted like magic in his case, as he begun to improve at once, and now his watery accumulation passes away through the secretions naturally, and he has none of that swelling or filling up which was so frequent before the functions of the kidneys were restored by the use of Hunt's Remedy. He is a well-known citizen of this place, and has always been in business here."

Again he writes, Nov. 27, 1882:

"I beg most cheerfully and truthfully to state, in regard to Hunt's Remedy, that its use was the saving of my father's life. I spoke to you in my previous letter in regard to his being tapped three times. It is the most remarkable case that has ever been heard of in this section. For a man of his age (sixty years) it is a most remarkable cure. He had been unable to attend to his business more than a year, and was given up by the doctors.

"The first bottle of Hunt's Remedy that he used gave instant relief. He has used in all seven bottles, and continues to use it whenever he feels drowsy or sluggish, and it affords instant relief. He is now attending to his regular business, and has been several months. I am perfectly willing that you should publish this letter, as we thoroughly believe that father's life was saved by using Hunt's Remedy; and these facts given above may be a benefit to others suffering in like manner from diseases or inaction of the kidneys and liver."

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ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.
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PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formula in use 200 years.
. . . . IT HAS NO PEER. . . .
MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.
All sold by Druggists.
Send for book "Messenger of Health."
MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Lancaster, Pa.

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Cantatas—Operettas.

SACRED.

Ruth and Boaz. (65 cts.) is new, easy and every way delightful. Joseph's Bondage ($1), and Belshazzar, ($1), make gorgeous oriental spectacles, as do the easier Daniel, (30 cts.), and Esther, (50 cts.), Fall of Jerusalem, ($1 cts.), Christ the Lord, (80 cts.), are good, and Strachan's Deluge, (80 cts.), Berlioz' Flight into Egypt, (38 cts.), Sullivan's Prodigal Son, (75 cts.), are worthy and striking compositions.

SECULAR.

Comala, (80 cts.), Don Munio, ($1.50), Lorelei, (50 cts.), St. Cecilia's Day, (6 cts.), May Queen, ($1), are classic and beautiful. Easier ones are Haymakers, ($), by Root, and Thomas's Picnic, ($1). Pretty parlor Operettas are Pauline, ($1.25), Palomita, ($.25), Diamond Cut Diamond, ($1), Cups and Saucers, (25 cts.).

For many others, send for lists. All Sullivan's Operas published in good style and at low prices.

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1883. NUMBER 17.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BOYS?

"What shall I do with the boys:"
Says the petulant, half-weary mother;
"They make so much trouble and noise,
And play such sad tricks on each other;
They are out at the elbows and toes,
In spite of my darning and mending,
And my work seems to me, as it goes
Day in and day out, never ending.

"They are calling from morning till night;
'Tis 'mother,' and 'mother,' and 'mother,'
Till I almost get tired of my right
And title, and long for some other.
John, Ollie and Fred! Here they come
Up stairs, with their noise and their clatter;
With whistle, with fife, and with drum—
Well, boys, pray what is the matter?

"And what do you want?" "*I want you*
To fix my bow arrow. It misses."
"And I've cut my finger clear through;
Please, mother, dear, mend it with kisses."
"These three are the babies, my friend,"
Says this now smiling pattern of mothers,
"You'll own that my cares have no end,
When you look out and see my three others."

"*What shall I do with the boys?*"
Ah! mother, these lads are your treasures—
Say not that they dim your life-joys,
Or take from your sweet household pleasures;
But join them at work, or at play,
Their questions, so innocent, heeding,
And holding each hand up life's way,
With infinite tenderness leading.

Fret not that they call you, my friend,
So often that name, like no other
Of all the fond ones known to man—
The name all men reverence—mother!
Dear boys! they will never forget
Their mother's kind help in their sorrows,
And the cares that annoy you to-day
Will be followed by blessed to-morrows.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

HIS PANTHER-TRAP.

An old gentleman named Calvin Bemis, who passed the early part of his life in Western Pennsylvania, related to the writer, not long ago, the following story of his boyhood days.

At the time of the occurrence here described the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bemis and their two children, Calvin and Susan, who were then ten and eleven years old respectively. The family had recently moved from New England into what was then looked upon as the "far West."

Mr. Bemis, the father, was at that time able to buy, at a low price, from the "Holland Land Co.," the tract of land situated in a fertile creek valley, which subsequently formed his large farm of two hundred and fifty acres.

When he bought it, however, there was not a square rod of cleared land on it, the whole district being covered with a dense growth of sycamore, oak and hickory. And for some years after Mr. Bemis built his first rude log house in a small clearing, his nearest human neighbors were seven miles distant. But he was not without animal neighbors in abundance. Scarcely a day passed without their seeing some wild creature in the clearing. Nature had a large menagerie all about them.

For several years their only meat—and they never went hungry—was venison or wild turkey, which they could shoot or trap without going any great distance from home.

Not unfrequently a bear would be seen sitting on his haunches at the edge of the woods, taking a slow and meditative view of the clearing. Wolves were also plentiful, and in the latter part of winter often became dangerous.

On a number of occasions panthers were heard and seen lurking about, even in the daytime; and the nights were sometimes rendered noisy by the voices of these and other prowlers.

But the children grew accustomed to such a life after a time, as their timidity wore off, and the true frontier spirit of adventure took its place.

It was by no means an unpleasant life, as the monotony was relieved by various little adventures of a more or less exciting character, and some, indeed, involving considerable risk of life.

Cal, and even Susie, learned to shoot with their father's gun, and to set various kinds of traps and snares for turkeys and other game.

But my story is of their most notable feat—trapping a panther.

Late in the fall of their third year at the new farm Mr. Bemis had occasion to leave home on business for a fortnight, and, of course he took his gun with him.

Before going away he had hauled to the door a great pile of wood for winter fuel. The logs were from ten to fifteen feet long, and were heaped up in tiers to a height of seven or eight feet. It was to be Calvin's daily duty, during his father's absence, to chop the wood needed for the open fire. To a frontier lad of thirteen this was hardly more than pastime.

Late one afternoon, as he was splitting some tough logs, he chanced to glance up, and was not a little startled to see creeping toward him, from beyond the woodpile, a large, long, gray creature which he at once suspected was a panther!

In much less time than it takes to tell it, Cal bounded into the house and slammed the door after him. When they looked out, the animal was on the wood-pile and its eyes were fixed on the door; it was evidently angered by the escape of its intended prey.

But the narrow windows of the cabin were secured by strong bars. While they remained within the family had little to fear from their ugly visitant, which soon went back to the woods. But it is hardly to be wondered at that Cal felt a little "queer" about venturing out to finish his evening's work.

If the beast had stayed away, this would have been the end of my story. But the following afternoon, at about the same hour, as Calvin was again chopping his evening's wood, and also keeping a sharp lookout, he espied the panther. The terrible creature, which had, no doubt, been attracted by the sound of the ax, was approaching in the same wily manner and from the same direction as on the day before. Once more Cal scampered into the house, and the family again saw the creature upon the woodpile as before.

That afternoon the children had snared two turkeys in the bushes back of the house; and these, still undressed, had, by some oversight, been left hanging from a pole projecting from the woodpile.

After a moment or two the panther scented and pounced on them, taking both into his capacious mouth and trotting away to the woods.

This second visit and the loss of their turkeys set the children's wits to work to devise how, without a gun, they might give the beast a warmer welcome when he came again. They discussed several plans that evening. Cal had heard of many different kinds of traps set by hunters for bears and panthers; and between them he and Susan formed the project for luring the beast to its destruction.

A quantity of hickory poles, about two inches in diameter, were standing against the corner of the cabin, where they had been placed some months before, to season. They were now possessed of the two qualities in which hickory excels every other wood in American forests—toughness and hardiness.

From these poles Cal cut eight or ten stakes, nearly four feet long, and sharpened the larger end of each. Then in the little cleared place, at the foot of the high wood-pile, where he had begun cutting wood, he drove the stakes about half their length into the ground.

The upper ends of the stakes were made to slant slightly toward the wood pile, so that if the panther should jump down there, it would alight squarely on the points. After they were all driven just to suit him, Cal brought out his father's "shingle-shaver," and shaved off the upper ends of each to an exceedingly sharp point.

When this was done, the stakes were like so many bayonets sticking out of the earth about a foot from each other.

Susie now brought out her contribution to the scheme—a kind of "corn field image," made by sewing together an old coat and trousers of Calvin's and stuffing them with hay. A coon-skin cap was fastened on, for a head.

This effigy they set up amongst the sharp stakes at the foot of the woodpile, in as life-like a position as possible, arranging it so that if the panther should spring upon it, some of the stakes would be likely to pierce his body.

From the leg of the sham boy, a little cord was passed beneath a log and thence up to the window of the cabin, so that if necessary they could give it a jerk, to make the panther more eager to catch it. To conceal the sharp points, a dry leaf was stuck upon the end of each one. Turkey feathers were also scattered about the spot.

When it was done, Mrs. Bemis came out and enjoyed a good laugh at the "show" her two ingenious children had originated. At sunset Cal went out to his chopping; while Susie took her station at the window to watch, and to open the door whenever her brother should run toward it. To this day she remembers his saying that he "felt awful queer, standing for *bait* for a painter."

But he stuck to his post, making his ax ring out sharp and clear, to call the creature. Their excitement ran high. But the shadows began to fall and still no panther appeared.

Suddenly Susie espied the beast in some bushes at the edge of the woods, a few rods away.

"Oh, I see him!" she whispered. "But I'll tell ye when to run!"

The savage creature stole slowly out. Mrs. Bemis, dreadfully agitated, wanted to call Cal in; Susie's courage, however, was stimulated, and she was not ready to call. But immediately, she saw the panther creeping closer, and then gathering its feet under its body and switching its tail, as if for a spring.

"Run, Cal!" she whispered. Next instant the boy was bounding in at the doorway; while at almost the same moment they saw the panther leap on the woodpile from behind.

For a little space the creature's fierce, wild eyes glared toward the window; then, suddenly catching sight of the object below, it began to exhibit the most intense excitement, working its long claws on the logs.

Cal now gave the string a jerk, causing the effigy to start as if about to escape, when with a ferocious scream the beast sprang down upon it.

But its ferocious cry was almost instantly followed by a yell of pain. The children saw that instead of rending the effigy, the creature was tumbling and writhing as if in agony while its growls and screeches resounded far and wide through the now darkening forest.

Cal wished to sally out at once and dispatch the animal with his ax; but his mother resolutely forbade him. It was long after dark before the creature ceased to utter his terrible cries.

Next morning they found it had pulled itself away from the sharp stakes. But by the blood on the ground Cal readily traced it into the woods, where he found it lying dead near the brook.

"Uncle Calvin," now an elderly man, often tells this story to the boys, and at the end of it, lifting his cane, he exclaims:

"And there's one of the stakes that went through the beast!"

Sure enough, his old cane is made of one of those very stakes which proved so efficacious in ridding them of their savage guest.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Even in the top of the Newhall House there was a little time to think and act, and it is easy to believe that, with a few dollars' worth of twisted hemp at hand the crowd of panic-stricken men and women would have been ready to help themselves, the women being let down by the men, and nearly all have escaped with their lives. The frightful lesson is plain enough, and among all the precautions suggested, the providing of a rope appears as the one simple, practicable thing, easily compelled by law. It should everywhere be done, and that at once.—*Springfield (Ill.) Republican.*

—It has come at last. A Virginian claims that on removing a cake of ice that had been for several years in the bottom of his ice-house he found it perforated with cells which were occupied by long worms of a whitish color. Others in the same vicinity report similar experience. It will no longer be considered safe to use ice until it has been thoroughly cooked, so as to effectually kill these parasites.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The New York Post-office sends out thirty-five tons of newspapers and periodicals daily, there being 788 papers and periodicals published in that city that want to get out.

—Three men fell 150 feet in the Como Eureka mine at Como, Nev., but only one was seriously hurt.

The Richest Dentist.

Dr. Evans hails from Philadelphia. He is of Welsh extraction, and belongs to a family half Quaker, half Methodist, who were well respected folks in the city founded by Penn.

Dr. Evans became a dentist, and took a wife when he was a very young man. He then came to Europe to assist his countryman, Brewster, who had been asked to look after the teeth of the Prince-President, and had more business than he could well attend to. Evans was an extremely handsome and well-made little man. His features, though large, were so neatly cut as almost to give them a pretty character. An English tailor dressed him in the best style. He always in the daytime looked the man of business, although it was easy to see that he was used to rub shoulders with the foremost personages of the world.

A tincture of American independence ran through his quiet manner. In smiling, he showed, as if unintentionally—and it may have been sans intention—a white and even set of teeth. A small and nicely-shaped hand manipulated instruments of torture with firm dexterousness. There was genuine kindness in the manner, and there was something in the face which expressed an obliging disposition. Soon after the coup d'etat Brewster sold his business to Dr. T. Evans. It included a virtual monopoly of court practice, which, as the new Emperor was omnipotent, soon brought a throng of patients to the office at the Rue de la Paix. It had got out that Evans was in high favor at the Tuileries. The Emperor, who hated fuss, and dreaded being, like Hortense and Josephine, his mother and grandmother, prematurely toothless, liked his dentist's quiet and civil way of discharging his morning duties.

The doctor attended daily, when in Paris, at 8 a. m., at the Emperor's toilet, and then proceeded to the dressing-room of the Empress. Eugenie spoke French with facility, but never like a well-educated Parisienne. She knew that she was often mentally criticised by members of her entourage for her inelegant locution. It was, therefore, agreeable to see her chat in English—a tongue of which she was quite mistress—with Evans, who retailed to her the news of the town and the current gossip about the court with an amount of truthfulness that was refreshing to ears tired of flattery. He also treated her teeth as if they were pearls of great price, and kept them for seventeen years in excellent condition.

Napoleon III. was on the throne, unable to give up his Carbonari habits, which were seen through. For instance, when the Czar had a bad tooth and sent for Evans, Bismarck, King Leopold, the Queen of Holland, Prince Metternich and Nigra were on the alert to find out what was brewing at St. Petersburg.

The fortunate dentist accordingly was summoned to attend, in many capitals, to royal teeth. Unwittingly he made revelations, the importance of which he did not see. He was given diamond-studded snuff-boxes, rings, pins, and valuable furs.

Condescension was in many an instance pushed so far as to send him the likeness of a royal or imperial patient, executed expressly for him. The Empress (then Queen) Augusta did not go so far as this; but she gave the Doctor two superb Dresden vases, with painted views on them of her Potsdam Schloss and Stolzenfels. The Doctor has every kind of decoration except the insignia of the English and Prussian orders and the Golden Fleece.

Under the Empire, Dr. Evans remained a citizen of the United States. He is very American in feeling. During the civil war he went in strongly for the North. Thurlow Weed, to counteract the influence of Slidell and his charming daughter, took care to secure the co-operation at the Tuileries of Evans. The dentist had a Quakerly dislike to slavery. He knew where and how to take the Emperor, whose irresolution he increased when the court set, interested in the Jecker affair, wanted the blockade of the Southern ports to be broken.

Evans was the only familiar of the imperial couple who acted in a brave and chivalrous manner on the 4th of September. The Empress was deserted by all the grand members of the household and the high functionaries. Even her cousin, M. de Lesseps, who had often proffered good counsel, which was not heeded, but who owed the success of the Suez Canal to her, did not remain at her side. In her desolation she thought, when on quitting the Tuileries the Italian Minister put her and Mme. Lebreton into a cab, of driving to the house of Dr. Evans. The idea was a happy one. Her Majesty arrived in her dressing-gown. Mrs. Evans was at the seaside; the Doctor was out.

When he returned he saw the fugitive had not been recognized, and treated her as if she had been driven by an aching tooth to call upon him at his private residence. The locks to his wife's clothes-presses were forced to obtain a change of raiment for the Empress, who, with her lady, was taken by the Doctor in his own carriage to the Norman coast. A good friend in adversity to the imperial couple, Evans had, when they were triumphant, the courage to give them wholesome but unpalatable advice. Knowing thoroughly the organization of the Prussian army, he again and again warned the Emperor and Empress that in going to war with Germany they would court ruin. The Empress probably remembered this advice when she was sitting in his house awaiting his return home.—*London Truth.*

—A cowboy at Missoula, Mon., bet that he would ride his horse into every room of the hotel there, started in astride of the animal and only desisted when the landlord had lodged fourteen bullets in his person—and escaped about the same number himself. Boniface said he didn't mind a little fun, but a man riding around that way might get into trouble with some guest, and he kept a quiet house.

—Prof. Brewer says: "The trotting horse is a modern and American invention." Thank heaven, there is one thing that wasn't invented by the Chinese 23,000 years ago! Later returns, however, may rob us of this honor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Religious.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

Dear child, dear child, we do not know
Why sorrows come and pleasures go;
Why oft we fail when most we try;
But God knows why.
And we shall all know by and by.

We do not know, we can not tell,
But oh, the Father knoweth well,
Why one is sick and one is fair,
One sick with care,
And this world's poor are everywhere.

We walk in darkness; but He sees
And shows us gently by degrees,
And step by step, the hidden way,
If we but pray:
"Lord, make me follow Thee alway."

We must be patient till the end,
And leave to Him the way we wend,
For never here our eyes can see
The plan that He
In mercy plans for you and me.

Our best is ill; our work, perhaps,
His pity counts a lesser lapse;
But every sin is very black,
And holds us back
From duty's straight and shining track.

Sweet is the fear that will not dare
Forget His Law or spurn His care;
And sweeter still the love that saith
With every breath:
"Lord, make me faithful unto death."

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball, in Youth's Companion.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER.

Feb. 18—Christian Courage........Acts 4:18-31
Feb. 25—Ananias and Sapphira....Acts 5: 1-11
Mar. 4—Persecution Renewed....Acts 5:18-32
Mar. 11—The Seven Chosen......Acts 6: 1-15
Mar. 18—The First Christian Martyr Acts 7:54-60, and 8: 1-4
Mar. 25—Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

Infidels Desponding.

The men who are laboring to destroy Christianity do not grow happy. There is a certain exhilaration while their bright but injurious books bring them copyright; and while crowds of men found willing, for reasons which bring no credit to their minds or hearts, to pay a dollar each and contribute also their applause to a preacher of blasphemy; but as life wears on, and there comes to such men a revelation of the probable effects of their teaching on the future of society, they grow very despondent.

Mr. Renan is reported to have said: "We are living on the perfume of an empty vase. Our children will have to live on the shadow of a shadow. Their children, I fear, will have to live on something less."

It would be almost cruelty to ask this brilliant writer who they are that have emptied the vase, and who they are that have spent their strength in taking the substance out of all human life so that nothing but shadows should be left. But should he be spared that keen question, unless he frankly repent and employ the remainder of his life in laboring to neutralize the poison he has so insidiously injected into society, and which now infects him and produces a deadly despondency?

We have, however, comfort for him and for all of his class. Their grandchildren will live in an age of increasing Christian activity, in an age when Christianity will be still more stripped of ecclesiasticism than now, and the mind of the Spirit in the word of God will be better known, and there shall be an increase of that faith which rounds out reason and complements the barrenness of this life with the fruitfulness of the life to come. They will have something better than perfume and more substantial than shadows.

Now let men pause and consider the pitifulness of this case. A few gifted men have been employing their power in accumulating an estate for posterity, and the best of them thus makes statement of the assets of the estate: in hand, "the perfume of an empty vase;" for the next generation, "the shadow of a shadow;" for the third generation, "something less." No wonder Mr. Renan is despondent. The more his descendants believe as he does the less they will have.

The laborers on the Christian side have no such gloom. We may die, but the Gospel will live. The more our descendants receive and believe and live this Gospel we preach, the happier they will be. We grow cheerful as time goes on, and as our departure is at hand. Men may live and men may die, but Christianity goes on for ever.—*Charles F. Deems, D. D., in Christian Weekly.*

Is the Bible Reasonable?

We believe the Bible is in accord with the highest reason, and that the God of the Bible demands of us not a blind, but an intelligent, faith. In his celebrated debate with Alexander Campbell, Robert Owen made the sweeping assertion that *all* religion has grown out of ignorance and credulity. He made no exceptions. The Christian religion met with the same condemnation. He announced what he was pleased to call "twelve fundamental laws of nature," which were to subvert the Christian religion and become the basis of universal society. Where now is Robert Owen and his twelve laws? His laws are as dead as the clods that cover his dead body; but Christianity lives and flourishes like "a green bay tree." Voltaire pronounced the Bible an unreasonable book, and prophesied the decay of religion with the eighteenth century. Voltaire is dead enough, but religion survives him.

A more modern apostle of unbelief has made like predictions with Owen and Voltaire. He boasts that the Bible makes slaves of men and that only unbelievers are free-thinkers. He says a man can not believe the Bible save at the expense of his reason, and that he longs for the [illegible] when Reason enthroned upon the world's brain will be the king of kings and god of gods.

These are proud boasts: but are they true? What is the spirit of the Bible? Does God demand the sacrifice of our reason in order to accept the volume of Revelation? A book should be permitted to speak for itself. The Bible, like every other book, should be its own interpreter. It is my purpose in this connection to collate a few passages bearing directly upon this thought.

In the first chapter of Isaiah we have these words: "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord." Here God challenges us to use our reason.

When John the Baptist was in prison he became despondent and doubts as to the true character of Jesus flitted across his mind. He sent two of his disciples to the Master with the question: "Art thou He that should come or do we look for another?" Jesus did not send them back with a dogmatic answer; but He sent him a most reasonable, and therefore a most convincing reply: "Go and tell John the things you do see and hear." And then He recounted all His works of love and mercy as so many proofs of His Messiahship. This is in perfect harmony with His proposition to the Jews at another time: "If I do not the works of my Father believe me not: but if I do, if you believe not me, believe the works, that you may know and believe that the Father is in me and I in the Father." There could not be a more reasonable proposition.

The apostle Paul speaks in the highest praise of the people of Berea and censures the Thessalonians, because the Bereans searched the Scriptures daily to see if these things are true, while the Thessalonians neglected to do so. In Paul's estimate, careful investigation was the badge of true nobility. This don't look like making slaves of men.

When this grand old apostle of faith stood in the presence of Agrippa and made his masterly, logical defense of the resurrection, he personally appealed to the King: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" This word "incredible" is almost a synonym for "unreasonable." Thus Paul appealed to Agrippa's reason.

The apostle Peter also exhorts us to be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason for our hope, and he says in another place: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables . . . . but were eye-witnesses of His majesty."

The beloved John says: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."

A book never made more reasonable demands than the Bible. The character of the witnesses is such as to confirm our faith. Their honesty and heroic fidelity to their convictions kindles our constant admiration. They had every reason to know whereof they affirmed, and if we reject their testimony we may reject all history by the same process of reasoning.

The Bible comes to us confirmed by many infallible proofs. The resurrection of Christ is the greatest fact of the ages. It is greatest in the superabundance of testimony supporting it, and greatest in its benign influence upon the human family. As we stand in the presence of these, we are compelled like Thomas to exclaim: "My Lord and my God."—*Christian-Evangelist.*

Choice Extracts.

—Christianity does not antagonize any harmless, well-timed pleasure.—*Golden Rule.*

—There are more people who can forget themselves than govern themselves.—*Ruskin.*

— Foolish Fear.—

If evils come not, then our fears are vain:
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.
—*Sir Thomas More.*

—Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—*Marcus Antonius.*

—The spirit of one earnest, enterprising Christian worker in a community rouses others to action—sometimes shames them to activity—and their good example becomes contagious. Most people wait for leaders, and an earnest soul with boldness and faith may lead hosts of others to glorious conquests.—*Golden Rule.*

—If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no trial, there could be no love; were there no fear, there could be no hope. Hope, faith and love are weapons, and weapons imply foes and encounters, and, relying on my weapons, I will glory in my sufferings.—*Dr. Newman.*

—The great hindrance to Christian progress is unchristian Christianity—Christian doctrine without a Christian practice. The chief priests, scribes and elders were religious after an irreligious kind. They mumbled the right words, but did not live the right life or develop the right spirit. It was religion gone sour—the wine of piety turned into the vinegar of resentment.—*Joseph Parker.*

—The thought of time is solemn and awful to all minds in proportion to their depth; and, in proportion as the mind is superficial, the thought has appeared little, and has been treated with levity. Brethren, let but a man possess himself of that thought—the deep thought of the brevity of time—this thought—that time is short, and that eternity is long—and he has learned the first great secret of unworldliness.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—Almost every person wants to be doing some "great thing," something that heroes and heroines have done; but a little thing, a common, everyday thing, such a thing as must be done out of everybody's sight—in daily home duties or in school, or in business—that seems a poor kind of work to do for the Lord. Naaman's servants saw in their master's face this very feeling when he refused to go and wash in the river Jordan. It took some time to bring him to reason, and make him see that the little thing he was bid to do was the best and the greatest in the end.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

A Wild-Cat Killing a Deer.

One night recently a hunter residing near Chester was aroused by an unusual noise near his cabin. Taking his gun he went out to see what the trouble was, and noticed a deer at full speed with a wild cat perched on its back and making frantic efforts to cut the deer's throat with its sharp teeth. The hunter raised his gun and fired. The wild-cat instantly jumped off the deer's back and made for its assailant. The man reloaded his rifle, and then the animal was within twelve or fifteen feet of him he again fired and killed the brute: just as he fired the last shot the deer fell dead but a few paces from where the hunter first saw it. Examination revealed that the man's first shot had wounded the wild-cat in the belly, while the second hit it squarely in the head, and that the deer had died from the effects of the biting received from its strange rider.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Our Young Folks.

JERRY.

"Buy a paper plaze! She is frozen a'most.
Here's *Commercial* and *News*, and *Mail*,
And here's the *Express* and the *Avening Post!*
And ivery one has a tirrible tale—
A shipwrick—a murther—a fire-alarm—
Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm?
Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul—
She's new in the business and all av a whirrul;
We must find her a hand," said little Jerry:
"There's a pilnty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the lay and the toast—
The price av a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post?*
Thrue as me name it is Jere-miah.
There's a foine report av a dridful fire—
And a child that's lost—and a smash av a train—
Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid!
I'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in thrade.
While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, and the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by:
And some bought papers, and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
"Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,
For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.
Express! Not a single one left for to-night—
But buy one av this little gurrul, sir—all right.
She's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
And I rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
"The bell is ringing—I can not wait;
Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!
The boat is starting—don't make me late!"
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear—
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then—like a wild bird on the wing—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
"Where is that mean old man, who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry?
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!" "Let us buy
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry!"
"No, indade," said the boy—"that's not w'at I meant;
I doant want yer money; I want that *one cent*
From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,
Who could shteel a cent from a gurrul like that!
Af iver he thries that game agin,
He'd betther take *me*, and not Margery Flynn!"
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,
Happened this that I have told;
Long ago that sturdy newsboy
All his daily papers sold.
And the pluck that dared a ducking
To set right a weak one's wrong
Served him well in every struggle;
And his life, both kind and strong,
Is a blessing and a comfort
To a world of needy boys
Who, like him, must work in play-time
With boot-brushes for their toys.
But around the Fulton Ferry,
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson, in St. Nicholas.*

THE LITTLE VISITORS.

It was such a cold day that the people in the streets, hurried by, muffled up almost to the tips of their noses, while the window-panes were covered with frost fern leaves and branches of coral, that were very pretty to look at if they had not looked so cold; and no one who could help it cared about going out.

Three little people, however, took this dreadful day to go a-visiting. They did not go very far, to be sure—only to Cousin Nellie's room; and when Cousin Nellie, who was busy writing a story for little readers, which she often did, heard a slow pattering down the stairs, and then a whispering and laughing, and finally a loud knocking on her door, that was kept up until the visitors fairly got into the room, she wondered a little what was coming *now*.

But she was used to funny things, for she had two little cousins and a small neighbor next door, who played with them a great deal, and Cousin Nellie was not very much surprised even to hear a sort of bark, that seemed to be suddenly stopped. Then there was a little barking in a whisper—for Billy, the dog, always felt that he ought to bark whenever there was anything going on, and he was quite sure that there was something going on now.

When Cousin Nellie said: "Come in," the door opened suddenly, and in tumbled Billy, the first thing, with one of the boy's caps on his head. He looked absurd enough, but he was supposed to be a gentleman who had come with the three ladies. They introduced him as "Mr. Bill," but with one shake he knocked the cap off his head, and picking out the warmest place (as he always did), instead of attending to the ladies, he settled himself down behind Cousin Nellie's stove and went fast asleep.

"Why Mrs. Brown," said the lady of the house (that was Cousin Nellie, you know), as she saw Clara's bright eyes peeping out from under her mother's black lace veil, while the velvet sacque fairly reached her feet, "I am very glad to see you—do walk in. And this is Mrs. Smith, isn't it? *So* kind of you, Mrs. Smith, to come out on such a day as this."

"Mrs. Smith" was Mamie Rade, the little girl next door, who was a gentle little thing, with great blue eyes and cheeks like damask roses. She was bundled up so in a big shawl that she could scarcely move; and she had on a large bonnet with a great bunch of flowers in it.

But the funniest figure of all was little roly-poly Alice, who was nearly as broad as she was long, whose dress trailed so that she nearly tumbled at every step; and she carried grandmamma's muff, that was nearly as large as herself. When Cousin Nellie called her "Mrs. Biscuits," and gave her the rocking-chair, she was very much delighted—it made her feel quite as though she *was* a grown-up lady going out visiting.

"We have brought all our children," said Mrs. Brown, who thought that she ought to say *something*; and she displayed her largest doll, "Flora Matilda," closely muffled up.

Mrs. Smith seemed to have a pair of twins in her arms; and little Mrs. Biscuits held out an unfortunate infant with only one foot and no hands to speak of.

"The darlings," exclaimed the lady of the house, as though she were very much delighted to see them, "but are you not rather afraid to have them go out such cold weather as this?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Brown, "we thought it would do them good, for they all have the small-pox and scarlet fever."

"But that is very wrong," said the lady of the house, "for such things, you know, are catching, and I am really afraid to have them here."

Mrs. Brown looked as though she did not care in the least; and Mrs. Smith said in her gentle way:

"They ain't *very* sick, I guess, and may be they'll keep it all themselves. They cried to come, and we had to bring 'em."

The lady of the house shook her head at this, as she replied.

"That is not beginning right, Mrs. Smith—you will spoil your children. When I was a child I never got anything I cried for."

"May be you didn't cry very *loud*," said Mrs. Biscuits, who was pretty good at this herself; and then forgetting the play she added, as though she had just thought of it: "I never heard you cry at all, Cousin Nellie."

This made Cousin Nellie laugh; and then they all laughed at Mrs. Biscuits; and poor little Mrs. Biscuits began to cry quite in earnest; and then Cousin Nellie had to take her on her lap, dolly, muff and all—until, finally, she got quiet again.

Then the lady of the house thought of offering her visitors refreshments—a rosy-cheeked apple and an orange for each: and after awhile they all said they must go. Cousin Nellie picked up Mrs. Biscuits and carried her to the door; and Mrs. Brown, who wished to be *very* polite, said:

"I am very happy to wish you good morning."—*Ella Rodman Church, in Churchman.*

The Bug With a Mask.

There is a funny little creature that wears a covering all over his face just like a mask. And what do you think it is for? Let us see.

Perhaps you have seen the beautiful dragon-flies that look so much like humming-birds and butterflies, too. They have broad wings, as thin as a fly's, that glitter like glass in the sunshine. Their backs are just like blue steel.

You will always find them in the hot summer months flying through the fields, or over ponds and rivers. In the country they are called "devil's darning-needles," because they are so slender, perhaps. The French people call them "demoiselles," which means ladies.

Now, this handsome, swift creature grows from an ugly bug, that crawls over the mud at the bottom of the pond. And this is the way it comes about:

Little white eggs are laid on the water, the ripples carry them far away, and then they sink into the mud.

The warm sun hatches them, and from each egg creeps a tiny grub of a greenish color. They are hungry creatures, with very bad hearts. They eat up every little insect that comes in their way. They are very sly, too. They creep towards their prey as a cat does when she is in search of a rat.

They lift their small hairy legs, as if they were to do the work. It is not the legs, but the head that does it. Suddenly it seems to open, and down drops a kind of visor with joints and hinges.

This strange thing is stretched out until it swings from the chin. Quick as a flash some insect is caught in the trap and eaten.

This queer trap, or mask, is the under lip of the grub. Instead of being flesh like ours, it is hard and horny, and large enough to cover the whole face.

It has teeth and muscles, and the grub uses it as a weapon, too.

It is nearly a year before this ugly-looking grub gets its wings. A little while after it is hatched, four tiny buds sprout from its shoulders, just as you see them on the branch of a tree. These are really only watery sacs at first. Inside of them the wings grow slowly until you can see the bright colors shining through.

Some morning this hairy-legged little bug creeps up a branch. Then he shakes out his wings and flies away into the air, a slender, beautiful dragon-fly.

I have told you of the only creature in the world that wears this curious mask.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

Johnny's Tears.

Johnny had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out: "O mamma, see!" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know that tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up.

"No," he said, with great interest, "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water," asked Johnny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could only have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All [illegible] think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking-chair he fell and got a bump. It was too much for any little boy, and too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger too quick, in fact, for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said, ruefully.—*Sunshine.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. FEB. 21, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	1 "	40
¼ "	1 "	30
"	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c. $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

TO-MORROW is Washington's birth day.

OWEN county is troubled with corn thieves.

THE flood respects neither saint nor sinner.

THE damage along all the water courses in this State has been very heavy.

THE Yeoman says the flood took a good deal of Kentucky whisky out of bond.

LOOK out for impostors now—persons representing themselves as flood sufferers.

THE hanging of Ellis by the mob, did not weaken the prosecution of Neal and Craft in the least.

ON account of the alternate floods and drouths the European wheat crops are said to be poor.

THE proposition to have races at the Lexington Fair is causing much bad blood to rise in the society.

GEO. O. BARNES, the mountain evangelist, leaves for Europe to day. He says that he is going around the world.

ON the question of sheriff and representative the people of the county seem to have nothing to say. "Still water runs deep."

G. ALLISON HOLLAND, a son of the editor of the Constitutionalist, has gone to Chattanooga to engage in the practice of law.

SOMEBODY wanted to flatter Gen. Preston, of Lexington, and have mentioned his name in connection with the office of Governor.

FOR Pardoning the demi-monde, of Lexington, before trial under the indictments against them, Gov. Blackburn is getting his usual scouring.

THE Neal and Craft trial is costing the State between $2,500 and $3,000 a day. Worse than running the law making machine of the State.

ONE of the jurors in the Craft trial took pneumonia and was discharged after the jury was sworn. Another juror was put on and the trial progressed.

HEBRON and Bullettsville, last week, received their mail from Erlanger, the carrier coming out that way on the train to avoid the water that had taken possession of the river pike.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 00@7 25; fair to good packers, at $6 75@7 00; fair to good light, $6 55@6 90; common, $5 75@6 45; culls, $4 50@5 65; stock hogs, $5 00@6 25.

THE shafts in a large coal mine in Illinois filled with water one day last week and about sixty miners lost their lives. The labor of pumping the water out of the mine has commenced and the bodies will be recovered.

GEO. S. LEE, editor and proprietor of the Owen News, anticipates leaving for the northwest next month. The News seems to flourish under his management, but he wants to sniff the western breezes. Success to you, George.

IN Tennessee when a defaulting officer makes good to the State the amount for which he defaults he is released from all liability, and Polk's friends are trying to make up the amount for which he defaulted, and have him released.

The Ashland Independent says that Boyd county is one of the most law abiding counties in the State, and that any other county would have hung Neal and Craft in an hour after they perpetrated the awful crime for which they are to be tried.

A batch of 150 indictments have been stolen from the office of the Circuit Clerk in Carter county. Many of the indictments were against liquor sellers, and measures have been taken to bring forward new evidence to return new indictments at the next term of the Circuit Court.

THE Lexington Transcript is out of humor because several enterprises that were expected to come to Lexington have failed to put in an appearance, and lays the blame at the doors of property owners, who increased rents and the price of real estate to such an extent as to scare them off.

ON the 13th inst., there were 2,000,000 bushels less corn in Chicago than there were a year ago and 1,000,000 bushels less than two years ago. The stock of wheat at that date was 1,800,000 bushels greater than same day last year, but a couple of million bushels less than in February 1881 and 1880.

THERE is much fear that the inundated cities and towns along the Ohio will be visited by pestilence this summer, and the press is urging a thorough cleaning of the houses and cellars that were invaded by the water. A great many of the poor class will be compelled to occupy their houses before they are in a proper condition, and pneumonia and fevers will be the result.

ON Tuesday of last week at Greenup school-house, which is taught by Mr. Mitchell, of Carroll, a difficulty took place between him and a pupil named Frank Jones. It seems that when a class was called the scholars were laughing, and when asked the cause, they laid it on Jones. The teacher told Jones to go home, and while he was getting his books the teacher hit him with a chair, whereupon they clinched and Jones got out his knife and stabbed Mitchell three times in the head. Mitchell was not seriously injured. His school was not closed.—Owen News.

THE Silver Question is not likely to receive much attention during the present session of Congress, but in the next it is certain to assume very large dimensions. First of all a determined effort will be made to have the trade dollar entirely withdrawn from circulation. There is a quiet but none the less effective and steady agitation going on against it in the Mercantile Exchanges and other centres of commercial life. It was intended for the Chinese, Japanese and South American trade, but somehow it would never go there but remain at home where it was not a dollar but a great deal less.

GOV. BLACKBURN rushed down to Lexington and pardoned thirteen keepers of houses of the *demi-monde*, as soon as indictments were returned against them. We have not heard of his rushing to Catlettsburg to pardon the women and children of that town, said to be indicted for raffling silk quilts for the benefit of churches nor yet of his pardoning two of the best men in Catlettsburg and Ashland, who delivered to subscribers their Cincinnati and Louisville dailies on Sunday morning. Oh, no! you live in Boyd, and are without the pale of mercy, and your crimes are not hideous enough to admit you within the Governor's charmed circle.—Ashland Independent.

THE Louisville C.-J's Washington correspondent says: "It will be seen that Mr. Beck is a member of the Finance Committee of the Senate and Mr. Carlisle the Ways and Means Committee of the House. They are both leaders of their party in their respective houses. This is the first time Kentucky has enjoyed such distinction. Mr. Blackburn is also a member of the Appropriation Committee and Mr. Knott of the Judiciary Committee. Thus it will be noticed that in the four great committees of Congress Kentucky has a representative. And the good of it is the grand old Commonwealth is represented by men of brains, force and ability. A distinguished democrat remarked in conversation with some gentleman a few nights since, that Kentucky was the strongest and best represented State in Congress. He was right."

ALL day yesterday the water was rapidly receding, and as it moves from the face of the unfortunate city the terrible ruin it wrought becomes more appalling in appearance, increasing the discouragement that dampens the spirits of the despoiled and suffering people; and, as hundreds of the homes that have been ruined belonged to the laboring class who are indebted more or less to building associations for the property they possessed, the amount in many instances necessary to repair or restore their wrecked homes will be more than they can afford or procure, and they will abandon all efforts unless given financial assistance. Crowds of people from the country were pouring in all day yesterday to view the submerged and desolated districts.—Lawrenceburg (Ind.) item Monday's Enquirer.

RICHARD WAGNER, the eminent composer, died at Venice on the 13th inst., aged seventy years.

THERE are now 115,000 miles of railroad in the United States, which have cost, with the equipments, more than $5,000,000,000. In 1881, 1,500,000 persons were employed in operating and constructing these roads, this number being almost equal to a seventh part of the male population of the United States. During the same year the roads paid out $450,000,000 for wages and material.

THE pardon report of Governor Blackburn is now printed and in a short time will be given to the public. The advance sheet shows the following: Total pardons issued in eighteen months, 845 under the following heads: Murder, 29; manslaughter, 35; rape, 17; attempted rape, 1; arson, 7; felony, 24; kukluxing, 396; malicious wounding, 17; concealed weapons, 9; gaming, 18; detaining women, 3; grand larceny, 78; incest, 1; house-breaking, 84; buggery, 2; horse-stealing, 20; miscellaneous, 154.

AT last we can have the electric light where it can do the most good. That is to say we can put it now on our desks, on our tables, on our mantle-pieces, anywhere in fact where a clear, bright, safe lighter is wanted. The portable electric lighter, patented in 1879 and again in 1882, is now before us, and we look at it with surprise and happiness. Surprise, because it is evident how great a progress we have made in the science of electricity; happiness because it gives us a clearer, better more moveable light than any we have ever enjoyed.—Here is a lamp, so called, occupying only the space of five square inches, which can be carried anywhere, and is besides an ornament. By symply pressing upon the knob to the full extent of the spring, (which connects with the battery,) an electric current is produced by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incadescence and the light is instantaneous. The material lasts about two months and then can be renewed at a small cost through any chemist. It will not be long before everybody will have a portable electric lighter. The price, $5, is so low that it cannot fail to become popular at once. The principal office is at 22 Water Street, Boston, where all applications for this most novel lamp should be sent.—New York Real Estate Chronicle.

STATE NEWS.

—Whooping cough prevails to an alarming extent in and about Cewenton.

—It costs the State about $350,000 a year to run her three lunatic asylums.

—Bath county last year raised 5,000 hogshead of tobacco, valued at $500,000.

—Warren county is trying to collect back taxes on property worth $2,000,000.

—The immense quarries near High Bridge, are furnishing rock to build a bridge in Louisiana.

—R. D. Lusk, aged eighty years, the oldest member of the Lancaster bar, died last Sunday.

—A Woodford county farmer fed tobacco stems to his hogs, and he is of the opinion that it prevented them from having cholera.

—J. A. Motch, of Nelson county, has sold 800 pounds of butter during the past ten months, made from the milk given by three cows.

—S. S. Hamilton, late sheriff of Jefferson county, paid into the Treasury $88,000 on revenue of 1882, the largest payment ever made at one time by any sheriff.

There never was such a demand for cattle, and such a scarcity as now. They sell at from three and a half to four and a half cents, and are hard to buy even at that price.—Henderson Sentinel.

—A man calling himself Rev. Cary Brown, who has been traveling through Kentucky representing himself to be a Baptist preacher, and telling a most deplorable tale of the distress of himself and family in Kansas, and soliciting aid, is pronounced a first-class fraud.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Mississippi lost $500,000 on her last cotton crop.

—The river at Alastia, La., is only five feet from the top of the levee.

—A student from Brazil has recently entered the University of Virginia.

—Some workmen digging near Augusta, Georgia, found a well of salt water.

—An oak tree 128 years old has just been reduced to cordwood at Americus, Georgia.

—It is the fashion in Georgia to wear a rabbit's foot attached to the watch chain.

—The Gordon monument in Wright Square Savannah, has been completed.

—The most promising necessity of Shelby county, Tennessee, is good county roads.

—The warehouses at Danville, Va. are crowded with leaf tobacco, which is selling high.

—Thousands of acres of public land are changing hands in Texas at fifty cents an acre.

—There is a boarding-house in Spartanburg, S. C., which is turning off 43,920 biscuits a year.

—The Lynchburg, Va., Council has voted an appropriation of $17,000 for a colored school building.

—An Athens, Ga., dog hunts hen's nests and carries four eggs in his mouth at a time without breaking them.

—Raleigh, N. C., comes to the front with a young sixteen year old, and six feet seven and a quarter inches high.

—The First National Bank of Columbus, Miss., is now in operation. It is the only national bank in the State.

—Farmers in Lake county, Tenn., are offering $1 25 per one hundred for picking cotton, and can not get hands.

—Alfred Kenney the richest negro in Athens, Ga., is dead. He had houses and money at interest, all of which he made by cutting up wood in Athens.

—James A. Everett, a wealthy citizen of Huston county, Ga., gave Wesleyan Female College $10,000, receiving in return four perpetual scholarships, entitling to board and tuition.

—Reports from the country around Corsicana, Texas, show heavy losses in stock from the cold. Thousands of sheep are reported frozen, and more will likely follow, as the weather still continues very cold.

—The Standard Packing Company a New York enterprise, has leased 100 acres of land on Padra Island, Tex, and are getting a building and machinery thereon. They expect inside of three weeks to commence canning fish, turtle, etc.

—A report from Columbia, Texas, says: The intense cold weather of the past few days has caused the death of a great many cattle in this section, and cow-skins are the order of the day. Quite a number of the boys are out looking up dead cows.

—A Macon, (Ga.,) negro was given four dollars to buy a coffin for a negro woman. He spent $2 50 for a pair of boots and the balance for whisky. He then made piteous appeals to the County Commissioners that the deceased was a pauper, and got an order for a coffin.

—A Georgia negro who was being taken to jail asked permission to light his pipe, which was given, and stepping behind a pine tree he broke for liberty. The officer emptied his pistol at the retreating criminal, saw him fall twice and thinks he was seriously wounded. Nothing has been heard of him since his escape.

—Information has been received from Bandera county, Tex., showing that 500 out of one flock of 2,000 sheep had died and 200 out of a flock of 1,200 have been killed by cold. The loss of sheep through cold will average from fifteen to twenty per cent. At one firm's ranche they have lost 400 sheep out of a flock of 6,000.

—On the road between Mobile and Montgomery the Boston merchants held a meeting to decide in what way they could show their appreciation for the kindness shown them by the Continental Guards while in New Orleans. A subscription of $175 was raised to purchase a gift to be decided on on their arrival in Boston.

—On Thursday Wm. M. Whitefield, living on Lookout Mountain, 4 miles from Gad's Den, died suddenly He was on his return home with his wagon loaded with oats. The team balked going up a hill. He was on the ground assisting the driver in getting the team started, when he staggered back and fell against a tree, sank to the ground and died.

—Georgia comes to the front with the champion crank, in the person of a young woman who has never spoken to her father. She converses with her mother, and her brothers as long as they remain single, but as soon as one of them marries he is a "heathen Chinee," and she never speaks to him again. If she is in conversation with her mother, and her father and a stranger approaches she becomes as dumb as an oyster. No explanation is given of this strange conduct, and she declines to give any reason for it.

1883

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A DAILY

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THE NEWS, Cincinnati, O.

Winding Up the Clock.

When the Weary Wheels Were Almost Still, A Luck Accident Reveals the Lost Key.

"How long did you say you had it?"

"Twenty-five years."

"What! a bad cough, with occasional attacks of hemorage, for twenty-five years? Why, man it's a mercy that there's a dozen pounds left of you."

Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin County Pa., stuck to his statement, and when the exclamations of wonder ceased, he added:

"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy. But the greatest mercy of all is that, before I actually choughed myself out of existence, I got hold of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and a few bottles of it cured me."

"Cured you? Relieved you, you mean?"

"I mean what I say; it cured me," said Mr. Orner, simply. "I feel like another man."

Please take especial notice: PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a mere essence of ginger; not a mere stomachic. The ordinary preparations of ginger are beneficial for transient aches, but at that point their value ends. Parker's Ginger Tonic covers a far wider and totally different field. It attacks and dissipates radical and chronic diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Nerves. It is as delicious to the palate as it is prompt and effective in operation. Ginger is only one among many powerful curatives which the TONIC holds in combination. Test its virtues for that cough of yours, or for any ills which require an invigorant for the whole system.

And, above all, do not permit yourself to be misled. Parker's Ginger Tonic stands alone. Nothing else is "just as good." Prices 50 cents and $1. Economy in buying the larger size. Hiscox & Co., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

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HARNESS MAKER

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DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞ Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to

GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

The public generally and all persons, especially merchants, are hereby notified that my wife Nannie V. Kelly, did, on the 7th day of February, 1883, leave my house and abandon me and my children, without just cause, and that I will not pay or be responsible for any of her acts or debts hereafter made or contracted by her.

This Feb., 9th '83. W. B. KELLY.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

—Best Purgative Medicine—

cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.

Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

G. H. LOEBKER,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

36 Pike Street,

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George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all people should there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

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79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

H. F. BLASE,

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540 MADISON STREET,

COVINGTON, - - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS

Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜

TRADE MARK.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '81

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines

OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

1 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the

CLIPPER M'F'G CO., (LIMITED.)

No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.

2 to 100 Horse Power.

Established 1840

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW

Is the *cheapest* and *best*. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast* and *easy*. *Sent on test trial.* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors procured, *Land Warrants* bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Local News.

Sympathy never satisfied hunger.

Water-gap architects are in demand.

Jerry Tanner is the happiest man in the county—its a girl.

Everybody rejoiced when the river commenced receding.

All hands and the cook went to see the big river last week.

Fish, ducks and geese have had a royal time the past month.

The school commissioner was on the alert last week visiting schools.

Small grain sowed on ground which grew tobacco last year looks well.

It is said that cholera follows floods. Guess it depends on circumstances.

One day last week Mr. Reese Neal had a horse to fall and break its leg.

Spring put in its appearance last Thursday. The flies were on the wing.

In some places the turnpikes look like the moles had been at work under them.

We have often wished that we lived in Lawrenceburg or Aurora, and now we don't.

As an after-dinner pill, to promote easy digestion, Ayer's Pills are wonderfully effective.

On the question of floods in the Ohio, "the oldest inhabitant" will now please take a back seat.

This office is under obligations to Mr. John Hicks, of Hebron, for favors extended last week.

The birds were singing last Friday as though they verily believed spring had once more returned.

This is a progressive age. Hence the necessity of having a bigger flood than either that of '32 or '47.

Pink Rice was on the dock with mumps last week. Of course he don't know where he got them.

Elder F. Vorter remained over night in Burlington last Wednesday night, on his way home from a Kentucky trip.

Several persons from Lawrenceburg are being entertained by friends in Bellevue and vicinity during the flood.

Newt Sullivan delivered his $12 tobacco last week. F. P. Walton bought his crop at that price while it was growing.

The cemetery at Lawrenceburg, was under water last week, and a corpse was taken to Petersburg and put in the vault.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Last week the commissioners, under an order of the Boone County Court, divided Elmediah Yager's dower among the heirs entitled.

Rev. J. D. H. Corwin passed through town Friday, enroute home from Rising Sun, where he had been water bound for several days.

J. C. Terrill did a hard night's work on the night of the 14th inst., to keep his large tobacco barn on Garrison from going off with the flood.

The families occupying the houses on the river bank above and below the mouth of Garrison were driven to the the hills for safety. The water was up to the roof on several of these houses.

Charlie Hughes like to had some of John Carpenter's experience in crossing the creek the other morning. He escaped with a slight wound in the hand.

Mr. J. K. Armstrong, who has been clerking at the Central Hotel for some time has gone back to Covington, and Johnny Burke has been promoted to clerk there.

This week our readers will find our local items in handsome new type, which will be easily read. We strive to make improvements in favor of our patrons all the time.

Tom Cowen and Harry Blythe formed a partnership and embarked in the huckster business last week. The partnership to expire upon the first decline in the price of eggs.

The high water cut off all communication between Hebron and the city last week. Something that has not occurred within the recollection of the —guess the balance.

Some of the farmers are having good luck with young lambs while others are having bad luck with both lambs and old sheep. Some flocks of old sheep are apparently diseased.

There was too much water in the Ohio for navigation last week. The boats could make no landings. Only steamers assisting the sufferers from the flood were plying the stream.

The river bottoms will receive a heavy deposit of sediment, which will be of great benefit to the land, but will not in the least compensate for the extreme ravages of the flood which produced it.

Burglars made another raid on Mike Clore's drug-store in Hebron one night last week. Mike's store is robbed, on an average, once a month. It would save him the cost of repairs if he would leave his door unlocked at night.

We raise tobacco and then have to send a part of the profits away from home to pay for hogsheads to put it in. —Georgetown Times.

We buy the stives and hoops, and make our own hogsheads.

On account of the high water, last week, the RECORDERS for Union, Bellevue, Petersburg, Bullettsville and Hebron, were sent out by private persons, to all whom we are under many obligations.

MARRIED—On the 14th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, near Florence, by the Rev. A. J. Douglas, Miss Ary Tanner, daughter of E. K. Tanner and wife, to Mr. C. A. Rivers, of Cincinnati.

Last Friday Mrs. Lucy Lightner's little boy found and ate a small piece of Bichromate of Patassium causing the little fellow to come near losing his life. An antidote was promptly given which soon relieved him.

The diary fever is breaking out among the young men of the town, and several of them are assiduously keeping a record of each day's events which will be very interesting to them years hence when they wish to see how high the Ohio was in 1883.

Last Sunday about noon, Mr. R. C. Green, was stricken with paralysis which effected his speech and the use of his right side. He is under the treatment of Dr. J. M. Grant, and his friends hope to see him about again in a few days.

Friday night Mr. Dicken commenced meeting here and continued over Sunday. There were six additions, to wit: Miss Ella Duncan, Miss Passons, Miss Graham, Mr. Graham, Jas. Rucker and Joseph Hodge. They all made confessions during Bro. Dunlap's meeting.

The water courses in this section look remarkably clear of decaying substances that sometimes line their shores and bread disease. Probably the health of those who reside on creeks will be benefitted by the high waters with which they have been annoyed this winter.

Dunlap and Sidman, Evangelists, arrived here Monday night and commenced series at the Court House. They are prepared to furnish good music. We are not going to tell you what the preacher said Monday night, so you need'nt ask us, but come out and hear for yourselves.—Williamstown Courier.

Mr. John L. Conner and family, who have been boarding at the Central Hotel all winter, left last week to make arrangements for taking charge of Mr. Conner's business stand at Erlanger the first of next month. May success attend Mr. Conner is the wish of his many friends here.

Some think that the prophecy as to the coming wheat crop may be wrong, because they say that although the ground now looks bare, the germ may lie beneath the surface and in a healthy condition, awaiting the warm sun of spring time to develop it into a luxurient growth. May it be the case.

There does not seem so great a desire on the part of the masses to raise large crops of tobacco as has been talked of about this time for three or four years. In February 1881 and 1882 everybody was begging all the tobacco seed they could, but now they are an article that is not asked for. Meybe every fellow has a bushel or so.

The following shows the height of the Ohio during six floods, that of 1883 being the highest by 2 ft. 1 in.

Year.	Month.	Date.	Ft.	In
1832	February,	18,	64	3
1847	December,	17,	63	7
1880	February,	17,	53	2
1881	February,	16,	50	7
1882	February,	21,	58	7
1883	February,	15,	66	4

Some sheep raisers were discussing the lamb question the other day, and they all agreed that late lambs were preferable, because a greater number could be saved from the first of April on, and that a better growth of wool would be taken from the ewes. What the lambs failed to bring in price they considered fully compensated by the advantages above enumerated.

The actual loss of property in Covington by the flood has not been very great. While a good many people have been put to inconvenience and some forced to seek safety in upper rooms, not many have been driven from their homes. The suffering in Covington sinks into insignificance when compared with that experienced in Newport and Cincinnati.—Commonwealth.

The nicest sample of tobacco we have seen this winter was that of the crop sold by Perry Weaver, last week, to F. P. Walton. Three classes of tobacco were represented by the sample, the leaves in the hands of which presented a uniformity of length and color that is seldom the result of the handling by the raiser. It surely pays the raiser to handle with as much care as Mr. Weaver has taken with his crop. The hands were small and neatly bound.

Do the city papers give you home news? Do they contain notices of your schools, churches, meetings, improvements, and hundreds of other things of interest which the local papers publishes with out pay? Do they say a word calculated to draw attention to your to[illegible] in the progress and enterprise of your immediate vicinity. Answer these questions, and then determine for yourself whether the city or local paper is deserving of your support first of all.

The high water cleaned Rabbit Hash out. The building in which Pate had his store was swept away and wrecked after he had moved his stock of goods to Rising Sun. Dr. Cowen's office was taken off the foundation and carried some distance and is now lying in the road. Wm. Nelson's residence was left but his out buildings are all gone. A portion of the old ferry house was carried off. The town presents a desolate appearance the ferry right being about the only thing left. The water invaded several residences below the town.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. Rucker was quite sick a few days last week.

Dr. L. H. Terrill, of Hebron, was in town Friday.

Mrs. Gullion left for her home at Eagle Station, Monday.

Mrs. A. Thompson has been quite sick for several days.

We have a drug-store in Petersburg, is the remark, now.

Miss Susie Kyle, of Kenton county is visiting in Burlington.

Miss Lottie Reed, of Covington, is visiting her sister Mrs. F. A Hall.

Logan Tanner, of Milan, Indiana, is visiting his relatives in this county.

Shelby Rich, of Kenton county, was among the visitors to our town last week.

Albert M. Acra's new building, with a few more days of good weather would materialize.

Theodore Rouse and J. C. Hankins were in town Friday, on business in the real estate line.

Miss Dora Rich, of Kenton county, was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. McKim, last week.

Mr. Bart Burton, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Mr. McCullogh, of Westport Indiana, were visiting friends in the Hebron neighborhood, last week.

It is to be hoped that the Mississippi will not go beyond its past record as to high water to the same extent that the Ohio did.

Mr. Palmer made a couple of trips to Lawrenceburg, last week, taking with him each time a lot of provisions for the sufferers.

No papers were published in Aurora or Lawrenceburg last week. The editors and attaches were too busy rendering aid to those in distress.

When in Petersburg, call and see me whether you need anything in the drug line or not. I am in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Bradly for a grocery. Call and see me. S. C. BUCHANAN.

Several weeks ago a horse was stolen from Jas. Rogers who lives near Union. A reward of $200 was offered by the citizens of Union for the capture of the horse and thief. The detective who was working the case found the trail of the horse at Nicholasville, this State, from where it was shipped to Atlanta and from there to North Carolina, where he found it. Black Clarkson was suspicioned and a letter to him, implicating another party living in this county, was intercepted at Nicholasville. Clarkson was promptly arrested, and so soon as the horse is indentified by Rogers, he will be lodged in jail at this place. Black says that he can prove that he bought the horse. It is to be hoped that he will be able to show a bona fide purchase.

Died.

SPRAGUE—At her home in Taylorport, on the 17th inst., of consumption. Miss Mollie Sprague. Her remains were placed in the Hebron vault to await interment.

PACE—On the 19th inst., at 7:25 p. m. in Burlington, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. W. L. Riddell, Mrs. Nancy Pace, in the 67th year of her age.

Mrs. Pace was the daughter of Gen. Joseph and Mary Kennedy, and was born in 1816 where Fort Mitchell in Kenton County (then Campbell) now stands; spending all her life, except a few months, within the immediate vicinity of her birth-place. By her exemplary life she made devoted friends of all those with whom she became acquainted, and many hearts are saddened by her death. Her funeral will be preached at the Dry Creek Baptist Church to-day at 11 a. m., after which the remains will be placed in the Linden Grove Cemetery vault in Covington to await final interment.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

North Bend.

This part of Boone county suffered severely from the flood. The whole face of the country was under water, and destruction threatened everything perishable The water reached a height never before witnessed by our oldest citizens.

The loss of property on the Chambers farm was heavy. About 600 bushels of corn was washed off, 1,000 bushels of potatoes were carried down the raging stream, while a large quantity of fodder was destroyed.

The farms of J. Baisly, Owen Kirtley and W. H Harrison, suffered severely.

June Baisly and wife held the fort by occupying the second story, but at one time it looked like they would have to vacate to make room for the unruly element. June is evidently a man who likes to stay at home.

Mr. Clinton Gaines and family were driven to the second story in Mr. Owen Kirtley's house. To save Mrs. Gaines' fine piano required considerable labor. The instrument was placed on tall trestles on the first floor where it was thought the water would not reach it, and when it became necessary to move it, it could be done only by cutting a hole through the second floor through which it was lifted to a place of safety, but not until the water had made its appearance in the instrument, which will probably injure it some

This thing of having the whole country under water *is a serious* matter, and we all unite in the prayor that it may never occur again.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property passed down as drift, and some of the drifters along the river have caught large quantites of valuable lumber, etc.

Everything from a chicken coop to a residence (not a stone - front) has floated down the river since it has been on the rampage.

Our citizens are reconciled by the old thought that their loss is not so bad but that it might have been worse.

Hebron.

There is a large number of logs lying at the mill here, but they are frozen too much to saw.

Samuel Hoshall is confined to his bed with typhoid fever.

The public school closed last Friday.

At the recent election T, A. Crigler, John Crigler and W. N. Cloud were elected trustees for the Hebron Academy.

Miss A la Wilhoit has been employed to teach the school there.

The mail has not reached this office for the past ten days on account of the backwater being over the pike at Constance and Bromley.

Henry Quick says that during the flood he saw a cistern floating down the river, bottom side upward and full of water.

[Henry is entitled to the whole bakery—EDS]

Some sneak-thief has again broken into Mike Clore's drug-store. This makes about eight times they have broken into that store in the last year, and each time goods and money amounting from $10 to $25 have been taken.

David Beall has bought Jno, M. Hoshall's half interest in the saw-mill at this place.

Master Hubert Popham if clerking for the firm of Clayton & Conner, at this place

Petersburg.

Miss Nannie Lodge, of Cincinnati, is visiting friends here during the high water.

Mr. T. H. Green, who has been sick for the past three months, is not any better.

Mrs. Maria M. Terrill entertained her Sunday-school class, last Monday night, with—I-scream and cake.

Boone Division, No. 15, Sons of Temperance, will give a social at their hall, on Thursday evening, March 8th, 1883.

School closed here last Thursday, and Prof. Bruce and his scholars are now preparing for an exhibition which will take place in about a week.

Only two mails received here last week, on account of the high water.

Misses Lu Hall, Lillie Clament, Carrie Rabb, Hattie Thompson, and Mr. Clarence McWethy, of Rising Sun, Ind., took in Petersburg, Saturday.

Mrs. Jane Jackson died February 11th, of old age, at the residence of I. N. Gordon. The remains were interred in the cemetery at this place, last Thursday at 2 o'clock p. m.

The water came to a stand here Thursday, being 8 feet higher than it was last February, and 2 feet higher than it was during the memorable flood of 1832 The high water did no great damage here, but Lawrenceburg, Aurora and other towns along the river, have been almost swept away. The people of Lawrenceburg had to leave their houses. The public buildings were all full, and many persons left the town. Provisions, by the barrel, were sent from here to feed those in need. Fitches' saw mill and several other houses that were carried off, lodged in Tanner's creek.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
Grant, Boone county, Ky.

Whereas, since the death of James H. Akin, there has been reports sprung up that we, the undersigned, heirs of said deceased, J. H. Akin, was going to contest the title of T. H. Sutton's real estate formerly owned by said J. H. Akin, deceased; and, whereas, we believe said reports was gotten up through wilful malice to the injury of all parties interested therein; and whereas, in justice to T. H. Sutton and ourselves, we declare and affirm that we have no such intentions whatever. But, on the contrary, we believe said title to be good and perfect as any in Boone county, Ky

In witness whereof we set our hands and seals, this 19th of February, 1883.

Attest: J. R. Akin, seal.
James Rush. J. H. Williamson, seal.
Susan E. Williamson, seal.

I hope that the above will be sufficient to quiet those in my neighborhood, who have of late indulged in slandering, or in attempting to slander the title to the tract of land I own near Bellevue, which I purchased of Theodore Cook. If this is not sufficient, then I shall prosecute to the extent of the law those who may hereafter choose to indulge their propensity at lying, by further slandering my title to said land.

T. H. SUTTON.

TAKEN UP.

Taken up as a stray by Ephraim Helm, living on the Anderson Ferry and Minneola turnpike road about 1 mile from Anderson Ferry, in Boone county, on or about the 8th day of September, 1882, one red and white spotted cow with underbit mark on the right ear, and right horn drooped, but having no other brands or marks. Which I have appraised at $15.

Witness my hand this 3d day of January 1883. JOSEPH WAGSTAFF, J. P. B. C.

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HOME AND FARM.

—Broken limbs should be placed in natural positions and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

—Sheep are frequently troubled with sore lips caused by dry feed. One or two applications of sulphur and lard will effect a cure.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A French chemist reports that water made slightly salt, and to which, when boiling, bran in the proportion of one quart to every gallon has been added, has been found in a series of experiments to increase the yield of milk twenty-five per cent., if given to the cows in their ordinary drink.

—The aphis, or green fly, is one of the most troublesome enemies of top-grown plants. It is most easily destroyed by syringing the plants twice a week with a tea made from tobacco stems, moving them up and down until the insects are thoroughly washed off. This will also destroy other insects.—*Chicago Times.*

—Before going to bed have a kettle of hot water ready. Put some in a shallow tin and hold the frosted part of the foot in it—not the whole foot, but one frosted spot after another—for ten or twenty minutes, keeping the water just as hot as you can bear it. Then pour a little cold water over the frosted parts and thoroughly rub them dry. Follow this plan three nights, have shoes good size, and the cure is effectual.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—To make an apple-custard pie, take one pint of sweet milk, and one pint of apple sauce; beat this sauce till it is smooth, and entirely free from lumps; then stir it in the milk; sweeten this well—a good full cup of sugar will be needed, and if the apples are tart more will be required; to this add three well beaten eggs, flavor with lemon, and bake with under crust only.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Irrigation has been tried in Western Kansas with marvelous results. Formerly it was thought that the dry plains stretching toward the Arkansas River were useless for agricultural purposes. The light and fickle rainfall, the dry air, the hot winds, and the long summers were supposed to constitute a combination of unfavorable elements that it would be impossible to overcome. But broad ditches were dug that distributed the waters of the Arkansas over these tracts, and now they bloom like a garden. The crops yielded the past year were astonishing. Onions were raised at the rate of 500 bushels to the acre, oats 100 bushels, and other products in similar proportion.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The cow pea, says the *Nebraska Farmer*, may be raised with corn and serve a good purpose therein. It grows vigorously and has an immense vine which completely shelters the ground within its reach and prevents rapid evaporation. In this it serves to keep the soil in a better condition for the corn. This is contrary to the general rule, but when the reasons are properly understood it appears plain why it should be so. To raise them with corn we plant after the last plowing in the center of the row. The hills should not be nearer than four feet apart. Raised in this way the cost is only for seed and planting. To make the best fodder the crop should be gathered before it is fully ripe, but it will pay well to plant for pasture.

Foresight in Farming.

Every farmer should have a memorandum-book in his pocket, in which should be jotted down certain items of labor, whenever he may think about them. Then, when he may be hesitating as to what he or his employes can do advantageously during some pleasant day, the record of items will not fail to render him valuable aid. The farmer who does not take such thought for the future and plan operations for weeks and months, and sometimes for years ahead, will always be grumbling that his work is behind its appropriate season. Let me illustrate by experiences from real life.

A near neighbor was always at the tail end of the revolving seasons. During winter he would go several times with two horses and sleigh more than five miles to the grocery store to make a few purchases; and perhaps he would take two or three bagfuls of grain to mill. But in spring, when the wheeling became about as heavy as possible, he could be seen dragging a heavy load of grain to mill to be ground for feed. Well, when the sleighing was excellent his grain was not threshed. By being behind, he sustained losses in several ways. Rats and mice destroyed bushels of his grain. His domestic animals suffered and grew poor for lack of the food and comfort which they should have received from the straw. If his grain had been threshed at the proper time a team would have been able to draw fifty bushels, when the sleighing was fine, with less fatigue than they could haul ten bushels over muddy roads.

Another neighbor had commenced plowing, but soon learned that the old stub of a plow-point could not be made to enter the hard places in his field, so he hurried off to get a new one. During the winter he had been to the city several times, when he could have purchased the share, and thus saved half a day, and ninety-five cents for his fare on the cars. Two weeks after his grass was fit to cut he took out his machine, but before he could start it he was obliged to go to the city to procure a new knife for the cutter-bar, which required another half day and ninety-five cents, besides other losses. By being "a day behind" he failed to get his hay ready for the barn in time to avoid damage incident to a drenching rain. Rain continued, and the weather continued lowering and unfavorable, until his crop of hay was rendered almost worthless for fodder. If he had not been behindhand that one day, which was spent in fitting up his mower, every pound of hay could have been secured in prime condition. That loss in the value of his hay by being damaged by a long rain amounted to more than forty dollars.

When the vernal seedtime had almost passed neighbor Tardy woke up to a sense of the propriety of sowing millet on a few acres. So he started for the city to purchase seed. But, just before it was received at his station, a long period of wet weather set in, which rendered it necessary to defer sowing until the latter part of May. Sowing late, immediately after a long period of wet weather, which was succeeded by a drought, was the cause of a light crop. The reader can perceive, at a glance, how much one day in the winter would have facilitated the farming operations of that laggard farmer, and how many dollars would have been gained by way of a larger crop, if the seed had been purchased and been ready for the soil as soon as the ground was prepared. "Take time by the hair," said Kossuth. "Forecast with care," say we all; remembering that the best returns are to those who keep a little in advance of the most appropriate period to plow, sow, cultivate and mow.—*S. E. F., in the N. Y. Tribune.*

Cost of Wintering Working Animals.

In the winter of 1881 I had under my charge (on the Niagara Grape Farm) two teams of horses and two yokes of oxen. Having most of the forage to buy, I tried to see how little they could be kept upon in a good, thriving condition. The teams were worked only enough for proper exercise. I fed cut rye straw morning and evening, and uncut hay at noon, all of which was weighed. One span of horses weighed 2,500 pounds, each of which consumed daily 8 pounds of cut straw, 6 pounds of hay, and 6 pounds of grain, composed of equal quantities of ground rye, corn, oats and wheat bran, by measure. One team, weighing 2,000 pounds, consumed the same quantity of straw and hay, but one pound less each of grain. The oxen weighed 3,000 pounds per yoke, and each ox consumed 17 pounds of cut straw, 10 pounds of hay, and 6 pounds of ground feed, which in all cases was mixed with the cut straw. When the weather was cold, we used hot water for mixing.

The cost of hay was $15 per ton, rye straw $10, and the mixed feed $1.60 per 100 pounds, making the cost of each large horse 18 cents per diem; for each animal of the smaller team 16 1-2 cents; and for each ox 26 cents. I have been in the practice for several years of weighing all the food consumed by my horses, at intervals, and I find it the only way that I can approximate the cost of keeping. I also find by so doing a great saving, both in forage and in health of the stock. We are now keeping one road horse which weighs 1,150 pounds; is worked hard, and frequently driven very hard. His daily rations are 10 pounds of hay and 12 pounds of oats. The hay cost $12 per ton; oats, 55 cents per bushel; cost per diem, 26 1-2 cents. I consider oats the most expensive grain to feed, but for fast road work, it is perhaps the best. For heavy, slow work, I have found rye, corn and oats the best, which should be ground to give the best results.

Winter with most farmers is a time of leisure, and a short time each day looking after the little leakages in and around the barn will help wonderfully in tiding over a long feeding time with a comparatively short forage crop. The master's presence, with an eye to his interests, works wonders. The question was asked of the writer, not long since, how much hay would be required to take a certain stock through the winter. My answer was that it will be according to who feeds the stock. I am satisfied that a great majority of farmers feed double the hay which is required for the health of the horse, thus wasting largely of the summer's hard labor. If what I have said shall induce some one or more to try the experiment and report, I shall feel that some good may come out of it.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Eyes.

The eye is a remarkable organ—remarkable for its powers of endurance, for its toughness, since only a violent blow, even with a hammer can crush it, as one may know by an experiment on the eye of a dead animal, as an ox. Its importance is indicated by the manifest care in the protection of it, lying, as it does on a soft bed of fat in a cavity, with so many bony projections around it that an injury from an ordinary blow, as from a fist club, would be very unusual. The brows and the fringe of the lids do much to prevent dust and perspiration from reaching them, while a supply of tears from a gland above the eye, about three-fourths of an inch long, with from eight to twelve ducts leading to the ball, serve not only to moisten, and in a certain sense to nourish that organ, but to wash away whatever dust may, by chance, get upon the ball. Then tears flow in such a manner as to reach the whole ball, and then flow toward the inner angle, at which point a duct passes the whole down into the cavity of the nose. The frequent and imperceptible winking, generally without any design on our part, lubricating or moistening the ball by the spreading of this eyewater, the best in use, this being the more frequent as the occasion for it is manifest—a curative process. The nearest approach to this tear wash is made from the pith of the sassafras, dissolved in rose water, wetting the balls often.

If one would preserve the sight of the eye, keep the ball free from inflammation. It is needful not to rub the eye harshly at any time; never to subject it to dazzling or too bright a light; not to use it much by artificial light, the gas being as bad as any, or at twilight, particularly at night; not to look too intently or too continuously on black cloth and the like, always to discontinue labor or their use just as soon as pain warns, and as much sooner as possible. We may see without effort, "letting them see," not compelling them to see by effort, by straining the sight, since a little observation will teach one that this compulsory sight is specially taxing. Even weak eyes, not reddened too much by the use of carbonaceous drinks or food, will do much labor if often rested, avoiding pain, which is the warning to stop.—*City and Country.*

New York Stock Exchange.

Some idea of the wealth of this institution may be formed when it is recalled that it has over one thousand members, and that the price of seats is about thirty thousand dollars each. This represents thirty millions of dollars. It is estimated that the average wealth of each broker is about eighty thousand dollars, making eighty millions more. None but rich men are now admitted into the Board, for when a seat is sold, the financial condition of the buyer is examined, and unless there are powerful influences in his favor, he must be worth a quarter of a million before he is admitted to membership. The New York Stock Board is an extra-legal body. It has no recognized charter, and it never permits lawsuits between members or with customers. On busy days as many as a million shares of stock are often sold; and as the par value is one hundred dollars per share, these transactions therefore foot up nearly one hundred million dollars per diem. And the business is constantly increasing, for as the country grows new securities are created to be dealt in. Indeed, stock-gambling has become almost a national vice. So far, it is confined to those who are fairly well-to-do, for at least one thousand dollars are required as margin for one hundred shares of stock. On the London Exchange ten shares is a good delivery, and is the unit of speculation. Were ten-share lots regarded as good delivery on the New York Exchange, it would lead to an immense extension of stock-gambling. Indeed, the gambling spirit is abroad. "Phantom," that is, speculative sales and purchases, surpass by twenty-fold actual transactions in corn, wheat, cotton, pork, petroleum, and all the great products of the country. It is these vast speculative enterprises on the part of Americans which bring about our periodical and disastrous panics.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Where the Oil Interest Centers.

The oil-producing fields of Pennsylvania and New York are situated at intervals along a line making an angle of forty-five degrees with the parallels of latitude, and extending from Alleghany County, N. Y., down through Pennsylvania in a southwest direction to the West Virginia border. The long and narrow maps of the region are bounded at the top and bottom by forty-five-degree lines; the right hand margin is the northeast limit, the left hand the southwest, and the parallels and meridian lines make Xs on the sheet. In the reports of operations printed periodically, the oil-producing territory is divided into the Alleghany field, in Alleghany County, a tract some twelve miles long and two and one-half wide; the Bradford field, in McKean County, Penn., and Cattaraugus County, N. Y., an irregular tract about twenty miles long, and from three to nine in width; the Warren and Forest field, in the counties of those names in Pennsylvania, comprising four or five small tracts; and the Lower field, in Venango, Butler, Clarion and Armstrong Counties, Penn., which field was the scene of the first great oil excitement something like a score of years ago. The Bradford field is by far the most productive. Its eleven or twelve thousand wells yield considerably more than half of the oil produced. It was opened in the fall of 1877. It is now regarded as a fully-developed field. The Alleghany field is next in importance as regards production. It was opened in April of last year. About two thousand producing wells are in this field and many new ones are opened every month.

The Lower field is regarded, like the Bradford and Alleghany fields, as being pretty accurately outlined by dry holes; and it is not expected that any new well opened in either of these fields will break the market.

The Warren and Forest field, however, is in part unexplored by the bit of the driller. In this field is the famous Cherry Grove tract where, in May last, the jumbo of oil wells, "646," was opened; where, a few weeks later, a city had grown up; where at one time three wells were spouting 3,000 barrels of oil each every twenty-four hours; where nearly 30,000 barrels a day was the production of the completed wells during the month of August, sending the price of oil down from eighty-five cents a barrel to less than fifty cents; and where now there is little but drained rock below ground, and a rather dull oil settlement above. But in the southern end of this field are the tracts toward which the attention of producers and speculators is drawn more than toward any other. The wildcat venture in this vicinity was the Shannon well, opened about the middle of last September, which flowed very strongly at first. The Anchor Oil Company put down a well near by, which was opened toward the last of November with a good showing. Many other wells are drilling in this region. Whatever happens in the field to greatly influence the market in the near future is likely to take place in this undeveloped tract; and until some other wildcat venture opens a pool equally promising, the attention of speculators will be directed toward this field.—*Bradford (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

The Robber and the Editor.

"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time there was a bad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the clothes of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse $4.75, placed the money in the pantaloons pocket of the editor, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted, and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead."

"Oh! oh! grandfather, did they catch the bad robber man and hang him on a tree?"

"No, my dears, they did not catch the bad, bold robber. He is still living. From that day he reformed, and got a place as cashier in a big bank, where you will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is greatly respected by all in his church."

"And the poor editor man, grandfather! What became of him?"

"Ah, yes, my darlings! I had almost forgotten him. Well, when he came out of his faint, and his eyes again saw all the money lying about the room where it had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor, who owned a tanyard, and was running for the Legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of praise of the rich neighbor, who was elected to the office, and ever after the two men were the greatest friends. Thus, my dears, do good actions always meet with their reward."—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

—The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad lowered its rates of passenger fare two years ago to about two cents a mile, and the increase of receipts for passengers the next year was thirty per cent., which, in 1882, rose to forty-four per cent.—*New Haven Register.*

—Nearly every article of clothing belonging to the late Mrs. Maria Appleby, who died at Morristown, N. J., aged 105 years, was found to contain rolls of bank-bills. A pair of shoes in her bureau were filled with coin. Nearly $8,000 was found.—*Newark Register.*

—A pensioner in Natchez was awarded $1,000 and the claim agent who collected it gave him $150 and kept $850 for his services. Lucky for the pensioner that he had fallen into the hands of an honest claim agent and didn't lose the $150 also!—*Detroit Post.*

Baking Babies in India.

Miss Stagg, a missionary in India writes: One of my pupils named Macon (which means butter), said to me after her lessons were finished: "Oh, mam! you must not go away without seeing khooki!" (Girl babies are called khookhies, and boys are khookas.) I am very fond of babies, so I readily consented to see khooki. We went down the street across a very dirty court, and then Macon stopped at the door of a little room adjoining a shed where cows were housed. She opened a door and I looked in, and saw just one mat covering the floor, on which lay baby and baby's mamma. Baby was a dear little pinky bit of humanity, and I told her mamma that I thought her very pretty. "Oh," said she, "she will soon be black like the rest of us after I have put her out in the sun for a few days." Just think! Every newborn babe has its little body well smeared with mustard oil, and is then put out in the sun to dry. I interceded for baby, and Macon promised she would prevent them from doing such a dreadful thing.

I have seen very young babies, after having been oiled, put out in the hot, Indian sun on a bit of board, with only a bit of cotton cloth placed under the head for a pillow, it is really a wonder that so many live to grow up. The mothers I have sometimes remonstrated with. They are always much surprised to hear that English people do not treat their babies to a similar baking. Most Bengali babies are troubled with very little clothing. Some have a silver chain around the waist, and perhaps a gold one around their neck.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

—The application of science to the frustration of justice has been remarked in the case of a Tennessee horse-thief, whose distinguishing features were a "cast" in the right eye and a broad surface scar on the left cheek. A skillful oculist straightened the eye and an equally skillful surgeon cut out the scar. The culprit's identity as a horse-thief would forever have been lost had he not betrayed himself to a woman and thus indirectly to the constabulary.

—The meanest man in the world lives in Trenton, New Jersey. He recently engaged two boys to shovel the snow off his sidewalk. About one hundred square feet of walk had to be cleaned. The boys worked like beavers for more than half an hour, while the man watched them from his window. When the work was completed he raised his window and handed them a cent a piece.—*N. Y. Mail.*

[New Haven (Conn.) Union.]

How a Lawyer Treated the Case.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot, so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, *Attorney-at-Law.*

SIX HUNDRED criminals were pardoned from the Chicago Bridewell last year. It means something when a Chicago man says, "Beg pardon."—*Boston Transcript.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription," for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequalled remedy. Distressing backache and "bearing-down" sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

A FRENCH writer says the art of giving a dinner is a lost art. Then why not advertise and find it again.—*New Haven Register.*

The Age of Miracles

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

GIRLS are more courageous than men. They are ready to make a match with a fellow twice their size.

Get the Original.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach and bilious attacks. By druggists.

THE shopmen of the last generation used to achieve success with great pains, but now they use great panes instead.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, etc. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, and take no other.

AN Erie woman has robbed a hair store. Like a pistol, she went off with a bang.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"Alone, Solitary and Alone.

An eminent author has declared that "unless the blood be kept in a pure state, the constitution must be weakened and disease supervene." That truly wonderful preparation, called Mishler's Herb Bitters, possesses the power of neutralizing and removing all contaminations of the blood and system generally. "Solitary and alone," this remedy stands before the public as the only known and recognized blood purifier.

"I REALLY was puzzled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. Ramsbotham. "I was quite 'on the corns of a duenna,' as the saying is."—*Punch.*

PRESENTS of mind—having a mind to give something, but never giving it.—*Boston Post.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Promptly cure asthmatic wheezing. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, February 17, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 25	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 35
HOGS—Common	5 75	@ 6 45
Good packers	6 75	@ 7 00
SHEEP	5 00	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Family	5 80	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13	@ 1 12
No. 2 winter red	1 11	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	50	@
Rye—No. 2	68	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@11 75
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 25	@18 50
Lard—Steam	11	@ 11-5
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@ 23
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 3 00
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 8 90
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 24½	@ 1 25¼
No. 1 white	1 20	@ 1 28⅜
Corn—No. 2 mixed	74	@
Oats—mixed	48	@ 50
PORK—Mess	19 25	@
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 11	@
Corn, No. 2	57⅜	@
Oats—No. 2	39½	@
Rye	64	@
PORK—Mess	18 20	@18 25
LARD—Steam	11-40	@ 11-45
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 18¼	@ 1 18½
Corn mixed	73½	@ 74½
Oats mixed	47	@ 49
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 25	@
Lard, refined	12½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9⅜	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 05	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	48	@ 49
Oats—mixed	42½	@
PORK—Mess	18 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 10	@
CORN	55	@
OATS—White, new	40	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

STARTLING STATISTICS.

The Shadow Hanging Over New York City and the Entire Country—A Tribune Opinion.

The nation has been horrified at the burning of a Milwaukee hotel, whereby over seventy lives were lost. This event carried terror because it was sudden and appalling; but had the same disastrous results to life and limb come silently they would have been unnoticed, not only by the people of the land but also by the very community in which they occurred. Fatal events of a far worse nature have taken place in this very city, but they have attracted no attention, nor would they now did not the Bureau of Vital Statistics bring them to our notice. "Figures do not lie," whatever else may be uncertain, and the report on the *deaths* of this city is a startling comment on its *life*. During the past year the enormous increase of certain maladies is simply appalling. While the total number of deaths has diminished and the death rate on most diseases has decreased still it is far greater in one or two serious disorders than was ever known before. More people died in the city of New York in 1882 from Bright's disease of the kidneys than from diphtheria, small-pox and typhoid fever all combined! This scarcely seems possible but it is true and when it is remembered that less than one-third the actual deaths from Bright's disease are really reported as such, the ravages of the malady can be partially understood.

The immediate query which every reader will make upon such a revelation of facts, is: What causes this increase? This is a difficult question to answer. The nature of the climate, the habits of life, the adulteration of foods and liquors, all undoubtedly contribute; but no immediate cause can be certainly assigned. Often before the victim knows it the disease has begun. Its approaches are so stealthy and its *symptoms* so obscure that they cannot be definitely foreseen and are only known by their effects. Any kidney disorder, however slight, is the first stage of Bright's disease. But it is seldom that kidney disorders can be detected. They do not have any certain symptoms. Mysterious weariness; an unusual appetite; periodical headaches; occasional nausea; uncertain pains; loss of vigor; lack of nerve power; irregularity of the heart; disordered daily habits; imperfect digestion—all these and many other symptoms are the indications of kidney disorder even though there may be no pain in the region of the kidneys or in that portion of the body. The serious nature of these troubles may be understood from the fact that Bright's disease is as certain to follow diseased kidneys as decomposition follows death.

It is high time the doctors in this land who have been unable to control kidney troubles, should be aroused and compelled to find some remedy, or acknowledge one already found. The suffering public needs help and can not await the tardy action of any hair-splitting code or incorrectly formulated theories. If the medical world has no certain remedy for this terrible disease let them acknowledge it and seek for one outside the pale of their profession. For the discovery of this remedy and for its application to this disease, the people of this city, the people of the whole land, not only those who are suffering, but those who have friends in danger, are earnestly and longingly looking.

The above quotation from the New York *Tribune* is causing considerable commotion, as it seems to lift the cover from a subject that has become of National importance. The alarming increase of kidney diseases; their insidious beginnings and frightful endings and the acknowledged inability of physicians to successfully cope with them may well awaken *the greatest* dread of every one who has the slightest symptoms. It is fortunate, however, that the surest relief is often found where, possibly, least expected, and that there is a specific for the evils above described we have come to fully believe. Within the past two years we have frequently seen statements of parties claiming to have been cured of serious kidney troubles even after hope had been abandoned; but in common with most people we have discredited them. Quite recently, however, a number of prominent and well-known men have come out voluntarily and stated over their signatures that they were completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Most people have been aware that this medicine has an unusual standing and one entitling it to be classed above proprietary articles generally; but that it had accomplished so much in checking the ravages of kidney disease is not so generally known. Its great worth has been shown not only by the cures it has effected, but also because a number of base imitations have appeared in the market, fraudulently claiming the valuable qualities of the original Safe Cure. If it were not valuable, it would not be imitated.

The above may seem like an ultra endorsement of a popular remedy but it is not one whit stronger than the facts admit. Whatever assists the world toward health and consequent happiness, should receive the hearty endorsement of the press and all friends of humanity. It is on precisely this principle that the foregoing statement is made and it merits the careful consideration of every thinking reader.

CRYSTALIZED—the man who wears glasses. *Somerville Journal.*

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

IT'S the assignee in bankruptcy who has painful wreck-collections.

COUGHS.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will allay the irritation and stop coughing.

BRIGHT days in store—when there is a rush of customers.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

FOR thick heads, heavy stomache, biliousness—Wells' May Apple Pills. 10 and 25c.

THE man of great wait—the creditor.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

IF you are disturbed by unpleasant dreams, awake unrefreshed and depressed in mind, take half wineglassful of Gastrine before retiring. It never fails to give relief. Sold by druggists.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Dose Cup. Advertisement in another col.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

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Childhood, Manhood and Hoary Age Exclaim in Unison; "Behold the Conqueror."

DURING a brief visit to the ancient town of Warwick, R. I., recently, our reporter extended his trip to the south-eastern extremity of the town, to look about among the wonderful improvements which have been made in the appearance of Warwick Neck during a comparatively brief period, and while conversing on this subject with COL. BENJAMIN S. HAZARD, the popular proprietor of the Warwick Neck Hotel, he learned that the greater part of the handsome summer residences had been erected inside of a dozen years; and he also learned that Col. Hazard had been a great sufferer from a chronic disease of the kidneys and bladder over fifteen years, the most painful form of it being a stoppage or retention of the urine, which was so very severe at times as to disable him for his accustomed work, and even confine him to the bed, when a surgeon's assistance would be required to relieve him. He was being doctored a large part of the time, but could get no permanent relief. At times his sufferings were terrible from sharp, cutting pains through the kidneys and bladder, and he had suffered so long and so severely that he had become discouraged of getting well again, especially as the doctor stated that it was doubtful if a man of his age, with such a complicated disease of long standing, could be cured. But last summer, when he was suffering intensely from one of these attacks, a gentleman who was boarding at his hotel urged and persuaded him to try a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, as he had known of some wonderful cures effected by it.

Mr. Hazard says he had no faith in it, but consented reluctantly to try it; and after taking it only two days, the intense pains and aches had disappeared, and he commenced to gain strength rapidly, and in less than a week was attending to his accustomed work, and has never had a return of the pains. Mr. Hazard is over seventy years of age, and on the 25th of Nov., 1882, when our reporter met him, although it was a very cold and blustering day, he was in the field with his team at work pulling and loading turnips, as hale and hearty a man as you could wish for, whereas last August he was unable to stand up to oversee the work then going on in this same field.

Hunt's Remedy had given him health and strength again, and he recommends it to his relatives and friends, several of whom are now taking it, as he considers it a most excellent medicine for all diseases of kidneys or bladder.

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VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1883. NUMBER 18.

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

He roams about the town from dawn till dark,
An old man with bent form and whitened hair,
Who dreams the earth he treads on is a bark
That sails to find a shore forever fair.
The shore so many seek and do not find.
Among the busy crowd, he heeds it not,
But goes and comes to all our pleasure blind;
The world he lives in seems by him forgot.

Sometimes he stops one in the crowded throng
And questions thus: "Why do we sail so far?
I know full well the vessel's course is wrong,
For further south the Happy Islands are,
And we are near them, for last night I heard
The sound of music coming from their shores,
And caught the scent of flowers, and one bright bird
Flew homeward, over us, to roam no more.

"I almost thought I saw them in the dawn,
Fair as the rosy peaks of Paradise;
But when the day broke fully they were gone.
Far, further south the shore we search for lies!
Pray God they turn the vessel ere too late!
Must we sail by, as many times before?
They make mistakes, and lay it all to Fate
That we have never reached the longed-for shore."

And as he talks the old man's eager eyes
Are looking southward, where he hopes to see
The purple peaks, crowned with strange glory, rise
'Neath fairer skies than those of Italy.
No sight of land breaks on his hopeful eyes.
"Ah, we have missed them, as so oft before!
And we were near, so near to them," he cries.
"Must we sail on and on forevermore!"

Where are our Happy Islands! Must we sail
Forever past them when so near they seem?
Blow from the shores we left, O favoring gale,
And waft us to the shores that haunt each dream!
O fellow voyagers, pray God we find
The land we seek and do not pass it by!
Oh, blow us to the south, inconstant wind!
For there, we think, the Happy Islands lie.
—*Eben E. Rexford, in Our Continent.*

A VOYAGE NOT OF PLEASURE.

"Is Mr. Warfield in?" I heard inquired in the outer office in a lady's voice.

I went to the door and ushered in the visitor. She was young, handsome, and in weeds.

"I am Mr. Warfield," I said, handing her a chair and taking one opposite; "can I be of any service to you, madam?"

"I wish you to write my will," she replied. "I am to sail on the Penrose for Liverpool this evening, and I think it prudent to provide against accident."

Then, without waiting to be questioned, she went on, with singular clearness, to give a statement of her property, and how she desired it disposed of. The extent of her possessions agreeably surprised me. I hadn't had such a client before. It was my first year in practice, and hitherto the notaryship of the Goldenshekel Bank had been my most profitable business.

"I can have the paper ready in a couple of hours," I said. "Will you wait or return?"

"I have many things to attend to," she answered. "Would it be asking too much to request you to meet me on the steamer at five? There will be a couple of friends there to see me off, and they can act as witnesses."

I assured her it would afford me pleasure to comply with her request, after which she took her leave.

Promptly at the hour I was on board the Penrose, where I found my fair client in company with two gentlemen, one of whom she introduced as her cousin, Mr. Alfred Yawton, and the other as her friend, Captain Deverall.

Withdrawing to a table at the end of the saloon, we took seats and the will was read over, when Mrs. Varney—that, I had forgot to mention, was the lady's name—affixed her signature, and the two gentlemen, at her request, and with the usual formalities, subscribed as witnesses.

My fee, which I fixed at a liberal but fair amount, was paid gracefully, when Mrs. Varney excused herself to look to the disposal of her luggage, leaving me, for the present, with Cousin Yawton and the Captain.

The former jokingly proposed a glass of wine by way of reviver after the late solemn business; and calling a servant to whom he spoke privately, we were shown into a stateroom, or rather a private cabin, sumptuously furnished, whither bottles and glasses soon followed.

Mr. Yawton did the honors. Stepping to the sideboard, he filled us each a glass.

Instantly after drinking, a burning heat scorched my throat. My temples throbbed. My brain seemed on fire, and felt as if in a dizzy whirl. I endeavored to cry out, but my swollen tongue and parched throat refused to utter a sound. I started to rush out, but my steps tottered and I fell insensible.

My first consciousness was of being shaken gently by the shoulder.

"Breakfast, sah?" a voice asked.

Opening my eyes, I found myself in bed with a violent headache, which was not a little aggravated by a rough, pitching motion, every jar of which caused a fresh dart of pain.

"Where am I?" I inquired of a white-aproned colored servant standing near.

Just then a grave looking gentleman entered, and began feeling my pulse.

"Where am I?" I repeated, growing more and more excited.

"Pray be calm, sir" the gentleman entreated; "seasickness often makes people a little delirious, but you'll be all right presently."

A glance about the room sufficed to show it was the same I had entered in company with Mr. Yawton and Captain Deverall. The bottles and glasses still stood on the sideboard. The doctor eyed them suspiciously, no doubt thinking he had discovered the true explanation of my seemingly abnormal mental state.

"Please send the Captain here," I said, with what calmness I could muster.

When the Captain came, I narrated the facts which the reader already knows; and learned, in return, that my passage had been paid and stateroom secured the previous afternoon, after which my trunk had been brought on board. And, sure enough, there it was in a corner of the room. The lady and two gentlemen who had met me on board had left the ship before she hove anchor, and we were now several hundred miles on our way to Liverpool.

That I was the victim of a plot, was but too evident; but the motive of the plotters was a mystery to which I had, as yet, no clew.

We had a long and stormy passage, to me made all the more tedious by a torturing anxiety as to what might be in prospect.

Another and not the least source of my uneasiness lay in the fact that the day fixed for my wedding with Lucy Joyce would come and pass before I could return.

We reached Liverpool at last, and as we entered the dock, a newsman came on board with American papers, brought by a vessel which had left two days later than ours.

I procured one, and almost the first paragraph my eye fell upon sent the blood curdling to my heart.

"The Goldenshekel Bank," the item ran, "was robbed yesterday. A large amount in money and bonds was abstracted from the safe, and at first there was no clew to the authorship of the crime. Later developments, however, would seem to clear up the mystery. A young lawyer, the bank's notary, it appears, sailed for Liverpool on the Penrose the very evening on which the theft transpired. Mr. Elmore, a trusted clerk of the institution, suggests that the fugitive notary knew the combination on which the safe was locked. The Penrose is a slow vessel, and detectives, who have gone on a faster sailer, will probably succeed in heading the criminal."

My first impulse was to fly to the nearest telegraph office, and send back a true statement of the facts, and then surrender to the authorities and demand an investigation.

But there was no time to execute the plan; for just then I was seized by a couple of officers, who hurried me to my stateroom.

"Your trunk key," one of them demanded.

I delivered it over, and a rapid search revealed, at the bottom of my trunk, a thick packet, which, on being opened, was found to contain the stolen bonds!

A wild cry escaped me. I asserted my innocence, but my words were received with an incredulous sneer, and I saw it was useless to continue.

They kept me in irons till the first return vessel sailed. The agony of the voyage back, I do not wish to recall by its recital.

The day we landed, a carriage was at the pier, in which I was placed with a keen-looking man who appeared to have been waiting.

A brisk drive brought us to one of the city courts, where I was asked to alight and accompany my companion, who led the way to a room where a magistrate was sitting, and where, to my no small surprise, I saw Madame Varney, Cousin Yawton and Captain Deverall occupying a seat together, and Jared Elmore, the "trusted clerk," at their side. Doubtless they had all been summoned to testify against me.

But there was another surprise in store. I was myself the first witness called. It was my first opportunity to tell my story calmly and collectedly, and I did so. It was listened to attentively, and this time without any sneers of incredulity.

But the greatest surprise of all was yet to come. The next witness was he who had accompanied me in the carriage; and judge of my astonishment when he told how, having secreted himself, he had overheard a conversation between the four worthies whom I had taken for accusing witnesses, in which they had recounted the robbery of the bank, which Jared Elmore, the "trusted," had effected by discovering the combination and stealing the safe-key; and how they had gone over the details of their plot to fasten the crime on me by giving me the appearance of a fugitive, and concealing in my trunk, which they had obtained from my boarding-house on a forged order, the stolen bonds which they dared not dispose of owing to the precautions taken by the authorities.

The first use made of my freedom was to hurry to the home of Lucy Joyce, whither the story of my vindication had preceded me. We lost no time in appointing another wedding-day, and this time there was no postponement.

Jared Elmore, who had before striven to supplant me with Lucy, and who had sought revenge for his failure, by shuffling off his own crime on me, is now, with his accomplices, doing the State some service.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Hydrophobia or Insanity?

Newark physicians are puzzled to diagnose the disease from which John Wilkinson, a car driver, living in Roseville, is suffering. He was taken ill several days ago and manifested all the symptoms of hydrophobia. He snapped and snarled and growled like an ugly dog, but evinced no aversion to water; when it was offered to him he bit the dipper, but drank its contents, and from this fact it is inferred that his disease is not hydrophobia, but a form of insanity. He creeps on his hands and knees, and to keep him from attacking other persons and things with his teeth a cane is given him to gnaw. As he rolls it between his teeth he growls and snarls like a dog disappointed at finding no meat on a bone that had been served to it. When Dr. Titus went to the house to prescribe for him he found a chair against the door, and was obliged to climb in through the window. As the doctor raised the sash Wilkinson sprang at him with the ferocity of a bloodhound, barking and snarling, and tried to bite him. The physician seized him by the hair, and held him until he had put the sufferer in a straight-jacket. Wilkinson's friends say he was bitten by a dog when young, and insist that he has hydrophobia, notwithstanding the judgment of the physician to the contrary. Dr. Titus believes that the patient has been reading of hydrophobia, and that the symptoms are due to the effect of the reading on his mind. He is in a precarious condition. His father was insane when he died.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A Vicksburg engineer says the Mississippi has an average depth of ten feet at low water increasing to fifty in times of flood; and that as the bottom is soft loam or sand which goes down two hundred feet before it reaches gravel, no levees can be constructed which will not be liable to undermining by the freshet.

—One of the leaders of the Delaware Senate is Dr. Mustard. He draws well and is reckoned a very smart man

PITH AND POINT.

—I don't rekollect doing ennything that I was just a little ashamed ov but what somebody remembered it, and was sure, once in a while, to put me in mind of it.—*Josh Billings.*

—We see that "fur-lined circulars are fashionable again." People had much better advertise in the newspapers than waste their money sending fur-lined circulars through the post-office.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—There are twenty Greeks in Chicago, hence when they meet there are ten tugs of war. The Secretary of the Navy should buy up those tugs of war without delay, and then we would have a navy.—*Texas Siftings.*

—If inventors and scientists assert that the wasted energy of Niagara Falls and of the swell of the ocean can be utilized and transmitted to run all the machinery of all the factories in the world, why can not a kind of harness be made to fit the lower jaw of a barber?—*Chicago Herald.*

—A gentleman was talking to the owner of a ferocious bull-dog, and asked him the question; "Do you think your dog would become fond of a stranger?" "Yes," replied the dog-fancier, "if he was raw, but he wouldn't if the stranger was cooked."

—A Brooklyn lady caught a burglar in her room and compelled him to marry her. Since this terrible punishment there has been a great falling off in the number of robberies in Brooklyn, and it is proposed to cut down the police force one-half. There are more ways than one to make burglary odious.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Student" wants to know what is meant by "a dead letter." Well, a letter asking you to subscribe fifty dollars for the society for the amelioration of the condition of the worthy poor, comes about as near being a dead letter as anything we know of. If it isn't dead, in ten cases out of nine it might as well be.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An esthete has been delivering himself of an eloquent tirade against the invasion of the sacred domain of art by the meaner herd of trades-people and miscellaneous nobodies, and finally, rising to an alpine height of scorn, exclaims: "Aye, all of you here are Philistines—mere Philistines!" "Yes," said an old gentleman, softly, "we are Philistines, and I suppose that is why we are being assaulted with the jawbone of an ass."—*Chicago News.*

—Oh, the hog, the beautiful hog, curling his tail as he watches the dog; defying the law for his bread and meat; roaming at large through every street; hunting, grunting, nosing around, till the open front gate is sure to be found—with its hinges broken and ruined quite by the lovers that hung there Sunday night; it won't stay shut; it won't hang level; in walks the hog and raises the—Old Nick with the flower beds and other things.—*Montezuma (Ga.) Weekly.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Albemarle County, Va., yearly ships a supply of Albemarle pippins to Queen Victoria. This famous apple can not be produced elsewhere than in Albemarle county, losing its distinctive flavor if grown in any other soil.

—The rice paper of commerce is not paper grown from rice, as its name would imply, but is the pith of a certain plant cut spirally with a very sharp knife, opened out into sheets, and pressed flat, when it is ready for the market.—*Chicago News.*

—Dispatches from Calcutta report that the Attock bridge across the Indus in the Punjab is nearly completed, and that trains are likely to run over it by the 1st of May. This will give India an unbroken line of railway from Calcutta to Pershawur, a distance of some 1,600 miles.

—Frank Kittredge, of Danville, Vt., has constructed a model for a new steam engine, whose chief distinction is that it does away entirely with the piston movement. Mr. Kittredge's engine consists of a deep rimmed wheel, with movable floats therein, something on the plan of a turbine water-wheel, and the steam is discharged against the inclosed wheel, which he claims will furnish a steady and continuous power, and more of it than can be procured from the piston movement.

—Industrial art now employs the skins of certain sharks in jewelry, as for sleeve buttons and the like—these, when dried and polished, almost equaling the choicest stones, and greatly resembling the fossil coral porites. The vertebræ of the shark are always in demand for canes. The opening filled with marrow during life is for this purpose fitted with a steel or iron rod, the side openings are filled with mother-of-pearl, and, when polished, the cane is decided ornamental.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In an article published in one of the German scientific journals on the effect of the color of glass bottles on the liquids contained in them, some interesting facts are stated. It appears from this that liquors contained in colorless bottles, when exposed for some time to the light, acquire a disagreeable taste, notwithstanding the fact that they may have been of superior quality before being so treated; liquors contained in brown or green bottles, however, remain unchanged in quality, even if exposed to direct sunlight. Since, then, the re[illegible] question are due to the chemical action of light, it follows that red, orange, yellow, green or opaque bottles are essential to the preservation of liquors, while colorless, blue and violet ones are to be discarded.

—Among the various uses to which electricity may be put there is one of a very practical nature, which promises to effect a very great saving of property and life. It consists of an arrangement for the immediate stopping of an engine, by merely pressing a button similar to those by which electric bells and fire alarms are sounded. This button may be placed at any distance from the engine upon which it acts, and the inventor proposes that a number of such buttons should be placed throughout the factory or elsewhere where the apparatus is in use. The principle of the contrivance depends upon the action of an electro magnet upon the stop valve of the engine.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Religious.

BEAUTIFUL SABBATH.

Beautiful Sabbath! Day of Rest,
Beautiful day which God hath blest;
Beautiful hymns of praise so bright,
Beautiful Chapel, God its light;
Oh! how I love these sacred hours,
With droppings sweet from Mercy's showers.

Blessed Sabbath! Blessed Sabbath!
Beautiful Sabbath—Day of Rest!

Beautiful thoughts which fill the breast,
Beautiful robe in which we're dressed;
Beautiful prayers to God above,
Beautiful Heaven where all is love;
Onward I journey to that Home,
From whence I never more shall roam.

Blessed Sabbath! Blessed Sabbath!
Beautiful Sabbath—Day of Rest!

Beautiful Bible! Precious truth,
Beautiful guide of age and youth;
Beautiful teachings, oh! how sweet—
Beautiful rest—at Jesus' feet!
Oh! may I, when my work is done,
Hear the Master say: "The crown is won."

Blessed Sabbath! Blessed Sabbath!
Beautiful Sabbath—Day of Rest!
—*N. O. Picayune.*

LIVING UP TO OUR BEST INTENTIONS.

If our best moods dominated all our life, we should all live well. We all mean to live well: at least, there are times with all of us when we resolve to do so. New Year's days, birth-days, communion Sundays, and other times when the realities of life stand out in clear relief and impress us with unusual vividness, start in most of us serious thoughts, and inspire in us lofty aspirations and earnest intentions. We are very apt then to make excellent resolutions, and to start off in new and higher planes of living. It would be well for us if there were some way of perpetuating these better moods and of living up to these good intentions. Too often, however, the serious impressions are but transient, and there is too little vitality in the good intentions and resolutions to make them potent impulses for many days.

Of course we can not make our lives beautiful merely by alternately adopting resolutions of amendment and wailing out dolorous confessions of failure. Life runs deeper than words. Beauty is not fashioned by evanescent good intentions. Blemishes and stains are not covered up, nor flaws mended, by penitential sighings of regret. Mere spasms of true living do not give grandeur to a life. If the temple is to be strong and stately, every stone must be cut and set with care. If the texture is to be attractive, every thread of web and woof must be bright and clean, and the weaving must be with uniform skill and care. If a life is to be admirable when finished, its periodical good intentions must become strong, self-sustaining principles, shaping its every act, and ruling all its days and hours.

It ought not to be impossible to live up to the impulses of our best moods, or at least to do so to a much greater degree than most of us realize. In many of these good intentions our element of weakness lies in their vagueness or indefiniteness. We simply resolve to be better this year than last, or to do more good in the future than in the past; but we have no clear and distinct conception in our minds of the points in which we will be better, or of the particular ways in which we will increase our usefulness. Our ideas of living better and doing greater good are nebulous and undefined.

We would be much more apt to succeed in our new purposes if we reduced them to definite and practical shape. In what respects will we amend our ways? This question starts another: What are our faults? Wherein do we fail in living? In what points are our characters defective? What are the mistakes we have been making? The answers to these questions will indicate to us the ways in which we particularly need to live better. Then, in what definite ways will we strive to be more useful? To what new Christian work will we put our hands? Upon what new lines of service will we enter? Just what old mistakes are we to avoid? If we would bring our vague, hazy ideas of greater usefulness down into some practical forms, and then enter at once upon the execution of our resolutions, they would be much more likely to become permanent, and to grow into our life.

Another element of weakness in many of our desires for better life and larger usefulness is that we think of great and perhaps impossible attainments, and overlook the simple things that lie within our reach. No violent, overstrained exertions are necessary to a noble life, no superhuman efforts and achievements—nothing but every-day duty faithfully done. The most of us must be content to live what are regarded as common-place lives, without attracting the attention of the world, or winning the laurels of fame. We must, for the greater part, devote ourselves to the duties that spring out of our ordinary business, social and domestic relations. The pressure of life's necessities is so great that we can not often turn aside to do things that lie outside of our common calling. Whatever service we render to Christ must be rendered in and along the line of these relations, and while we are busied in the imperative duties which every day brings to our hands.

It is just at this point that many fail. They spend all their life seeking for the place in this world which they were intended to fill. They never settle down to anything with any sort of restful or content[illegible]. They have a lofty ideal of a very brilliant life, to which they would like to attain, in which their powers would find full scope, and where they could achieve great things. But in their present condition, with its limitations, they can accomplish nothing worthy of their powers. So they go on discontented with their lot and sighing for another; and while they sigh the years glide away, and soon they will come to the end to find that they have missed every opportunity of doing anything worthy of an immortal being in the passage from time to eternity.

The truth is, one's vocation is never some far-off possibility; it is always the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. Some one has pictured the days as coming to us with their faces veiled; but when they have passed beyond our recall the draped figures become radiant, and the gifts we rejected are seen to be treasures fit for king's houses. No day is commonplace if only we had eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings to us the possibility of kingly service.

We greatly mistake, therefore, if we think there is no opportunity for ordinary people to make their years beautiful—to fill them with acceptable Christian service. There is room in the commonest relations of life, not only for fidelity, but for heroism. No ministry is more pleasing to the Master than that of cheerful and hearty faithfulness to lowly duty, when there is no pen to write its history, and no voice to proclaim its praise. To be a good husband—loving, tender, unselfish and cherishing; or a good wife—thoughtful, helpful, uncomplaining and inspiring, is most acceptable service. To live well in one's place in the world, adorning one's calling, however lowly; doing one's most prosaic work diligently and honestly, and dwelling in love and unselfishness with all men, is to live grandly. To fight well the battle with one's own lusts and tempers, and to be victorious in the midst of the countless temptations and provocations of everyday experience, is to be a Christian hero.

There is a field, therefore, for better living very close at home. It is in these common things that most of us must make our progress and win our distinction. And there is room enough in these prosaic duties and opportunities for very noble and beautiful lives. There is nothing possible to a human soul greater than simple faithfulness. "She hath done what she could" was the highest commendation that ever fell from the Master's lips. An angel could do no more. When we are resolving to live more grandly in the future than in the past, it will help us to bring our eyes down from the far-off mountain peaks, where there is nothing for us to do, and look close about our feet, where lie many neglected duties, and many unimproved opportunities and many possibilities of higher attainment in spirit, in temper, in speech, in heart.

Another element of weakness in much of our resolving is that we try to grasp too much of life at one time. We think of it as a whole, instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill. The only way to make a perfect chain is to fashion each separate link with care as it passes through our hands. A lady who teaches a kindergarten school put into each little child's hand, at the opening of the new year, a book with three hundred and sixty-five white blank pages, instructing them to take just one page each day; and to put upon it something, whatever they desired, a little sketch, or picture, or design, and then bring the book to her again at the end of the year.

It is thus each year of life comes to us—for each day a clean, white page; and we are artists, whose duty it is to put something beautiful on the pages one by one; or we are poets, and are to write some lovely thought, some radiant sentence, on each as it lies open before use; or we are historians, and must give to the page some record of work or duty or victory to enshrine and carry away.

It ought not to be hard to live well one day. Any one should be able to carry his burden, or fight his battle, or endure his sorrow, or stand at his work, for one day. Any one should be able to remember God, and keep his heart open toward Heaven; and to remember others in need and suffering about him, and keep his hand stretched out in helpfulness, for just one day. Yet that is all there is to do. We never have more than one day to live. We have no to-morrows. God never gives us years, or even weeks; he gives us only days. If we live each day well, all our life will, in the end, be radiant and beautiful.—*S. S. Times.*

Wise Sayings.

—Neglect the duty of any hour, and it is an hour irretrievably lost.

—The light of friendship, like phosphorus, is seen most plainly when all around is dark.

—That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient: "Do something for somebody."

—Under every missed opportunity to do good to others there are items of loss to ourselves, which we may not estimate.

—The least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.—*Bishop Potter.*

—Adversity is always hard to bear, but multitudes testify that it is the best friend they ever had. If we use adversity and reverses we are always profited; but if we allow them to use us we are the victims of tyrants.—*Golden Rule.*

—Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty, and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightenest thy load by lightening his.—*Augustine.*

—Each solitary kind action that is done, the whole world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning; and these three never converted any one, unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness, keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.—*F. W. Faber.*

—Dr. Laman, who proposes to supply New York City with water from the Adirondack region, says the estimated flow from the 2,[illegible]00 square miles of that territory is 300,000,000,000 gallons daily, which could be brought to New York through a tunnel along the Hudson.

—Six serviceable cannons were made of ice during the recent carnival at Montreal. Planks two inches in thickness were shattered and iron balls were thrown nearly a quarter of a mile by these guns.

—The drivers and conductors of the Market Street Railway, Philadelphia, are furnished hot coffee by the company free of cost, and twelve hundred cups are drank each day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Our Young Folks.

SHE WHO LOVES BUTTER.

Nannie Nutter is fond of butter.
When lovely summer comes blooming in.
No need to ask, 'mid the grass a-'nutter,
Holding a king cup under the chin,
"Do you love butter?" for Nannie Nutter—
"Oh, my!" say all, "how she does love butter!"

Nannie Nutter, so fond of butter,
Always asks for more on her bread;
Has even been known to pout and sputter
If mamma objected and some one said—
How could they help it—"Why, Nannie Nutter,
'Tis butter and bread, not bread and butter!"

With Nannie Nutter, 'tis butter, butter—
Butter on pudding, potatoes, meat,
Tart, cream-pie. She'd thank you to shut her
Into a firkin with nothing to eat
But butter and butter: for Nannie Nutter,
You know, at present is friends with butter.

"Something to eat," they heard her utter
Before the lamps were lighted for tea.
She was given a slice of only butter;
Tasted a bit, but could not see.
Then spoke the famishing Nannie Nutter:
"Can't I have on it a little butter?"
—*Our Little Ones.*

A GIRL'S DARING.

Until she was nineteen years old Dorothy lived a very uneventful life, for one week was much the same as another in the placid existence of the village. On Sundays mornings, when the church bells began to ring, you would meet her walking over the moor with a springy step. Her shawl was gray, and her dress was of the most pronounced color that could be bought in the market-town. Her brown hair was gathered in a net, and her calm eyes looked from under an old-fashioned bonnet of straw. Her feet were always bare, but she carried her shoes and stockings slung over her shoulder. When she got near the church she sat down in the shade of a hedge and put them on; then she walked the rest of the distance with a cramped and civilized gait.

Every boat went away north one evening, and not a man remained in the Row, excepting three very old fellows, who were long past work of any kind. When a fisherman grows helpless with age, he is kept by his own people, and his days are passed in quietly smoking on a kitchen settle or in looking dimly out over the sea from the bench at the door. A southerly gale with a southerly sea came away in the night, and the boats could not beat down from the northward. By daylight they were all safe in a harbor about eighteen miles north of the village. The sea grew worse and worse, and the usual clouds of foam flew against the houses or skimmed away into the fields beyond. When the wind reached its height the sounds it made in the hollows were like distant firing of small arms, and the waves in the hollow rocks seemed to shake the ground over the cliffs. A little schooner came round the point running before the sea. She might have got clear away, because it was easy enough for her, had she clawed a short way out, risking the beam sea, to have made the harbor where the fishers were. But the skipper kept her close in and presently she struck on a long tongue of rocks that trended far out eastward. The tops of her masts seemed nearly to meet, so it appeared as if she had broken her back. The seas flew sheer over her, and the men had to climb into the rigging. All the women were watching and waiting to see her go to pieces. There was no chance of getting a boat out, so the helpless villagers waited to see the men go down, and the women cried out in their shrill, piteous manner. Dorothy said: "Will she break up in an hour? If I thowt she would hing there I would be away for the life-boat." But the old men said. "You can never cross the burn." Four miles south, behind the point, there was a village where a life-boat was kept; but just half way a stream ran into the sea, and across this stream there was only a plank bridge. Half a mile below the bridge the water spread far over the broad sand and became very shallow and wide. Dorothy spoke no more, except to say: "I'll away." She ran across the moor for a mile, and then scrambled down to the sand, so that the tearing wind might not impede her. It was dangerous work for the next mile. Every yard of the way she had to splash through the foam, because the great waves were rolling up very near to the foot of the cliffs. An extra strong sea might have caught her off her feet, but she did not think of that; she only thought of saving her breath by escaping the direct onslaught of the wind. When she came to the mouth of the burn her heart failed her for a little. There was three-quarters of a mile of water, covered with creamy foam, and she did not know but what she might be taken out of her depth. Yet she determined to risk it, and plunged in at a run. The sand was hard under foot but she sa'd, when the piled foam came softly up to her waist, she "felt gey funny." Halfway across she stumbled into a hole, caused by a whirling eddy, and she thought all was over; but her nerve never failed her, and she struggled till she got a footing again. When she reached the hard ground she was wet to the neck, and her hair was sodden with her one plunge "over head." Her clothes troubled her with their weight in crossing the moor: so she put off all she did not need: and pressed forward again. Presently she reached the house where the coxswain of the life-boat lived. She gasped out: "The schooner! On the Letch! Norrad."

The coxswain, who had seen the schooner go past, knew what was the matter. He said "Here, wife, look after the lass," and ran out. The "lass" needed looking after, for she had fainted. But her work was well done; the life-boat went round the point, ran north, and took six men ashore from the schooner. The Captain had been washed overboard, but the others were saved by Dorothy's daring and endurance. The girl is as simple as ever, and she knows nothing whatever about Grace Darling. If she were offered any reward she would probably wonder why she should receive any.—*St. James' Gazette.*

One Rainy Day.

One day, it just rained and rained and *rained* at our house, and we had to stay in.

And every time we went to play anything, Aunt Nela said: "Oh, stop that noise, children!"

And if you took anything, she said: "Let that be! let that be." And it was *awful* in the house.

I got a big shawl and spread it over three chairs, and I got my dollies and my dishes and played under the shawl; and I asked Danny wouldn't he play "keep house" just to-day, because it was raining and he couldn't play out doors anyway.

I told him I'd lend him my "Dotty" and my "Sissy" and my very best dolly, "Helena,"—if he'd be real good to her. And I'd keep Rose and Violet and Matilda myself, and then we would have three children apiece.

Rose and Violet are twins. They are made out of two dumb-bells, with a long towel pinned around each of them. They look just exactly alike, and they've got round, bald heads just like *real* babies.

But Danny wouldn't play keep house. He said he'd never be a tom-girl and play with dolls, no matter if it rained forever and ever and ever:

And then he put his hands in his pockets and looked the way he always does when he *won't do it.* And then you know there isn't any use in teasing him.

But after a while it didn't rain so hard, and Aunt Nelia said we might go and play in the barn. But we must stay *in* the barn and not go out into the yard, even if it didn't rain one single drop.

We like to play in the barn.

There isn't anything in it but a big pile of hay—and in one corner there's lots of ears of corn.

We play Danny is a dentist. And the ears of corn are ladies come to have their teeth pulled.

I walk them along over the floor to Danny, and he screws the monkey-wrench down tight on one of the kernels—that's a tooth—and then he gives a pull and out it comes! And then I have to holler like everything for the lady, because it hurts her so.

Danny talks to the lady. *He says:* "Madam, I won't hurt you in the least." He heard a dentist say that once to a lady.

Danny had a tooth pulled that same time that the lady did, and he never hollered a bit when his tooth was pulled, and it hurt him *awful*—and bled and bled.

But the *lady* hollered.

Danny thinks she was a coward.

But *I* don't; I think it *did* hurt her. And Aunt Nelia said to Danny: "Wait till you have a double tooth out, and see if you don't holler, too!"

We pulled ever so many teeth that day in the barn. But after a while we got tired of playing that, and we wished we had the new little white pigs in the barn with us to play with. They were only three days old, and they were just as cunning and little as they could be.

Danny said he'd run across to the shed and get us one apiece to play with.

But it was awful muddy in the cow-yard, and I was afraid Aunt Nelia would scold if Danny got his shoes muddy.

But Danny said he would get Uncle Eben's big rubber boots off from the back porch and put on, and then he wouldn't get muddy a bit.

And so he went and got them. And he looked *so* funny with them on! they came clear up to his jacket on him.

And then he went to get the little pigs.

But afterwards Danny and me wished he hadn't gone for them at all.

He could not walk very well with the big boots on, and when he got most to the shed, he couldn't walk at all. He just couldn't take another step, and his boots sank way down. And it began to rain, and there was Danny sticking in the mud!

Pretty soon he stepped out of the rubber boots, and he began to pull at one of the boots, to get it out, and the boot flew up, and Danny fell right over backwards into the mud.

He got up and oh, he was just as *muddy!*

And then we had to go into the house, for I couldn't scrape the mud off—and Danny was so wet.

And Aunt Nelia scolded like everything, and she put Danny to bed—all alone up-stairs. And she made me stay down-stairs.

But she didn't know a *thing* about Uncle Eben's boots—yet.

And I was afraid to tell.

I could see one of them standing in the mud there yet—out of the kitchen window.

I kept looking to see if it was there—and it always was.

After a while Uncle Eben wanted his boots, and he said: "Where are my rubber boots?"

Then I had to show him where one of the boots was, and I told him how it got there, and he wasn't mad a bit. He laughed. But Aunt Nelia said:

"Well, I declare! If I hadn't sent that boy to bed already, I certainly should now!"

And when Uncle Eben went out and got his boot, it was full of water, clear to the top.—*Youth's Companion.*

What is Demanded of the Boston Reporter.

"This will never do," said the local editor to the new reporter. "You say that 'The man was killed.' That is too tame. You should have said that 'he was crushed into a shapeless mass,' or, his 'reeking corpse presented a ghastly sight.' Then you make the bald statement that 'the doctor was not needed.' 'The services of the physician were not called into requisition'—that's how you should have put it. That's journalism, that is. Then you say nothing of the 'sickening [illegible] painfully neglectful of the fact that 'the man's features were distorted out of all semblance of humanity,' and you haven't a word to say of 'scattered fragments' or of 'blood' or 'bruises' or 'the screams of the horrified spectators.' No. It will never do; journalism has no use for you, young man. Go into something more congenial; go into the ministry, or secure the position of lecturer to a deaf and dumb asylum."—*Boston Transcript.*

—When Mme. Nilsson, in Atlanta recently, sang "Way Down on the Suwanee River," all the colored people in the gallery cried. Mme. Nilsson, whose brothers and sisters are wedded to their peasant life in Sweden, will, with her adopted son, consider New York as her home.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. FEB. 28, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	1 "	40
¼ "	1 "	20
1 "	½ "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free: over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

GAMBETTA'S coffin is said to have been buried under $100,000 worth of flowers.

FROM the tone of the state press the wheat looks badly throughout Kentucky.

IN Crittenden county there are nine colored school teachers, and they are going to hold an institute.

THE flood destroyed all the ice that had been put up at Carrollton, but as that is a local option town ice is not a necessity now.

IT is stated that during the last year in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania 296 persons were killed and 1,014 injured, "accidently."

THOMAS G. STUART, of the Winchester Democrat, wants to go back to the legislature and has announced himself a candidate for reelection.

J. J. ORR, who was a candidate for circuit judge in this district three years ago, is now editing the Owen News. Success to him is our wish.

NATHAN BENNETT, jeweler, has been arrested in New York on the charge of receiving the $14,000 worth of jewelry stolen from Senator Christiancy in Washington in 1881.

THE Breckinridge News nominates Henry T. Stanton, of the Frankfort Yeoman, for Register of the Land Office, and gives him a very gracefully written encomium.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 15@7 40; fair to good packers, at $6 75@7 15; fair to good light, $6 85@7 10; common, $6 00@6 60; culls, $4 50@5 65; stock hogs, $5 25@6 25

THE Carrollton Democrat says: "A portion of the Hayden farm, near the lock, has been cultivated in corn for seventy years, continously; and part of the Chats Dean farm, near Worthville, for a much longer period—nearly a hundred years. Such is the value of the deposits from overflows."

THE original South Carolina ordinance of secession is preserved in the office of the Secretary of State at Columbia. It is written on parchment, is entitled an "Ordinance to dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and other States, united with her under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America," and is very brief, containing besides the title, date, etc., but a little more than 100 words.

WHILE depositions were being taken at Richmond, Virginia, the other day, in the contested Congressional election case of John E. Massie against John S. Wisn, an altercation between the two resulted in Wise slapping Massie in the face. They were both arrested and bailed to appear before the police court. They are both Readjusters, but Massie has repudiated Mahone while Wise is one of his most faithful followers.

GREAT interest was manifested both in and out of the State in the sale of horse stock in Central Kentucky last week. One hundred and forty head of horses were disposed of for $46,555, an everage of $332 53. Seventy out of the 140 went to buyers out of the State. These sold for $21,160 and average of $302 28, Kentucky evidently keeping the cream for herself. Many large private purchases were made by outside parties.—Courier-Journal:

Miscegenation, or marriage between blacks and whites, is forbidden by the laws of nearly every State in the Union, Many persons have regarded, these [illegible] conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, and an effort was made to have them set aside on that ground. The question has just been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, which takes the position that the amendment is not violated by such laws, because not colored people alone are aimed at by the laws referred to, but white people are punished as well, and there is, therefore, no distinction made on account of race or color—Ex

KENTUCKY COURT OF APPEALS.
FRANKFORT, February 5, 1883.

John A. Roberts, &c.,
vs. } Kenton.
Joseph C. Jenkins, &c.

Judge Lewis delivered the opinion of the court, as follows:

This is an action upon an appeal bond executed by appellee Jenkins, and Norris, his surety, pending an appeal by Jenkins and others vs. the Boone County Court, &c., from a judgment rendered by the Boone circuit court in April, 1872.

It appears that in 1864 appellants borrowed a large sum of money, which was used in the payment of bounties to soldiers enlisted in the United States Army to supply the places of men drafted under a call of the President in July, 1864, to fill the quota of Boone county.

By acts of the General Assembly passed in 1865, the Boone County court was empowered to issue county bonds and to levy a tax upon the property of the county to repay to appellants the amount so advanced and used. But before the bonds were issued and the tax levied, P. B. Cloud and others filed their petition in the Boone Circuit court against Coleman Judge of the county court, and others, including appellants, and obtaining a writ of prohibition enjoining and prohibiting the sale of the bonds and collection of the tax.

This court, in the case of Cloud, &c., vs Coleman, &c., 1 Bush 548 held that the acts referred to were void as to all tax-payers of the county who neither aided in procuring their passage, acquiesced in, approve, nor received benefits from them; but as to others, the acts were self-imposed, and they had no right to repudiate or resist their enforcement.

Upon the return of the case to the circuit court commissioners were appointed to hear proof, to report to the court names of those belonging to any of the classes held liable by this court, and at the April term, 1872, of the circuit court, judgment was rendered, in which it was decided that the only mode for the collection of the necessary money was by a tax to be enforced by the county court, and that the persons whose names were upon the schedules appended to the judgment, appellee Jenkins being one of them, were within some one of the classes held liable to taxation for that purpose according to the opinion of this court in the case of Cloud vs. Coleman.

In July, 1872 the Boone County Court convened for the purpose, as stated in the order then made, of levying a tax upon the persons bound to pay the same, as directed in the judgment of the circuit court rendered in April. And it was then ordered that for the purpose of discharging the amount so adjudged by the circuit court to be raised, the assessments be made against the persons and for the amounts directed by that judgment. At the same term, as required by the acts of 1865, a collector and treasurer were elected by the county court.

After that order was made the appeal from the judgment rendered by the circuit court in April, 1872, before referred to, was brought to this court, and in December, 1875, the judgment was affirmed.

It is alledged in the petition in this case that, in pursuance of the judgment of April, 1872, the Boone county court did levy upon the property of the appellant Jenkins to pay his pro rata portion of the amount to be so collected, such portion being $4,690 75, no part of which he has ever paid.

That he, and Norris, his surety, pending said appeal, executed before clerk of the court of appeals, said supersedeas bond, and thereupon the clerk issued an order of supersedeas commanding the appellees therein, and all others, to stay proceedings on said judgment, which order was served on the county court, and the collector appointed to collect the tax from Jenkins, and collection thereof was thereby stayed.

The appellants in their petition say that by reason of the breach of the covenants of the appeal bond they have been damaged in said sum of $4,690 75, and interest, and pray judgment therefor.

There can be no question but that the effect of the order of supersedeas served upon the county court and collector has not been only to stay, pending the appeal, the collection of the sum appellee Jenkins was held liable for, but has defeated its collection altogether. For as held by this court in the case of Boone county vs Snyder, decided in 1878, MSS. opinion, the acts of 1865, had in December, 1875, when the judgment of 1872 was affirmed by this court, already expired by their own limitation, and of course the special power conferred by them upon the county court to levy and collect the tax had then also ceased.

But whether the legal effect of the order of supersedeas was to stay the collection under the order of the county court is a different question, and one upon which mainly depends the decision in this case.

A supersedeas, in the language of the Civil Code, "is a written order signed by the clerk commanding the appellee and all others to stay proceedings on the judgment or order," meaning, of course the judgment or order appealed from.

By the supersedeas issued in the case of Jenkins and others vs. the Boone County Court, the appellee and all others were commanded to stay proceedings on the judgment of the circuit court and no other. And as Jenkins covenanted in the appeal bond to satisfy and perform that judgment in case it was affirmed, and to pay to appellees all costs and damages that might be adjudged against him on that appeal, he is only liable in this action for such damages as may have resulted from the stay of proceedings on the judgment appealed from.

The judgment of the circuit court was not for money or property, nor did it require appellee to do any act the payment, or render a performance of which could have been enforced by virture of the judgment, or by any process legally issued in pursuance of it. Nor did this Court upon the appeal render, or order to be rendered by the circuit court, a judgment for money or property, or the performance of any act by the appellants in that case.

The appellants in this case could not have enforced under that judgment the collection of the amount now claimed, or any part of it. It therefore follows that the affirmance of the judgment of April, 1862, did not necessarily give to the appellees in that case, or to the intended beneficiaries under the acts of 1865, any right of action against the obligors in the appeal bond for any more than nominal damages, and the cost of the appeal not here sued for. The collection of the amount for which Jenkins was held liable being enforced under the order of the county court of July, 1872, and not under the circuit court judgment, it is obvious the stay of proceedings on the latter judgment did not prevent its collection, or give to the appellees a right of action on the appeal bond unless the stay of proceedings under the judgment necessarily involved the suspension of the order of the county court.

Notwithstanding the persons held liable, as well as the pro rata persons of each, were ascertained and determined by the judgment of the judgment of the circuit court, still, in respect thereto, the judgment was, as is stated in it, merely directory, and neither final nor mandatory; and, in our opinion, the county court had plenary power and jurisdiction, as the case then stood, to not merely determine the persons who were liable, and the amounts they were liable for, according to the decision of this court, but also to make the levy and collection independent of the judgment of the circuit court.

The county court was in the first instance empowered by the acts of 1865 to do, or order done, all that was required by them, and the circuit court obtained jurisdiction alone by virtue of the writ of prohibition, which involved the validity of the acts themselves. But the decision in the case of Cloud vs. Coleman operated to remit to the county court jurisdiction, exclusive of the circuit court, to enforce the provisions of the acts to the extent and against the classes of persons this court held in that case they could be enforced. For the writ of prohibition had spent its force and the circuit court was, after the decision by this court, without the power to render a judgment in respect to the levy and collection of the tax.

It follows, therefore, that the stay of proceedings on the judgment of the circuit court rendered in April, 1872, did not have the legal effect to suspend the order of the county court and prevent the collection of the amount appellee Jenkins was liable for.

This conclusion is in accordance with the opinion of the court in the case of Boone County vs. Snyder, supra, though this question did not arise in that case. There it was distinctly held that the appeal of Jenkins did not supersede or suspend the levy, and presented no obstruction to the collection of the tax under the order of the county court made in July, 1872.

The judgment of the court below sustaining the general demurer to the petition must be affirmed.

HENRY WATTERSON came to time with his big speech on the tariff question, before the Tennessee legislature. It was one of his ablest efforts, and this is saying a great deal.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Feb., 23, 1883

The receipts dating from last report were 545 hhds, and 7 boxes, of which 534 hhds. and 6 boxes were "original" or country, and 11 hhds. "city," against 1015 and 42 boxes correponding week last year, of which 960 hhds. and 42 boxes were country and 55 hhds. city. Total receipts of the year to date, 3,046 hhds. and 140 boxes of which 2,304 hhds and 134 boxes were country and 197 hhds. city, against 2,122 hhds. and 194 boxes same time last year, of which 2,935 hhds. and 236 boxes were country and 202 hhds. city.

The offerings for the week beginning last Tuesday, were 562 hhds. and 4 boxes, of which 281 hhds. and 4 boxes were new, against 1,453 hhds. and 27 boxes same time last report, of which 666 hhds and 38 boxes were new, and 671 hhds. and 43 boxes corresponding week last year, of which 440 hhds. and 43 boxes were new.

Total offerings for the year to date 7,739 hhds. and 152 boxes, of which 2,094 hhds. and 136 boxes were new, against 7,039 hhds. and 328 boxes same time last year of which 2,948 hhds. and 287 boxes were new.

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50@	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	15 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 50	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	25 25
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Leaf	19	22 00
Good Br't Leaf	22 50	25 50
Fine Br't Leaf	26 00	28 00
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	11 50	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	24
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	18 50
Good Med. Fil'rs	19	22
Good L'f Fillers	22 50	25 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 50	27 75

A SPLENDID OFFER.
Two First-class Papers and a fine Book for Only $3 00.

We have made arrangements to club with the *Indiana Farmer*, the largest and best agricultural journal now published, just what every farmer needs. It is a weekly, 52 issues per year of 16 pages each, cut and bound in magazine form in a shape that may be easily preserved and making an elegant volumn. Its contributors include many of the best agricultural writers of the world, and every number contains instructions and suggestions that will be of more value to any live farmer than the subscription price. The regular price of the *Indiana Farmer* is $2 00 per year. We have made arrangements by which we can furnish the RECORDER and the *Indiana Farmer* for $3 and, besides this, we will present each subscriber with a VALUABLE DICTIONARY of over 500 pages, bound in cloth, and containing *every useful word to be found in the English language*, with its true meaning, derivation, spelling and pronunciation, also a vast amount of absolutely necessary information upon Science, Mythology American History, Constitutions, Laws, Land Titles, Cities, Colleges, Army and Navy, Rate of Mortality, Growth of Cities, Insolvent and Assignment Laws, Debts, Rates of Interest, and other useful knowledge, being a perfect library of refference in one handy volume, which alone is worth the price of either paper. Specimens of the INDIANA FARMER, and also the Dictionary, may be seen by calling at this office. Subscribe at once.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday.
Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

1883

THE CINCINNATI NEWS

A DAILY

Democratic Newspaper.

Is published to subscribers at the following

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THE NEWS, Cincinnati O.

Winding Up the Clock.

When the Weary Wheels Were Almost Still, A Lucky Accident Reveals the Lost Key.)

"How long did you say you had it?"

"Twenty-five years."

"What! a bad cough, with occasional attacks of hemorage, for twenty-five years? Why, man it's a mercy that there's a dozen pounds left of you

Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin County Pa., stuck to his statement, and when the exclamations of wonder ceased, he added:

"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy. But the greatest mercy of all is this, before I actually coughed myself out of existence, I got hold of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and a few bottles of it cured me."

"Cured you? Relieved you, you mean?"

"I mean what I say; it cured me," said Mr. Orner, simply. "I feel like another man."

Please take especial notice: PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a mere essence of ginger; not a mere stomachic. The ordinary preparations of ginger are beneficial for transient aches, but at that point their value ends. Parker's Ginger Tonic covers a far wider and totally different field. It attacks and dissipates radical and chronic diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Nerves. It is as delicious to the palate as it is prompt and effective in operation. Ginger is only one among many powerful curatives which the TONIC holds in combination. Test its virtues for that cough of yours, or for any ills which require an invigorant for the whole system.

And, above all, do not permit yourself to be misled. Parker's Ginger tonic stands alone. Nothing else is "just as good." Prices 50 cents and $1. Economy in buying the larger size. Hiscox & Co., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,
BURLINGTON, KY.
HARNESS MAKER
—AND—
DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞ Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

The public generally and all persons, especially merchants, are hereby notified that my wife Nannie V. Kelly, did, on the 7th day of February, 1883, leave my house and abandon me and my children, without just cause, and that I will not pay or be responsible for any of her acts or debts hereafter made or contracted by her.
This Feb., 9th '83. W. B. KELLY.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

G. H. LOEBKER,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

36 Pike Street,
COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

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J. S. Matson,	J. H. Mersman,	A. R. Mullen,	L. H Dills,	F. P. Helm,
		L. C. Stephens.		

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The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

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Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
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Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

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540 MADISON STREET,

COVINGTON, - - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS

Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky

TRADE MARK,

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜

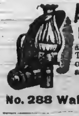
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '81

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

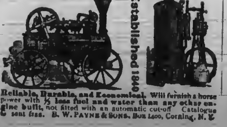
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 8 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.



AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the
CLIPPER M'F'G CO.,
(LIMITED.)
No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.



Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS. Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

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Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW Is the *cheapest* and *best*. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast* and *easy*. *Sent on test trial.* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. *Land Warrants* procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys. Washington, D. C.

Local News.

For $1 you can have the RECORDER from March 1st to Jahnary 1st, 1884.

Saturday was a mud maker.

The river receded very reluctantly.

The poor-house has 20 beneficiaries.

The water courses ran out with a rush Saturday.

Next Monday is county and quarterly court.

We have a drug-store in Petersburg, is the remark, now.

The mumps have come to town again One case reported in the East End.

Rev. C. C. Conner occupied the pulpit in the Universalist church Sunday.

Born—On the 21st inst., to John Kirkpatrick and wife, a ten pound boy.

The grand jury at Nicholasville has indicted Black Clarkson for horsestealing.

The taking of depositions preparatory for Circuit Court has commenced on a small scale.

Cincinnati has had its music festival, water festival and next in order is a May festival.

The roads were so bad last week that persons from the country generally walked to town.

The wheels of industry have commenced moving again in those towns that were inundated.

W. T. Ryle will move to the farm occupied by his father on Gunpowder at the time of his death.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine ever produced for all affections of the throat and lungs.

There is but one bad place in the East Bend road and that commences in Burlington and terminates in East Bend.

The Bellevue market should be well supplied with meat, as each of our butchers take down a wagon load once a week.

Everybody came to town Saturday and brought a basket of eggs with them The hens have commenced business in earnest.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

John Kinman, of Kenton county, fell against a circular saw while in motion, last Friday and had the top of his head sawed off.

The colored population is now on the eve of the month they most dread. The March winds are said to cut their wool like sheep shears.

David Blythe left Monday for Hanover, Ind., having come home last week to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, R. C. Green.

Judging from the stock of valentines the merchants have on hand, the demand for that article must have been limited this season.

John Hanarhan, while assisting in filling a grave at a funeral at Friskburg, Kenton county, Friday, fell dead on the grave from heart disease.

Mr. G. T. Gaines was in town the other day mourning the loss of his cat. Now if you know where Gabe's cat is take it home and be rewarded.

Mr. J. J. Berkshire and Mr. Alfred Cason, two fruit growers in this section think the fruit is all right yet, and anticipate a large crop this season

On the hill near Mrs. Rogers' there is a place in the road that is almost impassable. A man and a sack of corn took a tumble there the other day.

The sale of the Jonathan Utz tract of land on Gunpowder to P. A. Ryle by Mrs. Henrietta Huey, it is said was not perfected from some cause of which we are not advised.

The nicest and best load of apples that has come to this town for some time, was that sent here by Miss Julia Dinsmore, last Friday. They were sold readily at two dollars per barrel.

The last account from Richwood was that Zeke Rice is rapidly improving, and no more cases of small-pox have appeared. Rice, it will be remembered was sent to the Covington hospital.

The Lawrenceburg Register acknowledged receipt of aid from neighboring towns, for the flood sufferers; but left Burlington out in the cold, notwithstanding she contributed her mite.

When in Petersburg, call and see me whether you need anything in the drug line or not. I am in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Bradly for a grocery. Call and see me. S. C. BUCHANAN.

The industry of making "tree molasses," which was indulged in by nearly all our citizens several years since, has become one of the things of the past. There is only an occasional sugar orchard in the county now.

As many persons in the county are interested in suits growing out of the Bounty fund case, and which have been recently decided in the Court of Appeals we give the full text of a decision disposing of them, as published in the Frankfort Yeoman.

The Commonwealth, since the flood, has been presenting Covington's advantages for manufacturing interests. There is no reason why that city should not grow rapidly in that particular, as she has many natural advantages which the high water lately demonstrated are wanting among her neighbors.

On the 20th inst., Mr. John Marshall, who lived near Richwood, while working out in a field was taken sick. He beckoned to one of his hands to come to him and sit down on a stump, and in a few moments he was dead. Cause—heart disease.

The Lawrenceburg Register, last week devoted its columns to the ravages of the flood, and showed up a dreadful state of affairs. Every citizen of the town is a loser to some extent. The pluck and determination of the Lawrenceburgers will soon put the city to rights again.

It is said that there is some talk of a saw-mill being erected on the public spring lot in this town. That would be a good place for such a mill, while this locality would certainly furnish a large quantity of work. This point is central and logs would come from a considerable distance. A grist mill would also command a large patronage and we would be truly glad to see some enterprising person or persons start a saw and grist mill here, which properly handled, we believe would soon develop into a flouring mill.

Real Estate Conveyances.

Mary J. Allphin to Mrs. Ann Mathews, 41 acres near Verona—$1,600.

F. A. Boyd to James N. Pearson, 53½ acres near Florence—$6,300.

Wm. M. Balsly to James L. Riley, 21 acres, part of the John T. Riley farm—$1,500.

W. J. Coyle to John Castello, 42 acres on Woolper—$1,500.

M. B. Bartelle to John M. McHatton 22 acres near Union—$3,330.

Geo. R. White to Henry Hoffman, 84¾ acres on Woolper—$2,500.

Wm. Walton to John E. Walton, 338½ acres on Burlington and Bellevue pike—$12,000.

J. H. Hoffman to G. T. Gaines 29 a. 2 r. 33 p. adjoining the town of Burlington—$2,500.

Benj. F. Corbin to Perry A. Weaver, 75 acres near Union—$3,975.

Benj. F. Crisler to Edward F. Clegg, 3 a. 3 r. near Union—$250.

John T. Roberts to James B. Finnell, 14 acres near Verona—$50 per acre.

Trustees Verona School Stock Co., to Ben Q. Roberts lot in Verona—$180.

T. L. Swetnam to J. W. Overhelman, lot in Florence—$250.

H. Clay Duncan to A. W. Corn, 97 acres near Bullittsville—$5,550.

James Florence to Jesse L. Cluster, ⅓ of 86 acres on McCoy's fork of Mudlick Creek—$900.

Same to same, ⅓ interest in 86 acres on McCoy's fork—$900.

Phillip Stoetzer to G. W. Lipp, 55 a. 3 r. 26 p. near Frogtown—$3,900.

John Vance Mulberry to Marion Grubbs all interest in the Gatson tract and Catherin Grubbs' dower—$150.

Joseph E. Nelson to Marion Grubbs interest in same property—$150.

Allen Goodridge to M. A. Gordon, part of the Betsy Hayes tract near Hebron—$475.

Mary F. Goodridge, &c., to Anna Goodridge, lot No. 1 in Walton, Goodridge's land—$375.

The RECORDER 10 months for $1.

REUBEN CLARK GREEN.

The subject of this notice was born in this county, near Bellevue, July 23d, 1822, and, consequently was in his 61st year when he departed this life on the 21st inst. In youthful days he manifested a taste for the legal profession and commenced reading law, and had advanced so far, by his own labors, as to commence practicing in the justices' courts before he attended the law school at Greencastle, Indiana, in 1856 and 1857. Having qualified himself for his profession, he came to Burlington in 1860, and in 1863 offered for County Attorney, to which office he was elected and filled, except, probably, about three months, from that time up to the first Monday in last September, with honor to himself and credit to those who elevated him to that position. While County Attorney he was untiring in his labors on behalf of the interest of the people, and always responded promptly when called to the most remote parts of the county to represent the commonwealth when her ministerial officers required his assistance. The question of remuneration was not considered by him when called upon, but he always pressed forward to the discharge of his official duties without fear or favor. He also held the office of commissioner of common schools for one term, while County Attorney, and it was while he was commissioner that the county was redistricted for school purposes.

As an officer, Reuben Clark Green was efficient and always sought to discharge his duties as such in an honest and manly way; as a friend, he displayed that nobleness of heart that none but the true gentleman can; as a citizen, he was ever willing to lend a helping hand to all meritorious enterprises, and never allowed the calls of charity to go unheeded; as a companion, he was genial, courteous and warm-hearted, and none knew him but to respect and admire his integrity and sterling qualities; as a husband, he was indulgent and happiness and contentment reigned [illegible] death was a great shock to this community, as well as to the county; for there is no man known by more people in Boone county than he was, and we can not realize that he is no longer in our midst.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. C. Conner, at 10 a. m., on the 23d inst., at the residence of the deceased, after which the remains were taken to Highland cemetery and placed in the reception tomb to await final interment.

All persons wishing points or repairs for chilled plows will do well to bring them in by Monday, March court, as I shall send on orders for some the next day. S. A. PALMER.

B. K. Sleet spent last Sunday at home

The egg market declined and that firm went to pieces.

Monday was the birthday of three ladies of one family in Burlington.

Mr. R. W. Neel advertises his farm of 101 acres for sale in this issue.

Mr. Ras Huey has moved into the house lately occupied by James Smith.

Tuesday, of last week, Harry Blythe cut his foot very badly while splitting wood.

Just at this time, it is said, there are many dogs in the county that have no owners.

The people at Union want to hear Mr. Dunlap preach and have invited him to their town.

It is presumed that the bar in the river at Rising Sun was not carried away by the mad stream.

Mr. John Rich, aged 83, died at his home in Kenton county, the other day. He has a great many friends and relatives in this county to mourn his death

Mr. Dunlap, the evangelist, who is holding meeting at Williamstown, had four confessions up to Tuesday. He is going from Williamstown to Union, this county.

Last week we neglected to call attention to S. C. Buchanan's adv. He has opened out a first-class drugstore in Petersburg, and those wanting anything in his line will do well by giving him a call—read his adv.

The weather changes so rapidly that we can't write an item about it for fear it will be exactly the opposite before the item appears in print. But we can say it is very changable. Now, let us see it upset that statement if it can.

Carlisle Mercury: Col. Cooper, the temperance speaker, has been in Carlisle the past few days on a regular old fashioned drunk. The Colonel says he held up all right until he struck Mt. Sterling, which says he, "is a Local Option town, and I got to drinking out of a jug and could not guage her right."

Master Jerome Wilson, aged 11 years, of Rabbit Hash, writes us a very neat letter in which he says our correspondent was mistaken about his having a light attack of typhoid fever. He says it was quite the reverse, his fever ranging as high as 105½° for several days while his pulse was as low as 40 per minute.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on businss or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Last Thursday William Smith and John Hogan, of Union, were over here trying to sell th[illegible]

Mr. James K. Armstrong, who was clerk at the Central Hotel for sometime spent a day or two here this week.

T. W. Finch and W. E. Piper visited Williamstown this week.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Walter Goodridge sold his fine horse to James Loder for the nice sum of $500. Since Mr. Loder purchased the horse it has been quite sick, and is under the treatment of Dr. Jacob Tanner.

The Rev. L. S. Kiser will be with us again next Lord's day.

Mr. Jacob Tanner tells us that there will be a wedding to report, soon, but did not tell us the names of the parties.

O. P. Dye will start to Warren county, Ill., in a few days, where he will make his future home.

Our roads are in a terrible condition.

On Tuesday of last week about 2 p. m., Mr. L. C. Connet was stricken with paralysis, since which time he has been confined to his bed.

Last week several walnut logs passed through this place enroute to the city.

Mrs. Clarrissa Smith is quite sick at this writing.

Misses Annie Gaines and Mata Smith were the guests of Miss Annie Clore last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Enoch Barlow is lying very low with consumption.

Mr. Jeff Cloud is the owner of the finest horse in this community.

Petersburg.

Died—Wm. Skinner, aged 21 years, at his grandmother's, in Lawrenceburg, Ind. last Friday, of pneumonia, and was brougnt by boat here and put in the vault.

Prayer meeting every Thursday night at the christian church.

Mr. T. H. Green has closed his grocery as he is not able to attend to it.

Petersburg has been praised through the papers as one of the towns that furnished aid to the sufferers in the flood. Petersburg is a small town, but the people are always ready to give a helping hand to their fellow creatures who need assistance. We noticed one paper gave Chas. Schramm and Solon Early a great amount of praise for the work they done. Well, Charley and Solon worked hard and deserve praise and so did many others we shall not mention. We know Solon is the cleverest man in town, for he runs a free omnibus from Petersburg to Poplar Plains, a distance of two miles. We noticed passengers in the 'bus the last trip this evening, and your correspondent asked who the proprietor was, and was informed that his name is Solon, formerly called Brick, and further more said he was always ready to go if he only had one passenger. So you may judge by that, he is clever. The only time he is not ready to go, is when he is waiting for the cat to jump.

Rabbit Hash.

The river at this point is once more within its banks and all are busy putting things to rights and making habitable the deserted homes. The houses vacated were those of W. H. Nelson, Ben Wilson, Jas. Riggs, Thos. Marshall, Mrs. Parsons and Stephen Mock. Our place presents a desolate appearance from the accumulation of drift, disappearance of fences, &c., but no especial damage was done except to the store room occupied by H. S. Pate and owned by S. Mock. It was moved from its foundation, and from his land to that of the ferry property. Mr. Pate has begun to clean and repair the store room of B. Wilson and expects to have his goods on hand in a few days to resume business. Mr. Pate's loss from the flood was considerable and it was feared that he would be too much discouraged to come back to our town, but as he has, we hope his efforts will be appreciated by even a better patronage than before the flood

The residents of our town will always be grateful to those who acted so nobly in helping them to save their household goods wading in water waist deep and running other risks without any compensation for their labors.

Considerable corn was lost by the high water. Fillmore Ryle and Mrs. E. J. Piatt lost 600 bu., Milton Kirtley 1000 bu.; Jno. Hodges 200 bu.

Our school has been closed for the past two weeks, from the fact that our teacher Mr. Bell, lives on the river and was compelled to stay at home to prevent some of his effects from floating off.

O. M. Ryle has vacated the house of Mrs. E. J. Piatt, and Fillmore Ryle will take possession in a short time having rented the farm the present year.

Mrs. L. L. Stephens is on the sick list.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat, adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb28-3m Burlington, Ky.

TAKEN UP.

Taken up as a stray by Ephraim Helm, living on the Anderson Ferry and Minneola turnpike road about 1 mile from Anderson Ferry, in Boone county, on or about the 8th day of September, 1882, one red and white spotted cow with underbit mark on the right ear, and right horn drooped, but having no other brands or marks. Which I have appraised at $15.

Witness my hand this 3d day of January 1883. JOSEPH WAGSTAFF, J. P. B. C.

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THE RECORDER.

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THE MODERN DAVID.

In a quiet old town in the hills of New Hampshire,
Some fifty years since—or it may be three-score—
Lived a preacher beloved and revered by his people,
Who called him "the Elder"; nor need we know more.
Many years he had led them by purest example;
Many years he had led them with precepts divine;
Had married and buried, baptized and befriended,
Had broken the bread and had poured out the wine.
So peaceful his life and so healthful his habits,
Though sixty, he yet was as straight as a mast,
His cheeks like red apples, his laugh ever ready,
His hair thick and glossy, though silvering fast.
His girls were all married and settled around him
With husbands and children and cares of their own;
His sons too, had left him for business and college,
And he and his wife were now living alone.
Alone—yes, and lonely for lack of the children;
The house was so still it was fairly forlorn;
He found the hours heavy when weary of study,
When all chopped was the wood, and all hoed was the corn
His wife had grown feeble, and seldom went with him
In the heavy-topped chaise to make calls on the sheep.
But in warm afternoons, when her house was in order,
Would retire to the bedroom, and there fall asleep.
The Elder, deserted, one day fell a-thinking
Of David of old, who, when *his* plans went wrong,
Could solace his sorrows, forget all his trials,
By the aid of sweet music, with harp and with song.
"Oh, could *I* but do likewise," the good man reflected,
"How swiftly, how smoothly, these moments would glide!
The complaints of my deacons, the lack of my children,
The advances of age, I could then well abide,
But alas for the harp! for I never yet saw one;
And alas for the songs! for I never could rhyme.
A jew's-harp I've mastered, but that can't content me.
O David, what *would* you have played in my time?
My people would laugh if I bought me a fiddle;
To flute and bass-viol I do not incline;
Too old are my fingers to play on a spinet,
Nor could I afford one. I must not repine."
So he stifled his longings, and almost forgot them,
Till one day to the city on business he went;
And while threading its mazes, confused by its tumult,
"What sweet sounds are those with its clamor now blent?"
Smile not at the rustical ear of the Elder.
"'Tis only a hand-organ," answered his son.
And the old man passed on, but his pulses were leaping,
And before he went home he bought himself one
Of the best German make, with three separate barrels,
And each barrel played for him ten distinct airs
Just by turning the handle. O blessed invention!
He felt it an answer direct to his prayers.
No day was now long, and no labor seemed tedious,
With this fountain of melody ever at hand
To pour forth its treasures of soothing refreshment,
An oasis of joy in a dull prosy land.
As it made his wife nervous, 'twas kept in the garret
(In the rose of his joy this had been the sole thorn);
And there, all alone in the brown-raftered chamber,
'Mid festoons of dried apple, of sage, and seed corn,
The Elder would sit, when his day's work was over,
With a smile on his face as he ground out the air,
While the long dusty sunbeams streamed in the west window,
Gently touched his broad shoulders and crowned his white hair.
'Twas thus he was seen unawares by Miss Kitty,
A sweet city maiden betrothed to his son,
Who, spending a week on the farm of his daughter,
Strolled over to call on the parents of John.
'Twas a day in mid-June, and the old-fashioned roses,
Deep red and pure white, were in bloom round the door,
Which stood frankly open, the cat on the threshold,
And a gay braided mat to protect the white floor.
Most welcome the coolness and shade of the kitchen,
But where was the Elder, and where was the dame?
Profound was the stillness, save pussy's soft purring,
And a similar sound from the bedroom that came.
Light tiptoed the maiden through kitchen, past bedroom,
To the sitting-room, study. No Elder was there.
But hark! a sweet sound is now heard in the distance.
Bewildered, she follows it, climbs the steep stair,
Then gropes her way onward through darkened guest-chambers,
And climbs to the garret still led by the sound.
'Tis her favorite waltz! "Now surely I'm dreaming?"
Exclaims pretty Kitty in wonder profound.
At the top of the stair she peeps cautiously round her
Half screened by blue "comforters" hung on a line,
And there sat the blessed old saint at his organ,
Grinding out dancing music in rapture divine.
Do you think Kitty laughed as she stood there beholding
The simple old man by his organ beguiled,
The foreground of blankets, herbs, andirons and apples,
And the clumsy old cradle that held John, a child?
No; she listened in silence, bright tears on her lashes,
Till he ceased. Then she crept unsuspected away,
And a new love for John and his gentle old father
Seemed to grow in her heart from the scene of that day.

—*Laura D. Nichols, in Harper's Monthly.*

WHY I DROPPED MISS SKINNER'S ACQUAINTANCE.

"So your husband's mother is coming to live with you," remarked Miss Susan Skinner, contemptuously, giving her head a toss which set all the little pink bows a-dancing.

"Why, yes, Miss Susan," said I, opening my eyes in surprise at my visitor's tone, "mother Grey's last child has married and moved away from her, and now she is left quite alone. Henry always was her favorite, and I, knowing it would please him, suggested that she should rent or sell the farm, and make her home with us, and she has consented to do so."

"Humph! all the more fool you! You have got yourself into a pretty fix now, Mary Grey. She will never leave you as long as she lives; you can make up your mind to that, and bid good-by to peace for the rest of your days."

"Why, Miss Susan," said I, regarding my old neighbor with surprise. "I don't understand you. I am sure I never want mother to leave us, and as for peace, what difference can her coming make?"

"Oh, you'll see," replied Miss Susan, nodding her head wisely. "You'll see! You will repent of your bargain before a month is over, mind what I tell you. Of all the mean, conniving, meddlesome women in the world, it is a mother-in-law."

I began to feel a little annoyed. "What do *you* know about it?" I could not refrain from saying.

"Humph! you needn't twit me with being an old maid, Mary Grey! I thank my stars that I'm not tied to any man, nor what's worse, to any man's mother. What do I know about mothers-in-law? More than I want to, goodness knows! Why, there was my cousin Lucinda, who was obliged to leave her husband, and go home to her father, just on account of her mother-in-law; and Alice Lawson, poor, little weak creature, who used to live in this very house, was so imposed upon and ill-used by her husband's mother, that they do say it killed her; any way, she died just three months after her mother-in-law came to live with her. Why, I know of lots of such cases, and, if a woman isn't awfully strong-minded, her mother-in-law just runs right over her, and rules the house, and if she *is* strong-minded, they are continually jangling and quarreling, so you see that, altogether, a woman's best way is to keep entirely away from her mother-in-law."

"But, Miss Susan, these are only exceptional cases," said I. "I am sure there are good and true women in the world belonging to this class."

"Well, I'd just like to see one of them, that's all! I see it's no use arguing with you, Mary; you're too set in your own way; mark my words, my dear, you will rue the day you ever let that woman come into your house," said Miss Susan, in a tone of settled conviction. "When do you expect Mrs. Grey?" she asked, rising.

"To-morrow evening."

"So soon? Well, I'm sure I hope you will be able to get along with her," answered Miss Susan, with a little sympathetic sigh.

Often, during the remainder of that day and the next I found myself wondering what my husband's mother was like. He had always seemed so proud and fond of her, that I was predisposed to love her; to regard her with that reverence and affection which I had cherished for my own dead mother. I thought how nice it would be to have some one to whom I could go with all my little troubles and anxieties, some one who would sympathize with and counsel me; and how pleasant it would be for Henry to have his mother always near him, where he could watch over and care for her.

We would make such a happy family; Henry and myself, grandma, and Baby Henry.

Then, in opposition to all these pleasant thoughts, would come up in spite of me the gloomy warnings and forebodings which Miss Susan Skinner had uttered. Could Henry's mother be "mean, conniving, meddlesome," or disagreeable in any way? No, a thousand times no. And yet the sharply spoken words had left their sting, and I could not drive the memory of them from my mind.

When train-time arrived, baby and I took our station at the window, to watch for "grandma." Soon the sound of wheels was heard, and Henry drove up to the door, and handed out a lady.

"Mother, this is your daughter, Mary."

I looked up, and met a pair of gentle blue eyes looking out wistfully from a kindly old face.

"Mary, will you let me be your mother, as well as Henry's?" asked the lady, holding out her hands; and I answered, embracing her warmly:

"Indeed I will! Welcome home, mother."

Miss Skinner, peeping from behind her blinds across the street, saw the act, and understood it.

"Oh! that's all very fine," she muttered, contemptuously. "A new broom sweeps clean. Wait a few weeks, and then we shall see."

Time sped along happily for months, and it seemed as if Miss Skinner would have to be disappointed, for no happier family existed than ours. I felt like singing all the time, and often told Henry if I was only rich enough to have a piano, I should be almost too happy to live, for I would sing and play continually. The unpleasant effects of Miss Skinner's prediction were gradually wearing off, but she felt it her duty to run in often enough to keep me suspicious. As she left me one evening, after putting baby to bed, I ran down to the parlor to get my sewing, which I had left on the table before tea. The door did not open readily, and I tried it again, but found it was locked. I was sure I heard Henry's and his mother's voice within, and thinking the door had become fastened accidentally, I called out to open it.

"Oh! is that you, Mary?" he answered. "Run upstairs and get my cigar-case, will you?"

I did so, and when I came down again, found the door open, and Henry sitting by the table reading.

"Where is mother?" I asked.

"Wasn't she upstairs with you?" replied Henry, keeping his eyes fixed on his book.

"Why, no; I thought she was here."

"Well, you see you are mistaken," he answered.

I did not reply, but took up my work and sewed away busily, my thoughts keeping time with my fingers. I was positively certain I had heard Mrs. Grey's voice in a low-toned conversation with Henry, and yet he had the same as denied her presence there. It was the first time he had ever equivocated to me, and I could not overlook it lightly without knowing the reason. Why had he done so? Was Miss Skinner right after all? Was there anything secret between him and his mother from which I was excluded, and if so, what could be the nature of it.

"Well, never mind," I thought, "it might have been about Mrs. Grey's affairs, and had nothing to do with me, but then, why need Henry have equivocated about the matter?"

The little affair troubled me considerably, and my uneasiness was very much augmented a few days afterward.

I was in the kitchen that morning, putting the finishing touches to the preparations for breakfast, when Mrs. Grey and Henry entered the dining-room, and I heard him ask:

"Are you sure Mary knows nothing about this matter?"

"Yes, I am quite certain of it;" said Mrs. Grey, "and I think we have been fortunate keeping it from her."

"Yes, it would never do for her to find it out now," Henry answered

Alas! alas for my piece of mind! I waited to hear no more, but ran out into the back hall and upstairs, whence I appeared in the dining-room as the breakfast bell rang, looking a little flushed and excited, but not enough so to cause comment.

After breakfast Mrs. Grey went out to make some little [illegible], and I sat down in my husband's big arm-chair in the sitting room, and tried to reason myself out of my absurd fears and suspicions.

What was it that my husband and his mother were trying to keep from me? Why did they treat me like a child in my own house? It was shameful, and I was indignant.

My meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Skinner, who "had run over to have a little chat," as she said.

"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed at first sight of me, "how poorly you are looking! What is the matter?"

"Nothing serious. I was very busy yesterday, and am a little tired."

"Ah! one more in the family makes more work, I know. It won't do to wear yourself out this way; you must let your mother-in-law do her share of the work."

"Ah! indeed she does," exclaimed I, quickly, "even more than I want her to, sometimes."

"Well, it seems to me she goes out more than you do."

"And so she ought. I have Harry to claim my attention."

"And she receives callers, too."

"I think you must be mistaken, Miss Susan. She has made no acquaintances since coming here."

"But I certainly saw a gentleman come here, two days ago, when you were down town."

"A gentleman!"

"Yes, and she met him at the door herself. Mr. Grey came home in about half an hour and took him away with him."

"Oh! it was probably some friend of Henry's."

"Perhaps so," replied Miss Susan, doubtingly. She soon after took her departure, leaving my mind in a very troubled state.

In vain did I try to reason with myself; to persuade myself that all this was no concern of mine, it should not trouble me; still I could not help connecting the visit of this gentleman with the mysterious private conversation. Why was I not thought worthy of their confidence? Why all this secret plotting and scheming?

In spite of myself, all Miss Skinner's warnings of a few weeks before came back to my mind with redoubled force, and I could have wished myself deaf before ever listening to that hateful woman.

Suspect my husband's mother, that sweet, gentle-faced woman, of any treason toward me! No, indeed, I will not!

Still, almost daily I found myself interrupting stolen conversations, and stumbling upon evidences of the secret, and add to this Miss Skinner's almost daily "chats" with me, which always left me feeling uncomfortably with the world in general and my mother-in-law in particular, no wonder I grew thin and pale, and lost my appetite. Mr. Grey and his mother wondered at it, and tried in vain to raise my spirits. My husband took me out driving daily.

One day Henry said he was going to take me for a good long drive, for I needed it, he said. I pleaded that I was too busy when the time for my drive came; but Henry would not listen to it, and I put on my wraps and went. The air was clear and keen, and I felt much refreshed and invigorated when at last we drew up before the door of our own home.

"Run up stairs and take your wraps off, Mary, and then come right down; I want to show you something," said Henry, as he helped me out.

When I came downstairs, he was waiting in the hall; and drawing my hand through his arm, conducted me to the parlor.

"What is it you wish me to see, Henry?" I asked, as we entered the room.

"Find out for yourself," he answered, playfully.

I raised my eyes and then gave a shrill scream of delight, and, with a bound, was across the room, standing beside a superb piano.

"Oh, Henry! where did this come from? What a perfect beauty! Is it really for me? Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"One question at a time, my dear; but I will answer your last one first. You have no right to thank *me* for this beautiful present Here is the giver," replied Henry, going up to his mother, who had stood a quiet spectator of my pleasure, and putting his arm around her.

"Mother! Is it possible! Oh, you darling! How can I ever thank you?" cried I, throwing my arms, too, around Mrs. Grey, and giving her a rapturous hug.

"I am well surrounded, I see," she said, smiling on us, proudly, and then added:

"I am glad you are pleased with your piano, Mary, and you shall repay me by getting all the enjoyment from it that you can."

"It is something I have wanted ever since we were married," said I, "but Henry could not quite afford it."

"And now you have your heart's desire," said Henry, "but at the expense of a little sinning, I am afraid. Do you remember one evening, about two weeks ago, when you found the parlor door locked? Mother and I were holding a consultation when you came, and I sent you after the cigar-case to give her time to run away. I came very near telling a fib that night."

"Yes," said his mother, "such planning and plotting as we have had. The other day, when the man came to make the final arrangements about bringing the piano, you were down town, and I was so afraid that you would return unexpectedly; and this afternoon they came and put it up while you were out driving, but I knew Henry would not bring you home too soon."

I felt myself turning sick and faint. This, then, was the secret which had tormented me so; the innocent plots and plans prompted by loving hearts! What a monster I was to have suspected this noble woman of any wrong! I felt like humbling myself in the dust before her.

"How white you are, child! The excitement has been too much for you," said Mrs. Grey.

But I knew better. Still I kept my secret locked in my own heart; not by a word would I let this gentle woman know how I had been tempted to doubt her.

And now, this is the real reason why I have gradually dropped Miss Susan Skinner's acquaintance, and why that worthy spinster often complains how "dreadfully uppish some folks have grown;" but I am only too glad to be able to keep out of the reach of her tongue; and, in the absence of my husband, I find my greatest comfort and delight in the society of my mother-in-law, dear old "grandma," than whom both baby and I think there is no better woman on earth.—*G. Jewell, in Christian at Work.*

—A young woman in Bradford County, Pa., went before a Justice of the Peace with the man of her choice and several witnesses, and made herself a wife, satisfactorily to herself, by a simple promise of fidelity, claiming nothing from her spouse as a legal right, and insisted upon no ceremony. There were no vows given under the form of the law, and no pledges. The Justice took no part in the marriage, but sat in the room only as a witness.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Thirty-one years ago United States Senator Henry G. Davis was a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He always called out the names of stations so that passengers could understand whether he said "Kammschatka" or "Fogg's Ferry," and a grateful people sent him to Congress.—*Chicago News.*

HOME AND FARM.

—We have known calves to refuse meal and water, where if a little bran or bran and the least bit of sugar were added they would take readily to it.

—Sweet Apple Pie: For a common plate pie, grate one and one-half large sweet apples, add one egg, one cup of sweet cream, and milk sufficient to fill the plate. Bake with one crust.—*The Household.*

—Chocolate Pudding: One quart of milk, three ounces of grated chocolate. Scald them both together. When cool add the yelks of five eggs and one cupful of sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs for the top. Brown in the oven. To be eaten cold.—*Exchange.*

—The *New England Farmer* can hardly imagine a greater misfortune to an old horse than that he should fall into the hands of an ignorant and passionate person with intemperate habits. There is no place where an old horse is or can be worth more than on a farm, and no farmer should be inhuman enough to trade off an old family pet to an unknown or unkind person.

—If winter grain is covered with deep snow it will sometimes smother, especially near fences where the snow is piled in drifts. A good plan to prevent all danger is to punch holes through the snow with a crow-bar, reaching to the ground. This will admit needed air, and the snow banks will then prove a valuable protection to the plants. The holes should be three to five feet apart all the length of the bank.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Baking Corned Beef: Put ten or fifteen pounds of the hind leg of beef into a large pan, and scatter over it one teacupful of fine salt, mixed with the same quantity of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of ground allspice, the same of pepper, a teaspoonful of saltpeter, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Rub these ingredients thoroughly into the beef every day for a week or ten days. Then wash it clean and put suet, chopped finely, all over it; cover it with flour and water paste, and bake in the oven for five or six hours. Serve cold, cut into thin slices.—*Toledo Blade.*

—One of the peculiar features of farming in the district, covering 376 square miles, known as the wolds in Yorkshire, England, is what is termed the hind's, or farm foreman's, house. Attached to, yet quite separate from, the foreman's abode, is a sort of barrack, containing a mess-room, communicating with the foreman's kitchen. Above the mess-room are a couple of rooms for sick men, and sleeping-rooms for the laborers are in an adjoining connected building. The men are hired, by the year, and the foreman is allowed from $1.50 to $2 per week for their board, and also supplied with skim milk and vegetables. On smaller farms the laborers lodge in the tenant's house. The system is said to work well.—*Chicago News.*

—A farmer who has used a wagon with broad tires on wheels long enough to ascertain their relative value as compared with narrow tires, writes in the *Farmers' Review*: "A four-inch tire will carry two tons over soft ground with greater ease to the team than a two-and-a-half-inch tire will carry one ton. The wheels are not so much strained by stones and rough tracks on the road, and the road is not cut up, but, on the contrary, is packed down and keeps smooth. The prevalent idea that the draft is increased by widening the tire is altogether baseless; on the contrary, a wide tire reduces the draft. The extra cost of the tire is repaid many times over every year in the extra work that can be done by a team."

French and American Fire Laws.

Nine out of ten of the churches, hospitals, warehouses and dwellings, etc., of this and other cities—not omitting libraries, city buildings, and school-houses—are complete examples of the work of the masters of combustible building and architecture. They are faced on the outside with a stone, brick, or iron sham, in the design of which what is miscalled art has been attempted. In the first eleven months of 1882 there were burned within the limits of the United States: 362 hotels, 99 churches, 7 hospitals, 14 asylums, 6 almshouses, 62 school-houses, 13 college buildings, 20 court-houses, 2 custom-houses; total, 585. These special specimens of the work of the combustible builders and architects of our land formed a part of the ash-heap of 1882, valued at $90,000,000. It would be quite safe to affirm that an additional cost, ranging from one to two per cent. upon the construction of these 585 specimens of the incendiary art of the combustible architect which are recited above, would have saved at least two-thirds of the loss of property, and might save a much larger proportion of the loss of life which is now apt to occur when any of the buildings named in this list take fire. In every case of serious fire an inquest should be held as to its cause and course, the names of owners, tenants, architects, builders, and underwriters published, and the faults of construction distinctly stated; in other words, let the principle of the French law be applied here, not only in court, but in trial by newspaper. It has lately been stated to me by a French underwriter, as follows: In France all persons having fires on their premises are looked upon as pseudo-criminals, the onus of proof of their innocence lying with them. You will observe that we burn more than one hotel per day, more than two churches per week, and more than two hospitals, asylums, or almshouses per month in this country, which yet prides itself on its common schools, and which claims especial merit for "gumption," mechanical aptitude, and versatility of talent. But we waste in the costs of fires, cost of fire department, and cost of sustaining our system of insurance, aside from losses, somewhere between $120,000,000 and $140,000,000 per year—a sum which is more than $1 in every hundred of the gross product of the whole nation; which is more than ten per cent. upon the annual savings or net incomes of the people in a year of greatest prosperity, and which is in great measure a useless, because perfectly avoidable, tax, which is eighteen to twenty per cent. to the $700,000,000 of National, State, and municipal taxes which are now collected and paid under our laws.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—One of the correspondents tells of a lady in Washington society who lately attended six entertainments between noon and midnight the same day. First she went to a twelve o'clock breakfast, then to a two o'clock lunch, next to a "tea" from four to seven, thence to a dinner at half past seven, and afterward to a reception, and then to a german. The correspondent adds that the lady is "something of an invalid." She seems to be.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Robert Collyer's recent lecture on "How to be young at eighty," was attended by crowds of the ladies of New York.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Henry Vincent, the English lecturer, related to an American that he was driving with John Bright when the news of Abraham Lincoln's death was told them by a man who stopped their carriage by the wayside for that purpose. Neither of the two Englishmen spoke a word in response. They drove on in utter silence, and by-and-by when each looked up at the other's face the eyes of both were full of tears.

—A seaside hotel-keeper in New Jersey, who has been sued for keeping an unhealthy hotel, testified that his receipts were $4,000 a week—his profits, $2,500. His charges were $4.00 a day; it cost $1.50 to feed and lodge a guest, and he puts $2.50 in his pocket. But many people are proud to pay a landlord this sum for the pleasure of being poisoned with his typhoid fever.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Servant girls in and about Denver, Col., speculate in "city lots" just as they did in mining shares in San Francisco a year or two ago. Cooks residing in Colorado Springs and other towns are allowed a day off occasionally in order to go to Denver and "see their brokers."—*Denver Tribune.*

The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash.

The special correspondent of the *Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal*, embodied in a recent communication the following from Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees: I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys, with some rheumatism—in fact it was rheumatism of the back. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* asks: "What are crowds!" The science of love says the third party is a large crowd.—*New Haven Register.*

"Female Complaints."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well.

Very respectfully,
DELILAH B. MCMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

THE man who was "largely instrumental" was probably of a mechanical turn of mind.

WHY don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.

A COOPER-SHOP must be a sorrowful place. You always find the barrels in tiers.

Cancers and Other Tumors

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

FOR weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

THE toothless man ought to be a sweet talker, for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Few Out-Door Sports.

Lawn Tennis, boating, fishing, hunting, riding, all such out-door exercises, impart a healthful glow to the cheeks and a buoyancy to the spirits. All invalids suffering from dyspepsia, kidney or liver troubles, biliousness, &c., can by using a few bottles of Mishler's Herb Bitters, costing only $1 a bottle, participate in all these health-giving recreations. Try it. The experiment is cheap, and the result certain.

THE latest thing in homes—Husbands.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Has cured many people of coughs. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A BOARD full of nails is the worst we ever saw.—*N. Y. News.*

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

A YOUNG man whose girl's name was Susan said that when he left this world he wanted to do so by Susy's side.

CELLULOID Collars and Cuffs for gentlemen are easily washed and do not require ironing.

IT is a very small potato, either in the vegetable or animal world, that is most likely to be mashed.

REDDING'S Russia Salve is the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Try it.

ONE way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world"—knock him down

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, February 26, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@	3 50
Choice butchers	4 75	@	5 50
HOGS—Common	6 00	@	6 60
Good packers	6 85	@	7 20
SHEEP	3 00	@	5 75
FLOUR—Family	5 85	@	
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 14	@	
No. 2 winter red	1 12	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56½	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	44¼	@	
Rye—No. 2	68	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@	11 75
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@	9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 25	@	18 50
Lard—Steam	11	@	11-5
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@	23
Prime Creamery	40	@	43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 75	@	2 90
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	8 90
Good to choice	4 60	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No 2 red	1 22⅞	@	1 24½
No. 1 white	1 17	@	1 17¾
Corn—No 2 mixed	71	@	72½
Oats—mixed	49	@	52
PORK—Mess	19 00	@	19 25
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 11	@	
Corn—No. 2	56¾	@	57
Oats—No. 2	39½	@	
Rye	66	@	
PORK—Mess	18 15	@	18 20
LARD—Steam	11-85	@	
WHISKY	1 17	@	
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 21	@	1 21½
Corn—Mixed	74	@	74½
Oats—Mixed	47	@	51
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@	
Lard—Refined	12¼	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
COTTON—Middling		9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10	@	1 12
Corn—Mixed	52	@	54
Oats—Mixed	44	@	
PORK—Mess	9 00	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—New	$1 10½	@	
CORN	55	@	
OATS—White, new	40	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	6 00

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, O., writes: Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. We then called in a physician—a most skillful professor in one of our colleges—he said that she could not get well. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We then got a bottle and before she had used it all up she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured.

NO RESPECTABLE tailor ever pants for fame; it's something he never in-vests in.

A SLIGHT COLD, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE man who was hanged at the yard-arm had his obituary under the head of "Ship noose."

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A TELEGRAPH wire is like a mustache. It is of no use when it is down.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GENTLEMEN who witnessed the quail-eating performance at Gabe Case's say that the wager was won by the aid of Gastrine, the only liquid which was drunk with the repast.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

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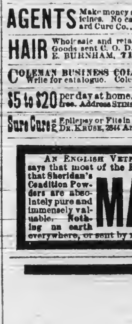
A VERY popular and well-known member of our police force, who has performed duty twelve years at the Union R. R. Depot, on Exchange Place, in Providence, R. I., gives his unsolicited testimony. Hear him:

"I have been dreadfully troubled with disease of the Kidneys and Liver during the past six months; at times I was so severely afflicted that I was unable to stand on my feet, as my feet and lower parts of my legs were very badly swollen, my urinary organs were in a dreadful condition, my blood was in a wretched state, and it had become so impoverished and circulated so poorly that my hands and feet would be cold and numb and so white as to appear lifeless. I could not rest nights, but was so distressed all over that I could not lie still in bed, but would keep turning and rolling from one side to the other all night, so that I would feel more tired and exhausted in the morning than when I went to bed. My condition became so serious that I was obliged to stop work, and for thirty days I was unable to be on duty. I consulted the best doctors, and tried the numerous medicines and so-called cures, but rapidly grew worse, and was in a sad condition every way when a long-time valued friend of mine, prominent in this city in a large express company, urged me to try Hunt's Remedy, as he had known of wonderful cures effected by it. Upon his representation I obtained two bottles of it and commenced taking it as directed, and greatly to my surprise in less than twenty-four hours I commenced to feel relieved. I was in an awful condition when I began to take Hunt's Remedy, and had no faith in it; therefore, when I found almost immediate relief, even in one day's use of it, my heart was made glad, and I assure you I continued to take it and to improve constantly from day to day. took it with me on my trip to Maine, for I was bound to have it with me all the time, and the result is that I improved speedily all the time I was away, and ever since my arrival home, which was several weeks ago, I have been on duty every day. I feel first-rate, and the swelling of hand, feet and legs have disappeared, and the terrible backache, which used to bother me more than all the rest, troubles me no more, and I sleep splendidly nights, and surely have very excellent and forcible reasons for speaking in praise of Hunt's Remedy, for it has made a new man of me. I don't know what I should have done without Hunt's Remedy; it is the best medicine that I ever took, and I very gladly recommend it to all who are afflicted with kidney or liver disease, or diseases of the urinary organs.

Respectfully, ISAAC W. FAIRBROTHER."



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Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised as by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally.

PATENTS PROCURED! or NO PAY! Also—Trade marks, etc. Send model and sketch; will examine and report if patentable. MANY years practice. Pamphlet free. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Attorneys, Washington, D.C.

WE SELL THE BEST $65 ORGAN in the world. Address MILLER ORGAN CO., Lebanon, Pa.

START THIS SPRING For ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS. If you want to know of the country and your chances of success by *personal letters* before you start send 2 three-cent stamps to E. A. WHEATON, Box 584, Minneapolis, Minn.

ENGINES (*Traction & Portable*) for Farm, Saw Mill & Plantation. For prices, etc., write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

DROP a postal card to CLARKE BROS. Bible House, New York, the New Publishers of Fine, Cheap Subscription Books, for their "*Private Circular to Agents.*" It will *puzzle* and *astonish* you.

TEACHERS WANTED For Vacancies. Address with stamp, for "application form," and copy of our "Public School Journal." National Teachers' Agency, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Write for catalogue. Coleman & Palms, Prop'rs.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

AN ENGLISH VETERINARY SURGEON AND CHEMIST, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

An Open Secret.

The fact is well understood that the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is by far the best external known for man or beast. The reason why becomes an "open secret" when we explain that "Mustang" penetrates skin, flesh and muscle to the very bone, removing all disease and soreness. No other liniment does this, hence none other is so largely used or does such worlds of good.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

No Worm Syrup so Pleasant as Parker's.

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1883. NUMBER 19.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"Who lies here fainting by the way?
Is there no rest for that head so gray,
But turf all wet with dew?
'Tis almost night and my home is near,
Come, mount the seat beside me here;
My wife, I'm sure, has a word of cheer
And a bite of food for you.

"And if a lodging you can not buy,
'Gainst those less lucky in life than I
I never shut my door."
"I thank you, sir, for your offer kind,
But I can not rest till news I find,
Of the children twain I left behind
When I sought the Western shore.

"Why did I leave them? Perhaps he knows
Who aside a precious jewel throws
To seek for worthless dross:
Mine is a story that's oft been told;
My wife had died and my farm was sold,
And I saw afar the gleams of gold
And followed it, to my loss.

"They could not write me, they were too young,
And perhaps they lie the dead among;
It makes my eyes grow dim:
Know you my Nelly, my girl so fair—
I lived in that brown house, over there—
My blue-eyed Henry, with curling hair,
Can you tell me aught of him?"

"What, Henry Lee? Then I knew your son:
I honor the father of such a one,
A youth so brave and fair."
The smile from the old man's visage fled,
"You knew my Harry, not know, you said:
O, do not tell me my son is dead,
For that I could not bear."

"The truth is kinder than any lie,
And bravely and nobly did he die.
And on a famous day
We heard the calling for volunteers,
And so, in spite of our tender years,
In spite of our loved ones' prayers and tears,
Together we marched away.

"Together we ate and drank and slept,
And ever our fallen comrades wept;
We were but boys, you know;
And out we sailed from Roanoke;
Into Newbern together we broke,
Together we fought 'mid shot and smoke
Till a bullet laid him low.

"There, as we stood on the river banks,
He suddenly drew me from the ranks,
And thrust himself before,
Where a well aimed rebel bullet sped;
He shielded me from the fatal lead,
But it pierced that gallant heart instead,
And your Harry was no more.

"Brilliant the victory, loud the cheers,
But I had heart for nothing but tears,
Over our Harry's grave:
Yet do not weep, for he lies at rest,
All in his country's colors drest,
With his broken saber on his breast
As fitting a soldier brave.

"But though of a noble son bereft,
Your Nelly, your daughter, yet is left
As fair as fair may be:
My house is yours for the rest of life
And freed are you from all care and strife,
For little Nelly is now my wife,
So, father, come home with me."

—*Clara E. Smith, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

RUNNING A RAILROAD.

An Explanation of the Vast and Complicated System of Managing Large Railways—Officers Who Control the Various Departments—The Nature of Their Duties and Extent of Responsibilities Briefly Outlined.

The operation of a great railway of to-day is a vast work. It requires a multitude of men, ranging from President down to dirt-shoveler, but the whole labor is as systematically performed as the movement of an army. It has taken many years to perfect railroad management, and countless heads have grown gray in the solution of the problem, but it may now be considered to have nearly reached perfection. There is practically but one system for main or trunk lines in the United States, although in minor details roads vary somewhat from the standard. To the non-railroad man there ever seems to be a complication and confusion of railway titles, officers and duties. The following concise explanation of railway operation is authentic, and yet simple enough to clearly present the subject to all who may care to be informed upon it.

The President of a railroad is the chief executive officer. His business, however, is with the financial policy of the road, and rarely does he meddle with the operating department. Vanderbilt and Gould do not know to-day what the rate is on corn from Chicago and St. Louis to the seaboard, although the contrary opinion constantly prevails in the public mind. A railroad war may even be inaugurated without consultation with a President.

The General Manager is a creation of the last decade. He is chief of the operating department, is appointed by and is responsible alone to the President and Board of Directors. He carries out the policy by them adopted. He stands between the General Superintendent and the President, with somewhat more extensive powers than was ever accorded to the former. By the creation of the General Manager the duties of the General Superintendent have been restricted to the actual practical operation of the road. And here it is well to call attention to the word "General" when prefixed to a railway title. It is all-important to use it constantly, and railroad etiquette requires that it should be written with a capital G, just as it is in the army. The General Freight Agent, for instance, is not simply a freight agent—he is the head of the entire freight department, and one can not quicker insult him than by omitting the "General." And so with all other general officers.

The General Superintendent is appointed by the General Manager. He is responsible for every portion of the daily operation of the entire line. To aid him he has a General Freight Agent, a General Passenger and Ticket Agent, and others who are heads of their respective departments. Some extensive roads have a Traffic Manager between the General Superintendent and General Manager, or dispense with the latter and have a Traffic Manager only, as the Illinois Central. In this case the Traffic Manager is the commercial agent of the road, and he stands between the road and the people. He is empowered to use his own judgment in securing business, and can cut an existing freight or passenger rate, as he sees fit. He must be a man of long experience and clear headed. It his chief business to get business.

The General Freight Agent attends exclusively to the securing of freight business, not at all to its transportation. His duties end when he has the freight. He commonly does not fix rates, and is not empowered to cut them beyond his own line. Still, in many instances, he has very considerable latitude allowed him in the matter of rates, the grand rule of railroad operation being: "Don't get caught cutting a rate, but get the business anyhow." The General Freight Agent has an assistant and a small army of contracting agents, clerks, rate clerks, bill clerks, voucher clerks, etc., under him. The Contracting Agent is one who goes into the business marts and personally seeks for business. He individually knows all the big shippers, and generally has an office convenient to heavy business. Upon his tact and popularity much depends.

The General Passenger and Ticket Agent attends exclusively to the securing of passenger business and the preparation of the almost countless forms of tickets used. He is not a ticket-seller, as commonly supposed, but has his office with the other general officers. Upon some roads there are a General Passenger Agent and a General Ticket Agent, but they have rarely been found to work harmoniously. In this case the General Passenger Agent attends to the advertising and to the securing of business, while the General Ticket Agent devotes himself to the matter of tickets and rates. Appointed by, and subordinate to, the General Passenger Agent are divers traveling passenger agents and local passenger agents, the former penetrating the most remote sections in search of business. Passenger-train men, such as conductors, etc., are not responsible to the General Passenger Agent, and do not report their cash to him. Nor do the street ticket-sellers. When a considerable number of people wish to go anywhere in a body, the person to apply to for a special rate is the General Passenger and Ticket Agent. Subordinate to the General Passenger Agent is also the General Baggage Agent, whose title sufficiently explains itself.

When the business has been secured, the Master of Transportation, who is appointed by and responsible to the General Superintendent, takes charge of it, causes it to be loaded and properly forwarded. He plans the time-tables, controls the make-up of trains, and has general charge of the rolling stock. It is his business to move the secured business at as small expense as possible. If he can crowd three loads of passengers into two cars, it is for his interest to do so. Contrary to this, the General Passenger Agent would like to please all travelers, even to the extent of giving each two whole seats, if necessary.

Long railroads are divided into several divisions, and to each division there is assigned a Division Superintendent. It is the business of the Division Superintendent to attend to the details of operations upon his division, and in the absence of the General Superintendent he is supreme. He lives at some convenient point upon his division. If successful, he is the man who ultimately graduates into the General Superintendent or General Manager.

The Train-Dispatcher is a very important officer, for upon him depends the safety of passengers, freight and rolling stock. He is subject to the General Superintendent, and controls the movements of all trains en route, keeping as near the time-table as circumstances will allow. He must know the road perfectly. He keeps a mental picture of it constantly before him, and by telegraphic communications knows where every train is at every moment. There may be fifty trains moving each way upon his road and these are constantly meeting and passing. Some of these trains are always behind time, so that the regular time-table is useless. Then a clear head is necessary. Every train must be pushed forward just as fast as possible, and yet no two must meet upon a single track. A minute more or less anywhere may mean destruction and death. When a small accident occurs, it is liable to throw every train on the road out of its schedule time. Then the work of the Train-Dispatcher becomes immense. No man who drinks at all is fit for the position. It is the neglect or stupidity of the official or his assistants which causes nearly all the collisions. When a train is behind time it can not move at all except by order of the Dispatcher, and it is then said to be "under orders." All such orders are sent to the station agent and by him telegraphed back, to be sure that no mistake has occurred. Then the station agent gives the order in duplicate to the conductor and engineer of the train, which, if necessary, is "flagged," as it approaches. If the conductor and engineer agree upon the construction of the order, it is indorsed by the former, and its commands carried out. But if they disagree there can be no movement until more explicit orders are received. Conductors, engineers, brakemen, etc., are appointed by and responsible to the General Superintendent or the Division Superintendent.

The Road Master, or Master of Road, is appointed by the General Superintendent. He has charge of the maintenance of the track, buildings, bridges, tanks, etc. He lays out the road into sections of from five to ten miles each. For each section there is a section boss and a gang of men averaging about one to a mile. These constantly patrol the track and keep it in condition. Flagmen, signal men, etc., do not belong to section gangs, but are responsible to Division Superintendents.

The Master Bridge-Builder, or Master of Bridges and Buildings, when there is one, keeps bridges and station-houses in order. He is subordinate to the General Superintendent. Sometimes his work is performed by the Chief Engineer, while some roads have no Chief Engineer, at all.

The Master Mechanic is appointed by the General Superintendent. He has charge of the repair shops, more particularly the locomotive shops. Sometimes he has under him a Master Car-Builder, and even a Master Car-Painter.

The Superintendent of Telegraph has charge of the maintenance of the wires and provides for station operators. He has nothing to do whatever with the train-dispatcher.

The Purchasing Agent is responsible to the General Superintendent. It is his duty to buy all the supplies necessary for the operation of the road and for use in the general offices. The position is oftentimes made a very valuable one, for every business house that deals with railroads uniformly stands ready to give the Purchasing Agent a private commission for his trade. Cases have been known, however, where this profit was quite small, the Purchasing Agent having regularly to divide with the General Superintendent who appointed him. Not all Purchasing Agents or Fuel Agents are dishonest, however.

The Paymaster, although he receives his money from the Treasurer, is yet subject to the General Superintendent. On the first of every month the subordinate officials of each department make up their pay rolls or time-accounts, and transmit them through various officers up to the Auditor. For instance, the section-boss makes out his pay-card for his gang, indorses it, and passes it to the Roadmaster, and he to the Division Superintendent. The latter indorses it, and sends it to the General Superintendent, and he in turn transmits it to the Auditor. When audited it goes to the Paymaster, and he puts it upon the payroll, drawing a separate check for each individual. It is generally about the 15th of the month before the Paymaster is ready to start in the pay-car out upon the road. His progress along the line is made known by telegraph, so that the men are waiting for him when he arrives at each point. Each man goes into the car, signs the roll opposite his name, and receives his check. No time is lost, and the pay-car moves along rapidly. Payment is made by check so as to avoid the danger of robbery. These checks are readily cashed by all merchants and bankers upon the line of the road.

It is noticeable that very few defalcations or embezzlements occur in railway operation, although all the general officers have good opportunities for peculation. This is largely owing to the elaborate system of checks uniformly used. It is also true that much more attention is paid to the safety of travelers on railroads than is supposed by the public. The system of train operation in vogue to-day is very exact and minute in its every detail, and every safeguard is adopted that ingenuity and experience can suggest. In such an army of employes, however, as a trunk line has now occasion to use, negligence will occasionally manifest itself in spite of every precaution. At least the system is sufficiently good to enable the habitual traveler to sleep sounder in his berth than in a six-story hotel.—*Chicago Times.*

Bananas and Plantains.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat or over 100 acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar-planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The platino manzanito is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. El platino guieno, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any other kind. It is subdivided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics that it is seldom eaten by them. El platino grande—known to us as simply the plantain—is also subdivided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the Isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted, or are prepared as preserves.—*Indianapolis Stock Review.*

The Latest Thing in Swindles.

"I've got the latest thing in swindles," said Flatley, as he hung himself on his favorite barrel behind the stove. "What's the matter, been getting married again?" inquired the bachelor. "No, I haven't been getting married again, so now you just shut up and I'll let you fellows have it cheaper than I got it. You see, I was coming across Boston Common the other evening just about dusk, and seeing a crowd just ahead I hurried up and elbowed my way in, and there was a little girl down on her knees with arm away in under the plank-walk, evidently reaching for something. She was crying bitterly, and I soon learned that she had lost twenty-five cents; dropped it, you know, through the cracks. Well, now I've children of my own, and it just broke my heart to see that kid, and so I out with a quarter and patted her on the back and told her to go home, and she did. A murmur of approbation was just running through the crowd when one man spoke up: 'Well, old man, she scooped you, didn't she? caught me for a quarter last evening, and I've been loafing round here for the last half hour just to see some other sucker get caught. Misery loves company, you know. Good eve.'"—*Boston Post.*

A Faint Resemblance.

An Austin female vocalist, who is always fishing for compliments, asked old Colonel Yerger if he heard Jenny Lind sing when she was in this country.

"Yes, I was personally acquainted with her."

"Now, Colonel, tell me candidly, don't you think me and Jenny resemble each other just a little?"

There was an awkward pause and the old man finally said:

"Yes, I think I do perceive some little resemblance."

"You mean that her voice was a little like mine."

"O, no, not in the least; but you resemble each other very much about the ears."

"You mean we have both got fine ears for music?"

"I don't mean that. I mean Jenny Lind wore ear-rings and so do you."—*Texas Siftings.*

Brother Gardner's Advice to Trustee Pullback.

"Am Trustee Pullback in de Hall tonight?" asked the President of the Lime-Kiln Club as the band ceased singing, and a window was lowered to let the smoke escape.

"He air, sah," was the prompt response as Brother Pullback rose off his stool.

"Please step dis way."

When the tall form and shining pate of the member had toed the mark before the desk, Brother Gardner continued:

"Brudder Pullback, I has received a letter axin' permishun fur you to wisit the town of Akron, O., an' deliber your celebrated address on 'De Rise an' Fall of De Rail Fence.' I has answered dat you will be dar' on time, your shoes greased wid coon's-ile, an' your froat in good shape fur a two-hour's speech."

Pullback trembled with emotion, and murmurs of admiration were heard from every corner of the hall.

"Befo' you sot out on dis journey," resumed the President, "I want to gin you a few words of fatherly advice. You will fur a time represent de cnil'd element of Detroit, an' you will be p'inted out as a well-known member of de Lime-Kiln Club. All your words an' deeds will be tooken notiss of, an' people will forget de size of your feet in deir anxiety to know whether you am second-growth hickory or basswood stained ober.

"Don't car'y de ideah dat you own all de co'ner lots in Detroit, an' am waitin' fur a sartin rise of 200 per cent. befo' sellin'.

"Don't take along any brass watch chain or dollar ston diamond, an' de fust time you see anybody look twice at yer new plug hat take it off and brush de nap de wrong way on yer elbow.

"Doan' talk horse, religun, pollyticks, free trade nor poteckshun. What you doan' know on dose subjects would fill a big book, an' what you do know you can't half tell on account of your asthma.

"You will be offered de freedom of de city in a tin box. Accept it wid thanks, but pay fur yer beer an' cigars an' bring de box home to keep cold biscuit in.

"You will be escorted around by a brass band. Doan' sot wid your mouf open an' yer eyes rolling', as if it was de fust time ye eber heard anyfin' more numerous dan a hand-organ, but take it in like a man who has allus had a pianer in de house an' a full brass band across de alley.

"At de table eat wid yer fork, eben if you do jah yer tongue a few times. If it becomes necessary to blow your nose in public, do it solemnly and wid dignity, an' do yer wipe wid a handkerchief instead of yer elbow.

"In conversashun be pleasant an' courteous an' pliable. You will fin' men in Akron who doan' believe dat de whale swallered Jonah. You am not sent down dar' to convince 'em.

"Keep sober, car'y yer money in a pocket in yer shirt. an' seek to leave a good opinyun behind you. As you will have to git up at fo' o'clock to-morrer mornin' to cotch de airly freight train fur Toledo, you had best go home now an' practice on lookin' like an old trabeler while buyin' a railroad ticket."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Make a Bouquet.

Take first a mass of white, it may be a truss of white geranium, a double white stock, or a clematis, or, for a small bouquet, a bunch of the small double pyrethrum; then scarlet, which to an artist means orange; as, for instance, a double scarlet geranium, Tom Thumb nasturtium, or any brilliant orange, though that color is not so abundant as it ought to be. Put any of these next the white on one side of it: then take red, a bright rose, and the brighter the red the nearer it should be to the white, so that other duller reds may be beyond it (by red is meant all colors of crimson, but red is the true designation); place these on the other side of the white. Some very dark, almost black, flower may also be brought near the white, but only a very little of that color, and beyond the scarlet a very little of blue, such as that of an Emperor William pansy, or a little sprig of lobelia. Beyond the red have purple and yellow brought together, and on the other side picotees, which, although rich in color, are not prominent, though any flowers that have broken colors will do; beyond these again bring in blue in some mass and your taller flowers, as pentstemons (the blue kind make an admirable background and are always to be had), dark-colored fuchsias (some flowers or leaves of a brownish hue should interpose beyond the blue), and the last to introduce should be the maiden-hair fern, which certainly makes at all times a very pretty background. Make this bouquet up in your hand, and avoid too much formality, as the colors will generally arrange themselves with sufficient effect and force, though they may intermix a little. A bouquet has generally only one view, in which case it should slope gently upward; then the white should come near the bottom. If it is to be seen all round, the white should be in the center, with the above arrangement of colors in masses round the white. When your bouquet is large enough, tie it round in the middle of the stems, cut them off evenly, and drop into a vase of water. Two principles may be followed in making up a bouquet—one, harmony and contrast of color, the other force of light and shade; whichever is chosen, to begin with pure white is absolutely necessary. Even if only composed of a single white flower, it should be the largest mass of the whole.—*Waverley Magazine.*

—The Metropolitan Horse-Car Company of Boston, has recently introduced the registering clock for recording fares. The other day an elderly lady, with a sharp nose, desired to get off a car. She rose energetically and pulled the strap which rang the fares. Before the conductor could make her desist she had not only been carried a couple of blocks beyond her destination, but had registered not less than twenty fares, for which, according to the company's rules, the conductor was responsible.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The test of the equableness of texture of Indian ink is by the best artists made by rubbing the stick against the teeth.

—Honey, after it is clarified, Herr E. Myhns has discovered, can be kept from fermenting or losing its flavor by adding to it about one per cent. of formic acid.

—A soap mine has been discovered in California. The substance is a deposit of white earth, free from grit, and impregnated with a small percentage of potash. It is easily sliced into bars, and, for cleaning purposes, is a fair substitute for manufactured soap.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A novel railway wagon has been invented and patented in Europe. It is an amphibious sort of a thing. When it ceases to run on rails on land it is capable of swimming on the water by means of pontoons attached to both sides. It is provided with a bow and stern pieces before being set afloat, and on the latter the motor is placed.

—In Switzerland, a course of instruction in raising vegetables has recently been established. Under the direction of a gardener, the pupils perform in the spring all the labors needed in a kitchen-garden. In August, they assemble to see the result of their labors. Raising garden-sauce is becoming a common accomplishment with lovely Swiss maidens.

—The Philadelphia school-boys who embarked in silk-culture two years ago have enlarged their cocoonery in the city to accommodate eight thousand worms, with a branch at Swedesboro, N. J., for the cultivation of mulberry trees. They have invented a machine for winding the silk from the cocoons which they have been exhibiting at public fairs.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—For warming conservatories, the London *Ironmonger* says that petroleum stoves have superseded the old portable stove to burn a prepared fuel made of charcoal, without a chimney. Numerous efficient devices are there in use for warming by hot water or steam by the use of gas or petroleum as fuel. Some of these are simple, portable, and comparatively inexpensive to run.

—The fish torpedo, which can do everything but speak, will be cast into the shade by the mole torpedo, an engine of war just patented by an officer in the Austrian army. The new invention claims to be a miner of the most formidable description, which can burrow in the earth or under a wall, and then either explode at once or wait until ordered to do so by its master.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There has been a striking example of man's ingenuity in England. Several years ago salt deposits were found near Middlesborough at a depth of 1,200 feet, but all efforts to make it an industrial success failed until recently, when wells were sunk, and in them two tubes are placed, one within the other, so that an angular space is left between them. Into the circular space water is poured, which dissolves the salt, and the brine thus formed and subsequently pumped out yields about one hundred and sixty tons of salt a week when evaporated.

PITH AND POINT.

—A certain Cuban dentist wears a dressing gown that came from New Haven. Here we have a live illustration of an Havana filler with a Connecticut wrapper.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"You can't get ahead of me," said a stupid mean man to a doctor. "I wouldn't care to," retorted the physician, "for I don't like cabbage."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A new cashier in a Pittsburgh bank is Mr. Drum. It does not follow that he has two heads, but that confidence men will find him hard to "beat."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.* It may be hoped that he will not prove a snare Drum.—*Detroit Post.*

—A philosopher says, "Live your life in such a way as to show a contempt for wealth." That's "us!" We want our daily life so intermingled with wealth, as it were, that familiarity will breed contempt.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—Answers to correspondents—Lilly M. S., "Would you be so kind as to give me a receipt for a baked plum pudding?" Certainly, Lilly, certainly. Send on your baked plum pudding, and we'll send you a receipt for it by return mail. Could you send a three-cent stamp to cover postage?—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Willyim, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner—you'll wear out your new boots. (He sits down.) There you go—sitting down! Now, you'll wear out your new trousers! I declare, I never see such a boy!"—*Chicago Herald.*

—"What d'ye leave that door wide open for?" exclaimed the gentleman in the office to the intruding peddler. "Oi thought, surr," was the quick reply, "that ye moight want to kick me down stairs, and Oi wanted to make it convanient for ye, surr." The gentleman was so taken aback that he bought two apples for five cents, passing off a bad quarter in the transaction.—*Boston Post.*

—Young Podgers struck up an acquaintance with a nice girl on the State road the other day, and he promised himself a whole salvo of kisses when they should enter the Hoosac Mountain. What was his disappointment when the brakeman came through and lighted the car lamps before reaching the bore! Podgers says the tunnel is a blankety-blank humbug, and the sooner it is filled up the better! The ideal he says, of squandering millions on such a mean fraud as that!—*Boston Herald.*

—When you have a male bore, who hangs to you tighter than a nickname, how blessed it is to see a lady come in! Ninety-nine bores out of a hundred—and only a kick will meet the case of the hundredth—will get up and go when a lady enters. Blessings therefore descend upon her head! Woman is indeed the best friend of man. But—horrid thought! —how in Heaven's name is a fellow to get rid of the woman, if she happen to be—and sometimes she is—an unconscionably worse bore than the male bore she unseated?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE MASTER QUIG.

This tale's of little Master Quig,
Who, being little, wasn't big;
And many said, who understood,
That, being bad, he wasn't good.
When from his school he ran away,
Most people thought he didn't stay;
And I have heard, from those who know,
When he ran fast, it wasn't slow.
He always studied when compelled,
And always staid when he was held,
And always slept when not awake,
And left the thing he could not take.
To go to sea one day he planned,
And being there, was not on land;
And so stuck on a bar—alas!
For, being stuck, he could not pass,
The dark night found him in a fright,
For, being dark, it was not light.
The big waves rose and filled the boat,
And being full, it could not float.
And so, as I have heard it said,
They found him in the morning dead,
And men of sense do still maintain
He never more was seen again.

—*Mary A. Barr.*

THE SNOW-BALL JURY.

"Boys! boys! Come on! Here's some fun!"

"What's a-going? What is it?"

The shouts were excited and long-drawn, and so was the answer:

"The girls are pelting Bill Henderson cause he sassed the school-ma'am. Come o-o-on!"

They were coming, for school had not been out three minutes, and none of them had gone far from it. There had been trouble in the little school-house of late, and Bill Henderson had been at the bottom of a good deal of it.

It was not altogether because he was so very bad a boy, but he felt it a little hard to be as big as he was, and to be bullied for his blunders by so very small a woman as the school trustees had chosen for a teacher that winter. It might have been different if there had been any boy a little taller to set him a good example, but all the tall boys were attending school at the Academy. Thus Bill was left to [illegible] the difficulties in his own way, and he had not yet been able to settle them at all, for little Miss Varick refused to have mercy on his mistakes of any kind. What made it worse was that she told him, three or four times a day, that she was his best friend, and wanted to help make a man of him.

Bill could have stood a great many things better than he could that, for he felt that he was quite near enough to being a man to be sent to the Academy.

There were other boys in the District School, but none of them were large enough to interfere much with Bill, and he had his own way a good deal in any out-of-door matters. There were not even any large girls, but there was a perfect swarm of small ones, and Miss Varick had somehow persuaded them all that she had come among them as a sort of guardian angel.

That was why there was such a sudden silence along the lower benches, and such a buzz after it that afternoon, when Bill Henderson roundly declared:

"I won't spell it again!"

"You won't, William? Did you say 'I won't'? Spell it again, sir."

"I won't. I don't mean to let any woman boss me."

"Spell it, sir!"

Bill held down his head sulkily, but he did not open his lips again in reply to Miss Varick's further remarks, of which there were many, except at the end of them, when he again blurted out:

"I won't be kept after school, neither—not by any woman."

He had not been looking at the rows of little faces on those benches, and if he had it would not have occurred to him how many little women were sitting there, not one of them comparing in point of size with even little Miss Varick.

Particularly he had failed to see the look of wrath in the black eyes of Polly Burbank, and he had no notion of what made her buzz around so among the other girls the moment Miss Varick struck the small brass tea-bell on her desk, and said:

"School is dismissed. I will see William Henderson about this half an hour before school opens to-morrow morning."

There was a sound of something to come in the clear tones of the school-ma'am's voice, and Bill's head was still hanging a little when he slouched out of the door, and began to trudge along the road toward home.

"Now, girls, let's pelt him."

It was Polly Burbank's shrill treble that he heard saying that, and she had a snow-ball ready-made to show what she meant. It was not a very big or hard one, but it hit him just under the left ear, and Kate Sullivan followed it with another that went into his neck. At any other time he might have set to work and snow-balled back again, but he knew somehow that Miss Varick was watching the fun from the window, and that she heard Polly Burbank shout again: "Pelt him girls. He said she was nothing but a woman."

That was the crime he had committed, and he felt meaner and meaner about it with every small globe of packed snow that hit him.

"Pelt him, Polly! Pelt him, girls! We'll stand by you."

Bill hardly cared what boy it was that said that; but he knew they were coming back, and following along to see fair play, and that they would all be against him if he dared rebel too savagely against his small tormentors. They grew worse and worse as he walked faster and faster, and he was thinking whether or not it would pay to run, when who should drive along but Mrs. Dillaway, the minister's wife, in her old red cutter, with old Miss Burns beside her.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillaway, "what are you all about?"

"Yes," said Miss Burns, "what on yearth are they up to?"

"Pelting Bill Henderson," shouted Polly Burbank, "because he sassed the school-ma'am. Said he wouldn't mind a woman."

"He did, did he?"

"He wouldn't, would he?"

Bill lifted his head, and was just about to say something, when a small girl with very red hair threw a big ball of half packed snow with so good an aim that his mouth was too full of it for a word to come out.

"Drive on, Mrs. Dillaway," said Miss Burns. "Let 'em make an awful example of him. It's high time sech talk was put an end to. Nothing but a woman! I declare!"

If Bill had run just then, it would have looked as if he were trying to catch a ride on that very cutter, and he could not bear the thought of that. He walked as fast as he knew how, but so did all the other boys, and by common consent not one of them threw so much as an ounce of snow at him. They left all that to the girls; but they could not help packing a few first-rate snow-balls, and handing them around, like so many ready-made cartridges in time of war.

Polly Burbank was everywhere, all around her victim, and so was Kate Sullivan, and so was the little girl with the very red hair; but some of the others were beginning to get tired, and drop off toward their own homes, when Bill drew near the gate of his father's house. He had been walking somewhat more slowly for the last few rods, and had looked up now and then as if he wanted to know if there was any one in that front yard.

The girls had done the same, but there had been no one visible until just as Bill reached the gate, and Polly shouted:

"Give him one more pelt, girls!"

She was barely ten years old herself, but the tall, Roman-nosed woman who came suddenly out on the doorstep was four times that at least, and the youngest of the three shorter ladies who followed her was nearly twenty.

"What does it all mean? William, my son, what's the matter?"

William had no answer in a good shape to give, but there were four or five eager voices quite ready to explain the matter, and then he almost wished he had gone in the opposite direction when he left the school-house. His mother and his two aunts and his sister—not one of them but took the words right out of Polly Burbank's mouth, and said them all over, with a good many more like them.

"Pelted home from school by all the girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson at last, with a very red face. "Come right in here, William. I'm a woman myself. We'll see about this. Go home, girls, all of you."

"Mother," said his sister, "we'd all better go to the school-house with William to-morrow morning."

"Of course we will," said both his aunts in a breath; but they could hear Polly Burbank say to little Kate Henderson:

"Did you hear that? Guess he'd rather be pelted, don't you?"

"Guess he would; but we've done all we could for him."

So they had, and that was the last rebellion of the kind that took place during all the time Miss Varick taught in that district.—*William O. Stoddard, in Harper's Young People.*

A Bad Habit.

Little Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the bee-hives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry at being disturbed, and lighted on Mattie's face, neck and hands, stinging her so badly that she fell to the ground screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the bee-hives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie; but just as she spoke, over she went.

The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all; but she had time to get very wet and to cry almost a teacupful of tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well-bucket. She caught cold, too, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddlesome as ever, and it took a very severe lesson to cure her of her bad habit.

One day her brother Joe left his gun in the hall while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said: "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. And Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play out-doors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.—*Our Little Ones.*

Puppies' Bites.

The verdict of "Death from Hydrophobia," returned at an inquest held yesterday on the body of Thomas Jenkins, a boy of fourteen years of age, is a warning to persons who are in the habit of teasing puppies. The evidence showed that deceased "pointed at" a retriever of three months old (now dogs of all kinds hate to be pointed at), which thereupon snapped at him and caught his finger, "the skin of which was grazed." This was in September last; and on the 16th instant the boy showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and died in St. Mary's Hospital on Saturday last. It was stated in evidence that bites from puppies were "worse and more dangerous than from old dogs"—a fact, if it be a fact, by no means so generally known as it should be. If puppies' bites and scratches be more dangerous they are certainly far more common, especially if a "graze" of the skin can be called a bite, and it appears from yesterday's inquest that it is sufficient to induce hydrophobia.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—If kid gloves are laid upon a damp towel for two or three minutes they will go on with less chance of tearing.

THE RECORDER.

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THE United States is to pay Chas. H. Reed. for defending Guitean, $3.000.

GOV. STEPHENS, of Georgia, died at 12 o'clock on the night of the 31 inst. He had been an invalid for fifty years.

GOV. BLACKBURN pardoned the two young men of Owen county who were recently convicted of horsestealing at Lexington.

THE public debt statement shows a reduction of $7,630,673 54 during the month of February, and a reduction of $102,638,346 29 since June 30, 1882.

THE new nickle has been doctored and passed for a five dollar gold piece as anticipated. A teller in a Cincinnati bank took one in for five dollars the other day.

A FEW days since a fire broke out in Lawrenceburg, and if it had not been that they have excellent steam fire engines a portion of the city would have been reduced to ashes.

THE manufacturers and business men of Cincinnati are not of one mind regarding the new tariff schedule, but they are agreed that business will be only slightly effected either way.

A THIEF entered a Philadelphia bank the other day, and, almost before the officials' eyes, stole $70,000 in bonds. It seems that the boldest robberies are the most successful in this country.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 15@7 40; fair to good packers, at $6 75@7 15; fair to good light, $6 85@7 10; common, $6 00@6 60; culls, $4 50@5 65: stock hogs, $5 25@6 25

AMONG the carriers appointed for the free mail delivery in Lexington, which goes into operation on the first of next month, is a colored gentleman, who the Transcript thinks will make a good officer.

DURING last month $353,652 28 were paid into the state treasury on account of the revenue for 1882, being $48,195 52 more than has been collected within the same time for ten years, says the Yeoman.

AT twelve o'clock, last Saturday, David Davis resigned as president protempore of the United States Senate, and Edmonds was chosen to fill that office, which will make him the successor of the president in case of his death or disability.

MR. RANDALL declined an appointment as a member of the tariff conference committee as did several other members. Randall declined because he could not justify that mode of procedure, and not because he was afraid as some construe his action.

FEW people are endowed with as much pluck and determination as the citizens of Lawrenceburg. They shed their coats, rolled up their sleaves and went to work as soon as the water would allow them a foot hold, and the town is being reconstructed as rapidly as possible.

PROF. WIGGNS says that about the ninth inst. a terrible storm will prevail, and that the destruction of property and life will be great. He tells all the ships to seek a place of safety and to stay there until the storm subsides. The storm is to be most severe in the countries east of the Atlantic ocean

MR. TILDEN'S new house, or rather the work of remodeling the old one, is about completed. He commenced to expend fifty thousand dollars in repairs, and his expenditures already foot up two hundred thousand dollars. We presume he will have a very snug building in which to spend the remainder of his days.

SATURDAY night the Lower House of congress unseated Frost, democrat of the third Missouri district, who has held the seat for two years, and drew his pay as a member, and seated Sessinghans, republican, who will draw two years pay in a lump. The election committee was two years in determing to whom the seat belonged

TWO St. Louis lawyers collided in the court room the other day, and they made things lively for a while. The St. Louis attorneys are gaining more notoriety as sluggers than by the practice of their profession.

LAST Saturday night the lower House of Congress unseated Frost, democrat from the third Missouri district and who has held the office for the last two years, and drew his salary for that time, and seated Sessinghaus, republican, who will draw two years pay in a lump. The election committee was two years in determining to whom the seat belonged.

IN the cases of the Commonwealth against several railroads, in the Franklin circuit court, for balance of taxes due for the year 1882, Judge Major decided, last week, in favoe of plaintiff. These suits have been mentioned in these columns before, and the roads parties to the suits named. Large amounts are involved in the litigation, and it will not cease until the court of appeals has passed upon the question of the right of the state to tax all railroads in the manner as assessed by the Railroad Commissioners.

STATE NEWS.

—Henderson is to have a daily paper.

—One Paducah nimrod has killed 9,160 rabbits this winter.

—On the night of the 27th ult., Paris had a $60,000 fire.

—About half of Harrison county will be set in tobacco this season.

—The Emma Fisher farm near Lexington sold for $148 85 cents per acre.

—There lives near Midway a fifteen-year old boy, cold., who weighs 337 pounds.

—A team of young oxen ran off with a boy in Pulaski county and killed him.

—The Kenton circuit court gave Bill Ryan six years in the penitentiary for having burglar's tools in his possession.

—A hog that had been imprisoned for forty-six days without food under a Maysville distillery, was taken out in tolerable good condition.

—Sol Sewell, an eccentric and wealthy old bachelor farmer, of Daviess county, shot and mortally wounde Lillie Collins, a colored woman living on his place, while carelessly handling a revolver.

—Neal and Craft spent a quiet Sunday, holding no religious services. They occupy the same old cell as before, and seem cheerful. Both still protest their innocence, saying they will do the same with their dying breath.—Lexington Transcript.

—Near Gratz, Owen county, a seven-year-old son of Dan Criswell, while playing with some other children, hid in a straw-stack, and the others, while undertaking to smoke him out, accidentally fired the stack, and the child was burned to death before he could get out.

—The six recaptured convicts who escaped in Arkansas while at work on the levee, were in a pitiable plight when found, barefoot, hungry and shivering, having cast off their shoes and stripped clothing. They had stood up to their knees in mud and water all night, and were almost dead when taken.

—Thomas Hiten, of Connersville, Harrison county purchased for $2 a cow almost eaten up with a cancer, killed her, and peddled the diseased meat out to the denizens of Connersville and the suburbs of this place. The people learned of it, became indignant, and made it so warm that he left for parts unknown.

—James Metcalf, a licensed distiller of Ohio county, has filed suit against W. A. Stuart, late Revenue Collector, in the Owensboro district, J. W. Church, his deputy, and several of his bondsmen, for $5,000 for false imprisonment. Metcalf was arrested for an alledged violation of the internal revenue laws, and imprisoned at Greenville, but was acquitted in the United States Court at Louisville.

—When the first white settlers built their log cabins in this then dense forest, the Indians told them a wonderful story of a great flood of the Ohio, when the waters rose more than one hundred feet, extending from "hill to hill." As near as they could fix it this phenomenal "big river" occurred in 1774. The Indians pointed out marks on the trees and on the hills to confirm their story, which the devasting hand of civilization have entirely effaced, or visible proof of the fact might now exist.—Mayesville Bulletin.

—At Nicholasville some two weeks ago Jacob Walters, who was in jail at Danville on the charge of carrying concealed weapons, confessed to poisoning two valuable horses belonging to Lewis Hemphill, of this county, in his confession implicating a prominent physician, who also resides here. The name of the latter was divulged to-day when Dr. John C. Miller and Walters were indicted by the grand jury for the crime. Dr. Miller, who is quite wealthy, immediately gave bond in the sum of $1000 W. H. Hoover becoming his bondsman. Walters could give no bond and was remanded to jail. In his confession Walters charged that Dr. Miller employed him to poison the horses.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—A hawk was killed in Georgia that measured forty inches from tip to tip.

—The cabbage shipment this winter in Wythe county, Virginia, will be worth $30,000 to the county.

—It is said that fifty years ago shad were so plentiful in the Savannah river that fishermen exchanged them for corn at the rate of one car of corn for one shad.

—The peanut crop of Tennesse last year is estimated at 350,000 or 400,000 bushels. Virginia raised 1,500,000 bushels and North Carolina, 150,000 bushels. The price ranges from $1 20 to $1 75 per bu.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat, adjoining the lands of Allred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

TAKEN UP.

Taken up as a stray by Ephraim Helm, living on the Anderson Ferry and Minneola turnpike road about 1 mile from Anderson Ferry, in Boone county, on or about the 8th day of September, 1882, one red and white spotted cow with underbit mark on the right ear, and right horn drooped, but having no other brands or marks. Which I have appraised at $15.

Witness my hand this 3d day of January 1883. JOSEPH WAGSTAFF, J. P. B. C.

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Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	15 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 50	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	25 25
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	18 75
Good Med. Leaf	19	22 00
Good Br't Leaf	22 50	25 50
Fine Br't Leaf	26 00	28 00
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	11 50	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	24
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OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk; A. G. Dedarnelte, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

1883

THE CINCINNATI NEWS

A DAILY

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THE NEWS, Cincinnati, O.

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Is selling Fancy and Staple Groceries cheaper than any other house in Covington.

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A full stock of Family Groceries always on hand. 7-3m

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

Winding Up the Clock.

Which the Weary Wheels Were Almost Still, A Luck Accident Reveals the Lost Key.

"How long did you say you had it?"

"Twenty-five years."

"What! a bad cough, with occasional attacks of hemorage, for twenty-five years? Why, man it's a mercy that there's a dozen pounds left of you

Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin County Pa., stuck to his statement, and when the exclamations of wonder ceased, he added:

"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy. But the greatest mercy of all is that, before I actually choghed myself out of existence, I got hold of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and a few bottles of it cured me."

"Cured you? Relieved you, you mean?"

"I mean what I say; it cured me," said Mr. Orner, simply. "I feel like another man."

Please take especial notice: PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a mere essence of ginger; not a mere stomachic. The ordinary preparations of ginger are beneficial for transient aches, but at that point their value ends. Parker's Ginger Tonic covers a far wider and totally different field. It attacks and dissipates radical and chronic diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Nerves. It is as delicious to the palate as it is prompt and effective in operation. Ginger is only one among many powerful curatives which the TONIC holds in combination. Test its virtues for that cough of yours, or for any ills which require an invigorant for the whole system.

And, above all, do not permit yourself to be misled. Parker's Ginger Tonic stands alone. Nothing else is "just as good." Prices 50 cents and $1. Economy in buying the larger size. Hiscox & Co., New York.

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DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to

GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

The public generally and all persons, especially merchants, are hereby notified that my wife Nannie V. Kelly, did, on the 7th day of February, 1883, leave my house and abandon me and my children, without just cause, and that I will not pay or be responsible for any of her acts or debts hereafter made or contracted by her.

This Feb., 9th '83. W. B. KELLY.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN."
148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known *writer on the Boston Herald*, B. W. BALL, of *Rochester, N.H.*, writes, June 7, 1882: "Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a *complete cure*. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

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DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

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COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Hero is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

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Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
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540 MADISON STREET,

COVINGTON, - - KENTUCKY,

Has made a great slaughter in prices to close out his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS.

OVERCOATS

Of all styles are being sold at prices that will astonish You

Remember the No. 540 Madison Street, Covington, Ky

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

TRADE MARK.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. B. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '81

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines

OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

3 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the

CLIPPER M'F'G CO.,
(LIMITED.)
No. 288 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.

2 to 100 Horse Power.

Established 1840

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ½ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S

HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.

50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

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Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW

Is the *cheapest* and *best*. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast* and *easy*. *Sent on test trial*. Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and working force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. *Land Warrants* procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO. Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

Local News.

For $1 you can have the RECORDER from March 1st to Jannary 1st, 1884.

Fresh milch cows are in demand.

Winter's back bone was only dislocated.

An unusually large crowd in town last Monday.

The merchants report heavy sales last Monday.

The roads commenced drying up nicely last Friday.

Road supervisors for the year have been appointed.

Mack Aylor has about 1000 locust fence posts for sale.

Price Neal, of Grant county, visited his relatives near here last week.

The wills of R. C. Green and Andrew Gluckin were probated Monday.

Those who raise vegetables will soon commence locating truck patches.

Bruce Thornton, of Union, delivered his tobacco at this place last Saturday.

Congress passed a tariff bill. It reduces the tax on tobacco to eight cents.

Since going to Nebraska, Mr. James Blythe has united with the Methodist church.

March came in like a lamb, and to verify the old saying will have to go out like a lion.

Mr. Palmer has put up a new forge in his shop. His business seems to be on the increase.

The annual spring moving has commenced, and a muddy time it has been for the business.

For carriage painting, house painting, paper hanging and whitening ceilings call on Joe Reed.

The tobacco raisers have been given a chance to burn plant beds. Did they take advantage of it?

Since the river has returned to its proper chanel, people see to what extent they are damaged.

If John Bradford fails to recognize you, it is only because he has a bouncing boy at his house.

Persons coming to town Monday were thoroughly chilled by the cold, damp east wind they encountered.

Frog ponds were made lively by the little croakers, last Fiday night. They are said to be harbingers of spring.

Johnny Hoggins, of Walton, is feeding 210 head of extra cattle, and about the first of July they will be fancy.

The spring fever became epidemic in Burlington, last Friday, and for a while several cases threatened to become fatal.

On the 3d Friday, March 16th, the Boone County Pomona Grange will hold a meeting in Big Bone Grange Hall.

Some fears are expressed that the warm weather has so advanced the fruit buds that late freezes will destroy the crop.

Last week we neglected to mention Mr. James Cowen, of Gallatin county, being on a visit to his father at this place.

The teachers interested in the January draft are notified that the school commissioner is now prepared to settle with them.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

D. M. Snyder informs us that he is going to move into the property lately occupied by R. L. Aylor, and engage in merchandising.

In this issue appears the advertisement of Wm. Clore, of Rising Sun. Mr Clore's plows are deservedly popular with the farmers of this county.

Some of those in this section, who had tobacco to sell, would not take the prices offered by our local dealers. They hauled it to the city and took less.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine for March is at hand. It is replete with good reading and nice engravings.—Price, $2 50 a year with a nice present.

Mr. John L. Conner moved his furniture, last Thursday, from the Central Hotel to his residence at Erlanger, where he is now engaged in business. Success to him.

Everett Hall and Mrs. Martha Deer united with the Universalist church at this place at its last meeting. Both confessed while Mr. Dunlap was preaching here.

Some sinner or sinners who have no fear of the devil, entered the common school house in this place a few nights since, and stole the bucket, dipper and wash pan.

We have been talking with men whose opinions are worth considering, and they agree with us that a saw mill at this place would certainly do a good business.

Mr. Edward Gaines, of Woolper Plains, organized as a relief committee Monday, and came in and subscribed for three copies of the RECORDER. That is business.

We are sorry to learn of the severe illness of the following worthy citizens in the vicinity of Big Bone Church: Esq. John C. Riley, James Mason and Mrs. Lucinda Mason.

Esquire Baker received considerable new tobacco during the month last past. He has more room than he had last season and can handle the weed to a much better advantage.

When in Covington don't forget that Geo. H. Leobker's is the place to go to get a bargain in boots and shoes. He gives you good, honest work. His number is 38 Pike street.

When in Petersburg, call and see me whether you need anything in the drug line or not. I am in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Bradly for a grocery. Call and see me. S. C. BUCHANAN.

John Walby, of Constance, died very suddenly, a few days since, of heart disease. He had had the pneumonia for several days, but was recovering from that when he died very unexpectedly.

A dog belonging to F. P. Walton's little boys, went mad last Wednesday, left the premises and has not been seen or heard of since. Before it left it had been snapping at everything that came in its path.

The fine weather, last week, revived the thoughts of green p's and q-cumbers in the minds of some of our citizens, and they shed their coats, repaired to the garden and commenced raking and burning trash.

Last Saturday the authorities at Florence sent Geo. Callum, charged with beating his wife, to jail where he remained till Monday, when he was taken back to Florence for trial, of the result of which we are not advised.

Mr. Lewis Sullivan and Miss Lizzie Deck passed through town last Thursday on their way to Elder E. Stephens', where they were married. Mr. James Tolin and Miss Mollie Sullivan accompanied them. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan have the best wishes of the RECORDER.

Alfred Powell, who was indicted some time since in this county for unlawful shooting has been arrested and is now under bond of $500 for his appearance at the next term of the circuit court. The shooting was done at Walton and Boone Finnell was the man he was trying to kill.

Frank Willis, colored, was lodged in jail last Saturday, charged with grand larceny. He stole, killed and dressed, last Thursday night, a hog belonging to Mr. Jack Barton, near Florence. The meat was found concealed under Willis' bed. His examining was trial held at Florence Saturday, and in default of $100 bail Willis was sent to jail.

A large crowd congregrated at Mrs. Dempsey's pond, last Sunday about 2 p. m., to witness the babtizing of six persons who recently united with the Baptist church at this place. Rev. Dicken officiated, and the following were immersed: Mrs. S. A. Palmer, Mr. Graham and daughter, Miss Alice, Miss Ella Duncan, Joseph Hodge and James Rucker.

Near Constance, in Kenton county a house was caught floating down the river, and in it a baby sound asleep and unconscious of its perilous ride.—Richmond Herald.

Constance is not in Kenton county; no house was caught floating down the river, and in it a baby sound asleep and unconscious of its perilous ride, near that place. With the exception of these trifling defects the item above is correct.

We have just received from Saalfield's Music Store, 12 Bible House, N. Y., and 16 Jackson St., Chicago the February number of the Saalfield 10c libraries. These series of monthly publications to which the subscription price is only $1, (12 numbers) single number 10c. are revolutionizing the music business. Think of buying 16 pages of music for 10 cents. The number at hand contains a waltz on Gilbert & Sullivan's latest opera, the Langtry waltz and several other peices.

Mr. James Tanner, aged 81, and a pioneer of this county, died very suddenly at his home, last Sunday morning, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock. Mr. Tanner was in his usual health and was talking to Mr. Alex Foster in regard to tombstones for his wife whom he buried but a few months since, when a third person present noticed a sudden change in his appearance, and exclaimed: "He is dying!", which sentence was scarcely completed before his life was extinct. The deceased belonged to one of the largest families in the county, and was acknowledged to be the best hand in the country to barbecue meat, and many dinners did he prepare in that way for political gatherings.

Married, at the bride's residence, on Fourth street, Aurora, Ind., on Thursday evening, Feb. 22, Judge Omer F. Roberts to Mrs. Kate Terrill. The ceremony was witnessed by about a score of the most intimate friends of both parties Never was a bride dressed with more taste than this one—her costume being of nile-green satin and plush of the same shade; white kid gloves and deep collar of lace, finished a tulle that was becoming, tasteful, simple and appropriate. The Judge never looked better, and the happiness depicted upon his countenance was a good evidence of the state of his mind.

Soon after the ceremony was performed the newly wedded pair led the way to the supper room where an elegant repast was served, which could hardly have been surpassed by either quantity quality, appearance or arrangments. After full justice had been done to the tempting viands the guests returned to the parlors, where music and conversation made the hours pass away all too soon, and the time came for the guests to disperse, each wishing that the Judge and his lady may live to celebrate their golden wedding and honor the same friends with invitations.—Lawrenceburg Register.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

A. W. Smith is down on the river, today, ducking.

Uncle Sam Cowen is sufferin with a severe attack of stiff neck.

Mr. Alex Foster, of Covington, was in town Thursday.

Hon. D. A. Glen and wife, of Covington, were in town Monday.

Father Burke and Mr. Conner Yager, of Florence, were in town last Saturday

J. C. Arnold is now, and has been for some time, in a very critical condition.

Mrs. T. W. Finch returned home, last Thursday after several days visit at Williamstown.

Lin Frazier was in town yesterday on business pertaining to the Union and Parkersburg pike.

Mr. E. W. Duncan, who is teaching school at Parkersburg, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Miss Nannie Kyle, of Kenton county, spent a day or two, last week, with her friends in Burlington.

Mr. Jesse Harrison and wife, of Owen county, spent several days last week with friends in this vicinity.

Ben Stephens who has been keeping store in Jessamine county sold out his stock and returned to Boone.

Mrs. Gullion who went home week before last and returned on account of her residence being partially inundated left for home again last Thursday.

Capt. Ralph Sheldon, Register of the Land Office, was in town Monday, mixing with the people. The captain is not without a following in Boone.

Dr. R. H. Crisler, of Ludlow, attended court Monday. We are glad to know that the doctor is well pleased with his new home, and that his practice is increasing.

Mr. Moses Shropshire, of Scott county, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. David Hogan, who resides near here.

Several horses on the pike dust Monday, and auctioneers worked faithfully to make sales. James Jones sold one to Johnny Hoggins for $122.

The burning of a meat and coal house in Walton, one day last week, created quite an excitement. Hard work and good management was all that prevented the fire from destroying several other buildings.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Union.

O. C. Utz's new buildings are progressing rapidly.

Bro. Dunlap began preaching here last Monday night. Everybody is invited to attend the meetings. He and his family are the guests of H. P. Stephens and wife.

The case of the Commonwealth against C. B. Clarkson, at Nicholasville, has been continued till the August term of the Circuit Court.

Bro. Lafe Johnson preached a very able sermon here last Sunday night. Subject—"The blessings of the Gospel."

With the spring comes general industry.

Florence X-Roads.

Died—Mr. John Walby, of Constance, on the 28th ult., of pneumonia. The remains were taken to Cincinnati for interment. He leaves a wife and one child who have the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. Jas. M. Utz has gone into the stock business with Jim Conner. Mr. Utz has fine judgment and is a good trader.

Mr. E. D. Tanner is chief-cook-and-bottle-washer at the saw mill again, while Mr Johnson Vaughn handles the coal shovel with great ease. Mr. John Moore is general roustabout.

There was only one vacant house in town this winter, and it is now occupied by George Washington, colored.

Mr. Sam Crutcher is preparing for the spring races. He has purchased of W. R. Terrill a fine sulky, and can be seen any evening driving his high stepper.

Miss Alice Souther will teach the school at this place this spring.

Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Austin Beemon are on the sick list.

Hebron.

The tobacco raisers in this vicinity are busy burning and sowing their plant beds.

J. C. Conner has completed his large barn.

Mr. Ezekiel Hicks had the misfortune to lose his cow, one day last week.

Clore and Snyder hauled off several hogsheads of tobacco last week.

Robt. Collins will start this week to Crawfordsville, Ind., where he will make his future home.

The farmers in this section have commence plowing for corn.

L. C. Conner is convalescing.

Mr. Geo. Piper, of Burlington, spent last week at this place, assisting Davis Bros. invoice their stock of goods.

A grand dance was given at the residence of Mike Southers, one night last week.

The horse market at this place is still on the boom.

Rev. L. S. Kiser preached two very interesting sermons here last Sunday.

Miss Ada Wilhoit will commence the spring school next Monday.

Several loads of wheat were hauled from this vicinity to the city, last week.

Bellevue.

The river is again in its banks, and the usual steamboat traffic, which was suspended during the flood, has been resumed. It is quite interesting to take a trip along the banks and see some of the marks and changes made by the water. The large bottoms opposite our town have not a rail or board fence left in them, and what hedge fences there are, are badly washed. The back water in Middle Creek was within about 150 yds of Scott Rice's house.

Our P. O. has made another change. We now have a daily mail, which is delivered opposite Bellevue on the pike by Anderson's bus line, where our carrier exchanges pouches. The change went into effect the 1st inst. There has also been a change of carriers, Mr. Lewis Lafever occupying the position at present.

Parties from Cincinnati have taken possession of the tobacco warehouse at Mackville, and are now engaged in handling the weed.

We learn that the Clore Bros, Robert and Thomas are arranging to build a store room as soon as the weather will allow, to be occupied as a drug store, a thing our town has needed for some time.

The fine weather of last week started a few of our farmers to plowing, while quite a number improved the fine weather in burning and sowing plant beds. From present indications there will not be more than half as many acres put in tobacco this season as were last.

The literary society still goes on. We have not the proceedings of last meeting

Our law enforcer is raising rats with such as can not walk the chalk line. We have lately noticed several old, breachy cows around, eying him closely. Hope they will not be allowed to run over him.

Last Thursday evening, J. W. Rice and wife gave the young folks a party.

Rev. Mr. Houston preached in the school house Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. Bettie Aylor has moved to town, and is now living with her sister, Mrs. S Berkshire.

Miss Katie Piatt is rapidly convalescing. Miss Anna Wingate is recovering from a severe spell of sickness.

Petersburg.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

Marble playing is in full blast now.

Mr. John Gaines, of Burlington, was here last Tuesday.

Mr. Tom Graves, of Carrollton, Ky., was visiting friends here last week

Born—To Ed Terrill and wife, March 1st, a daughter. Mother and daughter doing well, but—Ed's about gone.

The social, Boone Division intended giving on the 8th inst., has been postponed till the 23d inst.

To Frank Collier and wife, on the 1st inst, a bouncing daughter.

Mr. Tom Stewart, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting his many friends at this place.

Dr. W. H. Terrill lost his black hen with a cripple horn last week. The finder will please leave at his office and receive reward.

Died—Mr. T. H. Green at his residence on last Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock. The remains were laid in the vault on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock. The funeral services were conducted at the residence by Rev. J. E. Taylor, of the Christian church, of which the deceased was an exemplary member. He was a good man, a kind husband and father, and an obliging neighbor; and leaves many sorrowing relatives and friends besides his heart stricken family, to mourn their loss. He was 59 years old.

Rabbit Hash.

A few persons in our midst are making maple molasses.

Bad colds are prevailing to a considerable extent since the flood.

Mrs. Clara McKay is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hastings.

Will McConnell reached home last Saturday, after a sojourn of three weeks on the corn boat.

Mr. Lewis Krotz, of Cincinnati, bought several crops of tobacco in this neighborhood last week at very fair prices.

Miss Jessie Stephens has passed for graduation at the close of the present school term in Rising Sun, which will be the last of April.

H. S. Pate has sold his stock of goods to the Mayfield Bros., of Rising Sun, and they will take possession at once.

McMullen Bros., of Bellevue, have contracted to move the store of S. Mock back to its foundation and repair it. They are now repairing the ferry house and it will be ready for occupancy in a few days.

Married—On the 28th ult., at the residence of the bride's uncle, Jas. Cayton, Wm. Baily to Miss Myra Hodges, by Esq B. H. Ryle.

Also on March 1st, in Rising Sun, by Rev. E. Baldwin, Mr. Jno. N. Hodges to Mrs. Campbell, of Rising Sun.

Rev. Geo. Froh preached an interesting sermon to the people of East Bend, last Sunday. It was highly appreciated as it was the first one preached in our midst during the past two months. Sunday-school was reorganized at the M. E. Church.

Francesville.

The roads between this place and Hebron are getting almost impassable.

The season is near at hand for the turnpike fever to make its appearance. It is an epidemic that our taxpaying citizens are much in dread of.

Billy Hayes is making quite an extended visit in Dearbon county, Indiana. He went over the river two weeks ago for the purpose of collecting a load of marketing, and owing to the high water he has not been able to return. It is reported that he has contracted to cure a flock of sheep that have the scab. Billy is full of enterprise, and no doubt he is making it pay.

Mr. Joe Graves was at home a few days while the river was at its highest. Joe says as near as he can recollect the river was six inches higher at Taylorsport the last raise than it was at the time of the Noah rise. Joe has a good memory and no doubt his diary is correct.

Mr. Ben Wainscott, of this place, contemplates going into the butcher business in a short time. He will locate near the High Bridge on the C. S. R. R. Ben is a very steady young man and we hope he may be successful in his new undertaking.

The tobacco crops in this vicinity are mostly bought up. Messrs Terrill and Belsly being the principal buyers. Prices range from 4 to 10 cents.

The wheat crop in this locality does not look very flattering. It has been badly winter killed.

Miss Viola Fellows, of Evansville, Ind., is teaching a subscription school at Mr. Wm. Goodridge's near this place. She has quite a full school.

Will Batterson attempted suicide one day last week by taking an over-dose of hog jole and [illegible] gets the rash act, and, in all probability, will not attempt it again.

Johnny Cave has purchased a team and intends farming his mother's place this coming season. We hope Johnny will do well.

[We would be glad to hear from you every week.—EDS.]

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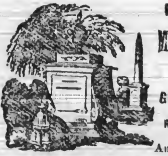

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HOME AND FARM.

—The popular sentiment that "any one can farm" is one of the greatest slanders on agriculture, one of the most serious hindrances to its prosperity, and a blight on its respectability.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Some agriculturists are now asserting that the construction of all our plows is radically wrong; that in the breaking-up of our soils the earth should not be inverted, but should be stirred to the required depth.

—Average hay in a barn mow, when solidly packed, will weigh a ton to 500 cubic feet. Solid timothy, well pressed, will go about 400 feet to a ton, clover hay about 600 to 700 feet, and light mixed meadow hay with red-top in it about the same.

—Old Folks' Hash: One teacup of cold boiled potatoes chopped fine; same of the ground meat; of boiling water half a teacup; add a lump of butter size of walnut, and salt and pepper if meat is not sufficiently seasoned. Heat ten minutes, and serve hot.—*Country Gentleman.*

—When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Delicate Indian Pudding: One quart of milk, scalded, two heaping tablespoonfuls of meal, cook twelve minutes, stir into this one tablespoonful of butter, then beat three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, salt to taste, mix all thoroughly, and bake one hour. Try it.—*The Household.*

—The curious New-Guinean method of plowing is effected by a row of men standing along the line of furrow, each with a hard, firm, sharp stake, which is thrust down by the "landside" until about a foot deep, when all simultaneously pry the mass over and break it up by plying their stakes up and down. Then they move on to another length.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The old National Agricultural Society is being revitalized at Washington. The old members claim that before the war they did excellent service in holding fairs, procuring the establishment of the present Agricultural Department, etc. An effort will be made to hold a fair next year. To this end a committee was appointed to confer with State Agricultural Societies for joint work. The National was organized in 1852.—*Washington Star.*

—When a calf or a cow is found breathing heavily without any other irregular symptom or any fever or redness of the eyes or parched muzzle, the trouble may be considered to arise from indigestion and a disordered stomach. Probably the chewing of the cud will be found suspended. In such cases it is best to give at once a dose of raw linseed oil—two ounces for a calf and ten or sixteen ounces for a cow. Usually abstinence from food will bring a cure in the course of a few days. Where there is any fever the medicine should be epsom salts in the same quantity, dissolved in warm water.—*N. Y. Times.*

Raising of Broom Corn.

The introduction of broom corn as a regular crop of the farm has again been considerably discussed and commended in certain sections as being one of the most, if not the most, profitable branches in general farming. We are fully aware that the results of a crop when carefully cultivated and a great deal of labor bestowed upon it, are better than those of many other crops; but all things considered we are by no means prepared to encourage its introduction extensively. There are many features connected with it that require much labor and money to dispose of properly. The common barn or outbuildings are not adapted to broom-corn. Open sheds with slatted racks, will have to be built somewhat similar to what is used for the crop of tobacco; for, if stacked in bulk it will soon mold and lose its natural color, and as a merchantable article it would be depreciated to one-half its value. Then the seeds have to be nicely cleaned out, which is not an easy matter, as the ordinary threshing-machines will not answer, for they would seriously injure the broom-straw; but something must be got up expressly for it. The threshing then is no mean job, as it is both laborious, disagreeable and expensive. There is a peculiar dust arising from it that is very injurious to the lungs, so much so in fact that very few can stand it at all, and those who do or can are obliged to wear sponges over their mouths and gauze over their faces; and even the particles falling upon the skin produce a painful itching, to which the virus if the poison-ivy is a soothing sirup in comparison. And after all this is gone through with and suffered, we come to the result, and now let us see what it is. The broom-corn raisers in the west, where this crop is more extensively raised than almost anywhere else, if we except a portion of New York and one or two of the New England States, who have been successful, and who, of course, give us the best figures, tell us that half a ton of prepared straw to the acre is a first rate crop, and that the cash value of it delivered is about forty dollars.

Now, it will be admitted that it is a poor year for Indian corn that does not yield $25 an acre to a Western farmer, generally. This is not so much as the broom-corn, certainly, but then there is not half the labor, and of course not half the expense, to say nothing of the very trying annoyances to which the farmer is subjected in preparing it for the purchaser. We can, therefore, safely say that, comparing one crop with the other in growing it and getting it ready for market, $50 or even $60 per acre for broom-corn would pay no better. Hence, the conclusions drawn from these facts are very different from those submitted by the broom-corn grower, which, as it is seen, will not bear examination.

It must be remembered that the result of a profitable business is determined by events, as [illegible] business whatever can any one tell with certainty what he can make the most money. The farmer and gardener should, in the first place, attend to those things that everybody wants and that are absolutely sure to sell. As he progresses he can try experiments that promise success, and include such specialties in his series of crops as are likely to be in demand; but in all such cases to risk only to such an extent that he shall not feel it in the event of disappointment. A man of a fair, ordinary degree of sense can usually see his way pretty clear in these things, and will not be likely to be led astray by any undue excitement in any new thing that may be started by speculators. And one of these things, though by no means new, is the sudden clamor about going extensively into broom-corn culture.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Repair Shop on the Farm.

Every farmer who has any mechanical genius should have some place where in rough or stormy weather he can go in and make such repairs on his farm implements as his knowledge of mechanics will enable him to do well. If the farm be large and the farmer skillful, it pays to have a small building by itself, where not only carpenters' tools are to be found, but also a blacksmith's forge, with a few of the most important tools. The farmer who can turn his hand so as to use successfully both the carpenter's plane and the blacksmith's hammer, is truly fortunate, because it enables him to not only mend his farm implements during leisure hours in the winter, but it also enables him to repair a sudden break-down in the busy season, much quicker than he usually could if he had to depend on others living at a distance. It is not, however good policy for the farmer to turn his attention so much to mechanics as to neglect his farm; there is a point beyond which it is neither profitable nor good policy to go.

Farming should be the principal business of the farmer's life; to this occupation he should give his principal and his best thoughts; whatever other business he may engage in, he should treat as a side business, and never let it interfere with his principal business. He who lets the weeds grow while he is building a wagon, had better be without a repair shop, but he who only spends his leisure hours in repairing farm implements, will find his repair shop among his best investments.

On a farm where there is a family of boys the repair shop is a necessity, if the boys are to receive thorough instruction, and the farm is to be made attractive. The boy who is able to make his own sled feels an independence which is unknown to the boy who has never had an opportunity to become acquainted with the use of tools, and when he has a farm of his own the practice which the repair shop gave him, will enable him to readily make most of the repairs on the farm, and if he has leisure, make many new improvements. A repair shop should always be a building by itself, because if in connection with others, it increases the risk of fire, and makes the rate of insurance very much higher.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

People Who Doctor Themselves.

"The extensive use of patent medicines and the enormous quantity of drugs sold without prescriptions indicate how wide-spread is the habit of self-doctoring," said a popular physician to a *Sun* reporter. "To those who know how carelessly and ignorantly these drugs are used the thought of the harm they do is absolutely appalling. There is no telling how [illegible] prescription once given will be used, or with what foolish risk it will be applied in a case where it will not only not do good, but is certain to work harm."

"Do you think the habit of self-doctoring decreases the practice of physicians?"

"By no means. The effect is rather to increase our work. People who think to do without the services of a physician will not only do themselves harm by delay, but also with the medicines which they do not know how to use. It is like a man trying to mend a leak in a water-pipe by soldering it with the poker. He generally makes the hole bigger. It is, of course, the most difficult part of the physician's duty to diagnose the disease, to tell what is the real trouble with the patient. It is not uncommon for even educated physicians to make mistakes in this respect. The science of medicine has progressed so far that every part of the human body has been pretty thoroughly studied, and the treatment of the ailments of each part is a specialty. It is impossible for one physician to know all these diseases as well as the specialists, and it is a common practice among honest physicians to refer patients to those who have made a special study of the diseases which afflict them. It is not uncommon for a man to go from one physician to another in the vain effort to discover his ailment. Sometimes a patient will be treated by successive physicians for the wrong ailment, because some of the symptoms of different diseases are similar. How unlikely it is, therefore, that persons who have not studied medicine can find out what ails them?"

"Which do you think do the most self-doctoring, women or men?"

"Women, decidedly, especially mothers and old women. The reckless temerity of some women in this respect is wonderful. They rush in where angels fear to tread. Hastily judging from a few symptoms that a case resembles one which the family doctor has treated, they will hunt up an old prescription and administer the dose to some confiding husband or helpless child. I could tell you some amusing stories of the mistakes that are made in this way, as well as some instances where more serious consequences resulted. Take, for illustration, a headache. It may come from a dozen different causes—from hunger, from indigestion, from over-excitement of the brain, from eating too much, from inhaling foul air. The remedy for a headache varies with its cause. Yet you will find women who have a universal panacea for headache, regardless of its cause. Beware of such women."

"With what medicines is the most harm done?"

"Opiates and aperients. The heedlessness with which morphine in various forms is now administered in families is alarming. The doctor comes to attend a patient who is in pain. He prescribes morphia and directs its use, and the patient is relieved. This is enough to start the average matron on a course of fell destruction with morphia. The next patient may be of a different temperament, or sex, or age, requiring either a different kind or quantity of the opiate, but the old prescription will be used, or, worse than all, will be revived from memory. Some drug stores watch carefully and refuse to dispense such drugs without a prescription in each case, but there are many too eager to make money to care much whether the patient is being treated by a doctor. The same is true of the [illegible], of chloroform and of ether. The bottle that is left partly filled in a family after one patient has been treated is pretty sure to be used for another without the doctor's knowledge. As for paregoric and laudanum, the amount of stupefaction that is practiced upon children by their use is so common as almost to cease to attract attention. Perhaps the child is naturally peevish, or is cutting teeth, or has some infantile ailment; out comes the paregoric or soothing-sirup bottle, and before long the small dose ceases to have effect. Then larger doses are given, until the unfortunate youngster's system is saturated with the drug and totally deranged. Sometimes the lazy and dishonest nurse, to relieve herself from trouble, administers the anodyne on her own responsibility, and the hapless child shows a dullness and stupidity for which nobody can account.

"I met a man once who was doctoring himself for dyspepsia and indigestion. He told me he wondered why he had not cured himself. He was apparently of muscular development and good constitution, but he had somehow got the idea into his head that he must exercise vigorously after every meal in order to promote digestion. He took long and rapid walks after his meals. Of course his indigestion got worse. He was apparently a man of ordinary intelligence, yet he was ignorant of the simplest law of health. I told him that if a cow could talk she would teach him more sense than to take any vigorous exercise, either physical or mental, immediately after a hearty meal. Most horses are treated more intelligently than this man was treating himself.

"What puzzles me is the fact that people are not afraid to meddle with such a delicate organism as the human body. Few persons who have watches would attempt to repair them if they should get out of order; yet they tackle the delicate mechanism of their own bodies with the recklessness of a blacksmith attempting to adjust a chronometer. The evil is widespread, and reaches not only the cases I have alluded to, but many others more difficult and dangerous than these. I have known of women experimenting with drugs in cases where a simple surgical operation of a minute's duration was all that was necessary. The evil is insidious and one that it would be difficult to reach by legislation. It is especially common among those who have that little learning which is a very dangerous thing. It is a question which are most to be pitied, those who know nothing whatever of their own bodies, or those who, having the presumption to act on very slight and insufficient knowledge, are perpetually dosing themselves with nostrums, and, with a blind faith equal to the most abject superstition, putting confidence in panaceas."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"A Darter Uv My Own."

Sam Kimper was a ferryman on a Western river, who, although addicted to drinking, was a good, straightforward fellow, always courteous and correct in his dealings. One night as he was "poling" a man and a woman in a buggy across the river he heard her say: "What will my father think?" Further talk ensued, during which he recognized the voice of a doctor's daughter living a few miles down stream. He did not like the man's voice, and was confirmed in his prejudice when the fellow began talking about going to Cincinnati and not letting her father know of their movements for a week. The girl began crying and the fellow answered roughly. She begged him to take her back home. "Take you back home," said he in a rough laugh. "Let a bird out of a cage after you have fairly caught it? Oh, no! I love you too well for that." By this time the boat was nearly across the river; and Sam said to the stranger: "Mister, the current's pooty swift to-day; there's a right smart freshet on. Reckon I'll have to ask you to make the lines fast ashore while I hold the boat agin the bank." The man got out and stood at the bow of the boat. Sam poled it against the bank with such violence that over went the man onto the shore. Sam let the boat drift away, and turning to the girl, amidst the howls and curses of the man in the water, said: "Reckon ye don't want him no more, do ye?" "No, no!" she exclaimed. The girl being in doubt about her ability to drive home, even after she had reached the other shore, Sam let his boat go down the stream. "What are you going to do?" asked the girl. "Boat ye down to the steamboat landin' for your town." "That will be a dreadful lot of work all for a silly girl." "I've got a darter uv my own," said he. Pretty soon he stopped poling, and the girl said he must be very tired. "Not a bit of it," said Sam. "I'm slowin' up so's to reach there about dusk." "Just what I wanted to ask you to do." "Thought so," said Sam. "I've got a darter uv my own." Everything was favorable, and no one saw the carriage drive off the boat. The girl promised that her father would pay Sam handsomely. "I don't want the money," said Sam. "I've got a darter uv my own. There's one thing I do want," said Sam; "if doctors don't know good stuff from bad, nobody does, an' ef he could send me a good solid drink o' somethin', seein' 'twill take me two or three hours to pole the boat back." The promise was readily given, and in a few minutes down came the doctor with a bottle of brandy and two men to pole the boat back; but Sam said the brandy would be more useful as well as better company. The doctor wanted to know how he could repay him and Sam answered: "You can repay me in kind, ef ye ever get a chance. I've got a darter uv my own, ye know."—*N. Y. Hour.*

Eating Matches.

Mr. Guggenheimer, of Avenue A, has put up $0.75 at the *Clipper* office, with a challenge open to all the world, to match him in his great feat of eating 1,000 pretzels in 1,000 consecutive quarter-hours. Mr. Guggenheimer is widely known as the champion pretzel-eater of Tompkins Square and he has never yet found his equal as a devourer of the convoluted delicacy of the socialist quarter. He generally takes an entire bakery every time he tries.—It is rumored in financial circles that two prominent magnates of Wall Street have wagered an even $200,000 on the result of a gastronomical feat shortly to be attempted in this city. One of the magnates referred to has bound himself to produce an unknown who will eat a brace of compressed yeast cakes every day, washing them down with water, for thirty-one consecutive days. The trial is to be made in the immediate neighborhood of a warm stove. Many side-bets have been made among the members of the Stock Exchange, and Broad Street is moved to its depths. It is, however, hinted that the whole affair is only an advertisement for a well-known manufacturing firm.—Mr. William Caper, the late gentlemanly and accomplished goat of Ninety-second Street, and [illegible] Avenue, was lately backed by his owner, Mr. O'Flanaghan, to eat thirty-two yards of gas pipe every day for a month. The goat went to his task with avidity, and ate even up to the last day, with genuine apetite. His task was finished with perfect ease, and had it not been for a slight indiscretion in the way of diet, indulged in to further show his phenomenal digestive powers, we should not have to chronicle the early demise of this ornament to the society of suburban New York. The rash animal unfortunately undertook, at the conclusion of his remarkable performance, to swallow the plumber's bill for the pipe. It choked him. The O'Flanaghan mansion is desolate, and the O'Flanaghan heart is heavy in the night watches.—*Puck.*

—A cry is going up for fire escapes on college dormitories, although the ordinary college boy is not easily entrapped by fire or anything else.

Vienna Music.

Too much cannot be said of the delightful music of Vienna. Its opera is one of the very best in the world—the people will have nothing but the best, and the Government, which makes up the losses, don't care for expense—and in addition there are scores of magnificent music halls for the winter, and gardens for the summer, but the popular music is found in the restaurants, where it costs the people nothing. In every part of this city a million of people are gorgeously furnished places for eating and drinking, with music thrown in. Some of them are on the ground floor, and some of them in the basement, and some two stories under ground, but all of the better class are splendidly fitted up and have a cuisine that is unexceptional to the most refined taste. At one—this is only a sample—the admission is free, though you do pay ten kreutzers for a programme and to have your overcoat and cane or umbrella cared for, there is every night an orchestra of 70 pieces and every man of them a solo performer. The enormous expense attending this wonderful orchestra the proprietor has to make out of the eating and drinking, and it is evidently profitable for there are 500 in the city just like it. The music is of the highest grade, comprising the best of Strauss' compositions, of which the Viennese are, very properly, enthusiastically fond, with selections from the best works of Meyerbeer, Handel, Haydn, Weber, Mendelssohn, and latterly, the mystic and rarely understood Wagner. The people drop in and go out, the tables in the vast hall being kept constantly full. You may order anything you may choose to eat or drink and it is served just the same as at other restaurants and at precisely the same prices.—*D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.*

—Mr. Crump, the Delaware shipbuilder, speaks of the good luck that American iron ships have always had, and says that "when collisions have happened between them and British iron vessels the latter have been pulverized. We would not be afraid of free trade in steamships if we had the capital and the plant that they possess in their first-class yards. Our mechanics, who, in Pennsylvania, are generally native born, are altogether more apt, and there has been no intellectual improvement in the average British ship mechanic for twenty years. He drives his rivets and holds his hammer and never thinks, while our men know about every part of the ship, and you might take almost any experienced man out of the yard and he could build one."

—A young man in North Carolina purchased a cravat, a neck-tie, a scarf—one of the broad, flat businesses that hides completely a man's soiled shirt front. He took it home. Handing it to the "old woman," he asked her to put it away for Sunday wear. "What is it?" asked the old woman, very innocently. "A liver-pad," replied the youth, now thoroughly aroused to a spirit of jocunity. About two weeks thereafter the fastidious young man was somewhat astonished, when he asked for his scarf, to learn that the old lady had been wearing it for what she thought it to be, a liver-pad.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Thomas Chadwick, who died in Farmington, N. H., recently, had hewn a coffin for himself out of solid granite, and on his death-bed enjoined his family to put him in it, which they did, although it required a big stone-wagon and four horses to convey it to the cemetery. He requested that he should be buried in Great Falls, and that his friends and mourners should, after the funeral, have a good dinner at a hotel, and that no one should mourn for him, all of which was done. About seventy persons partook of the funeral repast.

—A human curiosity exists in Mt. Nebo, Lebanon County, Pa., named Peter Wendling. He is forty-eight years of age, never had any hair or teeth, and is almost destitute of the sense of smell or taste. His skin has no pores or perspiratory glands. When at work his body gets intensely hot, and the only means of assuaging the heat is to throw water over him. He has never been sick in any sense.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Statistics of a quail hunt in Georia, gathered by the Atlanta *Constitution*: "The Marietta & North Georgia Road is the great route for quail hunters. The other day there were $2,000 worth of dogs (cash valuation in the baggage car on that road), attended by $6,000 worth of negroes (old valuation). In the coach were $1,400 worth of guns and $50 worth of hunters. On the return trip they had $2.80 worth of birds, and they ate a $20 lunch."

—A young woman living near Williamsport, Pa., recently swallowed a pin, which lodged crosswise in her throat. After the physicians had given up the case as hopeless, the young woman's little brother persuaded her to swallow a button to which was attached a string. When the button was swallowed the boy jerked the string and dislodged the pin. The young woman's throat was somewhat torn, but not seriously injured.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 2, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@	3 50
Choice butchers	4 75	@	5 60
HOGS—Common	6 00	@	6 60
Good packers	6 80	@	7 15
SHEEP	4 75	@	5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 85	@	
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13	@	
No. 2 winter red	1 11	@	1 12
Corn—No. 2 mixed	57	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	43	@	
Rye—No. 2	67	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@	11 75
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@	9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 50	@	
Lard—Steam	11-30	@	
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@	23
Prime Creamery	40	@	43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 75	@	2 90
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$4 00	@	4 50
Good to choice	4 60	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No 2 red	1 21	@	[illegible]
No. 1 white	1 22½	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	72	@	72¾
Oats—mixed	51	@	52½
PORK—Mess	19 25	@	19 75
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 10½	@	
Corn—No. 2	57¾	@	
Oats—No. 2	41⅝	@	41¾
Rye	65	@	
PORK—Mess	18 20	@	18 25
LARD—Steam	11-45	@	
WHISKY	1 17	@	
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 21½	@	1 21¾
Corn—Mixed	74	@	74¼
Oats—Mixed	47	@	50
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@	
Lard—Refined	12¼	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@	
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10	@	1 12
Corn—Mixed	53	@	54
Oats—Mixed	43	@	44
PORK—Mess	20 00	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—New	$1 09½	@	
CORN	53½	@	
OATS—White, new	40	@	41
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—			
Butchers' stock	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
Shipping cattle	[illegible]	@	[illegible]

—By the will of a Boston lady, lately deceased, Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell receive $20,000 each as the representative women suffragists, and it is said they will use the money in advancing the cause.

An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains.—*Tappahannock (Va.) Tide Water Index.*

A MULE never kicks the same object twice. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.—*Chicago Herald.*

"Made New Again."

MRS. WM. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'*made new again*' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

THE electric incandescent pocketbook is the latest. It is always light.

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

THE compositor who set up "gobblin' turkeys" for "Gobelin tapestries" should give thanks that he is permitted to live.

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

THE engine-ear ought to be on the donkey engine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

President Tyler's Whooping Cough.

John Tyler was attacked with the whooping cough whilst President of the United States. A child of August Rost, a member of Co. D., 99th Regt. Pa. volunteers, was cured at Lancaster, Pa., of the same complaint by using Mishler's Herb Bitters. Thousands upon thousands of testimonials, all voluntary, have been received reciting the wonderful curative properties of these Bitters. For Chills and Fevers, Malarious Disorders, Kidney and Liver Trouble, Constipation, and all forms of Nervous Ailments, Mishler's Herb Bitters stand forth as a certain, speedy and permanent specific.

A PANE in the stomach would let enough light in to show how one bears up under affliction.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky., writes: I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure.

DAVID FENDER, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

Gastrine.

This remedy for dyspepsia and all the unpleasant feelings attending indigestion is highly recommended and will be found a desirable medicine for travelers who suffer from nausea and headache. Sold by druggists.

BUILDING lots and indignation are both measured by the foot.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

ADVANCEMENT of learning—Moving the school-house.—*Puck.*

FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

WHY is a fishmonger a prudent merchant? Because he buys and sells c. o. d.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
The best medicine for cough or sore throat. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

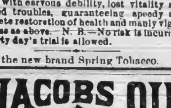
STRANGE that we can put no confidence at all in a professional confidence man.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

ST JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits, as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ASTHMA CURED by using Moore's CURE. Send 25c. in stamps for sample package by return mail to Moore & Harris Vincennes, Ind. Large Size, $1.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR [illegible] L. A. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Agts. Palatine, Ill.

[illegible] ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

SAW MILLS The Best is Cheapest. For Descriptive Circular and Prices write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

HOTEL and estab'd newspaper for sale in bright Dak town. Ad. J. W. NORTHUP, Minneapolis, Minn.

$5 A Day at Home. No peddling: 12 Samples Free. Send 10c for postage, &c. C. E. BOWEN, Brockton, Mass.

Voluntary Tributes of Gratitude for Benefits Received.

DEAR SIR—Please allow me the privilege of giving my testimony regarding the wonderful curative properties of your invaluable medicine, Hunt's Remedy. During the past six or seven years I have been a great sufferer from kidney disease, and during a great part of the time my sufferings have been so intense as to be indescribable. Only those who have suffered by this dread disease know of the awful backache, and pains of all kinds, accompanied by great weakness and nervous prostration, loss of force and ambition which invariably attend it. I had all these troubles intensified, and was in such a bad condition that I could not get up out of my chair except by putting my hands on my knees, and almost rolling out before I could straighten up. I tried the best doctors, and many kinds of medicine, but all failed to help me, and I experimented so long endeavoring to get cured that last spring I was in very poor shape, and in seeking for relief my attention was directed by a friend to the remarkable cures of kidney diseases, etc., which were being accomplished by Hunt's Remedy. I was induced to try it, and began to take it, and very soon "limbered up" as it were; my severe backache, and the intense pains I had suffered so long speedily disappeared, notwithstanding I had been bothered with this complaint so many years.

When I began to take Hunt's Remedy I was considerably run down in my general health, and suffered also from loss of appetite. Ever since I have been taking the Remedy, however, my improvement has been most marked; my former complaints, aches, pains, etc., have disappeared, and I now feel like my former self, hale, hearty, and sound in health. I shall always keep Hunt's Remedy with me, and would most earnestly recommend all those who are sufferers from kidney or liver diseases, or diseases of the bladder or urinary organs, to use Hunt's Remedy, and take no other.

Yours very truly, HENRY H. SHELDON,
No. 280 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

"In the lexicon of youth, etc., there is no such word as *Fail.*" That "lexicon" is now found in the laboratory of Hunt's Remedy. It knows no such word as—*Fail.*

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.
. . . . CONQUERS DISEASE, ...
PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formulæ in use 200 years.
. . . . IT HAS NO PEER. . . . .
MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.
All sold by Druggists.
Send for book
"Messenger of Health."
MISHLER
HERB BITTERS CO.,
Lancaster, Pa.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup works like a Charm.

PORTABLE
Soda Fountains!
Send for Catalogue.
CHAPMAN & CO.,
Madison, Ind.

AGENTS Make ENORMOUS profits selling our Perfection Coffee Pot. Absolutely indispensable in every family. Choice territory free. No boxing or freight charges. One Agent made $175 the first week, another $40. Write at once for full particulars. Sent free.
J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, O., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS are reaping a harvest selling our Kitchen Queen Safety Lamps and other household articles. The best selling articles ever put on the market. For Samples and Terms, address the
CLIPPER M'F'G CO.,
(LIMITED.)
No. 61 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

WORTH SENDING FOR!
Dr. J. H. SCHENCK, of Philadelphia, has just published a book on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW THEY CAN BE CURED," which is offered Free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any disease of the throat or lungs. Ad. Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 538 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., P. O. Box 2833.

OPIUM CURE I send a supply FREE and furnish the Recipe for a cure. 12 years experience. Send for circulars. W. F. GEORGE, LaPorte, Ind. (Formerly Confidential Secretary for Dr. S. B. Collins.)

HAIR Wigs & Wares sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

MAGIC MATCH SAFE Send 20 cts. to W. A. WRIGHT, Westvale, Mass.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co. Augusta, Me.

Lay the Axe
to the Root

If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and heals the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."

Nowhere Else

Than in the establishment of OLIVER DITSON & Co. are published so large, so useful, so varied, so brilliant and every way satisfactory a set of MUSIC BOOKS for

SCHOOLS, SEMINARIES,
ACADEMIES, COLLEGES.

We here mention, as among hundreds of others, our SONG BELLS, (50 cts.) for Common Schools, by L. O. Emerson, as a great favorite, and one that may be universally used. The older books, GOLDEN ROBIN (50 cts.), by Perkins; MERRY CHIMES (50 cts.), by Emerson, and others, have a fixed reputation and are always in demand. Send for lists!

The Welcome Chorus ($1), by Tilden, High School Choir ($1), and Hour of Singing ($1), by Emerson and Tilden, Laurel Wreath ($1), by Perkins, Song Echo (75 cts.), by Perkins, and School Song Book (60 cts.), by Everest, are all good and successful collections for High and Normal Schools. Send for lists!

Wellesley College Collection ($1), by Morse, Vocal Echoes ($1), Choice Trios ($1), by Tilden, are new and first-class collections for Female Voices.

Five Hundred Instructors for all Instruments,

Including the world-famous Richardson's New Method for Pianoforte ($3.25), and many thousands of Songs and Pieces, always ready for the MUSIC DEPARTMENT OF SEMINARIES AND COLLEGES. Send for lists! Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.
25 100

PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS on any disease, wound or injury. Parents, widows and children are entitled. Millions appropriated. Fee $10. Increase pensions, bounty, back pay and honorable discharges procured. NEW LAWS. Send stamp for instructions and bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Attorneys, Box 588, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

WE SELL THE BEST $65 ORGAN in the world. Address MILLER ORGAN CO., Lebanon, Pa.

$65 A MONTH and board for TEACHERS Students, Young Men and Ladies, in a light, pleasant Business, in your own county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 915 Arch St., Philadelphia.

YOUNG MEN If you want to become TELEGRAPH OPERATORS, and be guaranteed employment, address P W REAM, Ada, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

ELECTRIC BELT $3 or $1 BATTERY can CURE You. Book free, Agents. Future Remedy Co., Cleveland, O.

Childs' Improved Amaryllis Treatea.

This cut represents our beautiful new Amaryllis Treatea, or Fairy Lily. It is one of the most beautiful of all flowers, either for pot or garden culture. It commences to grow and bloom profusely immediately after planted, and creates a sensation wherever seen. Flowers very large, pure white and sweet scented. To thoroughly introduce them we offer large select bulbs, with directions for culture, at very low prices, and send them by mail post-paid, packed secure from frost and guaranteed to arrive in good condition. Postage stamps accepted for pay. We send 1 Bulb to any address for 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents, 3 for 35 cents, 6 for 60 cts., 12 for $1.10, 25 for $2.50 for $3.75, or 100 for $7. Any boy or girl can, by canvassing their neighborhood, get orders for from 10 to 100 at 15 cents each, and by purchasing them at dozen or hundred rates, make a handsome profit. Many have made $5 per day selling them.

SEEDS, BULBS and PLANTS. Our large, beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, mailed FREE to all who apply. New and beautiful Lilies, Amaryllis, Gladiolus, Tuberoses, Carnations, Roses, Flower and Vegetable Seed and Small Fruits. Prices extremely low. Most of our seeds are sold in 5 cent papers. We are the largest retailers of named Gladiolus in the world, and have the finest list of Lilies and Amaryllis in America. We are an old-established firm, known all over the world, and always do better by our customers than we agree, therefore do not hesitate to order some of those beautiful Fairy Lilies at once, and ask for our magnificent catalogue. We will also send by mail, postpaid, 10 superb named Gladiolus, 10 sorts for 60 cents; 12 large double Pearl Tuberoses for 55 cents. See catalogue for other special offers. Preserve this advertisement as it will not appear again in this paper, and remember that our goods have an established reputation, are warranted true, and go to all parts of the world. Address J. LEWIS CHILDS, Queens, N. Y.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

XX.—NOTICE.—XX.
AS BLUE FLANNEL GARMENTS
Of Inferior Quality of Goods
are sold as the "genuine Middlesex," which are not made by that mill, The Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Clothing made from THE MIDDLESEX STANDARD INDIGO BLUE FLANNELS AND YACHT CLOTHS, sold by all leading clothiers, must bear the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Selling Agents to all parties ordering the goods.
WENDELL, FAY & CO.,
SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COMPANY,
86 and 88 Worth St., New York; 37 Franklin St., Boston; 214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc. Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 93 Fulton Street, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS.
To buy and sell the WANLESS DETACHABLE and SELF-LOCKING PILLOW-SHAM HOLDER; the most DURABLE and SIMPLEST in the market. Sample to any address on receipt of $1.50. Over 1500 sold in Cleveland. Lady Agents find it very saleable. For terms address KENDALL & CO., 186 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

500,000 acres on the line of the WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R.
LANDS
Full particulars FREE.
Address, CHARLES L. COLBY, Land Commiss'ner MILWAUKEE, WIS.
IN WISCONSIN.

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again; I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

CANCER INSTITUTE.
AURORA ILL.
Established, 1872; Incorporated, 1880. For the Cure of Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula and SKIN DISEASES, without the use of knife or LOSS OF BLOOD, and little pain. For INFORMATION, CIRCULARS AND REFERENCES, address DR. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address J. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1883. NUMBER 20.

"QUALIS VITA, FINIS ITA."

The little deeds you daily do
Unheeding how, scarce knowing when,
May make the ages think of you
As great or little, false or true,
As meanest, or as best of men.

He not alone shall mentioned be
Upon the scroll of coming years,
Who navigates some unknown sea,
Or sinks, with colors flying free,
Midst universal praise and tears.

Nor he, upon some battle field,
Who smites his foemen left and right,
And who though vanquished will not yield,
But seizing valor as a shield,
Seeks death, and, seeking, wins the fight.

Nor yet shall bard whose song sublime,
Nor orator whose fervid speech,
Shall echo down the path of time,
Nor he who dwells in noxious clime
And savage wild, the truth to teach,

Be surest of remembrance, when
A thousand years have passed away;
But he who for his fellow men
Does kindly deeds they'll never ken,
Immortal grows from day to day.

—*S. S. Babcock, in Detroit Post and Tribune.*

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

This term is so generally understood that any comment upon it is almost superfluous. It is, however, no slang phrase, but one of the oldest of proverbial expressions, dating apparently as far back as the latter end of the eighth century. We are told that the Emperor Charlemagne, in his expedition against the Saracens in 778, was accompanied by two pages, named Roland and Oliver, who were so excellent and so equally matched, that the equality became proverbial—"I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver," being the same as the vulgar saying: "Tit for tat;" that is: "I'll give you the same [generally in a retaliatory sense] as you give me;" or the more classical one of *Quid pro quo*, to be even with one. Its proper adaptation, however, as understood at the present day, will be much better explained by a few humorous illustrations.

A very clever reply to a somewhat satirical remark was that given to Louis XV. by Cardinal Richelieu, who was a nobleman as well as a priest. A celebrated Archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Beaumont de Perefixe, was appointed preceptor to His Majesty. One day he preached a notable sermon before the Court of France, which touched principally upon the duties of the nobility. "Ah!" said the King to Richelieu, "the preacher has thrown a vast quantity of stones into your garden to-day." "Yes, sire," answered the Cardinal; "and a few have fallen into the royal park." A courtly amount of etiquette of expression is observable in this answer, with which we may presume that even royalty itself could in nowise be offended.

Equally as good is the following, in which we shall carefully note by the way that praise has different effects on different minds. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed round, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate presented to the Emperor was held by an extremely pretty girl. As he liberally gave his louis-d'ors, he whispered: "Mademoiselle, this is for your beautiful bright eyes." The charming little damsel politely courtesied, and immediately presented the plate again. "What!" said the Emperor in amazement, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she, "I now want something for the poor."

It is related of Mr. Hamilton, of Dykebar, a well-known farmer, that, visiting the palace of Hamilton on a certain day, and brought into conversation with the late Duke, His Grace—always so pleasant and courteous in his demeanor, and pleased with the humor of the old farmer—said, in a jocular way: "Pray, Mr. Hamilton, where in our ancestral tree am I to look for your family?" "Oh!" replied the old man, drawing a long breath, as if astonished—"wha wad ever think of looking for the root among the branches?" The Duke laughed heartily at this, and added: "Quite true, quite true; it would, indeed, be folly to do so."

Speaking of farmers, the following anecdote, as related by a Sussex gentleman, may claim especial notice, being so pointedly connected with our present subject. It exhibits also the peculiar disadvantages an agriculturist has to contend against in farming near a populous town.

"One day," said this gentleman, "before harvest, I met a fashionably dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat, taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat. 'Yes,' said he; 'it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it.' I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me he always liked to take a good sample home, as it interested the ladies. Upon this, noticing with admiration the style of his coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so; and I quietly took out my penknife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman bounced and swore; but I told him I always took samples of cloth, as I found they greatly interested my wife. I added, that he had no more right to take my wheat than I to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind."

This was experience bought with a vengeance. It is more often than not a very dear school, but some people will learn in no other, and scarcely even in that.

On one occasion, an English gentleman, who possessed a keen wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the *élite* of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends by saying smart and rather uncourteous things, evidently for the purpose of annoyance. "By the way," inquired his fair interrogator, "how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," retorted the Englishman, in the blandest manner, "I really can not say, unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours."

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmermann's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness in 1786. One day the King said to this eminent physician: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so momentous an inquiry, and it was, in fact, a somewhat bitter pill for the Doctor; but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery; "Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

As all classes of individuals, from the highest to the lowest, are liable at times to meet with a Roland for an Oliver, we must not even exempt those shrewd men of the world termed lawyers. A seafaring man was called upon the stand as a witness. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" After a moment's hesitation, Jack declared his inability to comprehend the meaning of these words. "What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?" continued the energetic inquirer. "An intelligent fellow you must be to come here as witness! Can you tell me where on board the vessel it was that that man struck the other one?" "Certainly I can," replied the sailor; "it was abaft the binnacle." "And pray," asked the lawyer, "what do you mean by that?" "Well, that's good," responded the witness; "you must be a pretty fellow to come here as a lawyer and don't know what abaft the binnacle means."

At another time a lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day; to which he replied that he had been in the company of two friends. "Friends!" exclaimed his tormentor; "two thieves, I suppose, you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness, dryly, "for they are both lawyers."

A good story is told of a certain Bishop, who, from information received, felt it his paramount duty to remonstrate with one of his clergy for hunting; and so the reverend Nimrod was expostulated with by his chief. "Well, your lordship," was the reply, "I think you will agree with me that not a little generalship is required in the management and marshaling of our pleasures, and I really don't see that it is any worse than going to a ball." "I conclude," rejoined his lordship, "that you allude to having seen my name among the list at the Duchess of M——'s ball; but I assure you I was not in the same room with the dancers during any part of the evening!" "That, my lord, is exactly my case," was the calm rejoinder; "I am never in the same field with the hounds!" After such mutual explanations on both sides, we must not be surprised to hear that the conversation suddenly dropped.

By "turning the table," as it were, upon the enemy, a common soldier of the Russian army proved himself equal to the occasion, and speedy promotion was the fortunate result. It appears that Suvorof, the well-known eccentric General, used frequently to ask his young officers and soldiers the most absurd questions, considering it a proof of smartness on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hating above all things "I don't know" as an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and as the man presented arms, Suvorof said: "Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of fifty thousand men?" "I can't say," replied the soldier, very naturally: upon which the Marshal, according to his custom, began to abuse him for an ignoramus and rate him for his stupidity. The sentry, however, knowing Suvorof's character, took courage, and said: "Well, sir, perhaps it's not every question your Excellency could answer yourself; for instance, there are my two old maiden aunts—would you please to tell me their names?" The man's quickness atoned for his apparent impudence in the eyes of the General; and the soldier was elevated from the ranks the following morning, his promotion being the turning-point to an ultimately distinguished career.

It need scarcely be said, however, that the same good fortune does not always attend every answer to a question raised by a superior person, absurd or eccentric as the matter may be. It is well known, for instance, that Frederick, King of Prussia, conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Koslin in the war of 1755. Some time after, at a review, he jocosely asked a soldier who had got a deep cut across his face: "My good friend, at what particular ale-house did you get that ugly-looking scratch?" "I got it," answered the man, "at Koslin, where your Majesty paid the reckoning." It is extremely doubtful if any reward or promotion followed on that occasion; but if so, history has unfortunately failed to make any note of the circumstance.

Again, there are people who mistake impertinence for wit, and often get rather more than one Roland for their Oliver. One of these persons, a foppish nobleman, seeing Descartes enjoying the pleasures of the table, said: "So, sir, I see philosophers can indulge in the greatest delicacies and good cheer," "Why not?" replied the other. "Do you really entertain such an idea as to imagine Providence intended all good things for the foolish and ignorant?"

In thorough conformity with our subject, numberless instances might be quoted in which the humor is somewhat of a "broader" kind. A young man in America during an electioneering contest, suddenly shouted out: "Hurrah for Jackson!" at which a Van Buren man exclaimed, angrily: "Hurrah for a Jackass!" "All right, old man," said the youth; "we won't quarrel over such trifles; you can hurrah for your favorite candidate, and I'll do the same for mine."

Examples culled from historical records are occasionally open to serious doubts, and it would be extremely hazardous at times to give a guarantee for their perfect truth. Apart, however, from these grave misgivings, they serve their purpose in an admirable manner in illustrating such subjects as those we have in hand, as the following concluding anecdote will amply testify:

Henry Carey, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed Her Majesty's favor for several years, lost it in this manner: As he was walking in the garden of the palace under the Queen's window, she asked him, in a jocular manner: "What does a man think when he is thinking of nothing?" The answer was a very brief one. "Upon a woman's promise," he replied. "Well done, cousin," said Elizabeth; "excellent!" Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the Queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said Her Majesty; "but that was a woman's promise."—*Chambers' Journal.*

* * *

Fashionable Women Thieves.

A prominent manager of one of the greatest dry-goods stores in Brooklyn, in conversation with a writer for the *Eagle* about the subject of thefts in stores, said:

"It is an amazing, but nevertheless an established fact, that nine-tenths of the things stolen are taken by women who are not professional thieves. Why, the revelations that could be made in regard to this matter are so startling that they would hardly be credited without actual observation. So common has the presence of what is called 'kleptomania' become that the largest and wealthiest dry-goods houses we have are compelled to adopt a definite line of policy in the treatment of accused persons. When a woman of respectable standing is detected she is taken to the office and examined; the proceeds of her thefts are taken from her, and she is required to sign a confession that she has stolen such and such articles, that she is liable to prosecution, and that she expects to be prosecuted if she ever enters the store again. In the possession of our own establishment are several hundred of these documents. A disclosure of their contents would carry consternation into some of our most fashionable social circles, and people would stand aghast by the disclosure of the names that are upon the roll of guilt."

"Are these fashionable shoplifters never prosecuted?"

"Rarely, if ever. It does not pay to prosecute them. It would create a scandal, carry ruin into the families of those accused and prejudice the interests of the house. The system of compelling a confession almost invariably prevents the woman from ever stealing again. It is a matter of policy to follow the course I have indicated. Do I think there is really such a thing as kleptomania? Beyond a doubt there is. I will give you a clear illustration of it: A woman, well known in society, the wife of a conspicuous citizen, came into our store not long ago. No suspicion has ever been entertained regarding her but by the merest chance a floor-walker discovered that she acted strangely, and the attention of the detective employed by us was called to her queer conduct. He kept an eye upon her until she had gone to a dozen different counters, stolen articles and concealed them. Just as she was passing out of the store door the detective said: 'Madame, they wish to see you in the office.' She immediately became very much agitated. It seemed as if she was paralyzed with fear. When she reached the office a member of the firm said: 'Madame, you have articles upon your person which were stolen from this store. You have been seen at the act. You must show us what you have taken and give it up.' She made no attempt at concealment or denial, but she was pale with fright and overcome with shame and mortification. She searched her pockets and took out what she had abstracted from the different departments. She had three dozen pairs of kid gloves, several pairs of hose, a large quantity of ribbons, some fancy jewelry, and some tooth-brushes. The wretched woman, in a paroxysm of grief, fell upon her knees, and in agonized tones implored mercy, naming her husband, a prominent citizen, and pleading that exposure meant the ruin of herself and the lasting disgrace of her family. She said that she had plenty of money, was willing to pay for the articles, and also to pay out any sum that might be named to compromise the matter. This woman signed an admission of her guilt, and a stipulation never to enter the store again. To-day she occupies a conspicuous position in Brooklyn society, lives in splendid style on a fashionable thoroughfare, and none of her friends—not even her husband—knows of the occurrence which I have described. So it is in most of these cases. The women don't mean to steal. They generally are well brought up, surrounded by home influences, and have abundant resources at their command. They are suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to steal, and they give way to it. That is why I think kleptomania is a disease."

A Smile.

The world is suffering for smiling faces. The age is too intense in the business direction, too flippant in the social line, too sarcastic in its political tendency, too aimless in its religious life, too heartless in its literature. The world needs more smiles and fewer frowns, more sunshine and less lightning. It costs nothing to allow a smile to play restfully upon the features when trading or voting, when talking or reading. It pays infinitely more than it costs in friendship, in finance, in individual growth. We can win more people by a smile than we can frighten by a frown, just as the sunshine [illegible] more trees than the lightning shatters.

A smile is the cheapest and most effective way to soothe sorrowing hearts; to quell rebellious pupils or children; to tame angry employes; to heal political antagonists, or restore calm to a disturbed church.

A smile is like a diamond; it multiplies the love it transmits a hundred-fold and intensifies its brilliancy. It is nothing against the sunshine of an smile, that there may be roguish ones, and we must not mistake the grin of weakness for the smile of strength. A true manly or womanly smile is as choice as a day in June, and has the same effect upon the best germs of our nature that the rare June day has upon nature over which it broods with such tender, affectionate grace.—*Golden Rule.*

* * *

—When the great freshets of 1832 and 1847 left the Ohio Valley, a deadly pestilence followed on both occasions, and immediately.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Connecticut is rapidly advancing in the cultivation of oysters. About 90,000 acres are now planted, and thirty steamers and many sailing vessels are engaged in the trade.

—In Michigan the corn crop this year was better than any seen in that State in several years. In many localities the grain is full, hard and dry, and the ears are large. The fodder has been cured in excellent condition.—*Detroit Post.*

—An English trade journal asserts that British paper-makers are compelled to go to the United States for the best chilled rolls for glazing calenders, as both English and Scotch engineers fail to produce anything equal to the American.

—In many parts of Sweden exist enormous quantities of bleached mosses which grew ages ago. A manufactory of paper from this material has begun operations near Joenkoeping, and is said to be turning out a product of excellent quality.

—Coal oil has been found near Elhi, six miles from Puyallup, Washington Territory. Specimens of the oil have been analyzed and the finders are satisfied with the result, as it flashes at 210 degrees Fahrenheit and burns readily in a lamp, giving a clear white light.—*Chicago Times.*

—G. H. Darwin maintains that while there is some evidence of a yielding of the body of the earth to the tidal forces exerted by the attraction of the sun and moon, that yielding is very small indeed, and that the rigidity of the earth may, as a whole, be set down as equaling that of steel.

—The 1883 cut of pine in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota will amount to about 10,000,000,000 feet against 7,768,000,000 last year, and everybody wonders how long it can go on. Apparently there will soon be more attention given to the yellow pine of the South; less valuable than the Northern variety, but of rapid growth and not easily killed out.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Lumber is now being manufactured from straw, the standard size being thirty-two inches in width, twelve feet in length and the thickness the same as the average of surfaced boards. One ton of any kind of straw will yield 1,000 feet of boards that may be handled as ordinary ones. This lumber can be produced and sold in competition with wide walnut at about one-half the price of the latter.—*Chicago Herald.*

—N. Jepson, an English vegetarian, not wishing to use poor and adulterated animal fats, has sought a substitute and found it in a composition for which the following is the formula: Take four ounces of the finest Brazilian nuts, pounded very fine in a mortar; four ounces of pure olive oil; rub them into a smooth jelly; add eight ounces of fine wheat flour and a quarter of an ounce of salt. Rub the whole into a smooth paste, and use as butter. This would certainly be preferable to much that goes by the name of butter.—*Chicago Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A great modiste issued the following directions for wearing a new style of head-gear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

—A writer on subjects of science says that as a fertilizer an inch of bone is worth an inch of roses. One should ought to produce a mile of bloom.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A Hartford architect says "the best fire-escape is a cool head." We'd like to see that architect letting himself down from a sixth story window on a cool head.—*Boston Post.*

—A seven-year-older, with the punster's mark on his brow, at dinner, asked his mother what was in a jar on the table. "Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stunning force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—If you want to find a logician, go to your tailor. The other day one of these fractions of the human family was overheard to remark: "I never ask a gentleman for money." "But suppose he doesn't pay you then?" "Well, if he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time, I conclude he is not a gentleman—and then I ask him."—*The Judge.*

—A man drank some Bowery whisky in New York last week, and turned in eight fire alarms before he recovered. In one fire-box he left a note asking the fire department to put out the comet. No villain could have successfully played it on our firemen. Not because our police are too vigilant to allow it, but simply because Laramie has no fire alarm boxes.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—"How can I leave you, my darling?" murmured a Toledo lover in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a perpendicular on the dial. "Well, John;" responded the girl with wicked innocence, "you can take your choice. If you go through the hall you will be liable to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog."—*Exchange.*

—A Chicago paper says that a printer in that city has been cured by prayer. It does not say what the printer was cured of. If he was cured of extracting the word in a paragraph on which a joke hinges, and substituting a word of his own "to make sense," as he puts it, we will indorse the prayer cure, and give it a five-inch electro ad. free, one year, top column, next to reading matter. All omissions and wrong insertions to be made good at end of contract.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, "they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried every stitch of canvas off the ship." The listener looked thoughtfully a moment, and then he said hesitatingly: "Yes; I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around the corner and kicked himself.—*Peck's Sun.*

Raising Poultry for the Market.

Raising poultry for the market can be made quite a profitable business if properly managed. By faulty management the profit can be made very small or be made to disappear entirely. In raising chickens for market it makes a great difference whether they attain a good size and are sent in early in the season when poultry is scarce and high, or are marketed late when there is plenty of poultry offered at low prices. The prices of chickens in August and September are usually fifty to one hundred per cent. higher than they are in October and November. By having the chickens hatched early in the spring they may easily be made ready for the market early and then secure the high prices which prevail during the latter part of summer and first part of autumn.

In order to succeed in raising poultry extensively, plenty of room must be provided for it. There must be suitable shelter, and plenty of yard room. The yard should be large enough so that a large part of the ground can be kept in grass, to afford the poultry a supply of green food. They need a daily supply of green vegetables. Cabbage and lettuce are best, but young and tender grass is good. Shade is needful in the yard to afford the birds a chance to retreat from the hot rays of the sun in summer. Fruit trees may advantageously be placed in the yard. They will afford the needed shade, and the presence of the fowls will help to protect the trees from insects and insure their thriftiness and fruitfulness. Poultry yards are generally too small. If the yard is large enough the fowls will keep healthy. A New York hotel-keeper a few years ago had a poultry yard which contained fifteen acres, in which he kept large numbers of turkeys, ducks and fowls. They had the range of the lot and during the summer obtained a large part of their food from the yard, and were free from diseases usually incident to poultry. The owner was wont to declare that he could raise a thousand pounds of poultry as easily and as cheaply as he could a thousand pounds of beef, mutton or pork. Under good management it is probably true that a thousand pounds of poultry can be produced as cheaply as a thousand pounds of beef, mutton or pork. The fact that poultry usually sells at two or three times the price of beef, mutton or pork, sufficiently indicates how much greater the profit must be in poultry raising than in raising beef, mutton or pork.

In raising poultry for the market the importance of having the chickens hatched early should be insisted upon. Next in importance is the feeding of them to insure their rapid and continuous growth. The food for the young chicks should be such as is adapted to promote growth, and should be abundant in quantity. Skimmed milk, either sweet or sour, is an excellent article to feed young chicks, along with Indian meal or oat meal or bread made of these articles. The chickens should be given about all the food they will eat so as to keep them growing thriftily, all the time. Many allow their young chickens to be only about half fed for the first three or four months, and then by extra feeding endeavor to bring them into condition for the market. By feeding well from the first the chickens are hastened to maturity, kept in good condition and are ready for the market at an early age. If poultry can be brought to maturity early in the season and sent to market when there is a scarcity of poultry offered, a high price will be obtained for it. The quicker poultry can be grown ready for market, the cheaper can it be produced. A certain amount of food daily is required to supply the waste of the system, maintain animal heat and so forth, and what is consumed in excess of that amount increases growth and flesh. If a flock of chickens can be brought to maturity ready for the market in four months instead of six, the cost of keeping them alive or simply maintaining their condition for two months will be saved. The more the chickens can be made to eat and digest the faster they will grow and the less will be the cost of maturing them. Neglect to feed generously is the cause of many failures in raising poultry for the market. The greatest profit is obtained only by feeding all the birds can eat, while the least profit is obtained by keeping them about half starved. Generous feeding and profit go together and that fact should be sufficient inducement to secure good treatment of poultry.—*Practical Farmer.*

A Tableau.

M. Gaulthier de Rumilly, Dean of the Senate, received a visit a few days ago from his landlord. It was a question of repairs to be made, and the Senator explained what he wanted to have done. The proprietor listened attentively and promised to have everything done. Six o'clock struck

"Six o'clock already," said the landlord.

"Exactly," replied M. de Rumilly; "but that doesn't matter, for I hope you will do me the honor of dining with me."

"You are very kind," replied the landlord, "but—"

"I insist; I shall not let you leave at this hour; your plate is already laid."

"It is impossible."

"I shall be angry."

"It is impossible, notwithstanding the desire I have to remain. My affairs call me elsewhere at precisely this hour."

"You do not wish to share my dinner?" said the Senator, slightly vexed.

"You will understand why. They dine at M. de Rothschild's at seven o'clock."

"Ah, you are his guest!"

"No, I am his cook!"

Tableau.—*Paris Paper.*

* * *

—The tables were appropriately decorated when the Boston Commercial Club gave a dinner to some railroad men. The central piece represented a complete train, with engine and tender two feet high, made entirely of roses, pinks, violets, and other flowers. It extended nearly half across the President's table. The guests, as a return compliment, invited the club to a trip through the White Mountains.—*Boston Post.*

—Soap bubbles can be blown to a size of two feet in diameter and kept two days by using a preparation of oleate of soda and glycerine.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Our Young Folks.

BEN BRUIN.

Little Ben Bruin ran over the hill:
The morning was frosty, the pine-trees were still,
And the sunshine lay bright on the new-fallen snow.
Said little Ben Bruin: "Now, where shall I go?
They all think me safe in the stable, no doubt;
But what are my paws for, if not to get out?
Must I live with the horses and donkeys? No! I!
The world is before me—my luck I will try."

Ben Bruin trudged on till an hour before noon;
Then he said to himself: "I shall starve to death soon!
Not an acorn or nut have I found in this wood;
There is plenty of nothing but snow. If I could,
For a taste of the dinner at home, I'd run back;
But, somehow or other, I've lost my own track!
Ho! ho! there's a sight I have not seen before—
A little red house, with a half-open door!

"I think I'll step in, for I'm weary and lame."
Ben Bruin was little, you see, and quite tame;
He feared neither children, nor women, nor men,
Though he did like a free forest-stroll now and then.
Harry Hunter had petted the young orphan bear,
Since his father the old ones had shot in their lair;
And to school he had not been forbidden to go—
That he would not be welcome, pray, how could he know?

Ben Bruin stepped into the entry, and there
Little cloaks, hoods and tippets were hung up with care,
And small luncheon-baskets beneath, in a row.
"Something good in those baskets, I smell and I know,"
Said little Ben Bruin, and on his hind paws
He balanced himself, while his nose and his jaws
Found business enough. Hark! a step! pit-a-pat!
Little Rose White came in, and saw what he was at.

Pretty Rose of a school-mate so rough had not dreamed;
She turned pale, and then red; then she laughed, then she screamed.
Then the door of the school-room she threw open wide,
And little Ben Bruin walked in at her side,
Straight up to the school-master's desk. What a rush
For the door and the windows! The teacher called: "Hush!"
In vain, through that tempest of terrified squeals;
And he, with the children, soon took to his heels.

Ben Bruin looked blank at the stir he had made;
As a bear-baby might, he felt rather afraid,
Like the rest of the babies, and after them ran.
Then over again the wild hubbub began,
And Ben, seeing now that all this was no play,
Proud the rout he had raised in disgust turned away,
While he said to himself: "If I ever get home,
In another direction hereafter I'll roam."

Alas! for Ben Bruin's brief morning of fun!
Behind him a click—and the bang of a gun!
And when Harry Hunter went seeking his pet,
The snow by the school-house with red drops was wet;
And pretty Rose White felt so sad that she cried
To see the boy mourn for the bear that had died.
And this is the story of little Ben Bruin,
Who found through a school-house the doorway to ruin.

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.*

JACK AND THE KITCHEN-MAID.

Jack Brundage had attended a party the night before, and therefore it was by no means strange that the entire family should be aroused before morning by groans from his apartment.

In spite of mamma's oft-repeated advice that he should partake sparingly of the refreshments, he ate six sandwiches, as many slices of cold turkey, four pickles, two large dishes of ice-cream and so many pieces of cake that I am really ashamed to tell the number, and his mortification at the entire circumstance is already extreme.

Now, one would suppose that, under such circumstances, Jack would have declined oranges, lemonade, nuts, candies, and the other knick-knacks that followed; but he did no such thing. On the contrary, he partook of each and every kind as if he had eaten nothing at all before.

After the supper was over, he felt quite unlike himself, and heartily wished he were at home; he lost all enjoyment of the festivities, and had no heart to tell Jessie Blackburn that her curls were the prettiest yellow ones he had ever seen, which he had thought of doing earlier in the evening. He wandered around and seemed at such a loss to express himself that his little hostess sought him and told him she hoped he was enjoying her party, to which he replied that it was most delightful; but as he said it his sensations grew most oppressive.

Would the carriage *never* come for him? Finally, and it seemed an unending time, the carriage was announced, and Jack bade the little lady good-night, and was driven home, thinking if he could only get to bed.

His rest was uneasy. He slept, awoke; and slept, only to awaken again. At one time he felt tremendous pain in his stomach, and such a dreadful sickness that he almost lost his senses for a minute. When he recovered them he saw a most melancholy little old woman—a servant, he thought—wringing her hands and crying bitterly.

"And who are you, my good woman?" said Jack.

"I am the kitchen-maid," said the woman.

"You seem to be in great distress," said Jack; "what ails you?"

"O, sir! my master is a tyrant. He keeps me at work from morning till night, and oftentimes I am not done till daybreak, only to begin again at seven o'clock. My health is rapidly failing under the tasks he imposes upon me. How old do I look?"

"How old?" repeated Jack; "I should say fifty—and decrepit at *that*."

"Well, I'm only *ten* years old, and I should be young and spry, but it's hard work that's done it. If my master kills me, he'll soon die himself, for I'm born to the work, sir, and no one can supply my place."

"What kind of work do you do?" said Jack.

"Do? It's my business to work up everything my master sends down into his stomach to a soft, pulpy mass, and, if I do my work properly, his whole body is strengthened; but it is hardly twenty minutes after his breakfast is eaten before he sends me apples, pop-corn, nuts, candies, cakes—in fact, anything and everything he can lay his hands upon. I never get the breakfast away before dinner comes down like an avalanche. At dinner he eats soups, meats, vegetables, gravies, pies, puddings, fruits; and at supper he eats cold meats, bread and butter, cakes, preserves, fruit, and gives me a deluge of iced tea. Why, sir, having some of his breakfast, most of his dinner, and all of his supper on hand, I have sometimes fainted from sheer exhaustion."

"How terrible!" said Jack, feebly, for there was once more a commotion in his stomach.

"My master went to a party last night, and well I knew what it portended when he went, sir! I have now, as the result, the worst mess, made up of sandwiches, turkey, lemonade, pickles, ice-cream, cake, nuts, candies, oranges, and, what not? But I won't touch it—no, not I! If I let it alone he will be sick enough before he is rid of it."

Jack, in the meantime, was in a state of great embarrassment, for though he had never heard of the kitchen-maid before, he had not been slow to recognize himself in the cruel master. His sickness was increasing every minute, but he finally stammered forth:

"I've been a monster, I know I have—yes, I've been a pig: but if you will only go back and relieve me of this pain and sickness, I'll treat you better in future. I'm sorry, indeed, I am."

"I can't go back, Master Jack, until that is gone," said she; "but, if you would put me on a diet of oat-meal, or bread and milk, for a time, after this is over, I might recover my spirits again, and possibly regain my youth."

She stood staring at Jack, who grew sicker and sicker each minute, and he gave vent to the most heart-rending groans, which brought mamma, papa and Uncle Alfred, who were truly grieved to see their dear boy in such agony. Uncle Alfred, who was a physician, comprehended the case at once, and, with the aid of suitable remedies, relieved the sufferer in a short time, while the maid disappeared in the confusion. Jack soon slept the sleep of exhaustion.

When Jack arose the next morning, rather late, mamma inquired about the party, but beyond saying that it was very nice, he didn't seem inclined to talk about it; but he astonished her very much by asking if Katherine might prepare him a dish of oatmeal, which he ate heroically, for he was not fond of it.

After awhile he gathered confidence to tell mamma of his singular visitor, and of his resolution to be a glutton no longer. Mamma commended the resolve, but said her dear boy had been dreaming. This he assured her was impossible, for if his eyes hadn't been wide open he couldn't have seen the kitchen-maid.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Russian Nobility.

The city nobles may be safely divided into two classes, one of which remains at home, while the other rarely, if ever, returns to Russia from abroad. The wealth of these men is enormous; they own whole cities, and, notwithstanding their extravagance, their fortunes continue to increase. Those who make St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kief or other large towns their homes live in a style little inferior to that of the Czar himself. They are the lions of society, always receiving and being entertained, taking great care not to associate with the commercial or professional classes. They even keep aloof from successful doctors, lawyers and professors, whom they regard as a lower grade of mankind. They never take any interest or part in political matters, although they do not fail to use their influence with the Czar or his Ministers when they require a favor for themselves or their proteges. Yet these men are the flower of the army, the very backbone and sinew of the Czar's warriors. Nearly every one of them has received a military education, and although retiring into comparatively private life when there is no fighting to be done, they are ever ready with their swords and purses at the sound of the bugle. Look through the imperial army list and you will find the names of nobles who for many generations have figured conspicuously and have distinguished themselves in battles by land and water. Their names are household words throughout the country, and a soldier would sooner follow one of these than the most successful General of ordinary blood. Besides placing their bodies at the disposal of the State in time of war, they come forward with their fortunes also, and as long as these nobles maintain their own Russia will never fail through want of the sinews of war.

The second class of the same category of nobles is utterly useless to the State. In early youth they leave the country for foreign parts, where they remain. Enjoying great titles and greater fortunes, they lead a life of luxury and dissipation which has become proverbial throughout Europe. During the London season they are in London, during the Paris season they are in Paris, during the Vienna season they are in Vienna, and the man who breaks the gambling banks at Monte Carlo, or who calmly loses his million at the same place, is in nine cases out of ten a Russian noble. When the State requires their swords or their assistance they are not to be found, yet they brag more than any body else over the achievements of their country, as if they were the cause of every success. It is against this class of nobles that both peasants and citizens are complaining bitterly, and no wonder. They take every rouble they can out of the country, and enjoy all the privileges and advantages of the State without bearing one of its burdens.

The third acknowledged class of nobles is composed of those who have little or no property either in farms or cities, but who must maintain their positions both in the State and society, and in their lists may be found the names of Russia's most glorious children. Should they enter a profession or embrace the commercial or financial career, they would immediately be black-balled by society and despised by the State. Two roads are open to them, the army and the civil service, and they do credit to both. In the army they do honor to the family name, but do not retrieve the family fortunes. In the civil service they do both. To the first class belong men like Skobeleff; to the second men like Ignatieff, the best modern soldier and the cleverest modern diplomat.—*St. Petersburg Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

* * *

—Pillerica, in Massachusetts, has the proud distinction of being the only town of its name in the world. It has now 500 more inhabitants than it had in 1776, and is proud of its growth.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. MAR. 14, 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	"	40
¼ "	"	20
"	½ "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates. $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE following is the full text of the new Tariff Bill in relation to tobacco:

That on and after the 1st day of May, 1883, dealers in leaf tobacco shall annually pay $12; dealers in manufactured tobacco shall pay $2 50; all manufacturers of tobacco shall pay $6; manufacturers of cigars shall pay $6 Peddlers of tobacco, snuff and cigars shall pay special taxes, as follows: Peddlers of the first class, as now defined by law, shall pay $30, peddlers of the second class shall pay $15, peddlers of the third class shall pay $7 20, and peddlers of the fourth class shall pay $3 60. Retail dealers in leaf tobacco shall pay $250 and 30 cents for each dollar on the amount of their monthly sales in excess of the rate of $500 per annum. Provided, That farmers and producers of tobacco may sell at the place of production, tobacco of their own growth and raising at retail, directly to consumers, to an amount not exceeding $100 annually

That hereafter the special tax of a dealer in manufactured tobacco shall not be required from any farmer, planter or lumberman, who furnishes such tobacco only as rations or supplies to his laborers or employes, in the same manner as other supplies are furnished by him to them, provided that the aggregate of the supplies of tobacco so by him furnished shall not exceed in quantity one hundred pounds in any special tax year, that is, from the 1st day of May in any year until the 30th day of April in the next year, and provided further that such farmer, planter or lumberman, shall not be, at the time he is furnishing such supplies, engaged in the general business of selling dry goods, groceries or other similar supplies, in the manner of a merchant or storekeeper, to others than his own employes or laborers.

That on and after May 1st, 1883, the internal taxes on snuff, smoking and manufactured tobacco, shall be eight cents per pound; and on cigars, which shall be manufactured and sold, or removed for consumption or sale, on and after the 1st day of May 1883, there shall be assessed and collected the following taxes, to be paid by the manufacturer thereof:

On cigars of all descriptions made of tobacco or any substitute therefor $3 per thousand; on cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand; fifty cents per thousand; on cigarettes weighing more than three pounds per thousand, $3 per thousand.

Provided, that on all original and unbroken factory packages of smoking and manufactured tobacco and and snuff, cigars, cheroots and cigarettes, held by manufacturers or dealers at the time such reduction shall go into effect, upon which tax has been paid, there shall be allowed a drawback or rebate of the full amount of the reduction, but the same shall not apply in any case where the claim has not been presented within sixty days following the date of the reduction, and such rebate to manufacturers may be paid in stamps at the reduced rate, and no claim shall be allowed or drawback paid for a less amount than $10.

A PERUSAL of our market reports shows that sales are large in nearly all inland Leaf Tobacco markets, those of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Ohio and Tennessee, as well as the Seed Leaf States, and especially so in the W[illegible] Cincinnati and Louisville, where larger quantities of White Burley, the principal manufacturing stock, has been sold. This indicates that manufacturers are preparing for a busy trade. This, no doubt, will be the result, now that the tax question has been settled, and a great deal of the surplus stock has been sold. Prospects are now brighter for the whole Trade including planters, who will reap the benefits of an increased demand, incidental to a greatly increased manufacture, which is confidently expected to follow reduced revenue.—Western Tobacco Journal.

IT would be a good plan if the road supervisors would take a note of the bad places in the roads of their respective districts, and then when the time comes to work, give them extra attention. Those places that are now almost impassable should receive especial attention. Some of them have been almost impassable every spring for several years, which can be prevented by proper work. The roads should be worked where they need it, and the worse the condition of any particular place the more work it should be given.

THE California Legislature has passed a bill providing that a murderer who enters a plea of insanity shall first be examined as to insanity alone without regard to his crime, and if he is found to be sane he shall be tried for murder, the false plea shall be an aggravation of the crime. But if the plea of insanity is sustained the murdere shall be sent to an insane asylum by order of the court, and never be removed unless his sanity at the time of the murder is proved, and then he shall be tried on the original charge.

THERE are 3,000,000 of the new nickel pieces in circulation. The only change that will probably be made in the design of the piece will be an addition of the word "cents" beneath the "V." This addition it is said, will make the nickle piece in strict compliance with the law. In this connection it is stated that the three cent pieces are in violation of the law, as the word "cents" does not appear upon them.

THE Treasury Department has recently discovered an extensive error. In a late coinage at the New Orleans mint of 35,000 $10 gold pieces were found to be two and one-half mills on the dollar below the standard. It is said that 15,000 of these coins are in circulation, and the authorities are endeavoring to withdraw them and have the entire issue recoined.

THE internal revenue feature of the tariff bill passed in the last hours of congress, provides for a rebate of fifty per cent. of the tax on tobacco and its products, but failed to make an appropriation to cover this rebate, which aggregates $4,000,000. The tobacco dealers will have to wait until the next session of congress for an appropriation to relieve them.

SPEAKER KEIFER is charged with proposing to Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn that if he would make the point that the senate had no constitutional right to originate a tariff bill, he would rule accordingly, and thus defeat the bill. It is very doubtful whether Keifer ever made any such proposition.

DORSEY, of Star Route fame, is on his muscle. The other day Judge Lilly called on him, and while in a conversation in Dorsey's parlor, about the Star Route matters, Dorsey became enraged and assaulted and beat the Judge until he was as bloody as a country butcher before a friend could separate them.

WIGGINS' storm came last Saturday, but it was no more than a good, hearty March zephyr. Anybody can hit a storm in March if they give it a week of time in which to come. Mr. Wiggins will have to pick his flint and prophecy again.

THE pension commissioner has issued regulations carrying into effect the act of congress increasing to $30 per month the pensions of disabled soldiers, and to $24 per month the pensions of those suffering from the loss of a hand or a foot.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 40@7 75; fair to good packers, at $6 90@7 40; fair to good light, $7 00@7 30; common, $6 00@6 70; culls, $5 00@6 00; stock hogs, $5 50@6 75.

CHAS. REED, after all, does not get $3,000 for defending Guiteau. The senate inserted the appropriation in sundry civil bill, but it was stricken out in the conference committee, and failed to pass.

THE Cincinnati News publishes an interview with a prominent republican politician—name not given—who says that in 1884, *Ohio* will give a democratic majority of 60,000.

IT is said that the distress in Ireland is greater than it has been since 1847. Many persons refuse to enter the poor-house, and die for want of food.

DAVID DAVIS weds a North Carolina lady to-morrow. It will be a big wedding on David's part.

WASHINGTON saloon keepers are the only persons that lament the adjournment of congress.

CORN is knee high in Hernando county, Florida.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

FRANKFORT, March 6.—The important question, involving the right of co-operative insurance companies of other states to do business in Kentucky without the sanction of the state laws, was tried last Saturday in an agreed case before Judge Major, of the Franklin circuit court. Col. W. B. Sherman, of Iowa, representing the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York, came to the city purposly to make the test, claiming exemption from the provisions of the insurance laws because of the benevolent features of his company's charter. The case was argued for the company by Col. Sherman, who is himself a very able lawyer, and by Insurance Commissioner L. C. Norman on the part of the state.

Commissioner Norman's argument contained substantially the following interesting points at issue. viz.:

The right of each state to regulate the question of insurance within its own borders is clearly defined and laid down in the decision of Paul vs. State of Virginia, U. S. Reports, and the right of the state to say who may and who may not do business connected therewith, to interdict, if desired, the admission of any company or class of companies, and to prevent individuals in her own state from acting as agents for such unauthorized companies, is therein clearly expressed.

By the laws of this state no mutual fire company of any other state can do business in this state, since a capital of at least $150,000 is required, and mutual companies, on the assessment or note plan, having no capital, can neither comply with nor are they exempt from the provisons of the law. The act of March 12, 1876, was passed to foster secret benevolent societies with insurance features, because of the strengthened ties of brotherhood and the succor extended to the families of impoverished brethren. The intention of the legislature is clearly indicated, and no one can for a moment suppose that the framers of the law ever intended to open the doors to these human-ghouls that are stalking abroad in the land, preying upon the prosperity of the people by encouraging gambling in policies on the lives of the old and decrepit, and inciting to murder and forgery in the hope of great gains through the speedy death of the insured. That law was intended to apply to but one class of corporations, and that is expressed in its title. The defendant claims that his company belongs to that class. The plaintiff denies this, because the association is not connected with any secret society, and is chartered simply with a view to making of money. According to the charter, the members, in plain words, pay $1 to this association for the privilege of receiving back from it fifty cents, and that is only when the association chooses to pay it. In the company's application is this question: "Is the applicant an assurable risk?" What does the company desire to know this for if it is not an assurance company? It means "Can we safely insure this man? Will he live long enough to pay the annual fees, etc.? Is there any danger of his dying before we can get enough out of him? Will he live long enough to enable us to publish a very low death rate in our company?" A note requests the medical examiner to write a private and confidential letter on this subject to the company. Why, then, this caution if benevolence and charity prevail in the breasts of these philanthropists? It is an insurance company because its certificate of membership entitles the holder to receive a stipulated sum not fixed, but contingent, yet nevertheless stipulated. It requires the payment at fixed and stipulated periods. It requires a medical examination. It only pays on the happening of a certain event, namely, death, and that payment is made under a contract stipulating the mode, the persons entitled to receive, the time of payment. It also stipulates for a sum equal to seventy-five per cent. of all collections made on account of the death of the insured. The company is called an insurance company at home and makes its reports to the New York Commissioner, but out here it is a wolf in sheep's clothing, seeking whom it may devour."

Commissioner Norman's argument was considered by the lawyers here as a very intelligent and favorably delivered exposition of the insurance laws and the inter-relations on the question at issue between the States.

The Judge of the Circuit Court fined the defendant $100, thus sustaining the Commissioner, and the company thereupon prayed an appeal to the Superior Court, where the case will be finally disposed of at an early day, and thus definitely set at rest that much vexed question.

STATE NEWS.

—Two fine otters were captured in Clay Creek, Warren county, recently.

—The Warsaw Independent says Col. J. J. Landram has gone south for his health.

—Thomas Ogburn, of Carroll co., aged 96 and a member of the Methodist church for the last 35 years is dead.

—Shelby Sentinel: Apiarists generally say that their bees have fared very well the past winter and will come out strong in the spring.

—Clark County Democrat: Clark farmers are preparing to plant a larger acreage in corn and tobacco this year than in any year known since the war.

—A little boy named Scott, living in Garrard county, while running with an open Barlow knife in his hand, fell down, and the blade entered his abodmen full length, inflicting a ghastly and dangerous wound.

Winding Up the Clock,

When the Weary Wheels Were Almost Still, A Luck Accident Reveals the Lost Key.]

"How long did you say you had it?"

"Twenty-five years."

"What! a bad cough, with occasional attacks of hemorage, for twenty-five years? Why, man it's a mercy that there's a dozen pounds left of you

Abraham Orner, of Highspire, Dauphin County Pa., stuck to his statement, and when the exclamations of wonder ceased, he added:

"Exactly. You're right. It is a mercy. But the greatest mercy of all is that, before I actually choghed myself out of existence, I got hold of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and a few bottles of it cured me."

"Cured you? Relieved you, you mean?"

"I mean what I say; it cured me," said Mr. Orner, simply. "I feel like another man."

Please take especial notice: PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a mere essence of ginger; not a mere stomachic. The ordinary preparations of ginger are beneficial for transient aches, but at that point their value ends. Parker's Ginger Tonic covers a far wider and totally different field. It attacks and dissipates radical and chronic diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Nerves. It is as delicious to the palate as it is prompt and effective in operation. Ginger is only one among many powerful curatives which the TONIC holds in combination. Test its virtues for that cough of yours, or for any ills which require an invigorant for the whole system.

And, above all, do not permit yourself to be misled. Parker's Ginger Tonic stands alone. Nothing else is "just as good." Prices 50 cents and $1. Economy in buying the larger size. Hiscox & Co., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞ Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat, adjoining the lands of Allred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope. DR. M. E. CASS,

201 York street Jersey City, N. J.

☞ Mention this paper. jan 17-83

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BOOTS AND SHOES,

36 Pike Street,

COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all people should there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

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Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

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The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE.

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Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

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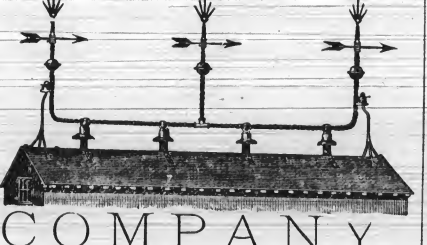

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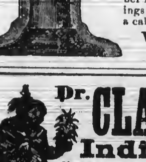

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W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.

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Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

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Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

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D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been *greatly* benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. [illegible]

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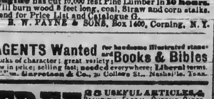

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Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 5 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

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A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

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Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

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County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

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Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

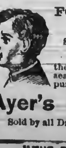
The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.



FOR ALL THE FORMS OF Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders, the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

For $1 you can have the RECORDER from March 1st to January 1st, 1884.

Sunday, people traveled with an elastic step.

Anglers have made their appearance on Gunpowder.

Mack Aylor has about 1000 locust fence post for sale.

Last Saturday was a genuine March day, full of the lion.

F. P. Walton and family are boarding at the Central Hotel.

There were about a dozen blinding snow storms last Saturday.

The remains of Erastus Garrison were interred in the Big Bone cemetery last Sunday.

The sale of John A. Marshall, who lived near Frogtown, will take place on the 20th inst.

The kite does not cost much; it is only the trimmings that make the lean saving-panks.

Some farmers took advantage of the favorable weather that has past, and did some plowing.

Mr. Dunlap, the evangelist will preach here next Monday morning, afternoon and evening.

W. L. Gedge and James Westbay took in Aurora and Rising Sun, last Saturday and Sunday.

All sufferers from blood disorders can use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the fullest assurance of happy result.

Albert M. Acra's new house has materialized considerably the past week. It will be a nice looking building.

Tim Westbay is a lofty kicker but he could not reach the ring in the sign post [illegible] Boone House. "Oh my back"

Mr. Ben Rouse commenced planting for vegetables, last week. It looks like he is somewhat in advance of the climate.

Mr. E. B. H. Owens is turning out some well executed work as a sign painter. The work is done for parties here in town.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Mrs. Nancy Hookey, of Florence, died Friday night. Saturday, Drs. Scott, Sayer, Rice and Slater held a post mortem on the body.

F. P. Walton's dog has returned. It made an extensive tour, returning in apparently good health. Its strange actions are unaccountable.

Charles Parsons and David Horton delivered their tobacco in Covington, last week at $9 75 all around. Legrand Armstrong was the purchaser.

There has been a boom in the thread business the past week. All the small boys, and some that are not small, having gone into the kite business.

The sunshine brought everybody out on the streets last Friday, and ball-tossing, marble playing and flying kites furnished amusement for the crowd.

Spring work is not as far advanced as it was this time last year. In the month of February, 1882 oats were sowed and much land was broken for corn.

Miss Fannie G. Rice, the most accomplished performer on the piano or organ in this community, favors the RECORDER this week with her card. Read it.

James Tanner, who died last Sunday week, had a complete file of all his tax receipts, commencing in 1823. Among his papers were found a five dollar bill, continental money.

Last Monday morning a horse attached to a buggy which B. K. Sleet was driving, scared at a hand express wagon in Florence, and rearing up fell back and damaged the buggy considerably.

When in Petersburg, call and see me whether you need anything in the drug line or not. I am in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Bradly for a grocery. Call and see me. S. C. BUCHANAN.

Dr. Pulaskie Smith, of Taylorport, sold last week, 750 bus. of corn for $50, it having been damaged by the high water. The doctor has sustained a very heavy loss—his family are all sick.

Mrs. Lewis Weaver, of Sunbright, Tenn., who drew the organ in the Covington Commonwealth drawing, was presented, one day last week, with twins. Lewis will have plenty of music now.

Mr. B. F. Corbin and family, of Union, leaves this week for Williamson, Hamilton county, Iowa, where Mr. Corbin will engage in merchandising, and we trust that he will do a thriving business.

Mr. William Percival, son of Jabez Percival, of Covington, graduated at the Ohio Medical College last week with the highest of honors, being awarded five out of seven medals for which he competed.

A squad of hands were engaged, Sunday, where the railroad crosses the pike at Erlanger, taking out the old ties and putting in new ones. On account of the travel Sunday was the best day upon which to do the work there.

Last Friday W. H. Pope delivered at this place to Felix Moses, of Florence, 500 pounds of wool at 25 cents a pound. Mr. Pope has had his wool on hand for four years, and at one time could have sold it at forty cents a pound.

As nice piece of plowing as will be done in this, or anywhere else, this spring, is that being done by Mr. Geo. E. Rouse in the field immediately this side of second Gunpowder, on the Burlington and Florence pike. He uses a plow that turns a very wide furrow, and which is about eight inches deep. That is the way to tear up the soil if you want to cultivate it with ease.

W. E. Piper and Chas. A. Fowler have bought J. J. McAndrew's right to put up the Chambers Lightning Rod in Boone and Kenton counties, and are now soliciting business in that line. We have only this to say: Those having buildings to rod will have the work promptly done if entrusted to them. We bespeak for them your work in their line. Read their advertisement in another column.

The Webb Bros. of Taylorport, have been very fortunate in lodging on their farm a fine lot of lumber, saw-logs and quite a number of small houses, but, the one that had the baby in it, they did not succeed in stoping, but say they will try and catch one with that kind of interesting freight the next rise. When the water subsided it left 200 acres of their bottom land covered with an alluvial deposit, which will make it very fertile.

Mass Meeting.

At a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Boone county, the action of the Democratic State Central Committee, calling a convention to meet in Louisville on May 16th, 1883, to nominate candidates for State offices was approved, and in obedience to that action, a mass meeting will be held in the court-house, in Burlington, on Monday, May 7th, 1883 at 1 oclock p. m., for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the State Convention.

J. G. FURNISH, Chmn.

Venner's Spring Prediction.

March, very wintry and stormy, with cold weather, snow and rainfalls.

April, cold and frosty in fore portion [illegible] gradually warming up to a fine spring month, but a good amount of rainfall. Altogether favorable weather.

May, very cold and backward at entry, and early portion with frosts, snows and cold rains.

Spring generally fair, forward, on the whole favorable.

EDS. RECORDER:—Please state in the Recorder that I will begin a series of meetings at Burlington, Friday evening before the 4th Sunday in March. Subject for Good Friday evening—"The Burial of Hope." I will preach at Mt. Carmel, Ohio, on Tuesday and Wednesday evening of the same week, and will not be in the neighborhood of Burlington to visit and call on friends as I intended during that week, Very Truly,

C. C. CONNER.

A gentleman who resides in Kenton county, near the Boone line, and who had his meat house raided and a considerable quantity of meat taken, last winter, has devised a plan for the better protection of his beacon. By means of a wire the meat house door is connected with a bell which is suspended in his sleeping apartment, and the instant the door is opened the bell will give the alarm, when the owner of the meat will man his burglar-alarm (an old army musket containing a four inch load standing at the head of the bed) and make trouble among the thieves. He has not had an opportunity to try the efficacy of the burglar-alarm this winter.

County Court.

Commissioners appointed to divide land of John Underhill.

Sam Wingate appointed appraiser of J. H. Aikin's estate in the place of D. M. Snyder.

R. C. Green's will probated and F. P. Walton appointed admr.

John A. Marshall's will probated and Henry Ross appointed admr.

Andrew Glacken's will probated and J. H. Glackin given time to execute bond, as executor.

Halbert Anderson's will probated and Mary A. Anderson appointed admr'x.

W. W. Garnett granted merchant's liquor license.

Viewers filed report on Ben Conner's application to open road.

W. H. Phipps released from paying tax on $400 erroneously assessed.

Commissioners filed report of division in case of Margaret Souther vs. Jas. D. and Mary A. Souther.

W. T. German appointed deputy sheriff.

Mrs. Ann Botts resigned as guardian for her minor children over 14 years old who chose F. P. Walton as their guardian.

M. S. Rice, R. Randall and N. S. Walton appointed to make division of the land in the case of Mary E. Early, &c., vs. John D. Norris, &c.

Freiburg & Workum having paid the taxes charged against them and the proceedings were dismissed.

The following road supervisors were appointed for 1883:

Burlington—T. B. Rouse, Dan Hewitt, Henry Clore [illegible] O. Huey.

Union—R. L. Newman, J. W. Hogan M. Neal and Robt. Willis.

Florence—W. E. Walton, Eph Tanner, G. W. Utz, and A. J. Clutterbuck.

Petersburg—Jas. T. Grant, F. W. Grant, C. L. Hensly and Jno. L. Terrill

Walton—Geo. Stamler, W. L. Johnson, J. J. Hudson and W. H. Seniour.

Verona—J. R. Johnson, C. Waller, Geo. W. Roberts and Jno. M. Powers.

Bellevue—L. L. Snyder, Albert Kelly, Jas. Rogers and Nick. Schwartz.

Carlton—Reuben Hager, S. Stephens T. C. S. Ryle and Dan Lawell.

Hamilton—J. A. Story, G. L. Miller, Mervin Hance and B. H. Stephen.

Taylorport—Henry McNeal, Samuel Sederberg, J. Wash Watts and Clinton Gaines.

Beaver Lick—Ed Seniour, Jno. T. Underhill, J. J. Cleek and Enoch West.

T. A. Martin & Co., of the Kentucky Stove and Tin Works, No. 634, Madison St., between Pike and 7th Sts., Covington, are selling stoves, grates and tinware cheaper than any house in the West. They sell a No. 7 wood cook stove with all the trimmings for $14. They have also the exclusive sale of the Perfect Stove, which is admitted by all to be the best coal and wood stove ever put in the market. They sell also the Kentucky Home Wood Cook Stove which the world can't beat. It is a good, Honest, heavy cook stove without any nonsense about it. One that will do the work all right and won't fall to pieces. It is a sure enough stove Special prices to new beginners. Persons wishing to purchase anything in their line will do well to call and get prices before purchasing. No. 634 Madison Street between Pike and 7th.

W. E. Price, of Eminence, Ky., writes us under the date of the 9th inst., the following:

I see a statement in you last paper of a hog living 40 days without food. I have one which beats that. My hog was fastened up in a straw stack four months and 11 days without food or water, during the entire time—come out alive and is now doing well. It was quite fat when it went to prison, but was minus some of its flesh on coming out.

The reckless use of the rubber sling with which many of the smaller boys in the town are provided, is causing much complaint on the part of some of the citizens, who say the boys seem to have a special spite at window glass, especially in vacant residences and other buildings. The destruction of property as complained of is a punishable offense, and we counsel the boys to abandon their slings.

LOST—On the night of the 5th, inst., a black mare, 12 years old, about 17 hands high, heavy mane a tail and a blemish on the out side of right hand knee joint, the property of Mrs. Sarah Dempsey, of this place, escaped from a stable in Dembssville, Pendleton county. Anyone returning the mare, or giving information of her whereabouts will receive a reward of $10 when the mare is returned home.

All persons wanting side hill or other plows lay or point either wood or iron would do well to bring them in at once in order to avoid the rush, and give me more time to do it justice, S. A. Palmer, Burlington, Ky.

The early frogs that were making so much noise, not many nights since, caught endflewendways, and are now in the hospital, while the frog-ponds are as silent as the tomb, again.

Mr. Elliot Snyder, in demolishing an old log house on his premises, removed an old land-mark in this county.

Emmett Guilon has sold out at Eagle Station and will go into partnership with W. B. Williams at Liberty Station

The last cold spell set the "fried chicken" crop back about two weeks.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. J. M. Conner has been very sick for several days.

Mr. Michael Clore, of Bellevue was in town monday.

Albert M. Acra has been quite sick for a couple of days.

Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence is the guest of Mrs. Lillie Hall.

Mr. Brent and family have moved to Campbellsburg, Henry county, their former home.

Mrs. Dr. J. F. Smith spent several days visiting friends and relatives in the city, last week.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Verona.

Clearing, burning plant beds and plowing are the work of the farmers at present.

Mr. E. Morris having taken unto himself a wife, will move into his mansion at Verona shortly.

Mr. Ed Vest and family started last week to Nebraska, where they will make their future home.

Some of our scholars are leaving the select school to commence farm work again.

Prof. Dillman's school will soon be out, when he intends going to Ill.

Mr. Jos. Ballard, our telegraph operator, has left this place and gone to Louisville. Mr. Ballard from Walton has charge of this office now.

Mr. W. B. Tanner was visiting this county last week.

Petersburg.

Mr. Tom Snyder, of Louisville, is here visiting his many friends.

Mrs. Bush, Lou Smith and Theresa McNeely were the guests of Mrs. Norris, last Tuesday.

John Berkshire, of Burlington, was here last Wednesday—John is a Captain.

Capt. Tuttle arrived from New Orleans, last Wednesday, looking hale and hearty.

Mrs. Mollie Bowman has been sick for the past week.

The Steamer Rush landed here last Monday night with two barges of corn which she brought from Corn Island, containing 11,000 bus. which they [illegible] Freiburg & Workum for 87c per bu.

If what Mr. Porter says is true, we suppose there will be a wedding in town shortly. He says he has been thinking for the last few days very seriouslay abont it, and we think he means business.

Prof. A. F. Bruce, of Aurora, was here last week.

Bill Akorn was home last week on a visit, and returned to the Kentucky river where he is running on the Str. Harry.

Plattsburg

L. P. Sullivan has gone to housekeeking in the west end of town.

Grant & Tolin invoiced their stock of goods last week.

Mrs. S. P. Dorman is dangerously ill at this writing.

The back water was higher up Woolper creek the last flood than since 1840.

Miss Ada Hensley is teaching the Ashbyfork school.

Mont Balsly is now a resident of our burg. Mont is running his brother's farm this year.

Mr. John Terrill, who has been sick for several months is no better.

Perry Balden has moved to Clay county, Illinois.

Is it not about time our Sunday school was opening up for the summer season?

How does this strike you for sheriff and representative at the August election? For sheriff W. T. Stott, of Petersburg; for representative, Dr. J. C. Terrill, of Bulletsville.

Enough of anything is enough. So says J. J. Lillard, and the Woolper pike will be repaired and the bridges built in the spring.

Politicaly, we are for Col. Jones for Governor, but will bet the Covington Commonwealth a four dollar dog against a bbl. of mineral water that he don't get the nomination. Let's hear from you, Bro. Casey.

Since the back water has gone out of the creek, several large white perch and buffalo fish have been seen in a pond near the store. G. C. Voshall saw one that he says would weigh 5 pounds.

Funny to see—A man that is full of gab, fit for anything else.

The Enquirer's description of Freddy Gebhardt.

A barber that could stand the racket of the black Maria, of Petersburg.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Mch., 9, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	15 00
Fine Br't Trash	none	
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 50	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	25 25
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	19 75
Good Med. Leaf	20	23 25
Good Br't Leaf	23 50	26 50
Fine Br't Leaf	27 00	29 75
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	11 50	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	24
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	19 50
Good Med. Fil'rs	20	28
Good L'f Fillers	22 50	26 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	27 50	29 50

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence.
Burlington, Ky.

FOUND.

Near Bellevue, Boone county, Ky. since the flood a lot of Stone Mason's tools. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

W. W. GRANT, JAS. SMITH,
Bellevue, Boone conuty, Ky.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Woolper Turnpike Company are hereby notified that an election will be held in Burlington on Monday April 2nd, 1883 for the purpose of electing five directors.

J. FRANK GRANT, Sect'y.

TAKEN UP.

Taken up as a stray by Ephraim Helm, living on the Anderson Ferry and Minneola turnpike road about 1 mile from Anderson Ferry, in Boone county, on or about the 8th day of September, 1882, one red and white spotted cow with underbit mark on the right ear, and right horn drooped, but having no other brands or marks. Which I have appraised at $15.

Witness my hand this 3d day of January 1883. JOSEPH WAGSTAFF, J. P. B. C.

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

J. W. MILLER,
—DEALER IN—
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
432 Madison St.
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.
(Odd-Fellows Building.)

Is selling Fancy and Staple Groceries cheaper than any other house in Covington.

Fine Teas A Specialty.

A full stock of Family Groceries always on hand. 7-3m

1883
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Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
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BURLINGTON, KY.
Office opposite the Boone House.

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the dalicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
83-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora. Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky. | J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
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DIRECTORS.
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DUDLEY ROUSE
BURLINGTON, KY.
Leads the Van in Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS AND
NOTIONS,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS CAPS, &c.
Also a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, &c.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE. A fresh Stock of
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,

DRUGS & MEDICINES
I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY

Fresh, Fat and Fine.
Mackerel by the half Barrel and Kit. And all Kinds of
CANNED GOODS.
—A FRESH STOCK OF—
Garden and Flower Seeds.
DRIED PEACHES and PRUNES at
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Rover Steel
PLOWS,
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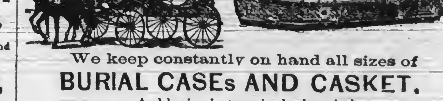
PLOWS,
Single & Double Shovels,
Jumping Shovels, Gophers, Rolling Cutters, Harrows and Agricultural Implements Generally. Send for Price List.
RISING SUN, - - - INDIANA.



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We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET,
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
SOARDS & DAVIS, Hebron. Ky

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar7-tf28 J. W. Talbott.

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Your Own County Paper.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Mr. Edward Atkinson, in illustrating the advantages reaped from machinery, states that with the spinning wheel and hand loom of our forefathers it would require 16,000,000 people to weave the cotton cloth now manufactured by 160,000.

—The orchard products of the United States for 1880 are valued in the last census at $50,876,154. In 1870 they were over $47,000,000. This slight increase was mostly in Southern States, crops in the Northern fruit-growing States being, for 1880, below the average.—*Chicago Journal.*

—In the early summer of 1787, a farmer near Albany placed a bottle over an apple just as it rounded up from the blossom, and let the apple ripen. Then he broke the stem, and sealed the imprisoned fruit which to-day looks as fresh as when first plucked, ninety-six years ago.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—In 1881 there were examined in the Municipal Laboratory, Paris, 3,001 samples of wine, of which 271 were found to be good, 991 passable, and 1,731 bad. In the first five months of 1882, 1,869 samples were analyzed, of which 372 were good, 683 passable, and 814 bad—145 of the latter being very injurious.

—The annual report of the Canadian Department of Indian Affairs has been issued. The Indian population of the Dominion is 110,500, of which 37,044 are in Manitoba and in the Northwest, 35,050 in British Columbia, 17,000 in Ontario, and 11,099 in Quebec, the remainder being scattered over the other Provinces.

—Beyond the Mississippi River there are 1,200,000 square miles not settled by white men, and of this area 240,000 square miles, embracing much of the best land, are included within Indian reservations, while much of the remainder consists of mountainous tracts, lands inaccessible or sterile, and arid regions which cannot be irrigated.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The 2,577 buildings erected in New York in 1882 cost $44,793,186, an increase of about $1,500,000 over 1881. Twenty dwellings cost over $50,000 each, eighty-eight cost between $50,000 and $20,000, 477 cost less than $20,000, 577 apartment houses cost over $15,000 each, twenty-five office buildings cost $1,403,645, seventeen churches cost $562,000, and twelve theaters cost $419,775.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—When Cincinnati packed more hogs than any city in the Union, Kansas City was merely a small spot on the map, if, indeed, it had been christened. Now, [illegible] for that place are 410,000 for 1882-83, against 418,000 in Cincinnati. Westward the hog empire seems to wend its way. St. Louis shows 100,000 less than Kansas City, while Chicago numbers 2,330,000.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Her Glory.—

A woman's glory is her hair,
Naught else is honored more,
And is it not high on her, when
Her hair's dressed Pompadour?

—At present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on women is something to do which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—*James A. Garfield.*

—They have at last found a way to utilize old oyster cans. It is to make pyramids of them and place a vase of flowers on top. The pyramids are made in your neighbor's back yard.

—A New Hampshire paper says: "Alfred Smith, the Laconia baker, had two fingers cut off recently while feeding a cracker machine." This should be a warning to young people who keep parrots.

—Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou have this woman," etc. The man stared in surprise and replied: "Ay, surely! Whey, I kummed a puppus!"

—Ben Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated about letting her daughter marry a printer, as there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country would support a third.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A victim (to dentist)—"Good heavens! man, that is the second sound tooth you have pulled." Dentist (to victim)—"I beg your pardon, sir, but as you only had three when I commenced, I think I shall make no mistake this time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Those queer people who are always prating about the world's coming to an end are again putting in an appearance. This matter is, however, easily settled by the scientific question: "If the world is round, as everybody says, how on earth can it come to an end?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"My mother says your father has gone into bankruptcy," said one little girl to another. "What is bankruptcy, Nellie?" "I don't know exactly," replied Nellie, "but I 'spects it's something awful nice. Pa used to work awful hard, and used to go around in his old clothes; but since he has gone into bankruptcy he dresses up every day and doesn't do anything but walk around just like a perfect gentleman." —*Chicago Times.*

—What our young men of "pluck and brains" need more than anything else is stability and patience that will enable them to take root in the communities in which they live. By this means their capabilities will become known and estimated at their true worth. But this can not be done in twenty-four hours. What they do not need is advice that will lead them into a nomadic habit of life—ever moving on—and ready, with gripsack in hand, at a moment to fly to fresh fields and pastures new, in case they do not instantly have fortunes thrust upon them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Man of Character.

A bold bad man entered the editor's room the other morning with a base-ball club in his hand and asked for the boss.

"I'm your man," said the editor, twisting uneasily about in his chair.

"Well, I'm here to see about what you had in about me last week, and have an explanation or a fight."

"All right; I'll explain, because if there is anything I can do better than another, it is to explain. What's wrong?"

"Why, you said I whipped my wife every day in the week, and it ain't so."

"But didn't you whip her?"

"Of course I did, but I didn't do it only three times a week, and I don't intend to have my reputation ruined by any scurrilous notices in the newspapers, and you can bet your blood on it. A man's family is something sacred to him, and when newspapers invade the domestic circle as you have done mine and convey a wrong impression of me, I'm going to settle with somebody and make it lively. You change that notice to read three times a week or you'll have a spell of sickness," and shaking his club he departed, leaving the editor to make the correction.—*The Drummer.*

A Mistaken Idea.

A short time since a paragraph might have been seen "going the rounds," as it is said, to the effect that a farmer, to be successful in his business, should be a sort of "multum in parvo," a walking cyclopedia, a perpetual movement machine, a jack of all trades, so to speak, having a scientific and practical knowledge not only of his own particular business, but every other man's as well. He must be a farmer, with a thorough knowledge of the science and practice of his art, a carpenter, a mason, a builder, a blacksmith, a surgeon, a machinist, an engineer, a surveyor, a lawyer, a painter, a wheelwright, everything, in short, excepting a capitalist, a banker, and a legislator or statesman: these were, curiously enough, omitted from the list, as though the farmer were to be an endless worker and toiler for the benefit of these privileged classes, who were to do the law-making, the financiering, and the governing for him. It is quite unnecessary to remark that this idea could have originated only in the brain of a person who was entirely ignorant not only of the business of the farmer but of all industrial economy and of the history of industrial progress, and that such a thing is an utter impossibility. A life-time is too short for a man to become acquainted fully with any one business, and when he reaches the end a man—if he is not a fool—begins to learn how much there is beyond him that he ought to know, but has as yet too little time to learn. And of all the industrial arts agriculture is the one in which experience is at the same time the most indispensable teacher and is most slowly gathered in. Certainly a farmer should be well informed; that "goes without saying." Every man who wishes to fill his place in the world wisely and well must be that; but to be well informed in general matters does not require that a man should be an expert in every other business than his own, which would surely be the result at least so far as his own is concerned if one were so misled as to try to accomplish it. Every person should have a general knowledge of what is going on about him, and as much in regard to practical matters as will enable him to carry on his own business economically. A young man can easily accomplish all this if he has a fair education, of the right kind, which has taught him to observe, think, reason, and apply his knowledge and experience wisely and shrewdly to his own business; and if he is able to do this he will see at once the folly and the untruth of the remark quoted above, for he will see on every hand around him evidences and facts to prove that the [illegible] men in the world are those who give their attention to one thing, to one business, and, devoting themselves to that, learn to know "the ins and the outs" of it thoroughly, so as to conduct it economically and perfectly and so make a success of it.

There was a time in the early settlement of America, it is even now the case in some parts of the country, when and where circumstances obliged every man to do many things that were necessary, in a rough and unsatisfactory manner generally, because society was in a transition and growing state, and he had no other way of helping himself. But in a mature condition of society there is an absolutely necessary division of labor for the economical practice of all the industries which is an inevitable outgrowth of that maturity of condition, and not only so, but it helps to produce this very condition as well. A complete and perfect condition of society is one in which every member is useful and indispensable to every other one, in which there is a mutual dependence, and in which no one industry can be spared without disturbing the balance and general order of affairs. And to this condition we have now come. It is like the perfect body of a man, to use an old simile, in which the head can not say to the hand I have no need of thee; nor the ear to the eye, or the hand to the foot; and it is to this state of things the farmer must adapt himself as easily as he can, just as the other persons find themselves obliged to depend upon him. And this adaptation is necessary to the farmer's prosperity, as it is involved in the successful issue of his own industry—that is generally and not individually—as practiced in different localities.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

The "Mum" Sociable.

"Lend me your revolver," said a young man with his nose skinned, his eye blackened, and his white necktie around under his ear, and one tail of his dress-coat tore off, as he came into a West Side saloon with his overcoat on his arm and his overshoes in his hand, and his clothes all covered with snow.

"What's the matter *with* you," said the bar-tender, looking ugly at him. "Do you suppose I am going to lend you a revolver to kill somebody, and then be arrested for being an accessory. Not much! But what's the matter? You look as though you came out of a window. Was anything the matter with the door?"

The young man took a wet towel and sopped the blood off his nose, then went to a mirror and fixed his neck-tie, and turned his back and looked in the glass to see if the absent coat-tail showed much, then went and leaned on the bar and looked at the bar-tender for a moment, and said:

"You look like a man that can be trusted, and whose advice would be safe to follow, in an emergency, and I will tell you about this murder that I contemplate, and may be you can give me some points, as you have no doubt murdered many people. The trouble is right here. Our lodge is to give a 'mum sociable' this evening. You know what a mum sociable is. Young people go to a house and sit around all the evening and keep their mouths shut, and never say a word till a signal is given, then they all make up for lost time and talk for all that is out. (Is my nose bleeding yet? Thanks.) They wanted me to go, and I just came from there. That is, I came from the house next door. You see, I went to the wrong house and rung the bell. A man in his shirt-sleeves came to the door, and said good evening, but I wasn't going to be caught speaking, because you have to pay a forfeit if you speak. So I just walked right in and pulled off my overcoat and hung it up, and hung my hat on the hat-rack. The man looked a little bit annoyed, but he asked me if the weather was not softening up a little. I smiled but didn't say anything, and I walked into the sitting-room, where there was a woman undressing a baby, and I sat down on the sofa. I bowed to the lady, and she said I must excuse her for undressing the baby in company, but she had to do it near the coal stove so the baby wouldn't catch cold. I smiled a don't-mention-it sort of a smile, and wondered where the rest of the gang were. I thought I was the first one there, and I felt very awkward. The man watched me pretty close, and finally he said I had the advantage of him, and I smiled again, but didn't say anything. Now that I think of it, I noticed that he unbuttoned his shirt-sleeves, and began to roll them up. I did not think of it at the time, but his arms were as big as my legs. He asked me to what circumstance he was indebted for the honor of this visit, and I thought he was trying to get me off my guard so I would speak, when they would have the laugh on me, so I smiled one of my best two-for-a quarter smiles, and looked at him as much as to say 'you can't play any of your games on the undersigned.' I think he was the crossest looking man I ever saw, and I wondered what made the committee have the mum sociable at his house. I thought it was time some of the rest of the crowd were coming and I got up and went to the window to look out, when the man came up and hissed in my ear: 'What is your little game, anyway.' Well, I wasn't going to speak, and give myself away, so I looked at him sort of impudent, as much as to say: 'O, go and chase yourself around your feet,' and then I thought lightning had struck me. He took me by the throat with one hand, and by the vicinity of the coat tail with the other hand, and he choked me so my tongue run out, and his wife screamed and said 'don't kill him,' and the man hustled me out into the hall and opened the front door, and he picked me up bodily and threw me out into a snow bank five feet deep. I struggled a little going out of the door and run my nose against the door casing, and I guess he forgot to let go of my coat tail when I went out. I struck head first in the snow, and before I could dig my head out the door closed, and I could not explain my conduct to the man. I was so mad I could not have explained anyway. Just as I got out of the snow-bank and shook myself the door opened and the man threw out my overcoat and hat and overshoes, and he told his wife to hurry up with the shot-gun, and he would take me on the fly as I went over the fence. Well, I didn't wait for no shot-gun, but grabbed my coat and things and come down the street on a gallop. I met a lot of the young people going up, and as I turned the corner I saw them going into the next house to the one that I visited, and that was the first I knew of my mistake. Now, what I want is for you to tell me whether I better shoot that man or kill him with a club. I was raised in the South, and my warm Southern blood will not stand any such treatment." The bar-tender laughed and told the young fellow he had better go and apologize to that man, or he would kick the other coat tail off the first time he saw him, and the young man said on second thought he reckoned he would.—*Peck's Sun.*

Modern American Fables.

One day two Foxes who were journeying together came across a Track in the dust which much astonished them.

"I believe it is the Track of a Rhinoceros," observed one.

"I think it is that of an Elephant," replied the other.

"I say Rhinoceros!"

"And I say Elephant!"

"Then I travel no longer with such an Idiot!"

"Then you can travel alone with a Fool!"

They were cutting each other about in a lively manner, when along came a Wolf and asked the cause of the trouble.

"Why, that Bigot sticks to it that this is not the track of a Rhinoceros!" shouted one.

"And he, the Narrow-minded Muldoon, won't admit that it is the Track of an Elephant," added the other.

"Gentlemen," said the Wolf, as he examined the spot, "this is simply the place where a fat man struck a Banana Peel and sat down to Reflect. You are both wrong and both Fools."

MORAL: Men are ever willing to fight in defense of what they don't know.

THE HEN AND THE FARMER.

A Hen having laid an Egg set up such a Cackle that presently the whole Barnyard was in Confusion, and the Farmer came running out to see what was going on.

"What is it?" he demanded, as the Hen cackled louder than ever.

"Why, I've laid an Egg!"

"An Egg? Why, a single Egg isn't worth but two cents at the present market price."

"Yes, I know, but if I didn't do two shillings' worth of cackling over every two cents' worth of egg, the world would soon forget me!"

MORAL: Send a bundle of old clothes to an orphan asylum and then interview a reporter.

THE MAN WITH THE ACCORDION.

A Peasant, having saved up a sum of Money by hard work and peeling his Potatoes close, went to the nearest Village and invested in an Accordion. On his way home he began playing the air of "My Grandfather's Clock," but scarcely had the air reached the Forest when out came a Chopper, who cried out:

"Man! Man! for Heaven's sake hang up on that! You will kill us all with your Racket!"

"Can't help that," replied the Peasant, as he pulled away harder than ever. "If what tickles me all over is Death to you that is not my look-out. I will now give you 'The Empty Cradle,' with variations."

MORAL: If our neighbor doesn't want our smoke let him move away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Leprosy in the United States.

When we remember that leprosy prevailed in Great Britain and other countries, now nearly or quite free from it, in comparatively recent times; when we take into account the considerable Scandinavian immigration to our shores now going on; and, above all, when we reflect that the policy of isolation pursued by communities in which the disease is rife is not an ostracism of the leper on account merely of his loathsomeness, but a wholesale precaution for the general safety, founded on the conviction that leprosy is contagious, which conviction is forcing itself more on those who have made the matter a subject of scientific study—when we take all these things into consideration, and couple them with the grim fact that leprosy leads infallibly to death within a few years, we may well ask if it is not desirable for us as a people, and if it is not incumbent on the Government, to take steps to prevent the spread of the disease in this country. To be sure, the contagiousness of leprosy is not the rank communicability of the acute infectious disease, but that it is contagious to such a degree as to make it unsafe to allow its victims to go in and out among their fellow-men year after year, seems to admit of but little if any question. Certainly the community should give itself the benefit of whatever doubt there may be in the case, and isolate the leper ruthlessly, and, as regards leprous immigrants forbid their landing on our shores.—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

—New York organized 1,201 mining companies last year, of which 283 had the nominal capital of $248,000,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Trained Memory.

The extent to which the memory can be trained is shown by the blindfold games that Steinitz has been playing in the rooms of the Manhattan Chess Club. His ability to play against half a dozen opponents at the same time without seeing the boards is a mere matter of memory, and is distinct from his ability to win, which is a matter of skill. It is probable that almost any person of average mental endowments could acquire the power to play several games simultaneously without looking at the pieces, and there are many brilliant chess players who assert that such playing is a mere trick, unworthy of experts in the game, and who will never themselves resort to it.

Nevertheless, as a kind of acrobatic performance with the members, it possesses features of interest. And yet it can hardly be said that blindfold chess playing, even when it is as remarkable as that of Steinitz, equals the feats performed with the memory by some of the young persons who have been palmed off upon the public by alleged magicians as possessors of the gift of second-sight. Houdin, in his memoirs, tells of training his son's memory to such extraordinary purpose that if the boy passed rapidly by a shop window full of numerous small wares, one momentary glance would enable him to give a minute description of every article that his eye had flashed over. But it has never been demonstrated that such a highly trained memory can be of much value for any really useful purpose.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Queer Love Making.

They have queer ways of making love in Brooklyn. A coachman declared that burglars awoke him the other night, and that when he grappled with them one shot him in the hip, the other on the scalp. They stole $130 of his own and $25 of the servant's money, which they carried off. But when the police found that the pistol the burglars dropped belonged to the coachman, and that his slight wounds were made with a knife which he bought the day before, they arrested him. He then confessed that he was in love with the servant girl, who failed to return his passion, and he had taken this method of exciting her compassion. He stole her money also in order to take her to places of amusement.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The officers of the steamer Blake, which arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard recently, have won the distinction of making the deepest sounding in the Atlantic yet recorded. The greatest depth hitherto reported was 3,862 fathoms; but the Blake beats this record by 700 fathoms. A place was found about 100 miles northwest of St. Thomas where it took 4,661 fathoms of line to touch bottom.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Translated from the *Omnibus:* "That appears to me a venturesome undertaking of thee, that thou as a fifty-year-old the sixteen-year-old Emily marryest." "A marriage at my age is always a kind of self-murder, and as it now one time so is, so will I me rather with a new dagger, than with a rusty oven fork, destroy."

—The Queen of Servia writes all her husband's letters while he plays billiards. There are not many wives in this country who would do that much, but we can point out a few who make it a point to read all their husband's letters. And wise women they are, too.—*Present Hour.*

—A Minneapolis lady recently gave a small dog six grains of morphine, with the intention of killing the animal. The canine went to sleep, and it was supposed had died. Three days later, however, he awoke, and ever since has been as bright and lively as before.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The President is proposed as a name for the large hotel in Boston on the old Adams House site. The Sheriff would be a very appropriate name for some hotels! By all means use American names for American hotels.—*Hotel World.*

—The floral contributions sent by Mr. Morton, the American Minister to France, for the Gambetta obsequies, was in the form of an American flag, the union formed of violets, the stars of tube roses, and the stripes of red and white rose-buds.

—The Boston *Transcript's* musical critic characterizes Mr. Mass' piano playing as "eminently musicianly." It is sorrowingfully to see the English language maltreatedly.

—Character properly embraces three distinct classes of elements: Principles, sentiments and habits.

—There are thirty cremating associations in Italy in active and regular operation.

—Recently, 1,400,000 pounds of haddock were brought to Boston in a single day.—*Boston Post.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 9, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	4 75	@ 5 50
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 60
Good packers	6 85	@ 7 25
SHEEP	5 00	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 11½	@ 1 12
No. 2 winter red	1 10	@ 10½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	55½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	56	@ 56½
Rye—No. 2	66½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@ 11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 50	@
Lard—Steam	11	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	43	@
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 2 65
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 25
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$4 15	@ 4 60
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No 2 red	1 21⅛	@ 1 21½
No. 1 white	1 16¼	@ 1 16½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	72¼	@ 74
Oats—mixed	51	@ 52½
PORK—Mess	19 25	@ 19 35
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 10½	@
Corn—No. 2	57½	@ 59
Oats—No. 2	43	@
Rye	66½	@
PORK Mess	18 00	@
LARD—Steam	11 20	@
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 26⅛	@
Corn—Mixed	68½	@
Oats—Mixed	51	@ 53
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 12	@ 1 14
Corn—Mixed	53	@ 54
Oats—Mixed	47	@
PORK—Mess	19 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 09¼	@
CORN	55	@
OATS—White, new	54	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

—By the will of a Boston lady, lately deceased, Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell receive $20,000 each as the representative women suffragists, and it is said they will use the money in advancing the cause.

An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Wm. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequaled for rheumatism and all bodily pains. —*Tappahannock (Va.) Tide Water Index.*

A MULE never kicks the same object twice. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.—*Chicago Herald.*

"Made New Again."

MRS. WM. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'*made new again*' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

THE electric incandescent pocketbook is the latest. It is always light.

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

THE compositor who set up "gobblin' turkeys" for "Gobelin tapestries" should give thanks that he is permitted to live.

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

THE engine-car ought to be on the donkey engine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

President Tyler's Whooping Cough.

John Tyler was attacked with the whooping cough whilst President of the United States. A child of August Rost, a member of Co. D., 99th Regt. Pa. Volunteers, was cured at Lancaster, Pa., of the same complaint by using Mishler's Herb Bitters. Thousands upon thousands of testimonials, all voluntary, have been received reciting the wonderful curative properties of these Bitters. For Chills and Fevers, Malarious Disorders, Kidney and Liver Trouble, Constipation, and all forms of Nervous Ailments, Mishler's Herb Bitters stand forth as a certain, speedy and permanent specific.

A PANE in the stomach would let enough light in to show how one bears up under affliction.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky., writes:

I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure.

DAVID FENDER, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

Gastrine.

This remedy for dyspepsia and all the unpleasant feelings attending indigestion is highly recommended and will be found a desirable medicine for travelers who suffer from nausea and headache. Sold by druggists.

BUILDING lots and indignation are both measured by the foot.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

ADVANCEMENT of learning—Moving the school-house.—*Puck.*

FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

WHY is a fishmonger a prudent merchant? Because he buys and sells c. o. d.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

The best medicine for cough or sore throat. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

STRANGE that we can put no confidence at all in a professional confidence man.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits, as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ASTHMA CURED by using Moore's CURE. Send 25c. in stamps for sample package by return mail to Moore & Harris, Vincennes, Ind. Large Size, $1.

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[illegible] AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. Birch & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

SAW MILLS The Best is Cheapest. For Descriptive Circular and Prices write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

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A. N. K.—E. 916 10—83

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1883. NUMBER 21.

THE SPORTS AND THE STRANGER.

Three sports got into a railroad car,
A railroad car with a pack of cards;
They called "heat" "hyar," and "there" was "thar,"
And they always spoke to each other as "pards."
For sports there are, both good and poor,
Professional and amateur,
Where railroad trains are running.

They wanted a fourth at a euchre hand,
Three were they, and they were one short,
And they asked a stranger if he'd the sand
To try a little game for sport.
For strangers there are where men abound;
And you'll always find a stranger around
Where railroad trains are running.

The stranger didn't know the game,
But he was willing to live and learn;
To him the cards were all the same—
"They was to all at first he'd learn?"
And the sports laughed loud and dealt the pack,
And gave him four queens and a thick-legged Jack,
As they will, when trains are running.

And then they bet on the poker hand,
And fattened the pot to a goodly pile,
And they asked the stranger if he would stand,
And the stranger stood, with a simple smile,
And one sport raised the other two,
And the stranger him, as strangers do
Where railroad trains are running,

And then, in a solemn breathless hush,
The three sports showed what they had got;
But aces won't beat a royal flush,
And the stranger gobbled that obese pot.
For strangers and sports are natural foes,
And the former carry cards in their clo'es,
Where railroad trains are running.
—*Traveler's Magazine.*

SELFISH JOHN CLARK.

The meeting was a good one, in spite of the intense heat, and there was more singing done by the mosquitoes than the human species.

John Clark sat by an open window, where what breeze there was came in and kept him comparatively comfortable; and then he had on a clean linen suit which his wife had washed and ironed that day, notwithstanding the mercury mounted high in the nineties, and its freshness was an additional comfort.

His first crop of hay, much larger than usual, had that day been put in his spacious barns without damage by so much as a drop of rain. He was well, strong, prosperous, and therefore happy.

The ride home was charming, and as the new horse took them though Cairnley Woods with sure, fleet feet, he felt that life was very bright; and as he thought of Brother White's remarks about weary burdens and feet tired with the march of life, he concluded that the aforesaid brother was not in the enjoyment of religion.

John's wife sat back in the carriage, resting her tired body and turning over in her mind the remarks her John had made at the meeting. "Bear ye one another's burdens," had been the subject of the evening talk, and John's speech had been listened to with evident relish.

"Your husband has the root of the matter in him," said the pastor, as she passed out. "I hope we shall all take heed to his well-timed words."

"I think of hiring Tom Birch as a sort of spare hand or call-boy generally. I find this hot weather takes the starch out of me," John said, as the horses trotted through the cool pine grove, amid flickers of moonlight.

"Will you board him," asked Mary Clark, in a constrained voice, with the memory of her husband's exhortations still in her mind.

"Of course. I want him evenings to take the horse when we come home from meetings, or if I have a friend out. It is rather hard to go right to work directly one gets home."

"You are going to hire him to help bear some of your burdens," said Mary, in the same hard voice.

"Just so, wife. It stands me in hand to practice, if I preach; don't you say so?"

"' do! I am glad you are going to have help; as you say, it is hard to go to work the minute you get home. I have been foolish enough to have this ride spoiled by thinking of bread to mix, two baskets of clothes to fold before I sleep, for the ironing to-morrow, and dinner to get for four hungry men, and baby to care for."

"Don't crowd to-morrow's burdens into this present ride. And it seems to me that it would be better to get all the house-work done before meeting time."

"If I could; but that is impossible; milk to strain, dishes to wash, Benny and baby to put to bed—all these duties come together; and then I am tired enough to go to bed myself."

"Take it easy, Mary, keep cool, avoid all the hot work you can."

"I wish I could have a girl, John?"

"Mother used to say girls were more hindrance than help. I guess you would find them so; and then they waste and break more than their wages. I don't see how I can afford a girl. Do what you can, and leave some things undone; that's the way to work it," and John sat back with a satisfied air, and Mary thought of her husband's glowing words in the prayer-meeting.

"I will do what I can," said Mary, in a weary voice. "What I am obliged to do is much beyond my strength. The three meals come near together, washing and ironing must be done, baby shall not be neglected, and, of course, I must keep the clothes well mended."

"One thing at a time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along. I have made up my mind to do so in the future."

"So I see by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes, I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the children's."

"Certainly!" Mary answered, in a sarcastic tone; "how thoughtful you are for us!"

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer-meetings did Mary the good they had once done, and wondered why his wife had so changed.

"I am going with Squire Town to see a new reaper; he says he hardly wants to buy without my opinion." This was the next day.

John left his wife ironing with the half-sick baby sitting at the table in the company of an army of flies, and, in spite of the home-scene, enjoyed his ride along the pleasant shaded road, well pleased to be seen in company with such a big man of the town. At supper-time he came home with the new reaper behind the wagon.

"By taking two we made a handsome saving, and as I intended to buy one, I thought I might as well take it now," he remarked, by way of explanation. "It will save time and strength, and pay for itself in a year."

Mary made no comment, but set her teeth tightly together when she remembered that she had asked in vain for something to make her work easier. A sewing-machine had been pronounced "hurtful; better have fewer changes of clothing than run a machine," John had decided when the subject was discussed; "a clothes-wringer would be constantly getting out of order. To bring the water into the house would be just to spoil the water. Mother would never have a pump in her day."

"My mother used to say all men are selfish; and I begin to think she was right," Mary muttered, as she went to the kitchen for the plate of hot biscuit John was so fond of for his tea.

Her husband's appetite was good; but from fatigue and overheating herself Mary could not eat. His ride and the society of the genial squire had acted like a tonic; but there is no tonic in the air of a hot kitchen.

"A commonplace life," she said; and she sighed as she cleared away the tea dishes, while John tilted back in his arm-chair on the cool, drafty porch and talked over things with neighbor Jones.

"Why don't you buy Widder Patch's cranberry medder?" asked Mr. Jones; "it is going dirt cheap and you can afford it." The sum was named, figures that astonished Mary, and she was more surprised when she heard her husband say:

"I have half a mind to buy it. I've had an old bill paid in, and to tell the truth, affairs in the money market are so squally, I don't know just where to salt it down."

No tears came to Mary's tired eyes, but her heart went out in one mighty sob as she stood, dish-pan in hand, before the disordered table, and thought how cheaply she had sold herself, really for her board and two dollars a week, to a man who had promised to love and cherish her until death. The beautiful piano she had brought to the farm was never opened, but looked like a gloomy casket wherein was buried all the poetry of her life. The "closed parlor" had long since assumed the grimness and mustiness of country best parlors, of which in her girlhood days she had made such fun. John was a rich man; and in spite of his marriage vows and his glowing prayer-meeting talk, was allowing burdens grievous to be borne to press on her slender shoulders in order to "salt down" his dollars.

Had she not a duty to perform? Ought she to allow him to preach and never to practice? Had she not rights to be respected? which were not by her husband; for, she reasoned, if he allowed her to do what could be done by a hired woman at two dollars a week, then he rated her at that price.

"Widder Patch has had a tough time on't," said neighbor Jones; "she is going westward to Tom, if she sells the medder, and Jane is going out to work. She tried sewing, but it don't agree with her. Dr. Stone recommends housework, as it's a healthy business."

"'Tis healthy business," chimed in John. "Now my wife is a good deal better than when I married her. Why, she never did a washing in her life until she came to the farm. I think washing and general housework much better than piano-playing and reading."

"So I say to the girls who pester me to buy an organ; better play on the washboard enough sight," was the elegant response.

"Are you going to buy that cranberry meadow, John?" Mary asked, as she saw her husband making preparations to go from home.

"Yes - why?"

"Can you afford it?"

"We shall have to figure a little closer in order to do it, but it's going cheap."

"You will have to give up Tom Birch won't you, and do the chores yourself?"

"I have thought of it; but Tom is poor and to give him a home is a deed of charity. Now, we will save in some other way."

"How much do you pay Tom?"

"Three dollars and his board. And, by the way, he says you didn't wash his clothes. Washing and mending was in the bargain."

"I think Tom will have to go, for I have hired Jane Patch. She will be here to-night. Two dollars a week I am to give her. You want to practice 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' as well as preach from the text; so I will give you a chance. I will sit on the cool piazza after tea with a neighbor, while you do the chores. I think the time has come for my burdens to be lifted. By exchanging Tom for Jane you will have one dollar a week for the cranberry meadow. You say strong, active Tom is in need of a home; he can make one for himself anywhere. It is a deed of charity to give Jane a home, and an act of mercy to give your wife a little rest."

Before John could recover from his astonishment, Mary walked out of his sight, and, taking the children, went to the shut-up parlor. Throwing open the windows to let in the soft summer air, with baby in her lap, she sat down to the piano and began to play a "song without words," a piece John had loved to hear when he used to visit her in her home where she was a petted girl. The song crept out through the open windows and round to John as he sat on the porch, and memory compelled him to give the song words. Not musical poetry, but rather somber prose, wherein washing, ironing, hard days at the churn, hours of cooking for hungry men, stood out before his mind's eye in contrast to the fair promises he had made the pretty girl he had won for his bride.

Jane Patch came that evening, and at once took upon herself many of Mrs. Clark's cares, and no one greeted her more cordially than did the master of the house. Nothing was ever said about her coming, and Tom Birch did not go away; so Mary knew her husband could well afford the expense.

She told me how she helped to make one man thoughtful and unselfish, as we sat on her cool piazza one hot August night; and I was glad that one woman had grit enough to demand her rights. If John Clark had been poor his wife would have borne her burden in patience; but she had no right to help make him selfish and indifferent as to her health and comfort.—*Christian Secretary.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A farmer living near Maplesville, Ala., has practically demonstrated the fact that fine rice can be grown in Alabama.

—Typhoid fever in Paris seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the sanitary condition of the dwellings occupied by the afflicted.

—An inexhaustible quarry of blue marble has been discovered near the Dalles, in Polk County, Oregon. It is susceptible of receiving a high polish, and is very hard.—*Chicago Journal.*

—If Professor Kolbe is to be believed, an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas will preserve [illegible] sound and of good flavor for some weeks, but mutton treated in the same way turns offensive in the short space of eight days.

—To drill glass, M. Gougy, of Paris, recommends that a three-cornered saw-file be sharpened in the usual way, but with one corner taken off, so that the cross section of the drill, near the point, is that of a truncated cone, and the end of the drill is of narrow chisel shape.

—Dugong oil, which is yielded by an herbivorous cetacean of the waters of Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, has all the medicinal qualities of cod-liver oil, without the repulsive taste and odor and tendency to decay. The dose is the same in quantity as cod-liver oil.

—During the past five years the average of export of umbrella sticks from Jamaica has been more than 3,000 bundles, each bundle containing from 500 to 800 sticks. The sticks are made of young pimento or pepper trees, and the demand is likely to cause a scarcity of pepper.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Something new and very nice in the way of stationery is a writing paper made of jute stock. Being of a deep cream tint, it is exceptionally comfortable for one's eyes, while the hue prevents the writing from showing through. Being in reality nothing but a finer kind of "brown paper," it ought to be cheap. —*Boston Post.*

—A machine for plastering walls has been invented. It consists of a receptacle for the mortar, the segments of a cylinder in form. It is provided with a hinged loaf or press plate that moves rapidly against the mortar, and as the receptacle is moved upward against the wall the plaster presses out through a narrow-gauged opening at the bottom.

—Hungary is entering the field of silk culture on a large scale. Reports for 1881 show that there were then 2,976 producers, who turned out 41,537 kilograms of cocoons, which yielded a profit that, augmented by State aid, provided for the establishment of a model school which has already given great impetus to this easily managed and profitable industry.

—Additional tests made by M. Bacle seem to prove that low temperature has but little to do with the fracture of railroad ties. Other things being equal, the ties are as strong, he says, in severe frost as when the temperature is normal; but low temperature increases, of course, the rigidity of the road and its inequalities, and so renders the shocks received by the ties very violent, producing at times disasters which are attributed to changes in the metal.

PITH AND POINT.

—There are some people in this world who closely resemble mosquitoes. There isn't much of them, but they tease and fret you all the time.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A fashion writer says the "leg-of-mutton sleeves have not proved successful." An opinion got started that they looked sheep.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—If you really dislike a man, it is well to remember that nothing will mad him more than to catch him near a hand organ and go up and offer him some coppers.

—It rather annoys a woman, after she has had her child christened some romantic Indian name, to learn that the name translated means "old boots."—*Boston Post.*

—We hear a good deal about the "rage for speculation;" but Fogg, who speaks from experience, says the rage generally comes after the speculation.—*Boston Transcript.*

—We hear of a lady, who lives near by, who has changed her religion, being determined, she says, to avoid her husband's company in the next world. —*Atlantic (N. Y.) Herald.*

—An Irish baronet has just died, leaving an estate with an income of $50,000 to a daughter whose whereabouts are unknown. We shall expect to suddenly lose our servant-girl if she sees this item.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—While so many people in this country are being seriously injured by the accidental discharge of firearms isn't it a little curious that such a small number are injured by the discharge, accidental or otherwise, of their duty?—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Don't lose your presence of mind. A Nevada man who was carried half a mile by a snow avalanche estimated the pressure at twenty-two tons to the square inch. Some men would have been content to simply know that they moved. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—Said a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an Alderman and here I am at the top of the tree. And what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die; and not till then."—*Chicago Herald.*

—A few nights ago O'Rafferty said to Teddy. "What is it, me bye, that you have to do first thing in the morning?" "I know well enough, fayther, what I have to do first thing in the morning," replied Teddy, laughing. "What is it, ye spalpeen?" "The first thing I have to do in the morning is to get the kindling wood ready the night before."—*Texas Siftings.*

—On a railway line a passenger stopped the guard and asked: "Why don't the trains go faster?" "They run fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger, "but that my friends won't come for me until the train comes in, and I don't want to be waiting about the station for two or three hours."—*London Punch.*

Religious.

A THOUGHT FOR EASTER.

Sweet is the story in the Gospels told,
Familiar to our ears, yet never old,
How Mary hastened, in the dawning gray
Of that first, precious, far-off Easter-day,
With spices sweet, and ointment and perfume,
Unto the garden and the rock-hewn tomb;
Tenderly longing honor due to show
The form she pictured lying cold and low;
But found the imprisoning stone was rolled away,
And angels sat where late the Savior's body lay.

What wondrous tidings fell upon her ear:
"The Lord ye seek is risen—He is not here!"
Joy strove with grief and fear in her surprise,
And tears of mingled feeling filled her eyes.
Was Christ then gone? Oh, but for one more glance
Of that revered, beloved countenance!
Weeping, she lingered in the garden's gloom,
And as the sunrise smote the open tomb,
She heard her name, and trembling turned to see
The face she last had seen on Calvary;
No longer pale with pain, but in the light
Of the fair morning, glad, serene and bright.
With quick thanksgiving for a boon so sweet,
"Master!" she cried; and falling at His feet
In silence she adored, but when He said:
"Go tell my brethren," at His bidding sped,
And wrought, in "bringing His disciples word,"
The earliest service for the risen Lord.

The centuries stretch between her life and ours,
Yet as to-day we wreathe the cross with flowers,
She in our solemn gladness bears a part,
And we claim kindred with her loving heart.
For saints in earth and Heaven rejoice as one
At the glad rising of the Easter sun.

And still the Lord, through each of us, His friends,
A loving message to His brethren sends.
Be ours to hearken to the tender tone
With swift obedience as Mary's own,
With flower and song our risen King to greet;
Oh, not with tardy or reluctant feet
Be ours to do His errands, or fulfill
The daily, common bidding of His will.
While with us yet we have the poor, the weak,
The fallen to reclaim, the lost to seek;
The sick to cheer, the ignorant to teach;
Bruised hearts to heal with kindly deed and speech,
How rich in service any life may prove,
Which in Christ's stead fulfills His ministry of love.

O Love, strike deeper roots our hearts within;
O'ergrow the weeds of selfishness and sin;
And be thyself our fragrant offering made,
Our perfect flower upon the altar laid.
What purer, sweeter tribute can we bring
This resurrection-day to Christ, our Lord and King?
—*Chicago Advance.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER.

Mar. 18	The First Christian Martyr	Acts 7:54-60, and 8: 1-4
Mar. 25	Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.	

SECOND QUARTER.

April 1	Simon the Sorcerer	Acts 8:14-25
April 8	Philip and the Ethiopian	Acts 8:26-40
April 15	Saul's Conversion	Acts 9:1-18
April 22	Saul Preaching Christ	Acts 9:19-31
April 29	Peter Working Miracles	Acts 9:32-41
May 6	Peter Preaching to the Gentiles	Acts 10:30-44
May 13	The Spread of the Gospel	Acts 11:19-30
May 20	Herod and Peter	Acts 12: 1-17
May 27	Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus	Acts 13: 1-12
June 3	At Antioch	Acts 13:12-16 and 43-52
June 10	At Iconium and Lystra	Acts 14: 1-18
June 17	End of the First Missionary Journey	Acts 14:19-28
June 24	Review.	

EASTER CUSTOMS.

In earlier times the sun was supposed to dance for joy as it dawned on Easter morning. We can readily understand this superstition, when every heart is rejoicing in the resurrection, and believing that all nature must take part in the common gladness. In many parts of England, however, not only the ignorant classes, but people of culture, believed that the sun really danced in the heavens on Easter day.

Upon this festival of rejoicing it was customary for one Christian to address another with the words: "Christ is risen," the answer coming back: "Christ is risen, indeed," or "He hath appeared unto Simon." Even to day in the Greek church this interchange is still kept up.

Our Greek word *Eostre*, the name of a Saxon deity, whose festival was also kept at the same time, and *Oster*, which signifies rising, makes Easter not only in name, but in *reality*, the feast of the resurrection.

It is called the "Queen of festivals," being one of the most important in the Christian year and celebrated with the utmost joy.

What is a fitter type of the gladness of the heart than beautiful flowers coming at this time with modest beauty and fragrance, as if to bring new joy into the believer's heart. Some flowers seem to be express symbols of the resurrection. The lily, the crocus and the snowdrop, in their purity and whiteness, the violet's beautiful blue, and the rose, in its blushing red, all usher in the Easter morning. The modest wintergreen comes too with her tiny flowers of white:

Of which, it is told in stories old,
That *these* fair blossoms first
On that blest morn, that Easter morn,
Into white beauty burst,
Perhaps, ah, well! We can not tell,
If it be truly so—
We but repeat, the legend sweet,
And only this we know,
That in the prime of Easter time,
The Christ's sweet flowers blow!

Many curious customs have in all ages been associated with Easter. Perhaps one of the most singular was the playing of ball in the churches. The highest officials of the church participated in them. While a chant was sung, the clergy joined hands, dancing round and round. Sometimes the ball was tossed from the dean to one or even all of the choristers, the music playing to suit the sport. Then came refreshments. In the 18th century this game was abolished by the churches, although to this day it is a game among the people.

Another amusement, which was very common, was the lifting, at Easter-tide. Parties of eight or ten assembled for the purpose, and then extorted a contribution. This was done out of doors usually. A chair trimmed with bright ribbons was carried through the streets, the women persuading some man to enter the chair, and when once in, refusing to let him down until he paid the penalty.

Nothing is so conspicuous among the Easter customs as the Pass eggs; and woe to the hen that refused to make her contributions; she was forthwith condemned to death. These eggs, colored in various ways and with inscriptions, required much labor and skill.

The Tyrolese keep Easter with every festivity. They are not an unbelieving people. The resurrection of Christ is, for them, only the proof of revelation, and greatly do they honor it. Bands of musicians traverse every valley, singing the beautiful Easter hymns to their guitars, calling the people out, who join in their chorus, and rejoice together in the glad anniversaries. Their wide-brimmed Spanish hats are decorated with bunches of flowers; crowds of children follow them, and, when night comes on, bear lighted torches of the pine-wood, which cast grotesque shadows over the whole landscape.

Although many foolish observances have vanished with the lapse of years, Easter is now observed, with more or less rejoicing, all over the world.

How often was the question put by man, in the most advanced stages of civilization: "If a man die shall he live again?" No positive answer was ever given to that question until He came, who proclaimed Himself to be "the Resurrection and the Life." "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he *live*, and whosoever liveth and believeth in *Me*, shall never die."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday Rest.

There are two solid grounds on which Sunday laws rest; one, the right of the prevailing religion of the country (be it Jewish, Christian or Pagan) to have its day of worship free from disturbance; and the other, the right of every man to an equal share in a rest-day from toil.

As regards the first, if this country were a Jewish country the Jewish worship on Saturday should be peculiarly protected from molestation. If it were a Mohammedan country, the Friday should be in like manner protected. This is simple common sense applied to things as they are, and no action of doctrinaire theory. Where there is a conflict of sacred days, as among Jew, Christian and Mohammedan, all can not be protected, and hence the majority must determine the question. This certainly distinguishes the sacred day, but does no harm to those who do not count it sacred. It only obliges them to be courteous. The inequality in the matter is only such as in some things must obtain among the freest people.

As regards the second ground: physiologists, statisticians, and sensible observers in general, have agreed that man's body and mind need a complete rest at an interval of about seven days. But man will not take that rest from labor unless he is obliged by law to do so. His greed for gain will make him ruin health in his own case, or (worse still) make him force his employes to ruin theirs by continuous work. The law, therefore, must make and enforce a rest-day. But what day shall it take? Again: common sense says: "Take the day which the mass of the community, from religious reasons, already regard as a rest-day." So the civil law, providing for men's physical well-being, appoints and enforces a rest-day from labor, which is the same day on which the great Christian community worship, and in which the same law, for other reasons, protects them in worship.

There is the whole of the Sunday question in a nut-shell. There is no compelling men to be religious, no supporting a state church, no puritanical blue-law. The Jew, or Mohammedan, or Pagan, simply must not make a boisterous demonstration, such as a noisy parade, on Sunday. Why? Because the vast majority of the people see fit to worship on that day. The Jew, or Mohammedan, or Pagan, must not keep open shop that day. Why? Because the people have decreed a rest-day from labor once a week to help humanity, and that is the day.

The only objection that has any color in it is that the Jew then must keep two rest-days in the week, and hence is at a disadvantage with his neighbor. Well, as we have already said, in the most equal administrations, there must, in the nature of things, be some inequality. Laws, for example, require a notice of "danger" to be put in dangerous places in the city; but, alas! blind men can not read the notices. The laws are unequal to the blind man. They have to be. So here the Jew's conscience tells him to keep from working Saturday. The law tells him to keep from working Sunday. It is a pity; but it can not be helped. The other alternative would be "no rest-day," and that would be destructive to the whole community. We must all bear some burdens for the public good.

Our American liberties are largely connected with the weekly day of rest. This day has given the people time to think, and read, and enjoy family life and without it we should have become an ignorant, brutish, machine people, like the low peasantry of Continental Europe. Take away this rest-day, and you undermine our high moral and educational condition as a people. You turn us into a nation of mere "workies." The cry of religious oppression, as against Sunday observance, is a device of the enemy. It is but the voice of soulless corporations, and of the proprietors of drinking-saloons and other demoralizing places, who wish to make their great gains on Sunday, and care nothing for the welfare and happiness of the people. They are the oppressors, and the advocates of a day of rest are the stanch supporters of a true freedom.—*Century Magazine.*

Choice Selections.

—Heaven has no promise of comfort to the lazy man, but to those who "labor and are heavy laden" the invitation is, Come and rest.—*Golden Rule.*

—I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—*Rutherford.*

—Consolation is the dropping of gentle dew from Heaven on desert hearts beneath it is one of the choicest gifts of Divine mercy.—*Spurgeon.*

—Do not so desire to follow Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane as to refuse following Him to the carpenter's shop, if Providence now calls you to it.—*Fletcher.*

—Whatever tends to make the Christian content with a mere routine of religious duties is hurtful to the true "higher life." We can not have it too deeply impressed on our minds and hearts that the religion of Christ is after all a character, not a creed; an every-day life, not a Sabbath routine; a vital, growing principle in the soul, not a fitful zeal for the growth of a church or denomination.—*Canadian Baptist.*

Our Young Folks.

THE SPHINX.

She doesn't live in Egypt—
Not in these later years;
She sits in a cane-seat rocker,
And this is what she hears:

"Mamma, where's my pencil?"
"Mamma, where's my hat?"
"Mamma, what does this mean?"
"Mamma, what is that?"
"Who was General Taylor?"
"Where's this horrid town?"
"Have I got to do it?"
"Say, is 'rest' a noun?"
"Can I have a cornet?
Don't I wish I had!"
"Ma, if I got rich some day,
Wouldn't you be glad?"
"This book says the dew-drops
Climb the morning sky;
Oh, what makes them do so?
Tell the reason why."

Hear the gentle answers,
Making matters plain;
Should she speak in riddles,
They will ask again.

"Something ails this slipper—
Doesn't it look queer?"
"Must I do it over?
Fix it, mother dear."
"We must write an essay
On 'a piece of chalk';
Mother, what would you say?"
"Ma, why don't you talk?"

Children, come to auntie!
Let mamma alone!
(I sometimes think the patient sphinx
Will really turn to stone.)
—*Anna S. Reed, in St. Nicholas.*

ABOUT CLOTHES.

The fourth of the John Spicer course of lectures was given in the usual place, Barn Hall, and to the usual audience. Superintendent Dick announced that the lecture would be upon Clothes, upon which Jumper, Whistler, and others of the boys, and some of the girls, were seen to brush their clothes a little as if to brush off of them anything which should not be on. Lecturer John Spicer entered Barn Hall promptly on time, made his bow, and gave out his subject:

CLOTHES.

It is very good fun to take off your clothes and go in swimming. [Applause.] Clothes are the things that you wear. They have arms and legs to them, and ever so many button-holes and buttons, and have [illegible]. Pockets are the best part of your clothes. We have two kinds of clothes, best ones and old ones. We hang up the best ones, and I wear the old ones. When you wear your best clothes every day you most always get something on them. Once I hitched the picket of a picket fence into the leg of some best clothes and pitched over head first, and the picket went through, and then I had to take that pair for everyday ones. Gudgeon grease that you get off of wheels will not come off very well. I do not mean it will not come off the wheels very well, but off your clothes. Ink spots stay on, but you can get paint off if you can get anything to take it off with. Mud brushes off when it gets dry, and your mother doesn't say anything when you get mud on your every-day ones, but she does on your best ones. Sometimes when you go to places you have to stop and change your clothes, and sometimes you fall into wet mud and have to go home and take them off. One time I had to go to bed and wait for some clothes to dry that got wet when I was having "darings" on some thin ice of a great puddle down in a hollow place when it had been raining and that puddle froze over. [Laughter.] One time when I was a little fellow, when I was going to a party with two little fellows about as big as I was, and we had on our best clothes, we climbed up a tree to see if some birds' eggs had hatched out, and a dry twig on a branch tore a hole on one side of one of my trouser legs, and I did not want to go back home because that pair was all the best pair of trousers I had. A big fellow—he was not very big, but he was bigger than we little fellows—he told me to go to the party and keep my hand down over the hole, and I did, and somebody that was at the party asked me if my arm was lame [laughter], and I said No, ma'am; but when the ice creams came round I forgot and took away my hand to take the saucer in it, and that some one looked at it, and laughed some, and she said: "Oh, now I see what the matter was with your arm!" and I laughed a little when she did, and she told me not to think any more about the hole then, but to have a good time and think about the hole afterwards, and I did. She told me a funny story about a hole that was torn. I will tell it. Once there was a very small boy named Gussie, and he tore his clothes most every day, and his mother mended them after he had gone to bed and he did not see her do it, and he thought the holes grew up of themselves during the night. [Laughter.] And one day when his little cousin Susie tore her dress her mother told her not to tear, and cried. Gussie told her not to cry, for the hole would grow up again in the night, just as holes did in his clothes. And when Susie went to bed she put her dress over a chair to have the holes grow up, and first thing in the morning she went in her night-gown to look, and her mother found her standing there crying, and when her mother asked her what she was crying for, she said: "Because that hole did not grow together in the night. I *thought* it would grow up in the night!" [Laughter and applause.]

I know another story. It is about a pair of trousers and a poor boy. Once there was a very poor boy, and his mother had no money to buy him clothes, and his clothes were very old and bad, and the other boys laughed at this one because he wore that kind of clothes. [Groans from the audience, and cries of "Oh! oh! mean! mean!"] And the boy used to go home from school and cry because the boys laughed at him. And his mother said: "No matter if they do laugh at you. That won't hurt you. You just keep to your book and learn all you can; that's what you go to school for. It won't hurt you to be laughed at. Keep thinking of that." The boy went to school every day, and when he was laughed at he said to himself: "Laughing won't hurt me"—just as his mother had told him—and studied his lessons and learned a good deal. And one day the teacher said to the other boys: "Why do you laugh at that boy for his clothes? You are no better for having good clothes. Where did you get your clothes? You did not make them yourselves. You did not earn the money yourselves to buy them with. Somebody bought the cloth, and somebody made them, and all you do is to put them on and wear them out. [A voice: 'That's so!'] So *you* need not feel proud of your clothes. Clothes do not make anybody any better." Some of the girls and boys in that school were very proud of their clothes, and when they had on nice new things, they would keep looking at them, and feeling proud of them. That poor boy's name was Oliver, and I know a little story about him and some quite good clothes. A woman that had a great deal of money, had a boy named Edward, and one time when Edward's clothes grew too small for him, she sent them to Oliver's mother, for Oliver. They were summer clothes. The first time Oliver put on the trousers, he found a silver pencil in one of the pockets. Two quite large boys were playing there, and he said to them: "Why! here's a pencil been left in! Edward's pencil!" The boys said: "No! your pencil! The trousers were given to you, and everything in them is yours." He told them Edward's mother and Edward did not know the pencil was there. They said: "No matter. They will think it is lost." And one said that may be it was left in on purpose for Oliver. Oliver said he would go and ask. The boys told him he was a *cooty* to go. And one of them said: "Sell it to me. I'll give you forty cents for it." Then Oliver jumped right up off the ground and spoke very quick: "Do you think I'll cheat! [Applause.] I'm going to ask about it!" [Applause.] He went and asked Edward if that pencil was meant to be left in, and it was not meant to be. Edward's grandfather gave it to Edward, and he wanted to keep it always: but he thought it was lost. They were summer clothes, and they were put away with that pencil in a pocket of them, and stayed a year put away. Once I had some mittens put away in some winter clothes. Mittens are clothes to wear on your hands, and hats are clothes to wear on your head. Once my aunt told me a hat riddle. I will say it:

"Two poor little brothers they had but one hat,
And both wore the same one, can you guess how was that?
Each boy have a head? Oh, yes! each had a head!
And both heads had one hat on, as just has been said.
Their grandfather's? No! a boy's hat made for one,
Yet worn by two heads! Can you guess how 'twas done?
Did one boy stay in! No, nothing like that:
Both went out together, and both wore the hat.
Small heads? No, indeed, sir! Their heads were not small;
You've not guessed my riddle, not guessed it at all.
I'll tell you the answer: The hat was of straw,
As old an old hat, sir, as you ever saw;
It was torn round about, just under the band,
And left in two parts; do you quite understand?
And when these small brothers walked fo in the town,
Why one wore the rim, and the other the crown."
—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

A Troublesome Parcel.

Messenger Hesse, of the Adams Express Company, recently brought over his division of the route from Washington an express package, which it would have been superfluous to mark "handle with care." The package weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois, and it was consigned to a preacher of this city, living in Green street, with a "C. O. D." of thirty-five dollars. The package had come all the way from Dalton, Ga., and was nothing more nor less than a young lady of eighteen tender years, whose parents had sent her to New York by express in order to preclude all possibility of losing her on the way, or to be able to collect damages if she should be mislaid. Messenger Hesse was in somewhat of a quandary how to pack his precious burden when he received a receipt for her at Washington. He thought the only safe plan would be to put her in the corner of a car and pile a lot of trunks on top of her, or to get a crockery crate and cage her in that, but he finally decided to ship her through in a passenger car, and get the brakeman to watch her. One of the necessities of this unique freight package was an occasional meal, and the brakeman was anxious to bring the young lady's provender on these occasions. Messenger Hesse, however, sternly bade him to stick to his stove and his brake-wheel and not to try to usurp other people's duties. The expense of the fair express package's meals was put on a tag and added to the C. O. D. After a great deal of mental suffering, lest his charge should fall out of a window or be spirited away at intermediate stations, Messenger Hesse finally got her safely to Jersey City. There she was loaded into an express wagon and brought over the Cortlandt street ferry to New York and taken to the office of the Adams Express Company, at No. 59 Broadway, where another agent signed a paper acknowledging her safe receipt, and Messenger Hesse breathed a sigh of relief and went forth and took a drink to drown his sorrow at parting. The express package was again put into an Adams express wagon and driven to its consignee in Greene street, who paid all charges and received it with open arms. Messenger Hesse is anxious to have this branch of the express traffic developed.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Rev. Joshua Hudson, who resided near Gainsboro', Frederick County, Va., went to the hog-pen for the purpose of feeding his hogs. Staying longer than usual, search was made for him, and to the great horror of the family he was found in the pen dead, with the side of his face and throat terribly lacerated by the hogs.

—Although Connecticut may be the home of many of the impositions practiced upon the American public, it is also the seat of much temperance and religious teaching. Recent statistics show that the State contains only 1,189 saloon-keepers, while the number of clergymen is nearly as great—1,055.

—Fifty-three employes, conductors and drivers, of the People's Street Railway Company of Philadelphia have been discharged for stealing fares. The boldest of them, it is said, were dishonestly keeping from two dollars to five dollars a day.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. MAR. 21, 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	1 "	40
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c.. $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

AURORA, Indiana, is to have another national bank.

THE attempt to impeach Hinton, Louisville's city auditor, was a failure.

IN Tennessee they are discussing the propriety of a railroad commission.

COL. JONES' canvass for governor is in a very good shape for a successful termination.

THE Republicans are threatening to run ex-President Hayes for governor of Ohio.

To guard Neal and Craft during their last trial cost the state fifteen thousand dollars.

CIRCUIT COURT is in session in Gallatin county this week. Boone is the next county on the circuit.

SENATOR WILLIAMS was in Covington, the other day, doubtless looking after his senatorial fencing.

THE citizens of Lawrenceburg are determined to strengthen their levee, which has restored business energy.

THE Richmond Herald devotes much of its spare time to the advocacy of local option which now prevails in that town.

JUDGE LEWIS, of the court of appeals, and Miss Jilson P. Johnson, of Lexington, are to be married on the 29th of this month.

AT the recent term of the Carroll circuit court the grand jury found fifty-seven indictments, and the court granted three divorces.

THE trial of Order for a murder committed in Harrison county, Ky., was closed at Falmouth Thursday, the result being a hung jury.

THE race track of the Latonia Agricultural Association is about completed. This society gives promise of being the best in the state.

OVER four million bushels of coal started down the Ohio the other day. It will not be slighted, as it appears we are to have another edition of winter.

W. B. WINSLOW, the most prominent lawyer in Carroll county, and for the past forty years an active and energetic practicioner, died last week, of pneumonia.

AN educational convention is to be held in Frankfort on the 5th of next month. This is a subject in which all are interested, and the convention should be well attended.

THE Enquirer and Cabler, two packets running on the lower Ohio, collided one day last week. The Cabler and its cargo were an entire loss, while the Enquirer escaped injury. But one life was lost.

GOV. BLACKBURN says he has received a letter from a gentleman in West Virginia, affecting the Ashland tragedy, and throwing doubt upon the guilt of Neal and Craft, and offers suggestions as to how the affair occurred.

WHAT is particularly needed in Kentucky is more schools and fewer pistols, more work, more justice and less "humanitarianism," more hangings and fewer murders, more "git up and git" and less sit down and wait.—Breckinridge News.

IT seems that the office of representative for this county is out in [illegible] the man this time. Thus far we have not heard the name of anyone mentioned as a possible candidate, further than what was said, last week, by our Plattsburg correspondent.

SOME of the new road supervisors are consulting the first volume of the Acts of the last legislature to post themselves in regard to the present road law. Those who take this paper and preserved the copy in which the road law was published, will find it very convenient to refer to about this time.

HOGS—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 40@7 75; fair to good packers, at $6 90@7 40; fair to good light, $7 00@7 30; common, $6 00@6 70; culls, $5 00@6 00: stock hogs, $5 50@6 75.

IN this issue we announce Mr. J. R. Clutterbuck, present incumbent, as a candidate for sheriff. He has acted in the capacity of deputy sheriff for some time, and all his official acts commend him to the people as an efficient and industrious officer who will serve them with fidelity if elected.

THE German decree against the importation of American hog products, including sides, bacon and sausage, has been published. This leaves a limit of thirty days for shipments to be made to Germany. The same dispatch states that Prince Bismark has requested the Bundesrath, in order to prevent an invasion of the law, that hog products should be admitted into the country only on the attested proof that they are not from America.

POOR Wiggins! There is not a friend to speak well of him. The pilots and captains of tug-boats who refrained from going out to sea for fear least his prediction would come true, are swearing at the pecuniary loss which has accrued to them. On Long Island several people had built huts on elevated places in order to retire to them when the floods should make their advent. All this is now so much fear's labor lost, and Wiggins is held responsible for it.

THE Lawrenceburg Press of week before last contained an article censuring governor Porter for not being more prompt and liberal in his response to the needs of the Lawrenceburgers during the flood, and an indignation meeting was held in the court-house there, last week, when the Press received a severe reprimand in the shape of a resolution adopted by the meeting, saying that the attack was vulgar, mean and false, &c. The Press says there were only about thity voting in the meeting that adopted the resolution.

THE frequent attempts to build turnpikes in different parts of the county indicate a growing desire on the part of the people to make improvements in that direction, and every time the proposition to build a road is discussed, it gains favor to some extent, and finally the road will be built. The history of turnpikes teaches that they are not agreed upon and built the first time they are proposed, but on the contrary, that they are the result of long, and sometimes bitter, discussions among neighbors, but after the roads are made, a good feeling soon prevails and all are glad they have the road.

THEY are very properly called common school houses. They are far too common for the purpose intended. Some of the miserable hovels called school-houses, are better fitted for pigs than for children who have minds to improve. Kentucky is beginning to wake up on the subject of popular education. The demand is for more comfortable school-houses and more competent teachers. The time is coming when teachers in common schools will be employed solely on account of their qualifications, and not because their services can be secured for the least amount of money. It is poor economy to employ an incapable teacher at any price. It will be a happy day for Kentucky when the school fund is sufficiently increased to justify the employment of men and women as teachers who understand their duties fully. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and intelligent and efficient service should be fairly compensated. Poor teachers send out poor scholars.—Georgetown Times.

THE Bodman Leaf Tobacco Warehouse circular of the 16th inst., says: While the offerings were very large, the proportion of the better class was so small that it did not meet the requirements of buyers, and the consequence was the most active market since last spring. This, however, only refers to grades classing from good style medium leaf to good and fine, which in both old and new was in such great request that the prices advanced a full half cent, and the price closed at the highest quotations Knowing that the stock of good leaf is rapidly diminishing, and with a half belief that a majority of the new is inferior or damaged, buyers are discounting the expected shortage which they can the more readily do, at higher prices, from the fact that they will soon have the benefit of the eight cents reduction in the tax. It is safe therefore to say, that for good grades, and we emphasize the word good, the demand is likely to remain steady, and pay a profit to re-driers. As for common goods, the very large supply caused a dragging market throughout the week and unless very colory they were in little favor.

THE constitution is just now the theme of the State press, which is somewhat divided as to the most feasible plan for its revision, some favoring a sovereignty convention while others adhere to the plan laid down by the framers of that instrument. The plan for executing the work of revision does not need the attention of the press at present. It should direct its efforts to pointing out to the people the incongruities of the constitution. The simple statement that the constitution needs reconstructing does not strike the public as an argument at all convincing. The public wants to know what changes are necessary, and it wants some assurance that these changes would be made in the event a convention is called. The people of Kentucky have been taught to consider the constitution of their State as a sacred instrument as pertaining to government, and will not consent to its modification unless they have some idea of what is to be done. Let the State press post up in regard to the constitution and then present to the people the inconsistencies of the instrument and the subjects on which it is in conflict with the constitution of the United States. Devote more time and space to the necessity of the convention and less to the manner of calling same, and the needed convention will be held at a much earlier day.

STATE NEWS.

—Bart Griffith broke out with small-pox in a crowd on the street in Scottsburg.

—Near Paducah the head of a white woman was found floating in the Ohio river. Foul play is suspicioned.

—The citizens of Owensboro are petitioning the governor to pardon Geo. Smith, a German convicted of forgery.

—One thousand, nine hundred and forty-seven pounds of white Burley tobacco were the product of an acre of ground in Mercer county.

—The explosion of dynamite cartridges blew a man to fragments on the K. C. extension the other day. The cartridges were laid before the fire to dry.

—Col. Charles Duncan, of Falmouth, has sold to J. C. Boyd, of the Palace Hotel, Cincinnati, his 500 acre farm in Pendleton county for $23,000 cash.

—At Greenup, Jeff Bowers, was dismissed on a charge of horse-stealing on Friday. He robbed a store the same night, was captured on Saturday, and on Monday was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

—A Bullett county man boasts that he lives in a house 79 years old; uses a comb 40 years old; sits in a chair 25 years old, and owns an iron kettle 102 years old, being one of the same brought up Salt river by the early pioneers, to make salt.

—On last Thursday night, a barn belonging to E. H. Conrad, who lives below town, containing $100 worth of hay and oats, $300 worth of tobacco and 9 head of cattle, was consumed by fire. It was evidently the work of an incendiary.—Williamstown Courier.

—Mt. Sterling Democrat: Sixty-five men were arrested in Menifee county for neglecting and refusing to work the roads. They all "chipped in" twenty-five cents each and employed all the lawyers in Frenchburg to assist to beat the case, which was done.

—In Jessamine county, George Allenden shot Fremont Oaks through the bowels. The wound probably is fatal. Oaks and another man rode by Allenden's house and fired six shots at it. Allenden returned the fire with the above result. There was no previous quarrel between the parties.

—About three weeks ago, Dan Sanders, a colored man, who lives about a mile and a half below New Liberty on Tom Bond's farm, was bitten by his dog, which showed signs of hydrophobia. The dog was killed and one day last week Sanders began to show signs of hydrophobia, and on Friday last was taken with a paroxysm, and bit two of his attendants, Cris Sanders and Godfrey Riddle. It became necessary Sunday to strap him to the bed in order to prevent him from doing further injury to those around him. A mad stone was procured and applied to the wound on Bris Sanders, but it failed to adhere.—Owen News.

FOR SALE.

A fine Horse and Jack. For particulars inquire of CARTER SIMPSON, Williamstown, Ky.

Attention Farmers.

Charlie, my well known stallion will be on exhibition in Burlington, on Monday, April 2nd, 1883. I will on that day award a good saddle and bridle to the best colt of his get for general purposes. Look out for Charlie for he is a paragon of horse-flesh. Ed Golaway, Florence, Ky.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

One Fool Among Many.

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition —A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on! I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a chance to show what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I reccomend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful di- Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statment.

Gloom, despondency, hopelessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bed-time like the hour of execution to a criminal—these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Coleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, dispenses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER I SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to

GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat, adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

MOODY'S Boarding School For Teaching all Branches of Dress Cutting, and every garment worn by lady or child; also, SEWING, TRIMMING, DRAPING, and all the FINISHING PARTS of DRESSMAKING!

Position Guaranteed if Desired.

LADIES living out of the city BOARDED FREE while learning.

Address D. W. MOODY & CO. 31 West Ninth St. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 35 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

G. H. LOEBKER,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

36 Pike Street,

COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all people should there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK,

Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, R. J. Green.
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H. Dills, F. P. Helm.
L. C. Stephens.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 10-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE.

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

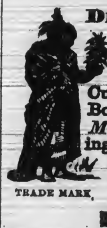
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

Chambers' Lightning Protecti'n

COMPANY.

Having purchased the right to put up the rods of the above company in Boone and Kenton counties, we solicit your patronage. These rods are constructed on the correct principle; it takes a less number of feet to rod a building and are consequently much the cheaper rods, besides they are ornamental and are the only rods that afford complete protection from lightning and are less liable to get out of repair. Their popularity is attested by the number now in use in Boone and Kenton. Those having buildings to rod will find it to their interest to have us give them a call and fix figures.

W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.



TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. [illegible], Ky., Mar. 15, '81.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-1423

J. W. Talbott.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE RECORDER,

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

PROSPECTUS
—OF THE—
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

Pre-eminently a NEWSPAPER in its truest sense, possessing facilities for gathering news from all quarters of the World, unsurpassed by any other Journal: presenting the same to its readers in a concise form free from coloring and prejudice.

In all cases, it publishes *The Truth* and *Facts*, and in matters of general interest, general interest, the fullest possible details are given. It is a paper, untrammeled or clogged in any way by Cliques, Corporations, or Bossism. Treats all persons and parties with fairness, giving a faithful record of all that transpires in the political field without fear or favor.

In matters of Finance and Commerce, its reports are extensive, complete, and accurate; furnished by reliable parties, thoroughly conversant with such matters; making this feature of the Enquirer, one of its best recommendations to the Commercial World.

It is published every day in the year, its extra large size admitting a vast quantity of reading and miscellaneous information, in its various departments, all of which presents a freshness, characteristic of a live newspaper.

For satisfactory evidence that the Enquirer is all its publisher claims for it, we invite those desiring a first-class commercial newspaper to send for specimen copies or short trial subscription.

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will maintain its present standard of excellence, which has attained for it a circulation of near One Hundred Thousand Copies which fact alone speaks volumes in its favor. It is undenjably one of the best Family Journals printed; large size eight page paper, giving ample room for all the news of the week, and choice selections, Historical Reminiscences, miscellaneous reading, &c.

Its market reports are reliable and extensive, embracing all necessary information that Farmers and Merchants require for intelligent transaction of business, either as buyers or sellers.

Its Farm School embraces letters from all sections of the country treating upon all matters pertaining to Farm, Field, Orchard Ranch, &c.

Its Household department is made unusually interesting to the ladies, by letters from the thrifty housewife in which domestic affairs are ably treated upon.

A corner is reserved for the boys and girls wherein to talk to the outside world. The moral tone of all being in happy accord with pure thought and taste.

THE SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One copy, one year	$1.15
One copy, six months	65

Agents sending us 7 subscribers at above rates are presented with a free copy.

JOHN R. McLEAN, Publisher,

Specimen numbers free. Cincinnati, O.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

This is twin year.

Shoot the groundhog.

Coal, 22 cents a bushel.

Next Sunday is easter Sunday.

Prepare your garden for the plow.

Sunday had an Indian summer cast.

The State is full of constitutional lawyers just now.

We are on the eve of the yard and house cleaning season.

The prospect for a large crop of lambs in this county is good.

The fine weather the past two weeks rejuvinated the farmers.

There is hardly a day passes but that sees our subscription list expand.

For carriage painting aud paper hanging call on Joe Reed, Burlington, Ky.

The personal estate of R. C. Green, deceased, was appraised last Thursday.

This is the month in which the magistrates are engaged dealing out justice.

Mr. Benjamin Rouse has been somewhat under the weather for several days.

Last week was movers' week in Burlington, and among that class was ye editor.

Dudley Rouse has a three dollar bill on the bank of Burlington, issued June 3d, 1818.

Saturday night Miss Maude Kirkpatrick entertained a bevy of her friends handsomely.

Several went from this place to Union, last Saturday night, to attend Mr. Dunlap's meeting.

Mrs. Dempsey's mare advertised in the last week's issue was found, last Saturday, at Falmouth.

The robbins sing as though they were in good spirits regardless of the civil service reform bill and the new tariff schedule.

W. C. Goodridge is buying considerable hay. Ten dollars a ton is the price for good hay favorably located.

Uncle Gus Weaver is able to be about most of the time. With warm weather he will be in good health again.

For Raspberry Jam, Quince, Pear and Strawberry Preserves, Apple, Plum and Peach Butter, go to W. E. Piper's.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is acknowledged the best of all preparations for the cure of pulmonary complaints.

Monday, W. C. Goodridge bought a slashing good horse of Geo. Mitchell, of Kenton county, paying $160 therefor.

A portion of the young people of the town spent a very pleasant evening, last Friday as the guests of Miss Addie Crisler.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Subscribe for your county paper and you will find many things in it of interest to you that can be found in no other paper.

Mrs. Absalom Aylor has a large lot of chickens, this season's hatching, and which will do to put on the market at an early day.

We are glad to learn that George Walton, of Bellevue, who has been quite low with typhoid fever, is getting much better.

Mr. Edward Botts was in town Friday riding his fine young Almont horse which is a splendid stepper in several of the popular gaits.

At first, when Charlie Fowler invites you to have a cigar, you think you will, and then you think you won't, and, of course, the laugh is on you.

We are going into the garden-sass business this spring, and hope to be able, this fall, to present each of our subscribers with a peck of potatoes.

For some time, F. W. Grant has been suffering with a tumor in or near his groin, and last Monday Dr. J. M. Grant removed the tumor by a very nice surgical operation.

The school in the Morgan Academy closes this week. Mr. Hughes, the teacher, has had a good school, and pleased the patrons. Would like to see him continue.

Last week we sent a copy of the RECORDER to a subscriber in Oregon, and this week we started it to a gentleman in Washington Territory, about as far west as it can go in the United States.

Some time since our butchers hauled their beef in a one-horse spring wagon, but now it takes a two-horse jolt-wagon to do the hauling. Verily, the dimensions of the beeves are increasing.

When in Petersburg, call and see me whether you need anything in the drug line or not. I am in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Bradly for a grocery. Call and see me. S. C. BUCHANAN.

Judge N. E. Hawes, who has been secretary and treasurer of the Burlington and Florence turnpike road ever since it has been a road has resigned his trust on account of his health, which has been very bad this winter.

We had concentrated all our industry Monday morning, to commence organizing a truck patch, but by nine o'clock our mind had changed and we were contemplating laying in a supply of wood and coal for winter.

Quite a number of the young folks gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Piper's last Wednesday evening, where the hours were very pleasantly spent with conversation and music.

The house occupied by Judge Youell, in Walton, was destroyed by fire one day last week. The house was the property of Esquire W. L. Norman. We failed to learn to what the Judge's loss amounts.

This week John G. Gaines moved to his farm, and James Westbay moved to the place lately occupied by F. P. Walton. That place just suits Jim, there being a good pasture and plenty of running water.

Dr. E. L. Grant and others are going to try to make the county build a bridge across Woolper creek, where the road crosses near its mouth, and for that purpose they have commenced proceedings in the circuit court.

A. W. Gaines, a leading attorney of Lawrenceburg, Ind., made our town a flying visit last Saturday. Allie says the next time the water gets within 12 feet of the point reached last month he is going to take to the hills.

Charles Clore has a cow that dropped two fine calves the other day, and Mr. Sam Cowen's cow followed suit with a pair of twins, but lost one of hers, while W. T. Smith's mare brought up the rear with two colts, both of which died.

Mr. Lewis Weaver, of Sunbright, Tenn., writes us that the twins at his house are 23 years old, one of them being the railroad agent. We don't know who originated the report, the offspring of which was the item in our last issue.

Everett Walton contemplates going west, about the first of next month, with his father, for the purpose of looking at the country with a view of locating a future home. While gone they will visit Illinois and Missouri and probably other states.

We received several communications last week too late for publication. As the RECORDER is printed Tuesday night anything coming later than Tuesday's mail has no possible chance of being published. Communications ought to come in by Monday's mail. Our friends will please bear this in mind.

Mr. Dunlap, the evangelist, commenced a series of sermons here last Monday at 2 p. m. The first sermon he preached in the Baptist church which had been tendered him, but at night he preached in the court-house at which place meeting is in progress while we are at press. The attendance is large.

The proposition to pike this end of the East Bend road did not meet with the necessary encouragement. J. O. Huey, O. P. Conner, W. H. Pope and others, whom the road would not have reached took the most active part in the work, and would have been very liberal in their contributions for that purpose.

Mr. E. H. Baker is still extending the boundary of his earthly possessions, his last purchase being Mr. Birkle's farm, the trade for which was made last week. Mr. Birkle we understand, will move to Covington. The vegetable consumers of this town will miss Mr. Birkle this spring, as he was always the first to administer to their wants in that particular.

Mr. Groundhog:—Dear Sir: We beg leave to inform you that the time allotted to you for your winter has expired some time since, and that it is time for you to let up on bad weather. The people are highly indignant at your outrageous usurpation of authority, and unless you change your course, you will be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.

Last Wednesday a writ of habeas corpus was tried before Esquire Baker. Patsy Scales, colored, sued out the writ in order to get control of one of her children, aged about 12 years, and which a Mrs. Watson has control of. The trial consumed the greater part of the day, and the case was decided against Patsy. L. L. Youell, for the negro and C. Y. Dyas for Mrs. Watson. All the parties were from Walton.

J. Cave Arnold, of Bullettsburg, died on the morning of the 15th, at 4 a. m. He had been a sufferer of that dread disease, consumption, for several months, and it finally claimed him as its victim in the midst of life. He will be missed by his many friends. The funeral was preached in the Bulletsburg church at 11 o'clock on the 16th inst, by the Rev. Dickens after which the remains were placed in the vault to await final interment.

Through the kindness of James Barlow, we have before us a copy of the Monroe City News, containing an account of the assassination of William Rouse, which occurred about one and three fourth miles south of Monroe City, Mo., the last Sunday in February. The body was found lying in the fence corner on the public highway with several buckshot in the head, having been shot from behind while riding along the road. No cause can be assigned for the murder unless it was done for the poupose of robbery, as it was known that but a few hours before found Mr. Rouse had $3 or $4 in his pocket book which was missing when the body was found. A young man by the name of Poage was arrested on suspicion. Some paper gun wadding was found near the dead man, and when Poage's shot gun was taken and examined, one barrel was empty. A blank load was drawn from the other barrel, and the wadding was found to be a portion of the same newspaper, the Monroe City News, a portion of which composed the wadding found near the body. Mr. Rouse's father and mother were formerly of this county, and the deceased has a large circle of relatives here.

Personal Mentions.

(If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.)

L. N. Crigler, of Covington, was in town last week.

Dr. Grant and wife are entertaining Mr. Dunlap and wife.

Dr. J. C. Terrill, of Bullettsville, was in our burg Sunday.

Mr. Jim Green, of Petersburg made us a call last Saturday.

Allen Martin arrived at his father-in-law's, this place, Saturday.

Mr. Williams, a legal light of Rising Sun, was in town Wednesday.

John McElroy, of Verona, graced the streets of Burlington, Thursday.

Mrs. Lulie Hughes, of Paris, Ill., is visiting her relatives is this county.

Miss Sallie Hyatt, of Newport, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grant.

L. L. Youell, the original County Judge of Boone, was here Wednesday.

Dick White has been suffering considerably with a severe pain in his back.

C. Y Dyas, a prominent lawyer of Grant couuty, was in town last Wednesday.

A. C. Porter and wife, of Petersburg, were visiting friends in Burlington, Sunday.

W. J. Icenogle says he ralsied 18,000 pounds of tobacco which averaged him $9 per hundred.

Mr. Reuben Conner, one of the cleverest gentlemen in the county was in town Saturday.

The pleasing countenance of Mr. Jeff Utz, of the Union precinct, was noticed on our streets last Saturday.

Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, returned home, last Sunday, after several days visit to Mrs. Lillie Hall.

Geo. Mitchell, of Visalia, Kenton county, was in town Monday. We are glad to learn that George is doing well.

Mr. Geo. W. Hughes, of Paris, Ill., made a flying trip to Boone last week, arriving on Saturday and returning Sunday.

Our genial young friend and merchant prince, James Tolin, of Ashbyfork, was among the visitors to our town last Sunday.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Normansville.

Miss Lucy Kennedy has returned from a visit to Covington.

Dr. J. A. Wood has recovered from his late illness and is again able to visit his patients.

Miss Ellen Porter, an accomplished and estimable lady of Kenton county, who has been teaching at Big Bone Springs, closed her school a few days since and returned home.

Mr. J. D. Moore who has been since New Years in W. Virginia, returned home last week.

Mr. Marion Marshall has returned home after a lengthy stay in Covington.

Mrs. Chas. Smith has been in delicate health for some time.

Our spring school opened Monday Mar., 12th, with a very good attendance. The patronage of the public is solicited. Music and fancy work will be taught to all who desire it.

Taylorport.

Our city is gradually recovering from the deplorable condition in which the flood left it.

Harry Piper gave us a very short business call last week.

Miss Cassie Foulke who has been suffering severely with an attack of neuralgia for several weeks, we are happy to inform her numerous friends, is convalescing.

Our ferry has again changed hands, Aaron Steelman, one of our genial citizens now fills the position, and seems to give entire satisfaction. Joe Graves crosses as frequantly as before.

Miss Ella Sederberg, who has been visiting relatives in Cincinnati for several weeks, has returned home.

Morgan Helm has improved the appearance of his residence and store with a new fence.

Florence X-Roads.

Last Monday, Messrs. Fowler, Tolin, 'Squire Gaines and a jury settled a dispute between Jasper Manning and Wm. Tanner as to whom is entitled to the posession of a house and piece of land belonging to Tanner and occupied by Manning. It was decided in favor of Tanner.

James Beall and Thomas Hafer will have plenty of tea for the next 100 years, as they took from this section, the other day, a two bushel sack full of sassafras roots Suppose their blood is too thick.

Mr. Geo. Utz, near Florence, has broken 25 acres of sod for corn.

A disease known as French measles is prevalent in this neighborhood. No great inconvenience results from them.

Mr. Corwin's school closed at this place last Thursday, with speeches and dialogues by some of the scholars.

One of T. B. Aylor's fine aldorney heifers died the other day. Cause not known.

Mr. Thomas Hafer, as agent of the Hebron Darmatic Club was in our town, last Thursday, wanting 40 of the mouse catchers. One of our young men went about half a mile with Hafer to capture the felines, but they had heard the news and scampered.

Hebron.

Will Davis has moved to Hebron.

Health generally good at this writing.

John Hicks has gone to house-keeping.

Wood sawings are the order of the day.

Walter Goodridge bought a fine stepper of Henry Gordon last week.

James Loder has moved to Constance where he will clerk in Davis Bros. store.

Jordan Beall and Will Rice have gone to Lawrenceburg to replace houses moved by the flood.

Farmers are busy sowing oats.

The roads are getting in a good condition.

Mrs. Polly Wilhoit is in a critical condition with but little hopes of her recovery, she being 96 years old.

Jeff Cloud thinks of attending school at Springfield, Ohio.

John Ernst was seen strutting around last week as proud as a peacock, all because he is daddy for the third time.

Mr. Albert Corbin and wife, of Bellevue, were visiting relatives in Hebron, last Saturday and Sunday.

The entertainment given at Hebron was a grand success, it being largely attended.

Rev. Kiser preached an able discourse, last Sunday.

David Beall got his finger badly mashed in a cog wheel last week.

Mike Clore's fine black mare got fastened down in the stable the other night, and came near dying.

Mrs. Jonas Rouse has been quite sick for the past week.

Dutch measles are raging in this vicinity. A fire broke out last week and destroyed one of Ray Snyder's large hay stacks—His hay shed narrowly escaped.

Hubble Davis and Tom Hafer, as agents for the dramatic club supplied Hebron well with cats.

The Popham string band is progressing rapidly.

Samuel Maning is running a passenger wagon from Bullettsville to Covington, on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Miss Ella Sederberg is visiting Mike Clore's......Miss Dora and Jennie Rouse, of Florence, were the guests of Miss Lida, last Sunday.

Bellevue.

A great amount of land has been sowed to grass this spring in our part of the country, indicating that our farmers are going to graze more and farm less in the future. The clearing up of the hill land and the cultivation of it in tobacco, together with the heavy rainfalls we have had recently, are rapidly carrying off the fine soil. Hence the converting of it into grazing land.

We notice some of the grainfields, as well as the hillsides, are beginning to put on the garb of green. Wheat is not very promising at present. The fruit prospect was never better.

The few patches of basket willows that are still growing in our vicinity were cut last week, and put in the ditches to sap.

Grandma Kelly, of Waterloo, is visiting her son, Cy Kelly. Wesley Rice, of Vevay, Ind., was visiting relatives here last week.

Ben Corbin has gone to housekeeping in the house lately occupied by D. M. Snyder.

Bro. Enos Nixon has moved to Woolper creek, near the suspended bridge.

The bright, balmy and bracing weather last Sunday, brought many bright faces out upon our streets.

The boys had their usual game of knucks, despite the vigilence of the law enforcer and groans of "Honest Jimmy".

Capt. Len Clore, of Waterloo, gave the young folks a sociable last Saturday night, which we learn was quite an interesting affair.

We are sorry to hear that the Steamer Little Queen has tied up, and will no longer run in the line here. She will be greatly missed by our citizens.

Willis Delph is very low with consumption.

Francesville.

Prof. Wiggin's blizzard reached Francisville as advertised on the 10th inst., and no doubt, had we not taken great precaution in having everything in readiness, the damage would have been immense. Our shipping was all in port, consequently that escaped the damage the Prof. predicted would occur. Great excitement prevailed while the storm was raging, yet there were a few that seemed calm and collected, and would have met death without a murmur had it come to that—fortunately there were no lives lost. And we hope in the future that Prof. Wiggins may find better employment than making blizzards.

Quite a sad accident occurred at Mr. Jas. C. Beall's, last Saturday. His brother Orin, while in a fit, fell in the fire, and no doubt, would have been burned to death had not Mr. Beall been present and resecued him in time to save his life. As it was he was considerably burned about the face, head and arms. Orin has been afflicted and subject to fits for forty years, and this is the first accident of a serious nature that has ever happened him.

Mr. John Scotthorn, of this place, met with what might have been a serious accident, one night last week. He was coming from the city with a load of coal, and owing to darkness missed the road and drove off a retaining wall, upsetting his wagon, throwing him out with the coal on top of him. Strange to say he escaped with a few slight bruises only. His team was not hurt any, but his wagon was considorably demolished.

Billy Hays has returned from Indiana, looking well and chuck full of news.

Mr. Wm. Hedges has recently purchased a fine stepper. Billy is a good judge of horse-flesh, "you bet".

The Misses Kitty and Annie Hays were the recipients of a nice present, in the way of a handsome organ, one day last week—a present from their father.

Mr. Allen Goodridge is having a large dwelling house erected near this place.

Mr. Jno. R. Smith intends having a large stock barn built on his farm this year

Mr. Abel Wainscott, of this place is visiting his son George at Brookville, Ind.

Miss Nannie Runyan, of Willmington, Ind, is visiting friends here.

Mr. Emory Miller, of Dry Ridge, Ohio, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Batterson, at this place.

Mr. James Riley has moved out on his farm near Constance—we think Jim means business.

[Too late for last weeks issue.—EDS.]

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

STOCKHOLDERS, NOTICE

On the first Saturday in April, the 7th day, an election will be held at Dudley Rouse's store, in Burlington, for the purpose of electing for the ensuing year, a president and four directors for the Burlington and Florence turnpike road.

FEELDEN ROUSE, President.

STOCKHOLDERS, NOTICE

On the first Monday in April an election will be held in the towns of Burlington and Petersburg for the election of five directors for the Burlington and Petersburg turnpike road, to serve the ensuing year.

N. S. WALTON, Sect'y.

FOUND.

Near Bellevue, Boone county, Ky., since the flood a lot of Stone Mason's tools. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

W. W. GRANT, JAS. SMITH,
Bellevue, Boone conuty, Ky.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Woolper Turnpike Company are hereby notified that an election will be held in Burlington on Monday April 2nd, 1883 for the purpose of electing five directors.

J. FRANK GRANT, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

GOLD WATCH.—By virtue of an order of the Boone Circuit Court, I will, as administrator of the estate of John Crosby, deceased, sell for cash to the highest bidder, on April 2d, 1883, at the Court-house door in Burlington, between the hours of 12 m. and 1p. m., a gold watch, the property of Jno. Crosby, deceased.

F. L GORDON, Admr.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

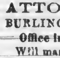
F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW.
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞Office opposite the Boone House.☜

L. C. NORMAN. E. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN

RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J. P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
☞Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prep'r.
No paine spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

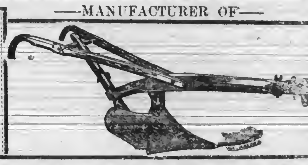
AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
JNO. M. MOODY,

DUDLEY ROUSE
BURLINGTON, KY.
Leads the Van in Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS AND
NOTIONS,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS CAPS, &c.
Also a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, &c.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE. A fresh Stock of
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,

DRUGS & MEDICINES
I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
☞Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY

TO BUYERS.
I have for the spring trade a clean and carefully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.
IN DRY GOODS,
Brocades, Cashmeres, Indigo Blue Calicoes, [illegible], Ginghams, Cheviot Shirting, Brown and Bleached Muslins and double width Sheeting, Pillow Case Muslin, Jeans and Cottonades, Crashes, Table Linen and Napkins.
IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS,
Nainsook, Lawn, Swiss, Jackonet, Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Toilet towels, Ribbons and Buttons.
Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.
Carpet Chain in fast colors.
Rubber Coats and Leggins—Overalls and Jackets.
In Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware my stock is complete.
Flour and Salt always on hand.
A Full stock of FANCY & STALPE Groceries.
Cash paid for country produce or will take in exchange for goods.
Orders for Goods not in stock, gladly and promptly filled.
Yours Truly, W. E. PIPER.

WILLIAM CLORE,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Rover Steel PLOWS,
Side Hill PLOWS,

Single & Double Shovels,
Jumping Shovels, Gophers, Rolling Cutters, Harrows and Agricultural Implements Generally. Send for Price List.
RISING SUN, - - - INDIANA.

UNDERTAKING

We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
SOARDS & DAVIS, Hebron. Ky

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. MAR. 21, 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
"	¼ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c.. $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

AURORA, Indiana, is to have another national bank.

THE attempt to impeach Hinton, Louisville's city auditor, was a failure.

IN Tennessee they are discussing the propriety of a railroad commission.

COL. JONES' canvass for governor is in a very good shape for a successful termination.

THE Republicans are threatening to run ex-President Hayes for governor of Ohio.

To guard Neal and Craft during their last trial cost the state fifteen thousand dollars.

CIRCUIT COURT is in session in Gallatin county this week. Boone is the next county on the circuit.

SENATOR WILLIAMS was in Covington, the other day, doubtless looking after his senatorial fencing.

THE citizens of Lawrenceburg are determined to strengthen their levee, which has restored business energy.

THE Richmond Herald devotes much of its spare time to the advocacy of local option which now prevails in that town.

JUDGE LEWIS, of the court of appeals, and Miss Jilson P. Johnson, of Lexington, are to be married on the 29th of this month.

AT the recent term of the Carroll circuit court the grand jury found fifty-seven indictments, and the court granted three divorces.

THE trial of Order for a murder committed in Harrison county, Ky., was closed at Falmouth Thursday, the result being a hung jury.

THE race track of the Latonia Agricultural Association is about completed. This society gives promise of being the best in the state.

OVER four million bushels of coal started down the Ohio the other day. It will not be slighted, as it appears we are to have another edition of winter.

W. B. WINSLOW, the most prominent lawyer in Carroll county, and for the past forty years an active and energetic practicioner, died last week, of pneumonia.

AN educational convention is to be held in Frankfort on the 5th of next month. This is a subject in which all are interested, and the convention should be well attended.

THE Enquirer and Cabler, two packets running on the lower Ohio, collided one day last week. The Cabler and its cargo were an entire loss, while the Enquirer escaped injury. But one life was lost.

GOV. BLACKBURN says he has received a letter from a gentleman in West Virginia, affecting the Ashland tragedy, and throwing doubt upon the guilt of Neal and Craft, and offers suggestions as to how the affair occurred.

WHAT is particularly needed in Kentucky is more schools and fewer pistols, more work, more justice and less "humanitarianism," more hangings and fewer murders, more "git up and git" and less sit down and wait.—Breckinridge News.

IT seems that the office of representative for this county is out in search of the man this time. Thus far we have not heard the name of anyone mentioned as a possible candidate, further than what was said, last week, by our Plattsburg correspondent.

SOME of the new road supervisors are consulting the first volume of the Acts of the last legislature to post themselves in regard to the present road law. Those who take this paper and preserved the copy in which the road law was published, will find it very convenient to refer to about this time.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 40@7 75; fair to good packers, at $6 90@7 40; fair to good light, $7 00@7 30; common, $6 00@6 70; culls, $5 00@6 00; stock hogs, $5 50@6 75.

IN this issue we announce Mr. J. R. Clutterbuck, present incumbent, as a candidate for sheriff. He has acted in the capacity of deputy sheriff for some time, and all his official acts commend him to the people as an efficient and industrious officer who will serve them with fidelity if elected.

THE German decree against the importation of American hog products, including sides, bacon and sausage, has been published. This leaves a limit of thirty days for shipments to be made to Germany. The same dispatch states that Prince Bismark has requested the Bundesrath, in order to prevent an invasion of the law, that hog products should be admitted into the country only on the attested proof that they are not from America.

POOR Wiggins! There is not a friend to speak well of him. The pilots and captains of tug-boats who refrained from going out to sea for fear least his prediction would come true, are swearing at the pecuniary loss which has accrued to them. On Long Island several people had built huts on elevated places in order to retire to them when the floods should make their advent. All this is now so much fear's labor lost, and Wiggins is held responsible for it.

THE Lawrenceburg Press of week before last contained an article censuring governor Porter for not being more prompt and liberal in his response to the needs of the Lawrenceburgers during the flood, and an indignation meeting was held in the court-house there, last week, when the Press received a severe reprimand in the shape of a resolution adopted by the meeting, saying that the attack was vulgar, mean and false, &c. The Press says there were only about thity voting in the meeting that adopted the resolution.

THE frequent attempts to build turnpikes in different parts of the county indicate a growing desire on the part of the people to make improvements in that direction, and every time the proposition to build a road is discussed, it gains favor to some extent, and finally the road will be built. The history of turnpikes teaches that they are not agreed upon and built the first time they are proposed, but on the contrary, that they are the result of long, and sometimes bitter, discussions among neighbors, but after the roads are made, a good feeling soon prevails and all are glad they have the road.

THEY are very properly called common school houses. They are far too common for the purpose intended. Some of the miserable hovels called school-houses, are better fitted for pigs than for children who have minds to improve. Kentucky is beginning to wake up on the subject of popular education. The demand is far more comfortable school-houses and more competent teachers. The time is coming when teachers in common schools will be employed solely on account of their qualifications, and not because their services can be secured for the least amount of money. It is poor economy to employ an incapable teacher at any price. It will be a happy day for Kentucky when the school fund is sufficiently increased to justify the employment of men and women as teachers who understand their duties fully. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and intelligent and efficient service should be fairly compensated. Poor teachers send out poor scholars.—Georgetown Times.

THE Bodman Leaf Tobacco Warehouse circular of the 16th inst., says: While the offerings were very large, the proportion of the better class was so small that it did not meet the requirements of buyers, and the consequence was the most active market since last spring. This, however, only refers to grades classing from good style medium leaf to good and fine, which in both old and new was in such great request that the prices advanced a full half cent, and the price closed at the highest quotations Knowing that the stock of good leaf is rapidly diminishing, and with a half belief that a majority of the new is inferior or damaged, buyers are discounting the expected shortage which they can the more readily do, at higher prices, from the fact that they will soon have the benefit of the eight cents reduction in the tax. It is safe therefore to say, that for good grades, and we emphasize the word good, the demand is likely to remain steady, and pay a profit to re-driers. As for common goods, the very large supply caused a dragging market throughout the week and unless very colory they were in little favor.

THE constitution is just now the theme of the State press, which is somewhat divided as to the most feasible plan for its revision, some favoring a sovereignty convention while others adhere to the plan laid down by the framers of that instrument. The plan for executing the work of revision does not need the attention of the press at present. It should direct its efforts to pointing out to the people the incongruities of the constitution. The simple statement that the constitution needs reconstructing does not strike the public as an argument at all convincing. The public wants to know what changes are necessary, and it wants some assurance that these changes would be made in the event a convention is called. The people of Kentucky have been taught to consider the constitution of their State as a sacred instrument as pertaining to government, and will not consent to its modification unless they have some idea of what is to be done. Let the State press post up in regard to the constitution and then present to the people the inconsistencies of the instrument and the subjects on which it is in conflict with the constitution of the United States. Devote more time and space to the necessity of the convention and less to the manner of calling same, and the needed convention will be held at a much earlier day.

STATE NEWS.

—Bart Griffith broke out with small-pox in a crowd on the street in Scottsburg.

—Near Paducah the head of a white woman was found floating in the Ohio river. Foul play is suspicioned.

—The citizens of Owensboro are petitioning the governor to pardon Geo. Smith, a German convicted of forgery.

—One thousand, nine hundred and forty-seven pounds of white Burley tobacco were the product of an acre of ground in Mercer county.

—The explosion of dynamite cartridges blew a man to fragments on the K. C. extension the other day. The cartridges were laid before the fire to dry.

—Col. Charles Duncan, of Falmouth, has sold to J. C. Boyd, of the Palace Hotel, Cincinnati, his 500 acre farm in Pendleton county for $23,000 cash.

—At Greenup, Jeff Bowers, was dismissed on a charge of horse-stealing on Friday. He robbed a store the same night, was captured on Saturday, and on Monday was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

—A Bullett county man boasts that he lives in a house 79 years old; uses a comb 40 years old; sits in a chair 25 years old, and owns an iron kettle 102 years old, being one of the same brought up Salt river by the early pioneers, to make salt.

—On last Thursday night, a barn belonging to E. H. Conrad, who lives below town, containing $100 worth of hay and oats, $300 worth of tobacco and 9 head of cattle, was consumed by fire. It was evidently the work of an incendiary.—Williamstown Courier.

—Mt. Sterling Democrat: Sixty-five men were arrested in Menifee county for neglecting and refusing to work the roads. They all "chipped in" twenty-five cents each and employed all the lawyers in Frenchburg to assist to beat the case, which was done.

—In Jessamine county, George Allenden shot Fremont Oaks through the bowels. The wound probably is fatal. Oaks and another man rode by Allenden's house and fired six shots at it. Allenden returned the fire with the above result. There was no previous quarrel between the parties.

—About three weeks ago, Dan Sanders, a colored man, who lives about a mile and a half below New Liberty on Tom Bond's farm, was bitten by his dog, which showed signs of hydrophobia. The dog was killed and one day last week Sanders began to show signs of hydrophobia, and on Friday last was taken with a paroxysm, and bit two of his attendants, Cris Sanders and Godfrey Riddle. It became necessary Sunday to strap him to the bed in order to prevent him from doing further injury to those around him. A mad stone was procured and applied to the wound on Bris Sanders, but it failed to adhere.—Owen News.

FOR SALE.

A fine Horse and Jack. For particulars inquire of CARTER SIMPSON, Williamstown, Ky.

Attention Farmers.

Charlie, my well known stallion will be on exhibition in Burlington, on Monday, April 2nd, 1883. I will on that day award a good saddle and bridle to the best colt of his get for general purposes. Look out for Charlie for he is a paragon of horseflesh.

Ed Golaway, Florence, Ky.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

One Fool Among Many.

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition —A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a chance to show what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I reccomend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful di- Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statment.

Gloom, despondency, hopleasness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to rend r bed-time like the hour of execution to a crimina — these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Corleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to

GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat, adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W. NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an Illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. S. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

MOODY'S Boarding School For Teaching all Branches of Dress Cutting, and every garment worn by lady or child; also, SEWING, TRIMMING, DRAPING, and all the FINISHING PARTS of

DRESSMAKING!

Position Guaranteed if Desired.

LADIES living out of the city BOARDED FREE while learning.

Address D. W. MOODY & CO. 31 West Ninth St. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines

OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 5 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

G. H. LOEBKER,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

36 Pike Street,

COVINGTON, - - KY

George H. Loebker doth proclaim the news,
Elegant his display of Boots and Shoes
Offering at low prices, all should call,
Here is the place to suit you all.
Large stock of best made on hand,
Of every kind as we command.
Each noted maker's work there we find,
Boots and Shoes no best made of every kind.
Keeping choice Kid the French have tanned,
Each sees fine leather from our own land.
Rightly skillful labor in all combined,
Boots and Shoes none better in the city we find.
Our fancy wins at the earliest glance,
Of these he sells for the walk or dance.
The Kid so fine, the form so neat,
Slippers that adorn the most delicate feet.
All goods he sells will wear quite long,
Notice, well finish secure and strong.
Doubt not the best are cheap in the end,
Shoes and Boots of LOEBKER'S all commend.
Hither we go with an eager tread,
Our comfort to feet is warranted.
Ever low prices rule at 36 Pike Street,
Surely all peopleshould there meet.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK,

Covington, Kentucky.

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James S. Wayne, J. S. Matson, M. C. Motch, J. H. Mersman, Sam Hind, A. R. Mullen, L. C. Stephens, E. J. Hickey, L. H. Dills, E. J. Green, F. P. Helm.

The ganaral operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

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AND TRANSFER LINE.

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

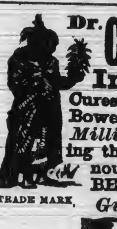
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

Chambers' Lightning Protecti'n

COMPANY.

Having purchased the right to put up the rods of the above company in Boone and Kenton counties, we solicit your patronage. These rods are constructed on the correct principle; it takes a less number of feet to rod a building and are consequently much the cheaper rods, besides they are ornamental and are the only rods that afford complete protection from lightning and are less liable to get out of repair. Their popularity is attested by the number now in use in Boone and Kenton. Those having buildings to rod will find it to their interest to have us give them a call and fix figuers.

W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.



TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-4t23

J. W. Talbott.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE RECORDER.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

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Pre-eminently a NEWSPAPER in its truest sense, posessing facilities for gathering news from all quarters of the World, unsurpassed by any other Journal: presenting the same to its readers in a concise form free from coloring and predjudice.

In all cases, it publishes *The Truth* and *Facts*, and in matters of general interest, general interest, the fullest possible details are given. It is a paper, untrammeled or clogged in any way by Cliques, Corporations, or Bossism. Treats all persons and parties with fairness, giving a faithful record of all that transpires in the political field without fear or favor.

In matters of Finance and Commerce, its reports are extensive, complete, and accurate; furnished by [illegible], thoroughly conversant with such matters; making this feature of the Enquirer, one of its best recommendations to the Commercial World.

It is published every day in the year, its extra large size admitting a vast quantity of reading and miscellaneous information, in its various departments, all of which presents a freshness, characteristic of a live newspaper.

For satisfactory evidence that the Enquirer is all its publisher claims for it, we invite those desiring a first-class commercial newspaper to send for specimen copies or short trial subscription.

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will maintain its present standard of excellence, which has attained for it a circulation of near One Hundred Thousand Copies which fact alone speaks volumns in its favor. It is undenjably one of the best Family Journals printed; large size eight page paper, giving ample room for all the news of the week, and choice selections, Historical Reminiscences, miscellaneous reading, &c.

Its market reports are reliable and extensive, embracing all necessary information that Farmers and Merchants require for intelligent transaction of business, either as buyers or sellers.

Its Farm School embraces letters from all sections of the country treating upon all matters pertaining to Farm, Field, Orchard Ranch, &c.

Its Household department is made unusually interesting to the ladies, by letters from the thrifty housewife in which domestic affairs are ably treated upon.

A corner is reserved for the boys and girls wherein to talk to the outside world. The moral tone of all being in happy accord with pure thought and taste.

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One copy, one year $1.15
One copy, six months.... 65

Agents sending us 7 subscribers at above rates are presented with a free copy.

JOHN R. McLEAN, Publisher,
Specimen numbers free. Cincinnati, O.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

This is twin year.

Shoot the groundhog.

Coal, 22 cents a bushel.

Next Sunday is easter Sunday.

Prepare your garden for the plow.

Sunday had an Indian summer cast.

The State is full of constitutional lawyers just now.

We are on the eve of the yard and house cleaning season.

The prospect for a large crop of lambs in this county is good.

The fine weather the past two weeks rejuvinated the farmers.

There is hardly a day passes but that sees our subscription list expand.

For carriage painting and paper hanging call on Joe Reed, Burlington, Ky.

The personal estate of R. C. Green, deceased, was appraised last Thursday.

This is the month in which the magistrates are engaged dealing out justice.

Mr. Benjamin Rouse has been somewhat under the weather for several days.

Last week was movers' week in Burlington, and among that class was ye editor.

Dudley Rouse has a three dollar bill on the bank of Burlington, issued June 3d, 1818.

Saturday night Miss Maude Kirkpatrick entertained a bevy of her friends handsomely.

Several went from this place to Union, last Saturday night, to attend Mr. Dunlap's meeting.

Mrs. Dempsey's mare advertised in the last week's issue was found, last Saturday, at Falmouth.

The robbins sing as though they were in good spirits regardless of the civil service reform bill and the new tariff schedule.

W. C. Goodridge is buying considerable hay. Ten dollars a ton is the price for good hay favorably located.

Uncle Gus Weaver is able to be about most of the time. With warm weather he will be in good health again.

For Raspberry Jam, Quince, Pear and Strawberry Preserves, Apple, Plum and Peach Butter, go to W. E. Piper's.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is acknowledged the best of all preparations for the cure of pulmonary complaints.

Monday, W. C. Goodridge bought a slashing good horse of Geo. Mitchell, of Kenton county, paying $160 therefor.

A portion of the young people of the town spent a very pleasant evening, last Friday as the guests of Miss Addie Crisler.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Subscribe for your county paper and you will find many things in it of interest to you that can be found in no other paper.

Mrs. Absalom Aylor has a large lot of chickens, this season's hatching, and which will do to put on the market at an early day.

We are glad to learn that George Walton, of Bellevue, who has been quite low with typhoid fever, is getting much better.

Mr. Edward Botts was in town Friday riding his fine young Almont horse which is a splendid stepper in several of the popular gaits.

At first, when Charlie Fowler invites you to have a cigar, you think you will, and then you think you won't, and, of course, the laugh is on you.

We are going into the garden-sass business this spring, and hope to be able, this fall, to present each of our subscribers with a peck of potatoes.

For some time, F. W. Grant has been suffering with a tumor in or near his groin, and last Monday Dr. J. M. Grant removed the tumor by a very nice surgical operation.

The school in the Morgan Academy closes this week. Mr. Hughes, the teacher, has had a good school, and pleased the patrons. Would like to see him continue.

Last week we sent a copy of the RECORDER to a subscriber in Oregon, and this week we started it to a gentleman in Washington Territory, about as far west as it can go in the United States.

Some time since our butchers hauled their beef in a one-horse spring wagon, but now it takes a two-horse jolt-wagon to do the hauling. Verily, the dimensions of the beeves are increasing.

When in Petersburg, call and see me whether you need anything in the drug line or not. I am in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Bradly for a grocery. Call and see me. S. C. BUCHANAN.

Judge N. E. Hawes, who has been secretary and treasurer of the Burlington and Florence turnpike road ever since it has been a road has resigned his trust on account of his health, which has been very bad this winter.

We had concentrated all our industry Monday morning, to commence organizing a truck patch, but by nine o'clock our mind had changed and we were contemplating laying in a supply of wood and coal for winter.

Quite a number of the young folks gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Piper's last Wednesday evening, where the hours were very pleasantly spent with conversation and music.

The house occupied by Judge Youell, in Walton, was destroyed by fire one day last week. The house was the property of Esquire W. L. Norman. We failed to learn to what the Judge's loss amounts.

This week John G. Gaines moved to his farm, and James Westbay moved to the place lately occupied by F. P. Walton. That place just suits Jim, there being a good pasture and plenty of running water.

Dr. E. L. Grant and others are going to try to make the county build a bridge across Woolper creek, where the road crosses near its mouth, and for that purpose they have commenced proceedings in the circuit court.

A. W. Gaines, a leading attorney of Lawrenceburg, Ind., made our town a flying visit last Saturday. Allie says the next time the water gets within 12 feet of the point reached last month he is going to take to the hills.

Charles Clore has a cow that dropped two fine calves the other day, and Mr. Sam Cowen's cow followed suit with a pair of twins, but lost one of hers, while W. T. Smith's mare brought up the rear with two colts, both of which died.

Mr. Lewis Weaver, of Sunbright, Tenn., writes us that the twins at his house are 23 years old, one of them being the railroad agent. We don't know who originated the report, the offspring of which was the item in our last issue.

Everett Walton contemplates going west, about the first of next month, with his father, for the purpose of looking at the country with a view of locating a future home. While gone they will visit Illinois and Missouri and probably other states.

We received several communications last week too late for publication. As the RECORDER is printed Tuesday night anything coming later than Tuesday's mail has no possible chance of being published. Communications ought to come in by Monday's mail. Our friends will please bear this in mind.

Mr. Dunlap, the evangelist, commenced a series of sermons here last Monday at 2 p. m. The first sermon he preached in the Baptist church which had been tendered him, but at night he preached in the court-house at which place meeting is in progress while we are at press. The attendance is large.

The proposition to pike this end of the East Bend road did not meet with the necessary encouragement. J. O. Huey, O. P. Conner, W. H. Pope and others, whom the road would not have reached took the most active part in the work, and would have been very liberal in their contributions for that purpose.

Mr. E. H. Baker is still extending the boundary of his earthly possessions, his last purchase being Mr. Birkle's farm, the trade for which was made last week. Mr. Birkle we understand, will move to Covington. The vegetable consumers of this town will miss Mr. Birkle this spring, as he was always the first to administer to their wants in that particular.

Mr. Groundhog:—Dear Sir: We beg leave to inform you that the time allotted to you for your winter has expired some time since, and that it is time for you to let up on bad weather. The people are highly indignant at your outrageous usurpation of authority, and unless you change your course, you will be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.

Last Wednesday a writ of habeas corpus was tried before Esquire Baker. Patsy Scales, colored, sued out the writ in order to get control of one of her children, aged about 12 years, and which a Mrs. Watson has control of. The trial consumed the greater part of the day, and the case was decided against Patsy. L. L. Youell, for the negro and C. Y. Dyas for Mrs. Watson. All the parties were from Walton.

J. Cave Arnold, of Bullettsburg, died on the morning of the 15th, at 4 a. m. He had been a sufferer of that dread disease, consumption, for several months, and it finally claimed him as its victim in the midst of life. He will be missed by his many friends.

The funeral was preached in the Bulletsburg church at 11 o'clock on the 16th inst, by the Rev. Dickens after which the remains were placed in the vault to await final interment.

Through the kindness of James Barlow, we have before us a copy of the Monroe City News, containing an account of the assassination of William Rouse, which occurred about one and three fourth miles south of Monroe City, Mo., the last Sunday in February. The body was found lying in the fence corner on the public highway with several buckshot in the head, having been shot from behind while riding along the road. No cause can be assigned for the murder unless it was done for the poupose of robbery, as it was known that but a few hours before found Mr. Rouse had $3 or $4 in his pocket book which was missing when the body was found. A young man by the name of Poage was arrested on suspicion. Some paper gun wadding was found near the dead man, and when Poage's shot gun was taken and examined, one barrel was empty. A blank load was drawn from the other barrel, and the wadding was found to be a portion of the same newspaper, the Monroe City News, a portion of which composed the wadding found near the body. Mr. Rouse's father and mother were formerly of this county, and the deceased has a large circle of relatives here.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

L. N. Crigler, of Covington, was in town last week.

Dr. Grant and wife are entertaining Mr. Dunlap and wife.

Dr. J. C. Terrill, of Bullettsville, was in our burg Sunday.

Mr. Jim Green, of Petersburg made us a call last Saturday.

Allen Martin arrived at his father-in-law's, this place, Saturday.

Mr. Williams, a legal light of Rising Sun, was in town Wednesday.

John McElroy, of Verona, graced the streets of Burlington, Thursday.

Mrs. Lulie Hughes, of Paris, Ill., is visiting her relatives is this county.

Miss Sallie Hyatt, of Newport, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grant.

L. L. Youell, the original County Judge of Boone, was here Wednesday.

Dick White has been suffering considerably with a severe pain in his back.

C. Y Dyas, a prominent lawyer of Grant county, was in town last Wednesday.

A. C. Porter and wife, of Petersburg, were visiting friends in Burlington, Sunday.

W. J. Icenogle says he raised 18,000 pounds of tobacco which averaged him $9 per hundred.

Mr. Reuben Conner, one of the cleverest gentlemen in the county was in town Saturday.

The pleasing countenance of Mr. Jeff Utz, of the Union precinct, was noticed on our streets last Saturday.

Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, returned home, last Sunday, after several days visit to Mrs. Lillie Hall.

Geo. Mitchell, of Visalia, Kenton county, was in town Monday. We are glad to learn that George is doing well.

Mr. Geo. W. Hughes, of Paris, Ill., made a flying trip to Boone last week, arriving on Saturday and returning Sunday.

Our genial young friend and merchant prince, James Tolin, of Ashbyfork, was among the visitors to our town last Sunday.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Normansville.

Miss Lucy Kennedy has returned from a visit to Covington.

Dr. J. A. Wood has recovered from his late illness and is again able to visit his patients.

Miss Ellen Porter, an accomplished and estimable lady of Kenton county, who has been teaching at Big Bone Springs, closed her school a faw days since and returned home.

Mr. J. D. Moore who has been since New Years in W. Virginia, returned home last week.

Mr. Marion Marshall has returned home after a lengthy stay in Covington.

Mrs. Chas. Smith has been in delicate health for some time.

Our spring school opened Monday Mar., 12th, with a very good attendance. The patronage of the public is solicited. Music and fancy work will be taught to all who desire it.

Taylorport.

Our city is gradually recovering from the deplorable condition in which the flood left it.

Harry Piper gave us a very short business call last week.

Miss Cassie Foulke who has been suffering severely with an attack of neuralgia for several weeks, we are happy to inform her numerous friends, is convalescing.

Our ferry has again changed hands, Aaron Steelman, one of our genial citizens now fills the position, and seems to give entire satisfaction. Joe Graves crosses as frequantly as before.

Miss Ella Sederberg, who has been visiting relatives in Cincinnati for several weeks, has returned home.

Morgan Helm has improved the appearance of his residence and store with a new fence.

Florence X-Roads.

Last Monday, Messrs. Fowler, Tolin, 'Squire Gaines and a jury settled a dispute between Jasper Manning and Wm. Tanneras to whom is entitled to the posession of a house and piece of land belonging to Tanner and occupied by Manning. It was decided in favor of Tanner.

James Beall and Thomas Hafer will have plenty of tea for the next 100 years, as they took from this section, the other day, a two bushel sack full of sassafras roots Suppose their blood is too thick.

Mr. Geo. Utz, near Florence, has broken 25 acres of sod for corn.

A disease known as French measles is prevalent in this neighborhood. No great inconvenienca results from them.

Mr. Corwin's school closed at this place last Thursday, with speeches and dialogues by some of the scholars.

One of T. B. Aylor's fine alderney heifers died the other day. Cause not known.

Mr. Thomas Hafer, as agent of the Hebron Darmatic Club was in our town, last Thursday, wanting 40 of the mouse catchers. One of our young men went about half a mile with Hafer to capture the felines, but they had heard the news and scampered.

Hebron.

Will Davis has moved to Hebron.

Health generally good at this writing.

John Hicks has gone to house-keeping.

Wood sawings are the order of the day.

Walter Goodridge bought a fine stepper of Henry Gordon last week.

James Loder has moved to Constance where he will clerk in Davis Bros. store.

Jordan Beall and Will Rice have gone to Lawrenceburg to replace houses moved by the flood.

Farmers are busy sowing oats.

The roads are getting in a good condition.

Mrs. Polly Wilhoit is in a critical condition with but little hopes of her recovery, she being 96 years old.

Jeff Cloud thinks of attending school at Springfield, Ohio.

John Ernst was seen strutting around last week as proud as a peacock, all becausa he is daddy for the third time.

Mr. Albert Corbin and wife, of Bellevue, were visiting relatives in Hebron, last Saturday and Sunday.

The entertainment given at Hebron was a grand success, it being largely attended.

Rev. Kiser preached an able discourse, last Sunday.

David Beall got his finger badly mashed in a cog wheel last week.

Mike Clore's fine black mare got fastened down in the stable the other night, and came near dying.

Mrs. Jonas Rouse has been quite sick for the past week.

Dutch measles are raging in this vicinity.

A fire broke out last week and destroyed one of Ray Snyder's large hay stacks—His hay shed narrowly escaped.

Hubble Davis and Tom Hafer, as agents for the dramatic club supplied Hebron well with cats.

The Popham string band is progressing rapidly.

Samuel Maning is running a passenger wagon from Bullettsville to Covington, on Tuesdays and Saturdays

Miss Ella Sederberg is visiting Mike Clore's...... Miss Dora and Jennie Rouse, of Florence, were the guests of Miss Lida, last Sunday.

Bellevue.

A great amount of land has been sowed to grass this spring in our part of the country, indicating that our farmers are going to graze more and farm less in the future. The clearing up of the hill land and the cultivation of it in tobacco, together with the heavy rainfalls we have had recently, are rapidly carrying off the fine soil. Hence the converting of it into grazing land.

We notice some of the grainfields, as well as the hillsides, are beginning to put on the garb of green. Wheat is not very promising at prasent. The fruit prospect was never better.

The few patches of basket willows that are still growing in our vicinity were cut last week, and put in the ditches to sap.

Grandma Kelly, of Waterloo, is visiting her son, Cy Kelly. Wesley Rice, of Vevay, Ind., was visiting relatives here last week.

Ben Corbin has gone to housekeeping in the house lately occupied by D. M. Snyder.

Bro. Enos Nixon has moved to Woolper creek, near the suspended bridge.

The bright, balmy and bracing weather last Sunday, brought many bright faces out upon our streets.

The boys had their usual game of knucks, despite the vigilence of the law enforcer and groans of "Honest Jimmy".

Capt. Len Clore, of Waterloo, gave the young folks a sociable last Saturday night, which we learn was quite an interesting affair.

We are sorry to hear that the Steamer Little Queen has tied up, and will no longer run in the line here. She will be greatly missed by our citizens.

Willis Delph is very low with consumption.

Francesville.

Prof. Wiggin's blizzard reached Francisville as advertised on the 10th inst., and no doubt, had we not taken great precaution in having everything in readiness, the damage would have been immense. Our shipping was all in port, consequently that escaped the damage the Prof. predicted would occur. Great excitement prevailed while the storm was raging, yet there were a few that seemed calm and collected, and would have met death without a murmur had it come to that—fortunately there were no lives lost. And we hope in the future that Prof. Wiggins may find better employment than making blizzards.

Quite a sad accident occurred at Mr. Jas. C. Beall's, last Saturday. His brother Orin, while in a fit, fell in the fire, and no doubt, would have been burned to death had not Mr. Beall been present and resecued him in time to save his life. As it was he was considerably burned about the face, head and arms. Orin has been afflicted and subject to fits for forty years, and this is the first accident of a serious nature that has ever happened him.

Mr. John Scotthorn, of this place, met with what might have been a serious accident, one night last week. He was coming from the city with a load of coal, and owing to darkness missed the road and drove off a retaining wall, upsetting his wagon, throwing him out with the coal on top of him. Strange to say he escaped with a few slight bruises only. His team was not hurt any, but his wagon was considerably demolished.

Billy Hays has returned from Indiana, looking well and chuck full of news.

Mr. Wm. Hedges has recently purchased a fine stepper. Billy is a good judge of horse-flesh, "you bet".

The Misses Kitty and Annie Hays were the recipients of a nice present, in the way of a handsome organ, one day last week—a present from their father.

Mr. Allen Goodridge is having a large dwelling house erected near this place.

Mr. Jno. R. Smith intends having a large stock barn built on his farm this year

Mr. Abel Wainscott, of this place is visiting his son George at Brookville, Ind.

Miss Nannie Runyan, of Willmington, Ind, is visiting friends here.

Mr. Emory Miller, of Dry Ridge, Ohio, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Batterson, at this place.

Mr. James Riley has moved out on his farm near Constance—we think Jim means business.

[Too late for last weeks issue.—EDS.]

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

STOCKHOLDERS, NOTICE

On the first Saturday in April, the 7th day, an election will be held at Dudley Rouse's store, in Burlington, for the purpose of electing for the ensuing year, a president and four directors for the Burlington and Florence turnpike road.

FEELDEN ROUSE, President.

STOCKHOLDERS, NOTICE

On the first Monday in April an election will be held in the towns of Burlington and Petersburg for the election of five directors for the Burlington and Petersburg turnpike road, to serve the ensuing year.

N. S. WALTON, Sect'y.

FOUND.

Near Bellevue, Boone county, Ky.. since the flood a lot of Stone Mason's tools. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

W. W. GRANT, JAS. SMITH,
Bellevue, Boone conuty, Ky.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Woolper Turnpike Company are hereby notified that an election will be held in Burlington on Monday April 2nd, 1883 for the purpose of electing five directors.

J. FRANK GRANT, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

GOLD WATCH.—By virtue of an order of the Boone Circuit Court, I will, as administrator of the estate of John Crosby, deceased, sell for cash to the highest bidder, on April 2d, 1883, at the Court-house door in Burlington, between the hours of 12 m. and 1 p. m., a gold watch, the property of Jno. Crosby, deceased.

F. L. GORDON, Admr.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW,
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office opposite the Boone House.

L. C. NORMAN. H. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practica in the Boone Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application to G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J. P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
JNO. M. MOODY.

DUDLEY ROUSE
BURLINGTON, KY.
Leads the Van in Fancy and Staple
DRY GOODS AND
NOTIONS,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS CAPS, &c.
Also a full stock of Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs, Neckware, &c.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE. A fresh Stock of
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,

DRUGS & MEDICINES
I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY

TO BUYERS.
I have for the spring trade a clean and carefully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.
IN DRY GOODS,
Brocades, Cashmeres, Indigo Blue Calicoes, Prints, Ginghams, Cheviot Shirting, Brown and Bleached Muslins and double width Sheeting, Pillow Case Muslin, Jeans and Cottonades, Crashes, Table Linen and Napkins.
IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS,
Nainsook, Lawn, Swiss, Jackonet, Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Toilet towels, Ribbons and Buttons.
Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.
Carpet Chain in fast colors.
Rubber Coats and Leggins—Overalls and Jackets.
In Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware my stock is complete.
Flour and Salt always on hand.
A Full stock of FANCY & STALPE Groceries.
Cash paid for country prodnce or will take in exchange for goods.
Orders for Goods not in stock, gladly and promptly filled.
Yours Truly, W. E. PIPER.

WILLIAM CLORE,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Rover Steel PLOWS,
Side Hill PLOWS,
Single & Double Shovels,
Jumping Shovels, Gophers, Rolling Cutters, Harrows and Agricultural Implements Generally. Send for Price List.
RISING SUN, - - - - INDIANA.

UNDERTAKING
We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
sOARDs & DAVIS, Hebron, Ky

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Turkish Government has ordered the construction of a railroad from Acre to Jesei Muhaina, on the sacred soil of Galilee.

—Instead of looking at the dress of a Siamese to estimate his rank, it is necessary to cast the eye upon the servant following him, who bears upon a tray the badge which designates his master's rank.

—It is the fashion in Paris to wear green hair, the verdant hue being, of course, produced by artificial means. As the dye used will take effect on white hair only, those whose locks are not already snow must subject their store of hair, including their store hair, to a bleaching process if they want to keep abreast of the fashion.

—Mr. Gladstone is the constant care of Mrs. Gladstone, and everywhere that William wents, his wife is sure to go. She is with him when he speaks in the hall, she is with him when he speaks from the stump; but wherever it may be, she is prompt, on the conclusion of his remarks, to muffle him and convey him away from the botheration and delays of crowds of admirers.

—The *Gardener's Chronicle* (London) tells of the effects of the so-called stinging tree. The sting of a single hair of it on the hand of a victim gave rise to severe pain over the whole of one side of the body, followed by numbness and partial paralysis. A sensation of losing the senses or "becoming insane" was experienced, and the severe symptoms lasted for two hours. The punctured spot remained painful for nearly a month.

—The Governor-General's agent in Rajputana reports that a case of suttee, or widow-burning, recently occurred at Utarna, in Jeypore. The victim was the widow of Sham Singh, chief of the village. The Jeypore authorities have acted promptly in the matter. The principal offenders, who were sons and brothers of the deceased chief, have been sentenced to imprisonment for seven years, while minor accomplices received sentences of three years' imprisonment.—*St. James Gazette.*

—It is announced that the sculptor, Gerard, who obtained a medal at the last salon in Paris for his "Tobie et l'Ange," has just, without any premonitory symptous, lost his reason. He was working in his studio, and giving the last touches to a remarkable group called "Maternity," when he suddenly went mad. His friends succeeded in getting him into a cab under the pretext of a drive, but the vehicle deposited the unfortunate man at the Asylum Sainte Ann.

—One day recently a woman wearing a pair of long pendant earrings of mother-of-pearl, which are much admired, was walking with her father and her lover in the Arenaccia, outside the city of Naples. A fellow, who had seen the earrings, followed the party, and, watching his opportunity, tore them from the ears of the girl. The father and lover gave chase, but were suddenly confronted by another man, who, presenting a pistol, threatened to shoot them if they continued to follow his companion. The father of the girl drew out a pistol with which he too was provided, and put both men to flight. Later in the day they were both captured.

The Archbishopric of Canterbury.

The King of Kent, Ethelbert by name, established the See of Canterbury 1,286 years ago, and Augustine, whom Gregory the Great sent over to England as a missionary to convert the Anglo-Saxons, was its first incumbent, but not until during the time of his third successor, Theodorus, was the holder of the office invested with metropolitan authority and powers. Many great and noble men have filled the office, and some very mean and narrow ones have been clothed with its authority. The royal succession itself has not been more full of interest or more vitally associated with the prosperity and progress, or otherwise, of the centuries than the influence and polity and deeds of the primates of England. The names of Lanfranc, Anselm, Thomas Becket, John Morton are great names; so is Simon Islip, who is represented a giant in size also, if tradition is correct, for this prelate is said to have been six feet three in height. Cranmer stands sixty-eighth on the list, and down to his time nearly all the primates were bred monks, except an occasional lawyer. The reformation came in with Cranmer, and his sixty-seven predecessors were under the Pope. Twenty-four have ruled since, and they have governed under the throne.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is both diocesan and metropolitan. In his metropolitan character and capacity he is guardian of every vacant see within his province—presents to all benefices which fall vacant while such see remains without a bishop, and by special commissionary exercises a bishop's ordinary jurisdiction therein. He has likewise appellate jurisdiction over all bishops of his province. As diocesan he exercises, through the Consistory Court of Canterbury, the ordinary jurisdiction of a bishop over that diocese.

Anent degrees he has, as primate, university powers invested in him. He can confer the degrees of doctor of divinity and laws, as also of B. A. and M. A. These are known as Lambeth degrees, and are valued according to the views entertained of the primate and the position occupied by the estimator. In social position he overranks all other subjects not of the blood royal. He crowns the Kings and Queens of England, and is the spiritual adviser of the royal family. He is ex-officio president of the convocation of the prelates and clergy of his province; and by royal writ summons it to meet whenever Parliament assembles, and dissolves it when Parliament prorogues. He is entitled to no less than eight chaplains, and is ex-officio an ecclesiastical commissioner, having also the right to nominate one of these commissioners. He has two palaces and £15,000 a year. Thus will be seen the importance of the office and the obvious influence which its incumbent must wield. His induction to office is not designated a consecration, but an enthronement which attaches almost regal dignity to it.

Dr. Benson, Bishop of Truro, in Cornwall, has been appointed to succeed the late Dr. Tait. It has been announced in the papers that Dr. Harold Brown, of Winchester, and Dr. Church, canon of St. Paul, were offered the position, and both declined it; but such statements require authentication, and have no certain basis. The Bishop of Winchester may have declined it, for he is "old and well stricken in years;" but it is not at all probable that Dr. Church would have done so, for his name was at once mentioned when Primate Tait died, and was kept before the public as the most likely and eligible appointment that could be made; and hence, if the choice of the Premier had been made in harmony therewith, it would have been eagerly accepted. Dr. Benson is a moderate High churchman, that is, he is not in sympathy with the Ritualists, nor will he grant them the same concessions that his Broad-church predecessor yielded to them. He signalized his advent to the diocese of Truro by proclaiming the Wesleyan ministry illegitimate, and has just signalized his departure from Cordwall by referring in courteous and gracious terms of recognition to the valuable labors of the Wesleyans in his late diocese.

He is a man of strong and earnest convictions; able at organization, able and firm as an administrator, untiring as a worker, and he imbues those with whom he has to do with much of his own spirit. He has liberal views as to church work, for he licensed many lay helpers in Cornwall to preach in unconsecrated buildings, and to do other and various kinds of religious work. He will be a great improvement upon his predecessor, and in many respects quite a contrast to him The Nonconformists need not expect much from Anglican dignitaries of any school. Dean Stanley, with all his catholicity and liberality, held intercourse with them in a one-sided and patronizing manner. When he invited ministers to preach in the Abbey he gave them the layman's desk, which Max Muller occupied, and not the pulpit. Dr. John Stoughton was so treated. Now, I would much prefer the attitude of High-churchmen to such recognition as that. Dr. Benson will be loyal to his position; but as it is probable he has a true and comprehensive discernment of the situation, its responsibilities and its needs, it is reasonable to conclude that he will subordinate his churchly sympathies and preferences to the spiritual and religious claims of the primacy, and that he will see that it will be the highest wisdom, as well as a principal duty, to recognize the fact that there are other churches in England than his own, and that combined they constitute a larger and stronger factor in the religious life and political influence of the nation.—*London Cor. Western Christian Advocate.*

An Anecdote of Gambetta's Mother.

As the "Bazar Genois" was in the market-place its business lay in a great degree with rustics. Leon got sick of dealing with haggling rustics, and prayed to be removed from behind the counter to the desk. As he was a quick accountant, and wrote in a neat, legible and flowing hand, this was granted. He did his best to give his mind to the business, but failed, and his health sank under the tedium of uncongenial pursuits. No device to which the watchful and tender mother resorted could get the better of his splenetic state. He had a fixed ambition which, as it appeared to him a chimerical one, made him restless, discontented and miserable; it was to study law and become a teacher to a Legal Faculty in a provincial city. One day his mother called him to her. She said she had been unhappy in witnessing his growing depression, and she handed him a bag of money which she had saved unknown to anybody—enough to defray the cost of his journey to Paris and enable him to study law there for some time. A trunk full of clothing had been prepared, and was at the office of the stage-coach, where a place was booked for him to the nearest railway. Madame Gambetta instructed him to slip quietly away, in order to avoid a painful scene with his father, who was determined that his son should succeed him in the business.

This communication was so unexpected and delightful that for the rest of the day Leon was in a state of bewilderment. He rose betimes next morning, and stole off as instructed. Before Madame Gambetta had instructed her son to follow his vocation, she had taken steps to keep him out of misery when the hoard placed in his hands should be exhausted. In 1856, the year in which Gambetta left Cahors, M. Emile Menier went there on a business tour. He had just opened the chocolate factory at Noisiel, and traded in medicated biscuits and sweet-stuffs. Calling at the "Bazar Genois," he was received by Madame Gambetta. In answer to his proposal to sell his goods on commission she, with tears in her eyes, met it with another. It was in the nature of the one enunciated by the unjust steward. "I have a son of great promise," she said, "whom I want to send to Paris against his father's will, to study law. He is a good lad and no fool. But my husband, who wants him to continue his business here, will, I know, try to starve him into submission. What I am about to propose is that if I buy your chocolate at the rate you offer it, and buy it outright instead of taking it to sell on commission, you will say nothing if I enter it at a higher price, and you will pay the difference to my son?" M. Menier, from whose lips I had this anecdote, agreed, and for some years carried out the arrangement.—*The Century.*

Hungarian Grass and Hay.

Hungarian grass is yearly growing in favor with dairymen and stock growers as a valuable substitute for hay as a winter feed, and in the place of, or in connection with, fodder corn for soiling in midsummer, or whenever grass fails from drought. The largest varieties are best, but all are valuable. It will flourish in any good corn land, but a sandy loam suits it best. If properly managed on such land it will produce more food value to the acre than meadow on the same land would do. Four tons of cured grass to the acre is no uncommon yield. The average quantity of seed to the acre is half a bushel, but some sow more and others less. The time for sowing is not till permanent hot or summer weather sets in—from June 1 to the middle of July. It is emphatically a hot weather plant, and sowing should always be delayed till frosts are all out of the way. It has a fine seed and special preparation of the ground is required or its minute roots and leaves dry up and perish if a ready and strong hold of the soil is not obtained.

A very fine tilth is absolutely essential to its successful growth. There is no use sowing it on cold and wet ground, nor on ground that is dry, hard and lumpy. On such ground the seed will not be likely to come up at all, and if it does, it will perish in its early growth and leave the ground free to the hardier weeds which will follow it. On light, fine and rich soil it makes a quick and heavy growth. The value of the crop for fodder depends very much upon the time of cutting. If left standing till the seed begins to fill it becomes so full of woody fiber as to make it harsh to the mouths and stomachs of animals and greatly to reduce its value. It is most profitably cut for fodder when the heads are well started out, but before they get their full size, and certainly before blossoming. If left till blossoms are out, it will be past its prime and will quickly become worthless as straw. When cut thus early it is an unusually rich fodder and makes excellent milk, butter and flesh. It is one of the best crops grown to mix with fodder corn for ensilage.—*Professor L. B. Arnold.*

HOME AND FARM.

—To cultivate the soil with success, requires both thought and study.

—It is easier to grow rhubarb from the seed than to get old roots, as these seldom give satisfaction.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A plaster of soft lye-soap and cornmeal if applied in time will cure a felon. Renew the plaster every morning and evening until all soreness has disappeared.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—The farmers of Indiana are making rapid progress in draining and reclaiming their wet lands. The annual report of the Statistical Bureau shows that there are in the State 9,821,297 rods of tile drainage.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A dark colored soil, neither too sandy nor too clayey, overlaying a subsoil of sandy loam, makes the best ground for vegetables. A clay subsoil always matures its crop later than a sandy or gravely one. Land that is at all stiff or clayey can never be got in good condition if plowed or harrowed while wet.—*Exchange.*

—A sore neck is often caused by an ill-fitting collar or by the weight of an ill-made wagon tongue. The sore must be healed as the first part of the remedy, and the collar should be provided with cushions on the sides near the top to relieve the pressure. The parts should be dressed with solution of sulphate of copper and protected by a soft pad.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The *Indiana Farmer* says one of its subscribers kept a record of the time employed in cultivating fourteen acres of corn last season in the old-fashioned way, and finds he gave about two days to the acre. The yield was 800 bushels, over fifty-seven bushels to the acre. He estimates the value of his crop at $320, and the labor expended on it at $120, and deducting expenses he claims a profit of $11 per acre.

—To aid farmers to arrive at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given: Five yards wide by 968 long contains 1 acre; 10 yards wide by 484 long contains 1 acre; 20 yards wide by 245 long contains 1 acre; 40 yards wide by 121 long contains 1 acre; 70 yards wide by 69 1-2 long contains 1 acre; 80 yards wide by 62 1-2 long contains 1 acre; 60 feet wide by 726 long contains 1 acre; 110 feet wide by 397 long contains 1 acre; 130 feet wide by 363 long contains 1 acre; 220 feet wide by 181 1-2 long contains 1 acre; 440 feet wide by 99 long contains 1 acre.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Dr. Danford Thomas, in his capacity as Coroner, has directed public attention to the mortality which follows the neglect of measles. It is a common opinion that a child must have the measles, and that when it gets the disease it requires no treatment and but little care. This is a mistake. In the records of vital statistics it may be seen that it often proves more fatal than any other zymotic disease, more even than scarlatina. With medical and parental care the disease generally does well, but without this it is liable to serious complications and apt to leave disagreeable consequences.—*London Lancet.*

Specialties in Agriculture.

What are special crops? We think every product of the farm may be called a special crop if special care and culture is given to it. It is not some new and unheard-of crop; not hops, or teasels, or peppermint-oil, onions or melons, or fruit alone; but these when there is an opportunity for them, and when there are not special crops of wheat or oats or barley or corn or fodder, and special kinds of butter or cheese or milk, specially prepared for sale, or specially fed beeves or mutton or lambs or poultry, for all of which there is a market and a profitable sale if the product can be made as much larger or better or heavier than that from other and cheaper localities. The Eastern farmer has his market at his door, and if he can by special methods or culture produce as much larger or more valuable crops as will extinguish the advantages gained by cheaper land and culture elsewhere he will have all the benefits of the greater nearness of the markets. The Nebraska farmer is now considering if it would not pay him to borrow money at one per cent. a month to hold back his corn from twenty-six for thirty cents a bushel by and by. The Ohio farmer gets thirty cents a bushel more than that and the New York farmer forty to fifty cents more. If either of these can produce seventy-five or eighty bushels per acre by special culture against the forty bushels of the Nebraska farmer he may well consider this a special crop and a profitable one to grow. So with all other products of the farm.

But there are special crops, in the significance of the term—fruits, vegetables, fancy cheese, early lambs, and poultry and various other products—which have a high local reputation on account of their high quality, which has been gained by long and skillful cultivation and which gives them a high value in the markets. The market reports sometimes contain notices of these. There are Long Island potatoes, New-Jersey melons and sweet corn, Pennsylvania poultry, of which capons are especially highly valued; New-Jersey and Pennsylvania lands, many kinds of fancy cheeses, Delaware peaches, Kelley's Island grapes, Southern Illinois fruits and vegetables, the white Burleigh tobacco of Kentucky, the Berea (Ohio) onions, and others of which a long list might be given. Every locality offers some opportunities for enterprise in this direction; every city and town has its market, every village its select customers, and everything that is more than usually good or early or novel, its unusually large price. A market gardener undertook to grow strawberries under glass in the winter near a large northern city, and at once found customers for all he could raise at one dollar to five dollars a quart. Every year he built a new glass house, until he had a dozen of them and twenty-five acres of ground outside for later crops. A young farmer makes a special business of feeding light pork for family use and of making sausages, for which he gets a double price. And so it is all through; the man of one thing becomes known and succeeds because he devotes his attention to that one and excels in it. The secret is to find what the one thing needful is, and when this is found the genius which has enabled the man or the woman to find that will always enable him or her to make a success of it.—*N. Y. Times.*

—It is said that the art of making Damascus steel has been lost to the world, but no one need grieve over it. We have State Treasurers in this country who would steal Damascus herself if they could get a tow line fast anywhere.—*N. Y. News.*

—Lebanon County, Pa., has a man forty-eight years of age, who never had any hair or teeth. The Philadelphia *Press*, which tells this story, is very trustworthy on most subjects.

A Few Words About Words.

Prior to engaging in it one might imagine the study of words tedious and profitless, whereas it is interesting and instructive to the last degree. Particularly is this the case with respect to the words composing our own language, by reason of the variety of sources whence they are drawn.

The incomparable essayist, Macaulay, says: "Those revolutions that most influence mankind are noiseless;" and the sentiment is voiced by another eminent author when he remarks: "There are instances in which more knowledge of more value may be obtained from the history of a word than from the history of a campaign."

That constellation known as the Pleiades received its name from the Greek *plein*, "to sail," because navigation in Greek waters was considered safe after its appearance in and until its disappearance from the heavens. In Italy it appeared about the first of May, and was then called *Virgiliæ*, from *virga*, "a sprout," as May is the time of the year when sprouts start forth.

"Idiot," from the Greek *idiotes*, originally meant the private citizen, in distinction from the one who held official position. Then it was applied to him who, owing to his ignorance, was allowed no part in public affairs. From this secondary meaning it easily came to signify a person entirely destitute of intellect—a natural fool.

The Latin *caballus* "a pack horse," gave birth to "cavalry." "Infantry" originally consisted of the *infantes*—boys and servants—who ran beside their masters, themselves on horseback. "Dragoon," the soldier who is prepared to serve on foot or on horseback, as the occasion requires, was suggested by the fabulous dragoon—an animal furnished with wings and able either to run or fly.

The Roman soldier who suffered himself to be made a prisoner of war—*captus*—was considered a worthless fellow. From *captus*, through the Norman French caitiff, comes our "caitiff," a term that forcibly indicates the character of mean people.

The first "saunterer" was led by an earnest religious enthusiasm to visit *la Sainte Terre*, the Holy Land. Gradually, those idlers who preferred a ramble to the active duties of life took a staff and set out for the Holy Land, and thus the word lost its honorable meaning.

The family of Merode was distinguished in the history of the Netherlands. It had one member who made incursions into the enemy's country from which he always returned laden with spoils. From his time they who wander in quest of plunder have been termed *Meroders*, "marauders."

During a war between Germany and Austria, the most incredible rumors concerning the victory or defeat of the Germans were circulated. All of them were found to originate in Hamburg, and whenever unreliable news was announced it would be said: "That is a Hamburg," and eventually, a "humbug."

Mara was an elf of Finland, and she was accustomed to torment those whom she disliked with horrible visions. Hence our "nightmare."

A priory in London, "St. Mary's of Bethlehem," was granted to the city by Henry VIII. as a place of lodgment for the insane. Bethlehem, by degrees, was corrupted to "bedlam," the name now given to lunatic asylums.

"Gazette," is derived from *gazetta*, a small Venetian coin, which was the price of a paper containing commercial and military information, published by the Republic of Venice in 1563.

When the Moors ruled Spain they imposed duties on all merchandise carried past a certain town Tarifa—located at the extremity of a promontory extending far out into the Mediterranean, near the Straits of Gibraltar. These taxes were called *tarifa*, and then *tariff*.

Tantalus, a king of Phrygia, committed many deeds in opposition to the gods, and, after death, according to ancient mythology, in the under world, was condemned, as a punishment, to stand in a pool with apples, pears, figs and other fruit just above his head. Though parched with thirst, and almost famished, he was unable to satisfy his desire for drink and food. When he bowed his head towards the water, it receded; when he tried to seize the fruit, the winds whisked it beyond his reach. From this circumstance we have "tantalize," which means to torment by exciting hopes that are never to be realized.

The Danes have a word, *Ghee*, which signifies "go on;" and, formerly, French heralds, wishing to stop a knight in his course at a tournament, cried, *Hola*. "Ghee, whoa," used by teamsters, are derived from the above two words. Some authorities, however, say they are derived from Jehu, the celebrated charioteer.

But there is really "no end" to such things, and we may as well stop here as anywhere. We sincerely trust to have so interested our readers—especially the young—in "words," that they will continue the investigations which we have begun; for we are positive the result will compensate them for their time and labor.—*F. F. Foster, in Christian Union.*

The Degenerations of Old Age.

We have spoken of the atrophy of old age—the wasting due to the lessened power of the system to take up the proper nourishment of its respective parts. Were this all the loss that comes with years, most old persons would live to a hundred and over, and die by an almost imperceptible decay.

But there is besides—in part both a consequence and a cause of the former fact—a change, more or less, in the tissues, or substance, of the body.

In the place of muscular fiber there often is fat (resembling the fat of bacon) and hence called fatty degeneration. It is also called waxy degeneration from its wax-like appearance. This is not an accumulation of fat around an organ or between its muscular fibers, such as takes place in the corpulent, but a substitution of fat for the fibers themselves. Of course the toughness and elasticity of the muscles are thereby lost.

Sometimes the change is to a chalk-like substance which is known by the name of "cretaceous" degeneration. While the former renders the muscle soft and weak and easy to give way before unusual pressure, the latter renders it unyielding and brittle.

While all the organs are liable to these degenerations, the heart and the arteries are especially so. Such changes in these important organs greatly hasten on the decay which characterizes old age.

It is the opinion of Dr. Charles Murchison, LL.D., F.R.S., that these degenerations are due to the liver, the great sewer of the system. This, weakened by age, is no longer able so to act on certain waste matters that they can be properly eliminated by the kidneys. Hence they remain in the blood and juices of the body, and work, besides other harm, the above results.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Some of the European steamers last year cleared from $40,000 to $50,000 on each round trip of four or five weeks.

—The Philadelphia *Press* speaks of the coronation of Kalakaua as an "eblouissant spectacle." We had supposed it was to be something distingue, a sort of a royal rennaissance, as it were, but dear, dear, that it should be so aggravated as "eblouissant," we hadn't dreamed. If we had, we should have been there.—*Hartford Post.*

—Frederick Lunger, who died at Davenport, Iowa, a few days ago at the age of seventy-five years, ran the first passenger train out of Philadelphia and took the first train into Indianapolis. He was the guest of Thomas A. Scott at the Centennial Expostion.

—One of the gold-mining companies operating in Fulton County, New York, has cleaned up about two hundred tons of gravel, the amalgam yielding $750 in gold, resembling the Australian product.

A Fireman's Fortune.

The San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle*, in an article on the Fire Department of San Francisco, gives the following from Asst. Chief Engineer Matthew Brady: "I have been subject to an aggravating pain in my chest for over four years. I resorted to various modes of treatment to obtain relief. I have had my chest terribly blistered. No physician could tell what was the matter with me. Two weeks ago I commenced using St. Jacobs Oil. It has cured me."

"AT last I know there is such a thing as a cold snap," remarked the burglar to the Sheriff, as he clapped the steel shackles on the shekel stealer.

LORD BYRON, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady —— has been dangerously ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *killing*, and avoid being killed, by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

MANY a male brute who snarls and growls at his wife in public is very loving and tender when no one else is around. He has to be.—*Philadelphia News.*

"FIRST a cough, carried me off,
And then a coffin they carried me off in!"

This will not be your epitaph if you take your cough and Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" in time. It is specific for weak lungs, spitting of blood, night-sweats, and the early stages of consumption. By all druggists.

JUST imagine that you have given a friend something very handsome and you will know what it is to have presents of mind.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases

a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

A POINT has position, but not size. That is probably the reason why so many fail to "see the point."

An Undoubted Blessing.

About thirty years ago, a prominent physician by the name of Dr. William Hall discovered, or produced after long experimental research, a remedy for diseases of the throat, chest and lungs, which was of such wonderful efficacy that it soon gained a wide reputation in this country. The name of the medicine is DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and may be safely relied on as a speedy and positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc. Sold by all Druggists.

A PRIZE fighter should be paid in English money. The pounds are symbolic of his profession.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

It is said that Hanlan has made $80,000 by his good sculllership. Money could never purchase health. "All that a man hath will he give in exchange for his life." Mishler's Herb Bitters is a preparation that eradicates diseases from the human system. It is therefore an inestimable boon to mankind. This preparation cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism and all diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. All of these assertions are established as facts. The people believe them, too; hence the enormous sales.

THE dog who stepped on the disc over a coal hole stepped long enough to discover that it was only a slip pup.

THE patient suffering from dyspepsia is apt to imagine himself affected with consumption, organic disease of the heart or some other incurable disease. GASTRINE cures dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists.

THE new patent door closers are called "checks," because they prevent a draft.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

FOR burns, scalds, bruises, chapped hands, sores or piles, use St. Patrick's Salve.

NAIL-KEGS are now made of sheet-iron, and the old wooden ones are covered with felt and sold as high hats.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 16, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 25	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 5 75
HOGS—Common	6 18	@ 6 75
Good packers	7 10	@ 7 60
SHEEP	5 00	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 11	@
No. 2 winter red	1 09	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	46	@
Rye—No. 2	65	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@ 11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 25	@ 18 50
Lard—Steam	11½	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	43	@
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 2 65
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 25
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$4 50	@ 4 60
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20½	@ 1 21
No. 1 white	1 11	@ 1 12½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	70¼	@ 72
Oats—mixed	49½	@ 52
PORK—Mess	19 25	@ 19 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	94½	@
Corn No. 2	57¼	@ 58¼
Oats—No. 2	41¼	@
Rye	63½	@
PORK—Mess	18 30	@ 18 35
LARD—Steam	11-32½	@ 11-35
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 17	@
Corn—mixed	66	@ 66¼
Oats—mixed	52	@ 55
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10	@ 1 13
Corn—mixed	54	@
Oats—mixed	48	@
PORK—Mess	19 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 08	@
CORN	53	@
OATS—mixed	45	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

St. Jacobs Oil
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

A GUMDROP—Reduction in the price of Arctic overshoes.—*Puck.*

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

PROTECTION for home industries. A lock on the pantry door.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE electric light is so much superior to gas that it is a wonder politicians don't dispense with the latter.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
Thoroughly cures a cough. Remember! Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

"OVER in Mexico, where the soil is poorer than an amateur concert," etc.—*Texas Siftings.*

REDDING'S Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

YOU can never rely upon an echo. Does not Shakespeare speak of the cave where Echo lies!—*Boston Courier.*

HAVE you seen the Chrolithion Collars and Cuffs! Something new. Ask for them.

FASHIONABLE intelligence—Long dresses make clean-crossings.

Personal!
THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

An Internal Revenue Officer Saved

PROVIDENCE, August 21, 1882.

Editor of Boston Herald:

DEAR SIR—During my term of service in the Internal Revenue Department of the United States, at the time my office was in this city, I was afflicted with a severe attack of kidney disease, and at times suffered intensely. I received the medical advice of some of our best physicians for a long time, without being benefited by their prescriptions. Being discouraged by the failure of the doctors to help me, and being urged to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had tested its merits, although reluctant to try a patent medicine, I was finally induced to try it, and procured two bottles of it, and commenced taking it faithfully according to the directions.

Before I had taken it three days the excruciating pains in my back had disappeared, and before I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. Whenever, from over-exertion or a violent cold, the pains in my kidneys return, a few doses of Hunt's Remedy quickly effects a cure.

Before closing I beg to mention the remarkable cure of a friend of mine in New York City, to whom I recommended this valuable medicine. He was suffering severely from an attack which was pronounced by his physician a decided case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I obtained two bottles of Hunt's Remedy for him, and he commenced taking it, and began to improve at once, and was speedily restored to health, and he attributes the saving of his life, under the blessing of a merciful Providence, to Hunt's Remedy.

Another friend of mine in New York, to whom I recommended Hunt's Remedy, was suffering severely from kidney disease, and was entirely cured of it after using this wonderful medicine only a short period.

Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits experienced by my friends and myself from the use of Hunt's Remedy, I feel it to be my duty, as well as a great privilege, to furnish you this voluntary and unsolicited statement of facts for the information of your large number of readers, many of whom are undoubtedly suffering from this widely-spreading scourge, and I believe that it is the best medicine now known, and that it will cure all cases of kidney diseases that can be cured.

I shall be pleased to confer with any one who may desire an interview regarding the statements herein contained.

Truly yours,
RICHMOND HENSHAW, 99 Messer Street.

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Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits, as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally

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THE SUN'S first aim is to be truthful and useful; its second, to write an entertaining history of the times in which we live. It prints, on an average, more than a million copies a week. Its circulation is now larger than ever before. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages), by mail, 55c. a month, or $6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), $1 20 per year; WEEKLY (8 pages), $1 per year. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 21 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

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AN ENGLISH VETERINARY SURGEON AND CHEMIST, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKE HENS LAY

MUSTANG
Survival of the Fittest.
A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED MILLIONS DURING 35 YEARS!
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.
A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND OF MAN AND BEAST!
THE OLDEST & BEST LINIMENT EVER MADE IN AMERICA.
SALES LARGER THAN EVER.
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ARE AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
KIDNEY TROUBLES, LIVER COMPLAINT,
Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.
They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption. In use in U. S. since 1858, and in Germany for over 200 years. For the complaints peculiar to all of the FEMALE SEX, they are unequalled by any medicine in the world. With the trade mark "Hope," they have proved a boon to millions of distressed people. Compounded with as much care as any extract. Proved best.
A Reliable Household Remedy thoroughly adapted to assist nature. Highly commended as a general Tonic and Appetiser. Send for "Messenger of Health."
Mishler Herb Bitters Co. Lancaster, Pa. At Druggists $1.
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THE GOOD LUCK PRIZE CASKET.
Contains: 1 American Standard Prize Package, 50 French Transparent Cards, 25 I-cent Songs, 1 Champion Stationery Package, 1 Luminous Match Safe, 1 Pocket Slate, 1 Sample Transfer-Picture Album, 1 Pen-Knife and Tooth-Pick Combination. Remember that every Casket contains valuable prizes, and that every gross contains a $10 Gold-Piece. I will send the casket to any part of U. S. for $1 or 3 for $2.50; to Canada $1.10 or 3 for $2.85. Send money by Money-Order, Registered Letter, Draft on New York or Am. Ex. Co. (No postage stamps). Write your address plainly, and address D. D. ELLINGER, Allegan, Mich.

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To buy and sell the WANLESS DETACHABLE and SELF-LOCKING PILLOW-SHAM HOLDER; the most DURABLE and SIMPLEST in the market. Sample to any address on receipt of $1.50. Over 1,000 sold in Cleveland. Lady Agents find it very saleable. For terms address KENDALL & CO., 186 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WE SELL THE BEST $65 ORGAN in the world. Address MILLER ORGAN CO. Lebanon, Pa.

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One agent made $1400.00 in 56 days. Boxing and Freight Free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., CINCINNATI & KANSAS CITY.

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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
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VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1883. NUMBER 22.

"NIGGER MIGHTY HAPPY."

PLANTATION SONG.

Hog start a-runnin' when de overseer callin';
Whipperwill holler when de jew-draps fallin';
Duck keep a-quackin' when de hard rain
po'in';
Crows flock togedder when de young corn
growin';
Pig gwine to squeal when de milk-maid
churnin';
Nigger mighty happy when de blackberries
turnin'!

Squ'el go to jumpin' when de scaly-barks
comin';
Bee-martin sail when de honey-bee hum-
min';
Lean horse nicker when de punkin-vine
spreadin';
Rabbit back his ear when de cabbage-stalk
headin';
Rooster start a-crowin' when de broad day
breakin';
Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-cake
bakin'!

Big fish flutter when he done cotch de cricket;
Bullfrog libely when he singin' in de thicket;
Mule git slicker when de plantin'-time over;
Colt mighty ga'ly when you turn him in de
clover;
An' it come might handy to de nigger man
natur
When he soppin' in de gravy wid a big yam
'tater!

Black-snake waitin' while de old hen
hatchin';
Sparrer-hawk lookin' while de little chicken
scratchin';
Big owl jolly when de little bird singin';
'Possum gwine to claim whar de ripe 'simmons
swingin';
Nigger mighty happy—ef he aint wuf a dol-
lar—
When he startin' out co'tin' wid a tall stan'in'
collar!

—*J. A. Macon, in the Century Magazine.*

AMERICAN MANNERS.

Nothing is more common than criticism of American manners, the causes assigned for their shortcomings being as various as the complaints are loud and frequent. One censor attributes all faults of decorum to the American's want of reverence, another to his lack of leisure; still a third finds a cause in his unpicturesque costume, and, with a fond glance backward at knee-breeches and lace ruff, holds the modern trousers and stiff linen responsible for the evils.

In all these cases there is an assumed disorder, the source of which is sought. That is, American manners are *assumed* to be bad manners, and society is probed to find the origin thereof. The search reminds one of the story of the wise men puzzling their beads over the problem why a jar of water weighed no more after the fish was put in than before. It was a long time before any one suggested that the jar be weighed to see whether the case was truly stated, whether the jar actually did weigh no more with the fish than without it.

We propose to ask in the outset: Are American manners bad, and, if so, in what respects? What, in the first place, is the standard comparison? Pressing the question closely, we shall be apt to hear a good deal about "gentlemen of the old school," about a "queenly carriage," "courtly grace," etc., with perhaps some references to "the good old times when George the Third was King"—from which we may infer that English society in the latter half of the last century presents itself as one model of *politesse.* If we accept this as the only or the best model of manners, we must resign at once any claim for our own time and country. The sweeping courtesy, the studied obeisance, the quaint ceremonials of those days are out of date; no one now attaches the same importance to the exact angle of the feet and elbows on entering a room; the "Art of being Easy at all Times and in all Places," the most popular work of the time, is now out of print. Along with these traditions, however, have come to us other traditions, also, which leave no doubt that this same imposing "gentleman of the old school," this model of deportment in the presence of ladies, or under the tranquilizing influences of a state dinner, sometimes used very ugly words when with those of his own sex alone, and it is quite certain that even that pattern of all the feminine graces and accomplishments of her time, the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was not wholly without reproach in the private relations of life.

Evidently, to consider the subject at all, we must first come to some sort of definition. We must know what we mean by manners before we can classify them as good or bad. In the first place, I think we must discard the Sunday-school theory that good manners are synonymous with certain virtues, as unselfishness, amiability, consideration for others and the like. Had I not long seen its fallacy, I could have had no more convincing proof of it than has come to me during the present writing. A gentleman called on me who commands my entire respect, both by reason of his able mind and his generous heart. Nay, more than this. When I think of the perseverance by which he has gained an education, despite of poverty, discouragement and difficulties of various kinds; of the industry by which, though still young, he has made for himself a place in his profession; of his goodness of heart toward the unfortunate and sorrowful, my respect quickens into admiration. Yet this man of true and tender soul, calling upon an errand which did credit to both head and heart, stood before me with his hat on his head and his hands in his pockets. When I had arranged to go with him at an appointed hour to co-operate in his benevolent mission, asked me "if it would be too much out of the way for me to call at his office!"

On the other hand, a gentleman (so-called), whom I have every reason to believe is a veritable scoundrel, places a chair for me with a grace that I have never seen equaled, and says "good morning, madam," with such *empressement* that I feel like a Princess for many hours thereafter. And this man of the gracious mien but wicked heart finds a welcome in society, and really good society, too, where my noble friend, if invited at all, would be laughed at, except by the few that knew him well enough to forgive his blunders.

Neither are fine manners synonymous with talent or education. You shall see the scholar of wide and accurate knowledge abashed and ill at ease the moment he leaves his study, while a mere simpleton will have the air of *savoir-faire* in every situation.

Plainly, this thing, which is neither virtue nor wisdom, but which, more than either, is the passport to the "best" society, is not of trifling import; but while always instantly recognizable, it is nevertheless so impalpable as almost to elude definition. Perhaps we can get no nearer to a definition than by saying that manner being the deportment of one person toward other persons, fine manners consist in *suitableness.* A really fine manner is susceptible of infinite shades and gradations, but each suitable to the time, place and person. A manner which is suitable in addressing a person of twenty years of age is not suitable toward one seventy years old. A gentleman does not address a lady with the same familiarity that he uses toward one of his own sex; a tone which is proper from a parent to a child is not proper from a child to a parent. An obtuseness as to the relations of things is the mainspring of bad manners, and makes life, for some people, one long, unconscious impropriety.

Suitableness, then, being the test of manners, we may apply it to ourselves and ask: Are our manners suitable to the age and to our social atmosphere? If we are to compare American manners with English manners, for example, we must first compare the two societies. In so doing, four important differences are at once apparent:

First. In this country there are no distinctions of rank; no titles of duke, earl, baron, knight, esquire, etc., and, consequently, no code prescribing with as much exactness as the number of pints in a quart or ounces in a pound, the exact amount of reverence due one man from another.

Secondly. The American man, unlike the Englishman, attaches small importance to etiquette and social forms; consequently, here, much more than there, society is in the hands of women.

Thirdly. In this country young people step upon the social stage at a much earlier age, and there is far greater freedom allowed them.

Fourthly. There is a vast difference in the home atmosphere of the two countries; there, the relation of parent and child being one of authority and deference; here, one of mutual good-fellowship.

For all these reasons, social intercourse is far less formal here than in England. Richard Grant White tells of an American who went to England, honestly desirous of getting acquainted with English people, whose design was completely frustrated by the kind letters of introduction he carried with him. He found that the presentation of one of these letters meant invariably an invitation to a very grand and ceremonious dinner, and there an end. In despair he said: "I don't want their dinners; I want *them,*" and kept his remaining letters in his pocket. Had the case been reversed, and an Englishman presented similar letters here, he would very likely have found himself taken home to a mid-day family dinner, without ceremony or announcement; afterward, *pater familias* having hastened back to his office or counting-room, the guest would have had an hour's friendly talk with the ladies of the household, or the pretty daughter would have taken him to drive; then, if he had shown himself worthy, he would have been invited to come and pass an evening quietly or with friends, at his option. What manner can be more pleasing to a stranger than this which makes him feel instantly at home! And what hospitality can be finer than this which bears evidence of disturbing in no way the usual easy household ways!

We can well conceive the astonishment of the Prince Regent when, being a little slow in beginning the conversation after being introduced to the American belle, she said: "They say I am not to speak to you unless you speak to me; is that so?" This was not pertness on her part. If his highness was embarassed, as, being a man, he might be expected to be, it was her place, as a woman, to put him at his ease; nor, had there been occasion, would she have hesitated to add any words of advice upon his public or private duties that might have occurred to her. Why should she not? For society is her realm, wherein she is the absolute ruler, making its laws and enforcing them.

One may learn Greek or the planetary laws late in life, but a fine manner, like the correct use of one's mother tongue, comes only from early and habitual intercourse with refined people. In America, nurseries and governesses being the exception, children out of school hours are admitted to the society of the elders of the family. Such association is the best possible school of that tone and manner which we call "well-bred;" a child thus favored will possess a diction and a facility of expression impossible to acquire by study in later life; it learns, with some tact and patience on the part of parents, that most graceful of arts, the art of listening.

The rudest family of children I have ever known were the children of some wealty English parents living at a fine place on the Hudson. Until quite well grown they met their parents and parents' guests at table only once in the week, at the Sunday dinner; and they were on much closer terms of intimacy with either father or mother.

By contrast with these children I recall the charming courtesy of a little fellow of ten, accustomed to share in the hospitalities of his father's modest home. Seeing me coming one day he ran to open the gate and relieve me of the large books I carried. I told him he might take one, but more would be too heavy. "Pray, allow me," he said, gently taking the whole burden.

"Happy is the man," says Richter, "who reverences all women because he first learned to worship his own mother." In that home where the mother is center and authority—in that society where woman is the ruler and lawgiver—there shall you find men of the comeliest manners. Such is the rule of the American home and of American society. Therefore, too, as a rule, the real spirit of chivalry, that obligation by which the mediæval knight bound himself to the service, protection and defense of some lady fair, has nowhere else so close a parallel in modern times as in the relations of American manhood to American womanhood. For the exceptions women are themselves to blame.—*Anna B. McMahan, in The Continent.*

—Loren Blodgett has finished his census, and has discovered that there are 63,704 more persons employed by the industrial interests of Philadelphia than the United States census gave the city credit for.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Nebraska bee-keepers, in convention at Wahoo, estimated that there were 20,000 stands of bees in the State. One bee-keeper reported harvesting 6,000 pounds of honey.

—If M. Risler has made correct observations, the wheat plant never grows upon any day when the temperature of the air does not for a period of several hours at least rise above forty-three degrees Fahrenheit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A land-owner on Cape Cod, Mass., says that he owns about a hundred acres of land, of which some was so poor that it yielded nothing but poverty weed. In 1858 he commenced planting pine seed, continuing for ten years, and now he has about eighteen acres of quite valuable woodland which was worthless before. —*Boston Herald.*

—A discovery of a deposit of cryolite has been made near Pike's Peak. The present supply of this mineral comes from Greenland, and is landed in Philadelphia by the ship-load. Not enough is known, however, of the quantity existing in Colorado to determine its commercial standing, but if the supply is satisfactory, it will become an article of commercial importance. It is used in the manufacture of carbonate of soda. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—An ink-maker of New York, apropos of the base writing fluids of the present day, says that the only permanent black ink known is said to be that made with vanadium. Vanadium is a rare and costly metal, found in one of the Swedish iron ores, and in the iron slag of Staffordshire. It is a white, brittle substance, which does not melt readily, and resists the action of strong acids, such as sulphuric and muriatic. Lately a quantity of the metal has been found in Ceylon, and now will come into the ma[illegible] *Y. Sun.*

—If those who must tramp about in the wet to do their work will saturate the soles of their boots thoroughly with hot pine-tar, they will find that the leather has been made perfectly impervious to water. The soles are rendered hard and smooth, resisting wear much longer than they could if not thus treated The tar holds the pegs or the stitches firmly, so that the sole will not rip from the upper. Care should be taken to have the soles as perfectly dry as possible before the tar is applied, and as hot as they can be made without burning the leather. The tar should be boiled for a time to expel most of the water it may contain, and be applied while hot. —*Detroit Post.*

—There is a peculiar but highly successful colony of immigrants in Kansas, who call themselves German-Russian farmers. They are probably agriculturists from the border country between Russia and Germany, or from one of the German settlements in Russian territory. The Kansas settlement is called Herzog, and is situated about a mile from the railroad station of Victoria, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad These settlers are frugal, sober, and industrious in a high degree, and display intelligence and practical sense in their labor. They show this particularly in the purchase of the best labor-saving machinery, without regard to its cost. They adhere with singular persistency to the attire to which they were accustomed in Europe, and the traveler passing through their settlement beholds costumes that belong to the past century.—*Denver Tribune.*

PITH AND POINT.

—An Iowa editor has a lengthy editorial entitled "A Month of Horrors," and he was married only about six weeks ago.—*Toledo Sunday American.*

—The Chicago underwriters want a law limiting the height of buildings. They say the line must be drawn somewhere in the sky.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—When a fellow gets a letter for his wife out of the post-office and he forgets to give it to her for a week or so, the safest way of letting her have it is to tie it on the end of a long fishing pole and poke it through a window to her.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—The trade in mean coal is slack.—*Glasgow Times.* It's a grate business all the same.—*The Drummer.* When you flue in how did you know it would soot?—*Glasgow Times.* Well, we just thought if we couldn't fire it, kindling would.—*Peck's Sun.*

—"Those pies," explained one boarder to another at a *table d'hote,* as he endeavored to relish one, "were made for the Saratoga races of 1875, and were secured by the proprietor of this hotel at auction last autumn. They do not require mustard or vinegar."—*Hotel Mail.*

—A well-known journalist was taking a walk one evening with his wife when she, who is somewhat romantic and an admirer of nature, said: "Oh, Georgy, just notice the moon!" "Can't think of it, my dear, for less than two shillings per line," was the reply.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"What makes old Bulger stick out so in front?" inquired one boy of another concerning a rather corpulent, protrusive neighbor. "I know," was the reply, "'cause I heard him tell father last night. He says he's been carryin' a secret a good while, an' he can't hold it much longer." "Shouldn't think he could," rejoined the interrogator; "but what an explosion there will be when it does go off."—*Yonkers' Gazette.*

—Dumpsey went hunting the other day and took Johnny with him. They saw a rabbit, and Dumpsey drew up and shot. The cap exploded and there was a long splutter, and finally, just as Dumpsey took the gun down, the gun went off. When they got home the folks asked Johnny what luck they had had. "Oh," said Johnny, "papa saw a rabbit, but his gun stammered so he couldn't hit it."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—There is such a beverage made and known as artillery punch. We are living witnesses to the fact that it is no misnomer. When it attacketh a man it layeth him low and he knoweth not whence he cometh or whither he goeth. Like death, it knoweth no age or station in life, or, in other words, "it is no respecter of persons." It lacks respect. There's where the trouble is. Its work is as quiet as the breathless working of wizard oil. Being so full of the subject we might write a lecture on it, but will forbear.—*Columbus (Ga.) Times.*

Our Young Folks.

ETHEL'S ADVICE TO THE BABY.

I'm five years old!
A little Dot,
Grandpa says. Indeed I'm not.
That's Baby's name there, crawling on the
floor,
While *I* reach half-way up this door.

I'm five years old!
Baby, just see
How big I am! Look at me!
It's got to be days, an' days, an' days, my dear,
Fore *you* will ever reach up here.

Now I tell you,
For I *know,*
You've got to have lots of things—so!
Whoopin'-cough, an' meas'es, Baby dear,
An' somethin' makes your face stick out so
queer.

An' scarlet fever,
Oh, an' croup,
An' chicken—chicken—no—can't coop,
Pox, that's it; you must have that, Baby dear,
Very hard, 'fore you can reach up here.

An' teeth comin'—
O Baby!
That'll be the very worst, may be,
An' they'll ache, an' ache, an' you will squeal;
Then Nurscy'll pull 'em out. How'll that
feel?

Just *awful.* But then,
To be big like me,
You must have all these things, you see;
But never mind; you can pull folks' hair,
An' tweak whiskers, an' they don't dare;

Tweak back; 'cause you are
A baby; see?
Oh, an' when Nursey gives you catnip tea,
You can blow it if you're very quick;
I tried it once when I was sick,

An' I laugh now,
At Nursey's face;
I blew that spoonful in every place
Pretty nearly far as I could blow;
But you'll do it better, Baby dear, I know.

Now, 'member, Baby dear,
All I've said;
I'd think it over in your bed
When you have nothin' else to do,
An' study up new things, if I were you,

'Cause each baby does new things
Of her very own;
I did; an' see how big I've grown!
So you must think up things yourself, Baby
dear,
Else *you* will never reach up here!
—*Margaret Sidney, in Wide Awake.*

ZENA'S TROUBLES.

"Oh, I fink it is the dreffiest world I never saw!" sighed little Zena Halstead, from her low seat in the bow-window.

Sister Jessie looked up from her sewing with a smile half-amused and half-perplexed, but said nothing.

"Please give me another piece of cake, Jessie," continued the child, after a pause. "You only gave me the littleist, shriveled-up piece no bigger'n my thumb, and 'twon't hurt me—not a mite—for papa said this morning that fruit was healthy; and it's full of fruit—this cake is—don't you see 'tis, Jessie Halstead? P'raps *you* don't know much as papa does 'bout it."

"When mamma went away to take care of poor sick auntie, she said you must be a good little girl and do as I thought best," said Sister Jessie.

"But, Jessie, I should fink folks could have what was their own, and Cousin Lottie sent me this cake, all myself, 'sides I'm hungry—most starved"—persisted Zena, "and mamma wouldn't want me to starve to def, most likely."

"If you are hungry, you may go down and ask Nora for some bread and milk, or a molasses cooky," said Jessie, quietly.

"O, Jessie" cried the disappointed child, "I should s'pose you'd treat your little sister better'n a tramp, that ain't no relation, but I most know if a tramp should come and ask for something to eat, you'd tell Nora to give him some bread-and-milk, and a cooky. I can't be good no way, else I can have what I want."

"Come here, Zena," said Jessie, laying aside her work. Then she took her little sister on her lap, and pushing back the shining rings of golden hair, kissed the white forehead and red pouting lips. "O Zena," she said, at last, "if you only would believe that Jessie knows best."

"Nora's a great deal bigger'n you," said Zena, "and she lets me do as I like."

"Well," said Jessie, "if you had rather be Nora's little girl, you may, but you must go to her for everything, and do as she says, but if you are *my* little girl, you must do as I say and not be cross."

"Will I have to eat with Nora?" asked the child.

"Of course, and have your crib moved into her room to sleep," answered Jessie.

Zena was silent for a few minutes; then she made up her mind, as many older people do, to accept the present good without regard for the future, so she said, very low: "I guess I'll be Nora's girl, Jessie."

"Very well," said Jessie, putting her gently down. "You can go to the kitchen and stay. You must not come up here at all, unless Nora sends you, now remember."

"Yes, I'll remember," said the little girl, as she skipped away, and two minutes after she put her small face in at the kitchen door.

"Nora," she said, "I want a great piece of fruit cake—all I can eat."

"Who said you was to have it?" asked Nora, surprised at the unusual demand.

"Nobody did," answered the child, "but you see I'm going to be your little girl now, and do just what I like—you'll let me, won't you? I know you will, so please give me the cake."

"Sure, I'd rather take care of a steam engine," laughed the good-natured Nora, "but here's your cake; sit down there on the sugar-box and eat it."

It was a very small piece, but Zena did not ask for any more, for somehow it did not taste so very nice after all.

"What will I do now?" she asked, when the cake was all gone. "Guess I'll make some little biscuits to play supper with if you'll give me some dough—will you, Nora?"

So Nora gave the little girl some dough and a thimble, and she tried to think she was very happy, for this was one of the forbidden pleasures which she was always longing for, but seldom allowed, for Jessie always said: "Nora must not be bothered."

But now she was soon tired of it, and was very glad when she heard the door-bell ring. She slid down from her little chair very quickly and ran into the hall to see who had come, just as Jessie reached the door for the same purpose.

"O Zena," cried Jessie, "run into the kitchen, quick; your face is all covered with flour."

The little girl started to obey, but changed her mind and slipped in behind the door as Jessie opened it.

"Why, Cousin Alice," cried Jessie, "I am so glad to see you. Come right up stairs. I hope you've come to spend the day."

"No," said Cousin Alice, "I must not stop at all. I am going shopping, and I called to see if you could go with me."

"I shall be delighted to go," said Jessie. "I'll be ready in a minute."

"Can't I go, too, Alice?" asked Zena, coming forward.

"Why, who is this?" asked Alice, as she caught sight of the little girl, with patches of flour on her blushing face.

"Oh, that is Nora's girl," said Jessie. "No, dear, you can't go—of course not!"

"She is a dear little girl, anyway," said Alice, catching Zena up in her arms and kissing her. "Don't you think Nora could spare her an hour?"

"Oh, no," said Jessie, carelessly, "it wouldn't be proper for her to go with us. Now, Alice, I believe I am ready."

Poor Zena was nearly heart-broken. She had hoped until she heard the hall-door closed behind the two girls that Jessie would relent and let her go, too, but when she found that they had really gone, she ran into the parlor and hid her face in the sofa, and shed some very bitter tears.

Finally she concluded it was no use to cry any longer, so she wiped her eyes and went back to the kitchen.

"What can I do now?" she asked of Nora. "I should s'pose you'd try to 'muse me, if I'm your little girl—Jessie always does."

Nora laughed. "Sure, does your highness think I've nothing else to do but 'muse you? Run away, darlin', and don't bother—I'm in a hurry."

"Oh dear me!" sighed the poor child, "nobody loves me, and I don't s'pose Jessie will let me be her little girl any more, and I *can't* be Nora's little girl no way, for she don't try to make me happy, and I'm afraid I can't stand it much longer."

Just then her little kitten came in and jumped up in her lap as if she wished to comfort her forlorn little mistress, but Zena wouldn't be comforted.

"Kittie," she said, "you needn't s'pose I'm going to love you any more. Nobody loves me, and *you* won't think it's quite so nice when you grow up big as me, to have folks call you a bother, and nobody want you round in the way nor nothin'. *You'll* think its a dreffle world, Kittie."

The clock struck twelve. It was time for Zena's usual nap, and she could hardly keep her eyes open, so she took her kitten in her arms and climbed upon to the sofa, and very soon she was fast asleep. Here Jessie found her an hour after, when she returned.

"Poor little Zena," she said, kissing the tear-stained cheek and taking the child in her arms.

Zena opened her blue eyes wide, then threw her arms around Jessie's neck and sobbed out:

"Oh, Jessie, won't you let me be your little girl? If you only will, I won't never be cross no more, s'long as I live, And I shan't never tease for something 'tween meals 'cept bread and-milk and 'lasses cookies, forever and ever! Won't you, please, Jessie, darling?"

Jessie said "Yes," and very soon the little girl was singing to her dolly, as happy as if she had never had any trouble.—*Youth's Companion.*

Where Tom Found His Manners.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled, and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day when Tom was playing in the yard he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, running to the gate. "We are rich, and don't want ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and, instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened and screamed for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

"Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying down flat on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.

The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves and little ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom, "I found them in the ditch."—*Our Little Ones.*

Religious.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live,*
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the
strife.

Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfill;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remold this stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections
twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and [illegible]
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! My daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its
load;
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest
road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on and gain new strength and power
each day.

Teach me to live! With kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her Heavenly home.
—*Dublin Tract.*

LOSING FAITH IN GOD.

* * * Can we, in fact, conceive of any calamity that could befall a rational man in this life greater than the blotting out of all faith, all trust, all hope in God? What would compensate a soul even here for such a loss? When the loss is total and irretrievable, what is left? No doubt it was both total and irretrievable in the case of Judas Iscariot; and to him there was nothing left but despair and a fearful doom. But in the case of the philosophical and literary skeptics of our unbelieving age, the strong probability is that, notwithstanding their professions, they are not quite as far from God as they aver. There is a lingering of the faith of childhood and of godly ancestry left which still supports and cheers the soul in the dismal outlook of the eternal future.

Still, the fact can not be denied, for it is a matter of record, that not a few highly-cultivated minds of our day have argued themselves into the conviction that there is no God in the universe and no life for man beyond the present world. They have not only lost all faith in God and immortality, but some of them, like Harriet Martineau, have reasoned themselves into the belief that this loss of faith is a great gain, a ground of satisfaction while living, and of heartfelt joy at the prospect of death. When near the terminus of her long life Harriet Martineau did not hesitate to say: "I feel no solicitude about a parting which will bring no pain. I am frankly satisfied to have done with life. I have had a noble share of it, and I desire no more. I neither wish to live longer here, nor to find life again elsewhere. It seems to me simply absurd to expect it." This tone of serene and self-complacent exultation in the prospect of annihilation, expressed by the aged atheist, is very far from being the experience of all who have renounced the God and the Heaven of the Bible. Far more natural, and probably sincere, too, is the estimate which another disciple of the new philosophy places upon this total loss of faith in God. He says: "The theory of Theism in any shape is, scientifically considered, superfluous; and I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe, to me, has lost its soul of loveliness; and when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it, I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible." This is but the creed of the heart protesting against its greatest loss.

When we read the histories of the great and good men, who, through all past ages, have lived and died with an unshaken faith in God, and a blessed hope of immortal life through Christ, it seems, indeed, a strange hallucination that leads so many educated people of our day to relinquish these exalted hopes for the unproved negations of what is at best mere speculation and conjecture. Well may this writer speak of atheism as a "superfluous theory." Impossible of proof in the very nature of the case, as John Foster and Thomas Chalmers long ago showed, it can never be anything better than a "superfluous theory," which solves no mystery, explains no existing facts, and brings no real satisfaction to a candid logical mind. Why, then, should an intelligent man sacrifice the historic and hallowed glory of the Christian creed, whose first postulate is: "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me," for the empty husks of this unsatisfying and superfluous dogma of no God and no immortality? It is alleged by the leaders of modern free-thought that Christianity has been discredited, that its facts and doctrines are not proved. What has discredited it? Have the mere theories and speculations of philosophy discredited it? Certainly there are no facts known to atheism or agnosticism, which have *disproved* the existence of God, or the reasonableness of a life to come. With all our advance in science, these two old doctrines of the Christian creed stand to-day where they have always stood—every principle of man's constitution attesting them, all the phenomena and analogies of the universe suggesting and confirming them, every page of inspired history in the Bible affirming them, and not a single fact known to science or philosophy discrediting them. In this state of the argument: is it the wise man, or is it the foolish, who loses faith in God, abandons the Bible and takes refuge in atheism? Where is the logic of such a surrender to atheism?

For what, then, should a man be willing to sell his birthright of faith in God? Atheism certainly has nothing adequate to pay for it. Nor has any other form of speculative unbelief. Said the eminent English scientist, Sir Humphrey Davy, when near the close of his brilliant career: "I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, nor genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, and creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish."

The eminent scholar and statesman of France, M. Guizot, a little before his death, said: "I have tried all the forms of conflicting opinions, and earnestly examined various systems of religious belief and unbelief. But I am content to come back to that simple faith in God, as the true rest of the soul, which I first learned in childhood from the lips of my devout Christian mother." The German poet, Heine, who, in his earlier life, had wandered far away into the dreary realms of unbelief, was at last brought back by the simple reading of the Sacred Book. "With right," says he, "is this named the Holy Scripture. He who has lost his God can find Him again in this Book, and he who has never known Him is here struck by the breath of the Divine Word. Yes, I have returned back to God, like the prodigal son, after having kept the swine with the Hegelians for some time. Was it my wretchedness that drove me back? Perhaps a less miserable reason—a sort of Heavenly home-sickness fell upon me and drove me forth." Doubtless the best, and perhaps the only antidote for the loss of faith in God, is the reading of the book of God. Try it, ye who doubt.—*Chicago Interior.*

Fretting.

There is one sin which seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its actual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets: that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or on the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—*Helen Hunt.*

Ministerial Cleanliness.

In Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri in thirty years there have been but ten clergymen imprisoned for any crime whatever; that is to say, but one clergyman to each State in a period of twenty years. In the past five years but two in the seven States. Even the most hopeful friend of the clergy would not have dared to hope for such a clean statement. The facts came to light in this way. The Free-thinkers have long been full of insinuations that the clergy was rotten and must be put down, and have left no influence fair or foul unexerted to create a prejudice against the clergy. Their last and basest move was to publish in one of their journals that in these seven States, between May, 1876 and May, 1881, four hundred and seventy-seven ministers of the Gospel had been guilty of criminal acts. This led a Christain gentleman to correspond extensively with all the penal institutions in these seven large States, in which the charge was made, and the facts based upon the returns were as stated in the opening of this paragraph. But no Free-thinker will ever correct his libel, but if anything intensify his falsehood as the truth becomes more unwelcome.—*Golden Rule.*

Choice Extracts.

—Obedience always tends to strengthen faith.

—Happy those who, fearing God, fear nothing else.—*Fenelon.*

—We must do what we can for our neighbor, and leave the future to God. —*Lacordaire.*

—I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—*Rutherford.*

—There is no nobler exercise of the human mind than belief in the truth, of the human heart than restful confidence in Him who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life."—*Golden Rule.*

—While it is well to be thankful one day in the year for blessings received, it is better to be continually grateful for the mercies daily bestowed upon us.

—Do not so desire to follow Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane as to refuse to follow him in the carpenter's shop, if Providence now calls you to it.—*Fletcher.*

—God's presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If He journey with us by the way, He will abide with us when night-fall comes; and His companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening camp.—*Maclaren.*

—Many persons are skeptical as to the advantages of the Sabbath in a secular aspect. Here is a fact from Belfast, Ireland. The Omnibus Company resolved to discontinue running their vehicles on Sunday. They did this, and the result was that they saved their shareholders twelve and one-half per cent. in the outlay of money for horses during the first twelve months. The Divine law has reference to horses as well as men, and experience shows that the need of one day's rest in seven is necessary for the beast of burden. How much greater, therefore, is the need for man, whose physical and mental energies render the day of rest doubly necessary; yea, imperative?—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. MAR. 28, 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

I Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
1 "	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
¼ "	1 "	10
"	½ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however to the action of the democratic party.

THE pneumonia has been very prevalent as well as quite fatal this winter.

THE pension commissioner expects to expend eighty-five million dollars in the payment of pensions this year.

AN effort is being made about Lexington to organize a boom for W. C. P. Breckinridge for United States Senator.

SOME of the counties have made nominations for representatives, while in other counties the contest waxeth warm.

IT is rumored in Washington that Secretary Fogler is slightly demented, but his friends stoutly deny the charge.

THERE is another a bad smell about the star route prosecution. It is said that the district attorney and his subordinates are only fleecing the government out of big fees.

A COUPLE of negroes who were broken out with the small-pox having gone into Hopkinsville on the cars, all trains are now stopped and investigated before entering the city.

QUEEN VICTORIA in descending the stairs at Windsor Castle one day last week, slipped and sprained her knee badly. The people became very anxious about her, and business was in a manner suspended for a day or so.

Senator Williams is stirring around in the State considerably, and he tells with pride that he cultivated and sold one hundred acres of tobacco, last year, at an average of $24 per 100 pounds. It strikes us that the General is a greater success as a farmer than as a senator.

IT is estimated by competent authorities that at least 200,000 barrels of whisky will be exported to Bermunda to avoid immediate payment of the tax now due. It can go abroad free, and return on the same vessel remain in custom warehouses for a year before the tax is collected.—Courier-Journal.

Senator Riddleberger is of the opinion that the debt issue in Virginia is closed as a judicial question, but remains open as a political question, and will continue to divide parties in the Old Dominion until the process of funding all classes of all State securities into the new Riddleberger bonds is completed.

IT looks somewhat like Grant and Pendleton counties are going to have a political wool-pulling over the office of state senator. Grant claims that she is entitled to the office during the approaching term, and has two or three citizens with senatorial bees in their bonnets, while Pendleton has said senator Clark must be returned.

TOM BUFORD talked in Jeffersonville, Ind., to a Louisville Commercial reporter about $50,000 of his the Court of Appeals has, and says they sent him to the asylum to keep from giving it up. He said: "As soon as Judge Jackson's successor qualifies, I will feel free to go back to Kentucky, and if any officer dares lay hands on me I'll settle his hash with a dose of buck shot."

JUDGE JACKSON, of Louisville, made a ruling in his court the other day, which is sanctioned by reason, and which should not be departed from. In organizing a jury he ruled that a man's having read an account of the case in a newspaper was not sufficient cause for precluding him from the jury. It is a fact that the men best calculated for jurors are those who read and keep posted in what is going on in the country, and excluding them from the jury-box is placing a premium on ignorance. A man, conscientious and mindful of his oath, will make a verdict according to the law and evidence in the case and not according to what he reads in a newspaper, and unless he can do this he is not fit for a juror, no matter whether he ever heard of a newspaper.

THE greatest paper published in this country is the New York Herald. Its edition a few Sundays since contained 28 pages, containing 4,622,000 letters. Ten tons of metal had to be melted to stereotype this edition of the paper. It took seven double perfecting presses to print the paper and have it ready for the mails. When the presses were in operation 2,338 perfect eight-page papers were printed a minute. The news men and carriers took from the Herald office that morning over 20 tons of papers.

SOMETHING of a sensation has been created among parents in Lynchburg, Virginia, by a recent occurrence and the declaration of a colored girl growing out of it. The occurrence was the sudden sickening of a child, the baby of a leading merchant, which was occasioned by a dose of laudanum administered by the nurse girl to quiet its restlessness and put it to sleep. The woman being taxed with the act did not deny it, and stated that the other nurses of the city were in the habit of doing the same thing; that they all had laudanum bottles.

WHEN it comes to the question of working for the party, Hon. Thomas L. Jones completely shuts his opponents out in the race for governor. Col. Jones has always responded to the calls of his party, and his voice has been heard in all parts of the state, and especially in doubtful districts, when a canvass was on. In times of need the party has never hesitated to call upon him, and in view of his past sevices and his qualifications, the democratic party of the state would only be rewarding a faithful servant by elevating him to the office of chief magistrate of state.

—Two Eddyville brothers aged respectively 12 and 14 years fought, and one killed the other.

—Mr. Green, a Barren county farmer has successfully grown rice in that county, and will raise another crop this year.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Normansville.

DIED—On Friday, March 16th, little Nannie Lee, infant daughter of Mr. Al Hamilton.

On Monday the 19th inst. Mrs. Emily Grimsley.

On Thursday the 22nd inst., of typhoid fever, Mr. John Riley. On the day following his funeral was preached by Rev. J. A. Kirtley at Big Bone church, where he had long been a faithful and consistent member.

Miss Anna Lee Johnson is in very delicate health.

Born— To Wm. Campbell and wife a girl.

Hebron.

Will Davis is preparing to build an addition to his house in Hebron.

The dance given at James Wilson's last week was well attended.

Miss Fannie Corbin, of Bellevue, is visiting friends and relatives at Hebron this week.

Walter Goodridge was thrown from a horse last week and considerably bruised.

Mr. Henry Crigler is able to be out again after being confined to his room most of the winter with rheumatism.

Miss Bell Scott was visiting at Michael Clore's Saturday and Sunday.

The best scene in the entertainment was when Reuben Quick crossed the stage.

The stockholders of the Hebron Hall say if those who were prying off window shutters to see the entertainment, will come to them next time a few days before the show, they will give them money to go inside and see it.

Quillersville.

Quillersville is still here.

Some plowing has been done.

Mrs. Will Roberts, who has been very sick, is about again.

Ben Records and wife rejoice because it is a boy. James Carroll and wife also have a fine boy. Ed Northcutt is getting to be grandpa right fast.

John Seniour has moved down to the log hut on the hill side. If he keeps grading, the house will be on level ground in the course of 175 years.

There was a party at James Hughe's, colored, last Saturday night week. Parties who had been at the chapel went up to see the negroes dance, and got into a row when pistols and knives came upon the scene. One pistol ball was shot through the door, but nobody was hurt. At the trial at Beaver the other day, occasioned by the row, Tom Ryan was fined $25 and ten days in jail. Dan Cummings, one of the boys who was in the fuss, has left the country.

Francesville.

Spring work has begun here in earnest, notwithstanding the continued cold weather. The farmers are breaking up their ground and making preparations for planting as soon as it becomes seasonable. Some few have planted potatoes and garden, but they are exceptions. Considerable tobacco will be planted in this vicinity this spring, and we hope it may be a good crop, as it is a great luxury with us.

F. L. Gordon and Billy Hayes were over in Indiana, a few days last week, buying up cattle. They purchased quite a drove on that trip.

Henderson & Beall, of Hebron, are building Allen Goodridge's house. They began work last Monday week, and on the Thursday following they had one room completed, and Mr. Goodridge was living in it. Jack and Dave are lightning on a greased pole.

Ground-hog weather is making it late for greens and sturgeon. We generally have a mess about easter times, but this year we failed to get any even for desert.

It is rumored that our stone mason is going to give up his trade this summer and go in partnership with Dr. Hayes, with a view to peddling a balsam the Dr. makes for sheep. Wilyum has prepared a lecture on the effects of the late flood with which to draw a crowd whenever he makes a stand. He will also continue to solicit donations for the flood sufferers at Francisville. We hope to be remembered by him.

Mr. Joe Graves is putting a new fence around his yard and intends remodeling his house this spring.

Mrs. Catherine Huron, of this place, has returned home from Indianapolis, where she has been spending the winter with her sister.

Mr. Scothorn is going to rebuild this spring on the site where his house was burned last year.

Petersburg.

Miss Lou Alden is visiting her sister Mrs. Fannie King, at Milton, Ky.

Mr. Henry North returned home from the Sunny South last Tuesday.

Miss Nora Jackson spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends in Aurora.

Lou Riddell is driving a team for J. F. Grant as Morgan Davis has quit to take charge of J. D. Norris' trotting horses.

Mr. A. Dean who moved with his family to Fayette county, this State, about a year ago, has moved back and rented part of Col. Wm. Appletons farm. We welcome you back in our midst, Mr. Dean.

The social given by the Sons of Temperance last Friday night was a grand success and enjoyed by all present. Elder Taylor led off in Prayer, after which there was singing by the choir and speeches by Bros. Taylor, Botts and others. Then came the supper which was hard to beat, and the ladies deserve much praise for the noble work they did in getting up the supper.

Levi Lemons sold his fat cow last week, and says he regretted to part with her so much that he sent her out to the stock yards in an express wagon. Levi's sympathy is great for anything he owns. It would take two cows like her to make a shadow.

Mr. Passons who moved to Illinois last August, contemplates returning to Boone on the account of health. His many friends are sorry to learn that the health of his family is so poor that it causes their return But what is Illinois' loss is our gain—or loss

F. M. Cox and Alonzo Green invoiced the stock of goods in Mr. Green's grocery last Friday.

Mr. S. G. Botts, our genial superintendent of the cemetery, with a force of 7 or 8 men has been at work cleaning the grounds for the past week. They have given them quite a different appearance. Mr. Botts is a man who likes to see every thing look clean that he has anything to do with, and will have it clean and nice if he undertakes it, even if he gets no pay as in this case

Rabbit Hash.

Potato planting has begun by our most enterprising farmers.

The family of James N. Stephens celebrated his 83d birth day the 14th inst.

The court of B. H. Ryle convened on the 23d with a full docket.

Messrs J. A. Wilson and C. G. Riddell are just from Cincinnati with a bran new lot of groceries, and in a day or two will have their store in running order.

S. Meek is having a new store house put up instead of having the old one repaired, as on examination it was too much damaged.

Mrs. Bell has a very severe attack of pneumonia, in consequence of which Mr. Bell was compelled to dismiss his school.

Mrs. Elizabeth Merrick has been seriously sick, but is improving at this time.

Constable Moody, of Bellevue, has had occasion to visit these parts many times lately, owing to the briskness of court business.

Milton and Fillmore Ryle have just gone to house-keeping—each with his new frau.

Rev. Hudson, of Louisville, preached at the Baptist church last Saturday and Sunday. Messrs J. Q. A. Stephens and J. P. Craig were elected deacons and will be ordained the 3d Saturday in April. It is the wish of the church to have brethren from the churches of Big Bone, Bellevue, Burlington, Bullettsburg and Sand Run present on that day.

Last Saturday Mrs. Mahala Happins was sitting in her chair quietly smoking her pipe, when she was attacked with paralysis and died in an hour and a half from the time she was taken. She was in the 63d year of her age. A large concourse of people followed her remains to the cemetery at the M. E. Church Sunday afternoon, which was evidence of the high regard in which she was held by her neighbors.

It seems to be an injudicious thing for a paper to have two correspondents from the same neighborhood, as this is the case with the Rising Sun Local. The two young men reside in these parts and the trouble grew so serious that a fight was the result. A trial will be held in regard to the affair—further particulars next week.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE

Farmers & Traders National Bank AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, March 13, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$547,836 36
Overdrafts		237 29
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		32,503 53
Due from other National banks	6,752 29	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,856 39	9,608 68
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,661 66
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,076 59
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,167 11
Bills of other Banks		7,560 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		156 51
Specie		7,310 00
Legal tender notes		17,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$691,367 73

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		16,670 14
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	314,454 95	
Due to other National Banks	10,891 21	
Due to State Banks and bankers	3,151 43	328,497 59
Total		$691,367 73

State of Kentucky, county of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of March, 1883.

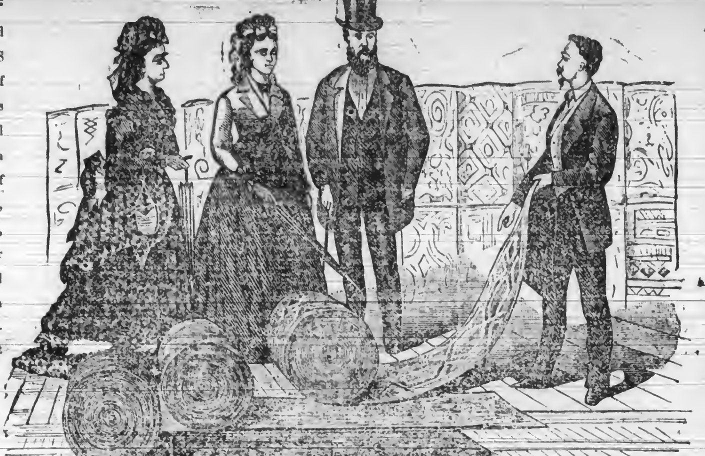
RICHARD H GRAY, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
L. C. STEPHENS,
J. H. MERSMAN,
E. J. HICKEY, } Directors.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



COLTER'S FOR CARPETS

☞ We now show the largest and most varied stock of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS in this section of the country, including choice styles in Best Tapestry Brussels, and all grades. Also, a full line of Ingrain All Wool Carpets, many styles of Wool Mixed Ingrain, and Cottage, Hemp and Home-made Rag Carpets, and Mattings. In all, we have over One Hundred Pieces. Floor Oil Cloth of all grades and widths. In this [illegible] show some of the handsomest goods ever offered for sale, at prices to suit all.

We have just opened up

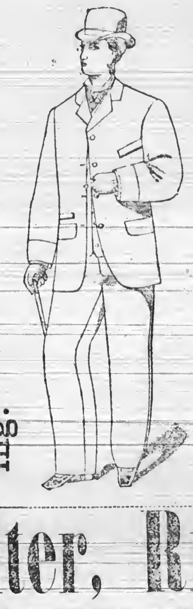
1000 Bolts of Wall Paper,

All Choice New Styles in Best Gilts, White and Brown. Also, complete line of

WINDOW SHADES AND LACE CURTAINS.

We Are Proud of Our Ready Made Clothing Trade.

Over two Hundred Suits sold in one week, at $2,50 to $21 a suit. Over three thousand whole suits already received and two large bankrupt lots arriving.



If you want a Suit of Clothing, no matter how fine, or how cheap, always come to our Mammoth Store, as we are constantly receiving Clothing bought at a snap, and we only add a small profit, and please our customers; by so doing we believe is the reason our sales are daily increasing Remember, we keep a full line of Goods, viz:

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, DRESS GOODS and SILKS,

FULL LINE DOMESTICS, ALL KINDS, ALWAYS ON ☞.

And at prices less than any City will sell them.

Very Respectfully,

Wm. COLTER,

(And no partner to share the small profits with,)

Rising Sun. - Indiana.

N. B.—See future advertisements for our Millinery Department, which we promise to make one of the Grandest Showings, that any one would be pleased to see.

Wm. Colter, Rising Sun, Ind.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat, adjoining the lands of Allred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,
feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

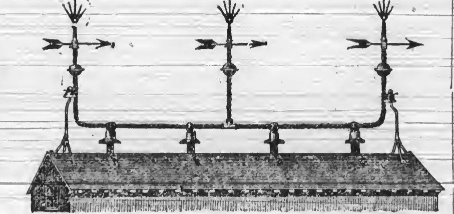
Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.



Chambers' Lightning Protecti'n COMPANY.

Having purchased the right to put up the rods of the above company in Boone and Kenton counties, we solicit your patronage. These rods are constructed on the correct principle; it takes a less number of feet to rod a building and are consequently much the cheaper rods, besides they are ornamental and are the only rods that afford complete protection from lightning and are less liable to get out of repair. Their popularity is attested by the number now in use in Boone and Kenton. Those having buildings to rod will find it to their interest to have us give them a call and fix figuers.

W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO. [illegible]

MOODY'S Boarding School For Teaching all Branches of Dress Cutting, and every garment worn by lady or child; also, SEWING, TRIMMING, DRAPING, and all the FINISHING PARTS of DRESSMAKING! Position Guaranteed if Desired. LADIES living out of the city BOARDED FREE while learning. Address: D. W. MOODY & CO. 31 West Ninth St. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price, selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

TRADE MARK,

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. *Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.* AGENTS WANTED. Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever use in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. L. McCAMIC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '18.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines. 2 to 100 Horse Power.

Established 1840

Reliable, Durable and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

Next Monday is County Court.

The "sasafac" peddler has made his appearance.

Bad colds have almost been an epidemic this month.

Mrs. R. C. Green lost a splendid milch cow one day last week.

Born—To Morgan Tolin and wife, on the 21st inst. a 12½ pound boy.

R. A. Brady's family have moved back to the farm on Middle Creek.

Michigan Salt, the finest in the world at Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Mrs. W. H. Pope, after a little over a week's illness, died Monday about noon.

Mr. John H. Smith had a very fine fresh milch cow gored to death the other day.

Friday is the last day for bringing suits for the next term of the Boone Circuit Court.

Reading the riot act to the groundhog last week brought the old fellow to his senses some.

The interest of the Commonwealth called County Attorney Tolin to Beaver again last Friday.

The early train for Cincinnati is now dew at Erlanger at 6:35 a. m. instead of 7:15 as heretofore.

Hall's Hair Renewer furnishes "the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

In explanation of the reason why Sidman left him, Bro. Dunlap says it was because they did not agree in their religious views.

There is a man in this town, 60 years old, who has lived in the county for at least forty years and never saw Cincinnati or Covington.

Rev. C. C. Conner commenced a series of meetings in the Universalist church here, last Friday evening, continuing over Sunday.

Leslie Combs will make application at the next term of the County Court for license to keep hotel and sell whisky at Big Bone Springs.

There were three confessions under Mr. Dunlap's preaching during his last visit here. Dr. Smith, Miss Lottie Reed and Mrs. W. E. Piper.

The proprietor of the Boone House gave the young people of the burg a party last Wednesday night. It was enjoyed by all who attended.

Mrs. Frances Lipp, who is in the 87th year of her age, was adjudged an imbecile, last Thursday, and Lewis Aylor was appointed committee for her.

Rev. C. C. Conner will preach in the Universalist Church at this place on the 1st Sunday in April. Subject in morning—"The Inevitable, Present and Future."

Do your own painting. Tebbs Bros. Lawrenceburg, Ind., have the cottage paint, warrented the best in use. One dollar and twenty-five cents per gallon. Try it.

Our patrons will please pardon our short comings this week, as our office will be topsy-turvy, caused by moving into the new building opposite Mr. Cowen's.

The youngsters of his neighborhood assembled at Mr. Alfred Cason's house a few nights since, where the hours were spent pleasantly tripping the light fantastic.

We hear that a couple of Rabbit Hash correspondents for the Rising Sun Local had a very unpleasant meeting the other day, occasioned by their contributions to the Local.

There is a notice on the court-house door that an application will be made next county court day for "licens to keep hotell with the privilege of retailing spiritus vinus and malt lickers."

The number of moves in which Burlington's population has figured so extensively this month, has produced a decrease in the number of inhabitants. Four vacant houses testify unto that fact.

As I am about to retire from the Hotel business, all those indebted to me are requested to call and settle on or before the 15th of April, or I wil, place their accounts in the hands of an officer for collection. Thanking my friends for their patronage, I am respectfully,

E. B. H. OWENS.

The uniform quietude of Constance was materially disturbed one day last week, by a hostile meeting of some of her citizens. Both sexes figured in the unfortunate affair. Wm. Wahl and Ered Zimmer tried conclusions, and Fred received an ugly wound on one side of his head and face. No further particulars.

Last Sunday, about ten a. m., a gentleman rode up to the Boone House, and said, pointing to the Central Hotel, "that house is on fire." There was no person on the street when the fire was discovered, but the cry of fire soon had a crowd out. Our junior was the first to reach the roof, and with two or three buckets of water he extinguished the flames which, in a few moments, would have been beyond control. It is thought that a shaving used in kindling a fire came out at the chimney and started the blaze.

The Steamer Will Kyle passed down last Saturday night week, and with her whistle, which has a very peculiar tone, frightened some of those living on the river nearly out of their wits. The people of the Petersburg country were certain Gabriel was blowing his horn as a warning of a final winding up of earthly affairs. At Bellevue one lady was very badly frightened, while Tony Rue, thinking the sound proceeded from his cistern, flounced out of bed and made a close examination to see what was in the cistern. Some darkies spent Sunday searching the country for the track of the supposed animal that made the racket, and Henry Jarrell, it is said, can not be convinced the cause of the rumpus was not flying through the air.

It becomes our painful task this week to record the death of Mr. John C. Riley, which occurred at his residence near Union on the afternoon of the 24th inst. Mr. Riley had out lived the time allotted to man some year or two, and had at all times during life been a remarkably healthy man. He was and had been for many years a member of the Big Bone Baptist church, of which society he was a leading member, and the community in which he lived and was best known regarded him in the light of a most worthy gentleman in whose integrity all had unbounded confidence. In the death of Mr. Riley the county loses an honorable and upright citizen; the church, a faithful and useful member; the family a kind and indulgent father.

Mr. C. McKinny is now in the county delivering D. J. Lake & Co's. atlas of Boone, Kenton and Campbell counties for which many of our citizens subscribed last year. We have a copy of the atlas before us, and find it to be exactly what the canvassing agents represented it would be. and just such a book as will always be very interesting for reference as regards the locations of towns, roads, farms and residences, &c., in the county. Besides a map of the three counties above named, it contains a map of the State of Kentucky and Tennessee, a map of the United States and a map of the eastern and western hemispheres. To appreciate the work it is only necessary to look through it, when its many advantages at once becomes apparent. This atlas is the first thing of the kind ever introduced in this county and we are confident that iti completness, and the neat style in which it is gotten up will be appreciated by those who subscribed for it. There is also much general information to be obtained by consulting this atlas; besides it contains many features to recomend it to the public. It will be a great accommodation to Mr. McKinny if those who subscribed for the work will be prepared to receive it so soon as he calls upon them.

Last Wednesday, in company with Mr. William Walton, Everett Walton and W. E. Vest, the County Surveyor, we made a flying visit to Bellevue, which place in the last few years has been metamorphosed into one of the leading business towns of the county. In fact the resident merchants claim that in their line she will now size-up with any place in Boone county. Be that as it may, these gentlemen all reported a brisk business. Mr. Kite was putting in new invoice of goods, and was as busy as a bee in May. Mr. Kelley was receiving some mammoth hams which his brother Zack brought up from East Bend, anyone of which was large euough to furnish the town meat for one meal. Mr. Corbin was making out a long memorandum preparatory to going to the city that night. In fact they all seemed full of business anticipations.

While in the town we met our old friend T. Jeff Akin, a man that has been honored with every trust within the gift of his district, and whose head has become silvered over while in the service of his people. He is now an occasional assistant in one of the stores, and he smiles as blandly from behind the counter as in days of yore.

Of course we met that genial fellow, Harry Botts, who, since his location in Bellevue has become quite a burley man and has a great propensity for dealing in the weed.

Among other old friends we seldom meet, were Boone Rogers, Hogan Presser and John Clore. Boone, thinking we are to have another installment of winter, was in search of somebody that had coal to sell.

On our return home we stopped with Mr. William Walton for dinner, and his estimable wife, who is an excellent cook, served up for our quartette and the rest of their family a good dinner which all hands did ample justice, and although in a great hurry to get home, we found it difficult to take our leave of such good company, and the sun was setting in the far West before we reached Burlington.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on businss or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Hogan Presser was here Monday.

Judge O. F. Roberts, of Aurora, was in town Monday.

John Sleet, the Beaver merchant, was in town Monday.

J. K. Armstrong, of Covington, was in town Thursday.

Samuel Rich, of Kenton county, was in town last Thursday.

Mrs. W. F. McKim is visiting her father's in Kenton county.

Mr. ——Carpenter, of Covington, was in town Friday.

Mrs. Gen. Wallace has been quite sick for several days.

Old Uncle Lystra Aylor has been seriously ill for some days.

Wood Maxwell has been very sick for the past week.

Geo. Sleet and Sam C. Johson were in town Monday. Both as handsome as usual.

Cyrus Kelley, a thriving merchant of Bellevue, was in town Monday.

Judge N. E. Hawes is yet confined to his room. The Judge has been in ill health for some time, but with the coming of settled weather we hope to see him out again.

Seeds! Seeds!! Seeds!!! we have a large variety of all kinds, best seeds by the peck or quart. Red and white onion sets, clover and timothy, at Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

One Fool Among Many,

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition —A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the marciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. charles H. Watts, of West Somera, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a chance to show what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I recomend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful di- Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statment.

Gloom, despondency, hoplessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bed-time like the hour of execution to a criminal—these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Corleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., New York

FOUND.

Near Bellevue, Boone county, Ky., since the flood a lot of Stone Mason's tools. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

W. W. GRANT, JAS. SMITH,
Bellevue, Boone county, Ky.

Attention Farmers.

Charlie, my well known stallion will be on exhibition in Burlington, on Monday, April 2nd, 1883. I will on that day award a good saddle and bridle to the best colt of his get for general purposes. Look out for Charlie for he is a paragon of horseflesh. Ed Golaway, Florence, Ky.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD."
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles, $5.

ALBERT M. ACRA,
BURLINGTON, KY.
HARNESS MAKER
—AND—
DEALER IN SADDLES.

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

Give me a call. feb-14-83
—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

STOCKHOLDERS, NOTICE

On the first Saturday in April, the 7th day, an election will be held at Dudley Rouse's store, in Burlington, for the purpose of electing for the ensuing year, a president and four directors for the Burlington and Florence turnpike road.

FEELDEN ROUSE, President.

STOCKHOLDERS, NOTICE

On the first Monday in April an election will be held in the towns of Burlington and Petersburg for the election of five directors for the Burlington and Petersburg turnpike road, to serve the ensuing year.

N. S. WALTON, Sect'y.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Woolper Turnpike Company are hereby notified that an election will be held in Burlington on Monday April 2nd, 1883 for the purpose of electing five directors.

J. FRANK GRANT, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

GOLD WATCH.—By virtue of an order of the Boone Circuit Court, I will, as administrator of the estate of John Crosby, deceased, sell for cash to the highest bidder, on April 24, 1883, at the Court-house door in Burlington, between the hours of 12 m. and 1 p. m., a gold watch, the property of Jno. Crosby, deceased.

F. L. GORDON, Admr.

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW,
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office opposite the Boone House.

L. C. NORMAN. R. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals Prompt attention given to Collections, on application to G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

S. W. TOLIN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - KY
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J. P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared far. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LOGAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
JNO. M. MOODY.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H. Dills, F. P. Helm,
L. C. Stephens.
The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM, HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE,
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

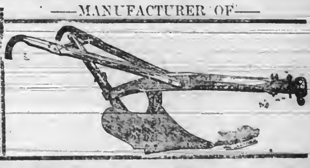
City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar2-4 J. W. Talbott.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

DRUGS & MEDICINES
I have [illegible] up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
Third door from the corner, in Mr. Brady's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY

TO BUYERS.
I have for the spring trade a clean and carefully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.
IN DRY GOODS,
Brocades, Cashmeres, Indigo Blue Calicoes, Prints, Ginghams, Cheviot Shirting, Brown and Bleached Muslins and double width Sheeting, Pillow Case Muslin, Jeans and Cottonades, Crashes, Table Linen and Napkins.
IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS,
Nainsook, Lawn, Swiss, Jackonet, Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Toilet towels, Ribbons and Buttons.
Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.
Carpet Chain in fast colors.
Rubber Coats and Leggins—Overalls and Jackets.
In Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware my stock is complete.
Flour and Salt always on hand.
A Full stock of FANCY & STALPE Groceries.
Cash paid for country produce or will take in exchange for goods.
Orders for Goods not in stock, gladly and promptly filled.
Yours Truly, W. E. PIPER.

WILLIAM CLORE,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Rover Steel PLOWS,
Side Hill PLOWS,



Single & Double Shovels,
Jumping Shovels, Gophers, Rolling Cutters, Harrows and Agricultural Implements Generally. Send for Price List.
RISING SUN, - - - INDIANA.

UNDERTAKING

We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
SOARDS & DAVIS, Hebron, Ky

A REMARKABLE STORY.

The following narrative is self-explanatory. The letter which precedes it is a true copy of the original, and was sent to us, together with the details, by an officer now in the United States Navy:

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP NOMAD,
NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS.,
January 10, 188-.

My Dear Friend: Your kind favor containing congratulations on my restoration to health is before me. When we parted thirty months ago little did we imagine that either would be brought near death's door by a disease which selects for its victims those who present an internal field of constitutional weakness for its first attack, because you and I were in those days the personification of health; and can claim this to-day, thank God! Why I can do so now will be told to-morrow, when we meet at your dinner, as you only know that I have passed through a terrible illness; my delivery from death being due to the wonderful discovery in medical science, made by a man who to-day stands in the front rank of his fellow-workers; unequaled by any in my own opinion. That I, who heretofore have ever been the most orthodox believer in the old school of medicine, its application and results, should thus recant in favor of that which is sneered at by old practitioners, may startle you, but "seeing is believing," and when I recount the attack made on my old hulk, how near I came to lowering my colors, and the final volley, which, through the agency above-mentioned, gave me victory, you will at least credit me with just cause for sincerity in my thankfulness and belief. I will also spin my yarn anent my China cruise, and [illegible] to entertain as well [illegible] by you. With best wishes, Sincerely yours,

Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.

Hon. GEORGE WENDELL,
Sinclair Place, Boston.

An autumnal afternoon in the year 188- found the taut flag-ship *Nomad* rounding the treacherous and dangerous extremity of South America. And this day certainly intended to place itself on record with those of its predecessors marked stormy, its nastiness in wind and weather giving all hands on board the flagship their fill in hard work and discomforts. The record of the *Nomad* on this cruise, which she was now completing on her homeward bound passage to Boston, had been most disagreeable, when considered in the light of heavy weather work. From Suez to Aden, then on to Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki and Yokohama, the balance sheet stood largely in favor of old Neptune's rough characteristics, but with remarkable evenness the health and original roster of the ship's company stood this day as it did nearly three years ago—with one exception. Throughout the diverse and varied exposures incidental to cruising over the Asiatic station, where cholera, fevers, liver complaints, malaria, and colds of all degrees reign in full force, none of the crew had suffered more than temporary inconvenience, and thus it seemed very hard that now, in the closing days of the cruise, there stood nine chances for, to one against, a victory being at last scored for the destroying angel Death. When the *Nomad* reached Shanghai in the early portion of her cruise her admiral was the healthiest man aboard. A grand specimen of manhood was he. Over six feet in height, weighing two hundred pounds, broad in chest and strong in limb, he rightly claimed for himself a full share of Nature's blessings. While returning late one night from a diplomatic reception at the Consulate at Shanghai, through overheating and insufficient protection from the dangerous effects of the peculiarly damp and searching night air, he caught cold. "Only a cold," remarked the admiral to the doctors of his ship, "and easy to cure." So thought the medical officers, but with a quiet though insidious progression, this cold clung to the admiral in spite of their best efforts to eradicate it, and when the time came for leaving Yokohama, homeward bound, the admiral realized that his lungs and throat were decidedly out of order. The doctors advised returning home by mail steamer to San Francisco, so that greater means for curing this persistent cough might be found in the Naval Hospital there; but the admiral preferred to stick to his ship, still imagining that his trouble would eventually be overcome by the doctors' treatment.

No one who looked at the admiral even in those days imagined that he would fall a victim to lung trouble. But it was the old story again typified in this case. Only a cold at first; and in spite of orthodox treatment the peculiar climatic effects of China nursed it, and hastened the sure result of such a deep-seated trouble. Time passed after leaving Yokohama for Boston, bringing varying symptoms in the admiral's case, and the doctors imagined that they held the disease in check at least. But with the formation of tubercles, night-sweats and the now rapid consumption of lung tissues, which had set in with alarming symptoms, the patient realized that his cold had laid the seeds of that fell agent of Death, *consumption*. The hacking cough of the admiral had in itself been sufficient food for serious consideration, and now, as in the warm autumn days the flagship gallantly rode over the blue waters of the Pacific, bound for Cape Horn, the doctors hoped much for success. But this boisterous afternoon found the good ship struggling with gigantic seas set off from the Cape by a fierce northerly wind. Leaden were the heavens and sad the hearts of all aboard, for that morning the usual bulletin of the medical officers had set forth this intelligence: "The admiral is in same condition as reported last night. A burning fever has been slightly reduced, while other symptoms are as heretofore announced." All understood these words without questioning. The beloved admiral had during the past two weeks sunk very low. The symptoms of blood-poisoning, a torpid liver, intense pains throughout the body, eyesight and mental faculties affected, appetite gone, through inaction of that great regulator—the liver. These were the means which had reduced the admiral from the pinnacle of health to the valley and shadow of death. *Consumption* held full sway now, and the well-known skill of naval doctors was in this instance at least completely foiled.

The admiral had issued orders for the flagship to touch at Montevideo for coal, and it was the intention of the doctors to land the admiral there for treatment. But one man in the ship was wrapped in the gloom of despair, as standing by the weather rigging on the poop deck he gazed absently over the seething waste of waters. This was the admiral's son, a lieutenant, and attached to his father's staff. He feared that the wear and tear of ship-life would sap his father's strength beyond endurance, and before the ship could reach Montevideo. Among a group of sailors gathered around one of the great guns on the spar deck stood the captain of the fore-top, Brown, a slight but healthy looking man. His companions were listening to a recital of his sufferings from consumption, which had developed while he was attached to the sloop-of-war *Ranger*, lying in the harbor of Yokohama a year ago, this "yarn" having been started by a discussion about the admiral's condition. The men had just returned from some work around the deck, an order for which had interrupted Brown's story a few moments previously.

"A year ago this day I was hove to in the 'pill man's' sick bay in the *Ranger*, then off Yokohama, an' I tell you, pards, 'twas no use pipin' my number, 'cause I was nigh on passin' in my enlistment papers for a long cruise aloft," continued Brown. "Consumption had me flat aback, and the doctor says it was no use to stow away his lush in my hold seein' that my bellows was condemned by a higher power than he could wrastle with."

"How did you pucker out of it?" asked a gunner's mate.

"Wa'all," replied Brown, "my Chinee washman come to me one mornin' an' he says to me, 'me hab got allee same Melican man medikin, do you heap good?' I says bring it off, Chang, I buy all the same. That afternoon Chang hove up with fourteen bottles of a lush, enough to kill or cure the whole ship's crew, an' that looked fresh in their nice wrappers. Says Chang, 'China man doctor hab got plentee more, he make heap good well with my sick, this number one medikin allee same through Yokohama.' Wa'all, I took the bottles an' told the doctor I was goin' to try one as by the sailin' orders on the bottle, and the doctor he laughed and says 'twas no good, but I done as the regulations says from the first, an' here I am, sa'in the doctor's ideas to be sure!"

With this triumphant assertion Brown looked about the circle. Then, lowering his voice, said, "boys, I've four of those precious bottles left—ain't give 'em all away yet after I was cured—an' if you all think that it would not be too free with the 'old man,' suppose I go to his son there on the poop deck an' say what I have to you, an', askin' his pardon, say we want the admiral to try the stuff in my bottles, seein' that they cured my consumption."

This idea met with approval from all sides. Therefore Brown walked off for the interview with the admiral's son, with no little anxiety in his good heart as to the result of his mission. Approaching the lieutenant, Brown saluted, and asked for permission to state his reasons for doing so. This was readily granted, and Brown spoke out.

"Seeing that I was once cured of consumption, lieutenant, I make bold to ask if I can tell you how, an' why I've the reasons for wishing you to use on your father what was my salvation."

In a few moments the lieutenant had Brown's story out, and much to the latter's gratification, granted a ready permission to him. It did not take Brown long to run to his ditty box, get the bottles of medicine, and return to the lieutenant with them.

"I'm afeared that the doctors will kick ag'in the use of this blessed stuff, an' what wid you do, sir," said Brown, as he placed the medicine in the cabin orderly's hand to be taken into the admiral's room.

"I will attend to that Brown, and rest assured that your remedy will have a fair trial in spite of any opposition. It will not harm my father, judging from your statement and the opinion of the Medical officers of the *Ranger*."

"Thank you, sir, an' God help the admiral to weather his trouble, is the prayer of all the ship," said Brown, as the lieutenant turned to enter the cabin.

There was no cessation in the storm that evening. The gale howled through the rigging in wild, discordant tones; the great ship labored through the white-capped mountains of water that threatened to engulph her with each burst of their storm-whipped crests. Within the admiral's cabin the Argand lights, the comfortable furniture, and the numerous evidences of the admiral's wanderings over land and water, as displayed in choice bric-a-brac and trimmings, gave to the room a warm, snug appearance, most pleasing this wild night to those within. In his stateroom lay the admiral, made comfortable by all that loving hands and willing hearts could suggest. By his side sat his son who in quiet voice was recounting to his father the interview with Brown, and the opposition met with from the doctors when the idea of giving this new medicine was broached.

"You were sleeping at the time, father, and therefore missed a laughable scene, made so, in spite of your condition, by the intense dislike displayed by the doctors for this 'new-fangled stuff,' this 'patent liquid,' which they declared should never with their consent be given to you. Well, I cut the matter short by saying that I would take all the responsibility and with *your* permission would administer it. That I obtained when I found you awake, and now you are under way with the first bottle as per directions. I am satisfied, dear father, that it will do you good, a premonition filling my heart that at last we have found the means of arresting the burning fever and hacking cough which have been troubling you so much."

The admiral's reply was cut short by a severe spell of coughing, during which he spat blood, and when finished sank back exhausted. But the grateful look which he bestowed on his son was an additional assurance of belief in that which the admiral had at first dubbed as a possible but doubtful means of doing him any good. But laying aside his dislike for any but old-established remedies, the admiral acquiesced in his son's request, and now, after this last spell, admitted that the effect of the dose had softened the dreaded severity of the racking cough.

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Three weeks later found the *Nomad* making the harbor of Montevideo. After severe and prolonged weather she had rounded the Cape and now was standing in the harbor for the purpose of recoaling and watering. To one given to the study of human lineaments the faces of those aboard the flagship this bright morning would have afforded infinite scope for such pursuit. But the source of each man's happiness flowed from the same fountain of grateful joy. The beloved admiral was the cause of this. And why? If you could have seen the admiral this bright morning, dear reader, your answer would have been easily found in his face. A changed man was he. Victory was perched on his guidons; the dread enemy was slowly retreating! The fight was a severe one, but with no cessation in vigilant action and careful application of the contents of four bottles the admiral had turned the flank of consumption, and was slowly but surely driving him off the field with a power which astounded the doctors and filled all hearts with joy and thankfulness.

What was this then that had won the victory for the seaman Brown, and was now leading the admiral's shattered forces to the same grand result? When asked this question by one of his officers on duty, in Montevideo, the admiral, slowly lifting his hand, replied, "I would that in letters of gold, and so placed that all the world could read them, the name of this great remedy could be shown, coupled with the genius who discovered it—'THE GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY'—Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the man who has given to his fellow men the greatest relief from all ills that mortal flesh is heir to!"

"This is the name of the contents of that bottle on my table, and God bless the man who has found the secret of filling it with a medicine at once purifying and strengthening, wholesome and thorough in its results, and claiming, in my humble opinion, nothing for itself that it cannot reasonably perform. Nature's ally against the abuse of man!"

Well might the admiral sing the praises of that which had so unexpectedly rescued him from a fatal illness. When the ship anchored the first commission for the admiral's son to execute was a large purchase of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, as the admiral sadly admitted, he had seen in every port the world around and had only admired as an evidence of the energy and enterprise of an American who could thus place his Golden Medical Discovery in every nook and corner of the globe. But now he was one more to testify to the wonderful power of this medicine, and certainly did so in Montevideo, by praising it up to all the high officials who visited him.

A week later and the *Nomad* sailed for Boston direct. What the condition of the admiral was when she arrived there is shown in his letter above. Let it be recorded to the credit of the doctors on the flagship that they were completely cured of all dislike for the Golden Medical Discovery, used it faithfully on the voyage to Boston, and landed, through its wonderful power, the admiral completely restored; and more than one poor fellow who started out in the sick bay of the *Nomad*. What staunch friends the Golden Medical Discovery made in that ship!

The above, reader, is an outline of the story spun by the admiral to his friend when they met at the dinner. We will not touch on other portions of his interesting recital of his cruise in general, our aim being to record his testimony for the greatest wonder in medical science that this nineteenth century of surprising developments has produced.

From the wonderful power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery over that terribly fatal disease consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought favorably of calling it his "consumption cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine that from its wonderful combination of germ-destroying, as well as tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, diuretic, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all chronic diseases of the liver, blood, kidneys, and lungs. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin. In short, all diseases caused by disease germs in the blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands.

"The blood is the life." Thoroughly cleanse this fountain of health by using Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and soundness of constitution are established.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver or "biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as it effects perfect and radical cures.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, short breath, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. In the cure of bronchitis, severe coughs and consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. The nutritive properties possessed by cod liver oil are trifling when compared with those of the Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by wasting diseases.

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The reader will pardon the foregoing digression, prompted by our admiration for a remedy that performs such marvelous cures, and permit us to say that when the admiral returned to his home in New York the only cloud cast upon the happiness of the reunion with his family was caused by the continued illness of his eldest son, a young man of twenty-four, whose disease, when the admiral sailed from Montevideo, had been reported as succumbing to the treatment of the family doctor. But his father found it otherwise; the unfortunate young man was suffering severely from chronic disease of the kidneys and bladder. Before leaving Boston the admiral had purchased a copy of Dr. Pierce's book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." He read this valuable book thoroughly, and upon his arrival home had made up his mind as to the future treatment for his son. The latter was sent to the famous Invalid's Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., conducted by Dr. R. V. Pierce, and his competent staff of specialists, where, under skillful treatment, the sufferer soon found relief and a permanent cure.

In the library of his handsome home the admiral placed one of the four bottles sent him by the seaman Brown. Conspicuous in its pretty frame and stand it attracts all eyes, which can easily read the lines in golden letters inscribed on the tablet under the stand as follows:—"This bottle once contained the ammunition which secured for Admiral —— the victory in his battle off Cape Horn with the enemy consumption. His undying gratitude is thus shown for that which this bottle and its mates held."

Number and Orders of the Stars.

If we raise our eyes to the heavens on a clear moonless night, we shall see myriads of twinkling stars thickly studding the sky. It seems impossible to count them, but such is not the case. It is found that the total number of stars in the celestial sphere, visible to the average naked eye, is about five thousand, the number varying according to the perfection and training of the eye and the condition of the atmosphere.

When the sky is cloudless, and the air free from moisture and unstirred by the slightest breeze, several hundreds more may be seen, swelling the number to nearly six thousand. As only one-half of the stars are above the horizon at a time, it follows that the number to be seen at once varies from twenty-five hundred to three thousand.

The stars visible to the naked eye bear no comparison to those brought to view in the telescope. No less than twenty million stars were visible in Herschel's twenty foot telescope. The great telescopes of modern times show a much larger number, and though no reliable estimate has yet been made, the number will probably reach fifty millions.

The difference in the size and brightness of the stars is no less striking than their number. At a very early age in the history of astronomy, they were divided into classes on this account. The twenty brightest stars are said to be of the first magnitude. The fifty stars next in brightness are of the second magnitude, and so on, until we reach the stars of the sixth magnitude, which include the faintest stars visible to the naked eye.

The telescope greatly increases the number of classes as well as the number of the stars, so that the smallest stars visible in the largest telescope are of the sixteenth magnitude. No limit to the increase has yet been found. Every improvement in the far-seeing power of the telescope reveals the existence of myriad stars never seen before, until it seems as if the stars that people space are as nearly countless as the sands of the seashore, or the flowers that bloom in the primeval forests.

What an inconceivable number of suns, of many orders of size and brightness, belong to the grand universe of space in which our sun and his family of worlds find place! For these myriad stars that sparkle in the canopy of night are all suns like our sun, masses of matter at a white heat, but at such an immense distance that they look like shining points, just as our sun would look if he were as far away.—*Youth's Companion.*

An Adverse Arctic Summer.

The season of 1882 has, on account of the state of the ice in the Arctic seas, been one of the most adverse on record. Thus, while the Norweigan walrus and whitefish hunters were unable to get to the north of Spitzbergen and the Swedish meteorological expedition to Mossel Bay, no vessel succeeded in reaching the Siberian rivers. It appears from information just to hand that the summer along the coast of Siberia has been unusually cold, while incessant northeast winds have accumulated drift-ice on the shores to such an extent that the estuaries of the Yenissei and the Obi were not once navigable in the season. Thus the small steamer Dallman, of Yenisseisk, belonging to Baron Knop, was unable to get from Yennissei into the Obi. When we remember, however, the reports of Mr. Leigh Smith and Sir Henry George Booth of open water north and east of Novaya Zembia, it becomes apparent that some other part of the polar basin must have been very free from ice during the summer. It seems to be the opinion of several authorities, as, for instance, Baron Nordenskjold, that any vessel which had attempted to penetrate by way of Behring Strait, would, no doubt, have demonstrated the practicability of navigating the Siberian seas every summer from one end or the other. This year fresh attempts will be made by Mr. Sibiriakoff, Baron Knop, and Dr. Oscar Dickson to open up a trade route with Siberia from Europe; those, however, acquainted with the Arctic seasons would not be surprised to see the ice in the summer of 1883 as adverse to Arctic voyaging as it was in 1882.—*Nature.*

Out-Facing a Thief.

Recently a young lady who is a teacher in a Somerville, Mass., public school, was in Boston, and stopped on the street for a few moments to chat with a friend. Presently some one brushed rather roughly against her, and a second or two later she suspected trouble, and in an instant her suspicions were confirmed by the discovery that her portemonnaie had disappeared from her sack pocket. She glanced up and found that a rather hard looking man was standing on the curbstone a few yards from her, with both hands in his coat pockets, smoking a cigar with an air of excessive nonchalance. Acting at once upon her instinct, she walked straight up to him, and looking him squarely in the eyes, held out her hand. Whereupon, without hesitation, but slowly, the man thrust his right hand in his trousers pocket, fished out her purse, put it into her waiting palm, and deliberately walked away. The whole transaction probably occupied not more than ten seconds.

—The greatness of man dawneth as he dieth and waxeth as he groweth remote. The picture of George Washington adorns a joss house in New York, and is there adored by the Chinese population as the patron saint of the laundry. The Celestials actually believe Washington was a great washee-washee god, and honor him accordingly.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A Southern correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times* says that there are three seasons in Florida — the orange, vegetable and invalid season—and that the last pays the best. Somebody had said before him that in the summer the natives of Florida live on sweet potatoes and sugar-cane, and in the winter on the Yankees.

—During his visit to Arkansas recently, to look after his railroad interests there, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, gave to the city of Little Rock the sum of $50,000 as the nucleus of a fund for establishing a public library and reading-room, to which he also promised to send collections of books from time to time.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE DAIRY.

—Iowa continues to increase her creameries. They will soon be so numerous there if they keep on that every farmer will own one.

—The average of an ordinary fair dairy of native cows would be about a pound of butter to twelve quarts of milk with good feeding. Good feeding would be plenty of good hay or corn fodder with not less than four quarts of meal.

—The present season will see a big boom in the creamery business in Minnesota. The farmers are ready to embrace the new faith, and are anxious to have creameries established in their midst. With their cheap lands and feed they can produce milk cheaper than any of the other dairy States and will become competitors of the more eastern States.

—Good butter may be spoiled in churning. Over-churning, or churning at too high or too low a temperature, affects the texture and changes the proper waxiness to a sticky greasiness. The proper temperature of winter cream for churning will usually be found to be about sixty or sixty-five degrees.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—When a calf is weaned from the cow it should always be fed with warm milk and sweet, and the stomach cannot adapt itself to the change from warm to cold food or from sweet to sour milk. If the milk is warmed to 99° and given in moderate quantity the change of food can be made safely in nearly all cases. Care should be taken not to permit the calf to swallow the milk too fast.

—The reason why creamery butter is better than the ordinary farm or dairy article is that at the factory there is enough to do to keep one or more persons employed all the time, and they are always on hand to perform each operation at the right time. They always have ice or cold spring water, so as to control the temperature, and every operation can be done at the best time. One reason why family butter can not be made as good as that at the factory or dairy is that there is not enough milk together. With one or two cows two or three days must elapse between the churnings, and in hot weather the cream can not, under ordinary circumstances, be kept good for this length of time, and if cream is allowed to become over-ripe, the butter can not have a good flavor.—*Michigan Farmer.*

—The Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* in a recent issue said: "It is claimed in the West that cold storage has been a blessing to butter producers, as well as consumers, during the past season, because the butter was put into refrigerators instead of allowing it to flood the market during the period of heaviest production, and prices were thus sustained. For three months past this stored-away stock has been dealt out by the commission men, until now it is pretty well consumed and no harm has come to her market. It is also claimed that this selling out has been 'on the sly,' so that dairymen were not aware of what was going on; otherwise the price of winter-made butter would have been higher, its price having been kept down under a belief that when the 'cold storage' butter came upon the market a break would inevitably take place. Chicago dealers are proverbially shrewd, but they have benefited the whole country as well as themselves by playing a little trick on the dairymen, and thus keeping the prices of Elgin butter, which sets the high-water mark for other butter markets, within reasonable bounds."

Demand for Dairy Cows.

A scarcity of dairy cows is reported in all parts of the country. The high price of milk the present winter is attributed to the small number of cows that are in a condition to supply the market. Very few calves are raised in any of the districts where dairying is the leading business. Dairy farmers think they can use their land and buildings to better advantage than in raising calves. They desire to keep all the milch cows possible. Many sell their calves as soon as they are of a size to make veal, while others kill them when they are only two or three days old. In some sections the calves are kept on skimmed milk till they are large enough to stand a journey on cars, when they are sent to some part of the country where land is plenty and feed cheap. Dairy farmers, as a rule, dislike to be troubled with raising calves or with fattening old cows. It suits their purpose best to dispose of their young calves and old cows and to buy young cows when they have occasion to replenish their herds. Recently they have had difficulty in obtaining them. Buyers go through all parts of the west picking up cows for eastern dairymen. Obviously there is money to be made raising first-class cows to sell to dairymen. The calves can be bred on western farms and kept till after they have had calves of their own, when they can be taken in car-load lots to the great dairy centers and sold. Female calves bred in dairy districts can also be bought at the stock-yards in Chicago and St. Louis, and kept on farms till they are of an age and in a condition to sell. Female calves can always be bought at lower prices than males, as there is more demand for them for producing beef. As these calves come from good milking stock the chances are that they will make good milkers.

Observation shows that cows that have dropped their first calf will bring as much as bullocks of the same age. Their calves are worth considerable, as they can be kept on the farms where they were dropped till they are old enough to market. Milch cows can be raised cheaper than bullocks, as they are generally smaller in size. The former are in the best condition for the market when they are in ordinary flesh, while the latter must be well fattened before they are sent to market. The markets for dairy cows are more accessible than those for fat cattle. Good milch cows are not only in demand in the districts where much butter and cheese are made, but in the neighborhood of cities where the milk is sold to customers for domestic use. There is also a steady demand for first-class cows to be kept in towns and cities. For the former purpose cows are required that will give a large amount of milk, and consequently Holsteins, Ayrshires, or short-horns of good milking stock are preferred. Persons in towns and cities prefer small cows that will furnish rich milk, and Jersey stock, pure or high crosses, suit the purpose best. Beef has been so high during the past few years that most stock-growers have given their entire attention to the raising of animals that will furnish a large amount of choice meat. The raising of cows for the dairy has been neglected in most parts of the country. In sections where it is difficult to raise large crops of corn and other kinds of food necessary for producing fat there is probably more profit in raising dairy cows than beeves. In some places it would be judicious to raise the female calves for the dairy and the males for the shambles. Many families of short-horns produce good milkers and furnish desirable animals for producing either milk or beef.—*Chicago Times.*

—Nothing is more certain than the uncertainty of politics.

The Great Gaul.

The history of France, indeed, of all nations, is a record of its great men. Apart from the revolution whenever France has attracted the attention of the world, it was when she was ruled by a Charlemagne, a Henri Quatre, a Richelieu, a Louis Quatorze, a Napoleon, or a Thiers. Gambetta, in recent years, was by all odds the foremost man in his country, yet he was not in office, but it was understood that whenever the effort was to be made to recover Alsace and Lorraine, he would be installed into power to lead France and her allies against the hated Germans. But he has passed away in the very prime of life, and for the moment the French people have no great leader whose flag they can follow. There is a mystery about the death of Gambetta. At any rate the affair is surrounded by a mystery which is unaccountable in view of the publicity which attends even the domestic doings of the foremost people of our times. The death of Gambetta would seem to insure the peace of Europe for this year at least. Russia would doubtless like to attack Austria and seize Constantinople if France were ready to co-operate with her, but the French people have shown themselves very prudent while Gambetta lived, and his death will induce even greater caution. There is no one now to commence a war, unless, indeed, Austria should take the initiative, backed by Germany. But Kaiser William is now very old, and Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," feels the infirmities of age; and neither are likely to begin a war, standing as they do on the very verge of the grave. But the war must come. There seems to be no way of settling the Eastern question, and the relations of Russia, Germany, and France to the rest of Europe, without an appeal to the dread arbitrament of the sword. It will be a fearful and destructive conflict when it occurs, but its beginning may be postponed beyond the limits of the present year.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—A statue to the first translator of the New Testament, William Tyndale—designed by Mr. J. E. Boehm, and to be cast in bronze—is to be erected soon at the west end of the garden of the Thames embankment. The names of the universities, counties, towns and societies in Great Britain, the colonies and this country, which have contributed to the expense, will be inscribed on the pedestal. Tyndale is represented in a doctor's gown, with his right hand resting on an open New Testament.

—A little balloon filled with hydrogen gas was recently sent up from Paris by a tradesman, who attached to it his card with his name and address. The other day he was surprised to hear tidings of the balloon all the way from Russia. M. Jarochowitch, a priest at Tchigi, in the government of Grodno and district of Bielsk, picked it up in that remote region only three days after it had been launched from Paris.

—On a West India schooner which came into New York harbor the other day there was a negro acting in the most absurd manner, and apparently suffering from convulsions. "All well on board?" asked the quarantine officer. "All but this confounded slowaway," was the reply, "he's swallowed most of my cargo." "What is your cargo?" "Sugar and Jamaica rum," said the skipper.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The sailors of a Cunard steamer at New York were very much disturbed recently, when they found that the "Mountain Evangelist" Barnes was on board and was to sail in the vessel. "We'll 'ave nothin' but bad weather from dock to dock," said one of them. "As sure's a parson's aboard, whether he's the Dean of Westminster or the false prophet, we are pitchin' and tumblin' and 'ave h'all sorts of trouble."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—At a german in Memphis six doves were placed in each of the six large centre cakes, and when the cakes were cut the birds flew out and perched on the window cornices and mantels.

Important Proclamation.

The Hon. Peter Bowe is Sheriff of the City and County of New York. Recently, in conversation with one of our reporters, Mr. Bowe proclaimed the following fact: "I consider St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. Mrs. Bowe always has a bottle of it there, and makes a family remedy of it."—*New York Evening Telegram.*

A GOOD deacon in one of our suburbs is so much opposed to gambling that he refuses to shake off his lethargy.—*Boston Transcript.*

Three Jewels.

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THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 23, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 25	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 5 75
HOGS—Common	6 25	@ 6 85
Good packers	7 15	@ 7 65
SHEEP	5 00	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13½	@
No. 2 winter red	1 08	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	44½	@
Rye—No. 2	65	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 50	@18 75
Lard—Steam	11-15	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	43	@
Prime Creamery	40	@ 48
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 2 65
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 25
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 70	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 19	@ 1 19¾
No. 1 white	1 10	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	67	@ 68½
Oats—mixed	51	@ 52
PORK—Mess	19 25	@19 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 07	@ 1 08
Corn No. 2	58¾	@ 55¾
Oats—No. 2	39½	@
Rye	59	@
PORK—Mess	[illegible]	@
LARD—Steam	11-10	@11-12½
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 16¼	@
Corn—mixed	63	@
Oats—mixed	53	@ 54
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	54	@
Oats—mixed	45	@
PORK—Mess	18 75	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 06	@
CORN	50½	@
OATS—mixed	42	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 70	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

TIMES must be good in Philadelphia. They are coining money there all the time.

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1883. NUMBER 23.

TOLD WITH A KISS.

I know not how it happened,
Or what I had to say,
But clouds hid all the sunshine
On my darling's face that day.
I longed to ask forgiveness
For bitter words of mine,
But my pride was fierce and stubborn,
And so I gave no sign.

I saw the swift tears falling
Upon my darling's cheek,
And then the grieved lip quivered
With words she did not speak.
Then something whispered to me:
"What better way than this;
To tell her that you love her,
And tell it with a kiss?"

"Dear heart," I cried, "I love you!
Forgive the words I spoke."
Across her face the sunshine
Through summer showers broke.
"I'm most to blame," she whispered,
"For what has gone amiss."
And the troubles of the morning
Were ended in a kiss.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in N. Y. Ledger.*

THE PRIMA DONNA'S DAUGHTER.

One morning, before rehearsal, in the green-room of the opera-house, Von Tromp, the barytone, asked Signor Notti if he had yet seen the daughter of their prima donna. It is astonishing what a commotion this question, delivered in the sonorous tones of Von Tromp, aroused among those of the members of the orchestra and company who were standing and sitting around the greenroom stove.

Signor Notti was never very quick to answer a question in English, so Monsieur Laflip, the French tenor, had opportunity to remark: "It is that which harass me. They say she have but yesterday arrive to these shores. Now, my friends, to what position will they place her in this company here!"

"How can we tell what she will do when we have never seen her?" said Madame Hilary, the contralto. "If I could put my eyes on her, I would know in a moment what she would sing."

"But she may not sing at all," said Signor Paulo, the basso. "Perhaps she vill dance."

"In the ballet," sneered Madame Hilary. "That's very likely, and she the daughter of the manager. I believe she will prove to have a sort of low soprano voice."

"And vy?" cried Signorina Morine, who was announced in the bills as a mezzo-soprano.

"Because it is so easy," replied Madame Hilary. "Almost all green young things have that kind of a voice."

Here Von Tromp rolled in his barytone between these two. "It matters not so much," said he, "what she will sing as what is her adjective."

"For de boels. Yaas, dat is mohs eemportanteh," said Signor Notti, with a troubled air. Signor Notti generally had a troubled air. He cultivated it. He was one of those small tenors who appear in "Don Giovanni," where they are led about from scene to scene between Donna Anna and Elvira. He was not much afraid that it would be said that the young woman was anything *grazia*, but he thought (in Italian) that the matter might as well be settled.

"There are no adjectives left that I know of," said Madame Hilary. "'Talented,' 'brilliant,' things about a 'fine organ,' and such terms as would suit a beginner are already in use. But I expect her mother will do something very good for her."

"And so she ought," cried Madame Gandervoort, who sang in the soprani chorus, and was married to the triangles and cymbals, or at least to the performer on those instruments. "An' so vould I eef I had von daughter and von koompany."

Madame Gandervoort was a good woman. She always appeared before the foot-lights in a low-necked dress and red-heeled slippers, no matter what the rest of her costume might be; and at home she wore black woollen stockings, and washed dishes for five boys and a (sometimes very) triangular husband.

"She sall call hor figlia vot she sall pleezo, but she sall not say ze eminenteh mezzo-soprano from ze Conservatoire uf Botzen," remarked Signorina Morine.

"I don't think she'll be likely to want that," said Madame Hilary, "for I never believed there was any conservatory at Botzen. You ought to know, Von Heins," said she to the trombone-player, "for you came from that country. *Is* there a conservatory at Botzen?"

"Hum!" said Von Heins, stroking his beard—hum! Conservatory at Botzen, hey? Hum! Anybody ought to know about dat."

"But eet ees not the *conservatoire*, eet ees the adjectif," said Signor Paulo, who had his eye upon the whitening countenance of the eminent Morine.

"It is that she can not have the 'favorite,' because they know her not at all; and beside the 'favorite' it is mine," said M. Laflip.

"Perhaps they will give her 'most eminent,'" said Madame Hilary. "They say that 'most eminent' will be all the rage this season."

"Eef zay do—" cried Signorina Morine; and then she restrained herself. She knew her vocabularian weakness.

"She may be a real soprano," said Amanda Hastings, of the contralto chorus, the firm ally and spasmodically paid dressmaker of Madame Hilary; "and Madame Sohn may let her go on as prima donna seconda. They do that sometimes."

"They must have the very fine eye for the language if they to themselves say that," remarked Laflip. "For me, I think her good mother will to her give the adjective of 'brillant.' It is a good one for the beginners."

"But what then becomes of my solos?" inquired the cornet-a-pistonier, who had just got the drift of the conversation into his bald head. "Can anybody tell me that?" and he glared around for information. No one answered him, but Mr. Sylvester, the basso-profondo, looked over the stove at Madame Hilary and smiled.

"I have several adjectives," said he, "and I never use but one of them at a time. She can have any of them that she may choose. How would 'thundering debutante' sound?"

Here Mr. Sylvester smiled over the stove again, and everybody laughed, for the big basso-profondo was a great wit, and might have been a buffo just as well as not, and played Leporello if he only could have seemed as funny on the stage as he did off of it.

"Oh, you needn't all laugh so," said Amanda Hastings, "for there was a woman once with a bass voice, and she had a beard."

"I propose," said Von Tromp, "that we give her the name of *zusammenschlag*, for I expect she is of inferior note."

No notice was taken of this remark, for Von Tromp had not a reputation for brilliancy.

At this moment Madame Sohn, the manager as well as the prima donna of the troupe, made her appearance, accompanied by her daughter. Madame Sohn was a tall, dark woman, with a look about her mouth as if it would open very wide. She came in, leading her daughter by the hand. Evidently there was to be a state introduction. The young lady had not the commanding presence of her mother. She was scraggy, and had unmanageable yellow hair.

"Zounds!" said Mr. Sylvester, in a whisper to Von Heins, "you could turn her upside down and use her head for a horn mop."

"Ladiees and gentlemen of my koompany," said Madame Sohn, "thees is my daughter, Bertha Sohn. After this morning she vill be von of us. For the last ten year my daughter haf led the or—"

At this moment a call-boy clutched the prima donna, and she stopped to scowl upon him. But on hearing his message she turned again to her audience.

"Excuse me von minute," she said. "The trayuter sends for me. I am back right off away." And she swiftly left the room.

For a moment the Fraulein Sohn and her new acquaintances stared each other in the face, and then the young woman, abashed by so many strange and apparently frozen countenances, retired to a window, and with her back to the company gazed out upon the busy scenes of a back street.

"The skies!" exclaimed Laflip, in an undertone of horror, "is it that she will lead the orchestra?"

"I never heard of such a thing in all my born days," said Madame Hilary, regarding the mop head at the window with a glance of astounded scorn.

The first violin was a little man, and he stood in the middle of the floor aghast. He turned pale and green, like a man with a bilious chill, and his long fingers clutched and unclutched like gnashing teeth. But he said never a word. He was a Pole, and his little English fled dismayed from his despair and horror.

"Lead the orchestra!" exclaimed Amanda Hastings. "It's horrible. Like a Vienna woman!"

Von Heins, the trombone man, was a person of few words. He never spoke if he could help it, but he had a loud voice. And now he thundered out: "She shall never leat me! Ven it kooms to that, i vill take mine thrombone to mine house, and I vill lift him up to mine room, and I vill fill him mit goonpowder, and I vill blow him oop—bang! She shall never leat me."

"Oh no, Von Heins," said Mr. Sylvester, "not gunpowder. That's not the style nowadays. Fill your trombone with nitro-glycerine, my good fellow. That will blow it up much better."

"I tinks I can blow oop mine own thrombone mit vot i pleases, hey? I vill blow him oop mit goonpowder myself. He is mine own."

"But you wouldn't want to be behind the age, would you?" asked Sylvester.

"I shall be behinds vat I pleases," cried Von Heins, "and she shall never leat me."

In the meantime there was other sorrow than that of Von Heins. Mrs. Gandervoort had her husband by both his hands, and tears stood in her eyes. "Dere vas a voman in Anspach," she faltered, "who led an orchestrah mit a dryangle. Oh, mine Herr, vot vill becoom of de leetle vons? Oh, mine poys! mine leetle poys! an' Hans mit de measles, too."

Here the door opened, and Madame Sohn re-entered. The greenroom company instantly resumed the frozen look it wore when she left it, and the frowzy-headed daughter turned her face inward from the window. The prima donna had scarcely reached the middle of the room when the first violinist stepped before her. His despair had previously overwhelmed his English, and now his Polish was too much for his discretion. The language of Kosciusko sprang in vociferous fragments from his mouth. But if he had poured a scuttle of coals down the waterspout, it would have sounded just as much like talking to the prima donna. No one else understood a word he said, but, with the exception of Madame Sohn and her daughter, every person in the room understood very well what he meant. They knew he was saying, as he stood there with his pea-green face and his gnashing fingers, that he would never play under the leadership of that yellow-headed girl. No! He would pass away gradually by starvation, and his imitation Cremona should follow him to his lonely grave, but she—a girl—should never regulate his *appoggiature*, his *cadenze-sospese*, and his *sdrucciolati*.

"What does the man mean?" asked Madame Sohn.

No one answered. What the first violin disguised in Polish, they hid in silence. They were a unit in regard to the rebellion. The poor Pole essayed to speak again, but his words, with their sharp edges and corners, stuck fast in his throat. He turned on his heel, and with a sort of agonized foreign amble he retreated to a corner.

Receiving no answer to her question, Madame Sohn, who was accustomed to the eccentricities of string genius, wisely let the subject drop, and resumed her former discourse.

"Ladies and ghentlemen, zis is mine daughter, Bertha Sohn. For the last ten year she haf led the orphan's life, alone in the natif villitche vere she vas born. She shall belong to my koompany, but she do not sing, and as Heinrich Jhackson is sick, she shall to-day go under de stage to stomp mit de pole ven de commandant's ghost comes valkin' on. Zat vill do for her to begin mit."—*Frank R. Stockton, in Harper's Bazar.*

—An honest man is the noblest pursuit of woman.

Glass Eyes.

The data of the introduction of glass eyes is not recorded, but they have been found in the heads of mummies staring with unearthly fight. In olden days solid glass eyes were used, but the artificial eye of to-day is of shell-like formation, and in its construction remarkable nicety and skill is required.

With the exception of a few small modifications in detail and finish the manufacture of artificial eyes has not made any particular steps forward in the last half century. Each manufacturer has a secret of his own as to the combination of material used and the modes of applying them. This secret, which in most cases is handed down from father to son, is jealously guarded, and strangers are rarely permitted to witness any of the processes of manufacture. The artificial eye, being only a light shell of enamel without any precise form, since it has to be suited to the different sizes and shapes of eyeballs, is placed under the eyelid, and is composed of two parts, the one exterior, which gives the colors of the iris, of sclerotic, or white of the eyes, as well as the blood-vessels of the healthy eye; the other, the interior, which, fitting into and capping the stump, receives movement from it. The manufacture of artificial eyes consists in three very distinct operations, as follows:

The artist seats himself at his table with a lamp or gas jet before him, which is blown by a bellows and blow-pipe worked by the foot, and gives a pointed jet flame of the strength he desires. Within reach of his hand are placed rods of enamel of different colors. He begins by taking a hollow tube of colorless crystal, one of the extremities of which being soon melted in the fire of the jet forms a ball when blown. As the color given by the crystal has no resemblance to that of the sclerotic, usually called the white of the eye, his first labor is to color the ball in such a manner that it may be of the same hue as the natural eye. To attain this result he applies to the ball enamel of different colors, which, amalgamating with the crystal in a pasty state, gradually gives it the desired tint, which differs in each individual. This tint obtained he makes a circular opening in the center of the ball, destined to receive the globe of the eye. When the hole is made the ball is put on one side. The globe is made by first forming the iris, which is done by the use of several amalgamations of enamel, according to requirements of the case. The iris finished, a spot of black enamel is placed in the center to form a pupil, which is then encircled with its aureola. The infinitely small fibers found in the iris are then drawn.

The globe when finished is soldered to the sclerotic by means of the lamp, after which the artist rectifies any small imperfections that he may observe, and it only remains to pare the ball in order to obtain a shell, which, rounded at the edges, may perfectly resemble the living eye with which it is to be placed, not only in form, but also in color. The enameled surface of a well-made eye is really lovely, and when even closely examined it has every appearance of the natural eye, both in brilliancy, depth and light.—*N. Y. Journal.*

The Way to Do It.

In 1871 a farmer bought 400 acres of reputed poor land in Glynn county, Ga., and poor land there is poor land indeed, such as California farmers know but little, if anything, about. Upon this land he put 100 sheep. In 1873, by natural increase, he had 375 ewes, and had sent to market 75 wethers. He had a portable fence and penned his sheep nightly, and every two nights they manured two and a half acres well. In the first eight years he had 100 acres of land highly manured and in a state of cultivation, which, when he purchased it, was almost worthless. This man has always kept a book account of every dime and dollar spent upon his sheep, and by casting up a balance sheet after several years found that his sheep cost him exactly 75 cents per annum per head. They average him about three and a half pounds of wool each. Last spring he clipped in May and again in September, and the clip amounted to five and a half pounds per head. Last year he sold 800 pounds of wool, making an absolute net profit of $1,664. Last year he sold 92 wethers as mutton for $312, making a total of $2,289; besides this, from 81 acres of the fertilized poor land—41 acres in corn, averaging 31 bushels; 10 in sugar-cane, that made 50 barrels of sirup; 15 in oats, that averaged 42 bushels to the acre; besides growing other truck. Now if a man can take a poor piece of land and with good management bring it into a high state of productiveness at no expense, but on the contrary, make money all the time he is doing it, cannot a person take good land and keep it up to its present standard? Of course it can be done, with far less trouble than the poor land can be brought up; but the trouble is that when the ordinary tiller of the soil starts on good rich virgin soil he is prone to believe that with ordinary cultivation it will always remain so, and he puts forth no efforts to keep up the fertility of the soil, and as his land yields a little less year by year, he attributes the cause to the season or the seed, and never for a moment thinks that it is on account of the constant and gradual decline in the fertility of the soil. The proper way to farm is to keep your land in at least its original condition of fertility, and this can be done with anything like good management. Then it should be the object and effort of every landowner to so manage as to keep up the fertility. A bushel of wheat more to the acre on all the land in wheat last year in the United States would have made a difference in the aggregate crop of about 80,000,000 bushels, and this sold at $1.25 per bushel would have given to the producers $100,000,000 more than received. A general increase is desirable and can be obtained.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Governor Waller, of Connecticut, confined his fast-day proclamation to the space of five and a half lines, and still found room in it for references to "the religious character of the people of this Commonwealth" and the "revered custom of our pious forefathers."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Clifton, S. C., is sending shirtings to China. One of her cotton factories has received an order for five hundred bales.

—A valuable phosphate mine has developed near Kingston, Ont. There is one pit from which nearly three hundred tons of mineral have been taken.

—Two years ago the present site of Ketchum, Idaho, was a sage plain and nothing else. To-day there are numerous well laid avenues, a town park, and a main street with upwards of fifty business houses.

—Canning oranges is growing to be one of the industries of Florida. The fruit is peeled and broken into its natural sections before canning, which is done by a process similar to that used for preserving other fruits, and when taken out is ready for use.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—There is a growing interest in the Connecticut Valley in the "mohair industry," involving the breeding of Angora goats. The only mohair goods manufactory in the United States is located at Seymour, Conn., and it is claimed that in the nine months of its existence it has made one hundred per cent. profit.

—An Indiana man has invented an instrument to make the deaf hear. It consists of a metalic plate, which is worn next to the body and covers the entire stomach, to which is attached copper wires, running from this plate to the instrument that is placed to the ear. The object of the metalic plate is to concentrate the electricity of the body.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A noted physiologist has just concluded a series of special observations which he says proves conclusively that wearing corsets makes women thick-waisted and dumpy. They weaken the muscles of the back, the back and body settle down, in some instances an inch and more. He concludes by citing the fact that all men agree that women look better in bathing suits than in stays.

—A Parisian dealer in fire-works has invented a sort of rocket which when introduced into a rabbit burrow will find its way downward and when well into the bowels of the earth explode like a shell, driving out the happy family in dire dismay. If this device succeeds as well in the ground as on paper, the ferret's occupation will be gone. For the discomfiture of larger game, like the fox or the coney, the rocket will be arranged with a chemical attachment, which, when the explosion occurs, will give off a poisonous vapor immediately fatal to the unlucky beast inhaling it.

—One of the principal engineering inventions, noticed of late in the foreign journals, is a device for the instantaneous formation of steam, which permits of its use at once in the cylinder of the engine. A pump sends the required quantity of liquid between two plate surfaces, which are heated, and between which there is only a capillary space. The effect of this arrangement is, that the liquid, spreading in a thin layer, evaporates at once, without going at all into the so-called spheroidal state, and this steam acts in the cylinder as fresh-formed steam. The speed of the pump is regulated by the engine, the pump being connected with the shaft of the engine, the arrangement operating very satisfactorily.

PITH AND POINT.

—Steele Mackaye is said to work eighteen hours every day.—*Exchange.* His motto is, evidently, "Mackaye while the sun shines."—*Chicago Herald.*

—"I'd have people know I'm nobody's fool," said Fenderson. "In other words," remarked Fogg, "you're your own master."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Queer! The cashier, who is short in his accounts, is universally condemned, while a reporter short in his accounts, is universally praised.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—The minuet is to be revived at fashionable dancing parties in New Orleans, and the *Picayune* says it will then be proper for the young lady who always must be dragged away to say: "O ma, let me stay one minuet longer?"

—"I don't want no rubbish, no fine sentiments, if you please," said the widow who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be short and simple—something like this: 'William Johnson, aged seventy-five years. The good die young.'"—*Detroit Post.*

—No, Joseph, the New York Steam Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, don't you know that steam is hot, anyway, and doesn't have to be heated by a company.—*Puck.*

—Man is continually saying to woman: "Why are you not more wise?" Woman is constantly saying to man: "Why are you not more loving?" Unless each is both wise and loving there can be no real growth. And yet no woman is wise enough to put up a stove-pipe and no man loving enough to do it without swearing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A stylishly-dressed woman entered a restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish to order." Could a woman in a sealskin confess that she could not read? Taking the pencil she made a few dashes, and her order read: "Dinner fifty cents," "Feb. 20, '83," "vegetables," "please pay at the desk," "co'cry." The waiter brought her beefsteak and onions and prune sauce, and she did not dare raise a word in protest.—*Cleveland Voice.*

—"I have made one human being happy to-day," said Fred Blanks to Bob Belt, an Austin lawyer. "Did you send a barrel of flour to a poor widow?" asked Bob. "No; my means do not allow me to be so extravagant, but I told an applicant for a position in the Legislature that I knew he was going to get it." "Well, that was one of those little courtesies that casts a ray of sunshine into the troubled life of a fellow traveler in this vale of tears and which does not cost anything." "The mischief it didn't cost anything! I borrowed two dollars from him on the strength of it."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Older Britain.

Britain formed part of the Continent in the remote age known by the geologists as pleistocene or quaternary, and the ancestors of our present wild animals, such as foxes, wild cats, martins, stags and roe-deer, passed freely into it from the adjacent regions of France and Germany, along with others which have been exterminated here within the historic period, but which still live on the mainland, such as the bear, wolf and beaver. The land then stood six hundred feet above its present level, and the sea-board now marked by the sunken cliffs at the one hundred-fathom line reached some two hundred miles to the west of Ireland, passing northward so as to include the Hebrides and Shetlands, hugging closely the shores of the Scandinavian peninsula, and forming a narrow fiord to the north of Denmark. Southward it swept across the mouth of the present English Channel, past the mouth of the Loire and Garonne, till it came close to the precipitous shores of the Bay of Biscay. To the west was the Atlantic and to the east and south the land extended as far as the Mediterranean and the steppes of Asiatic Russia. The North Sea was a broad open valley, studded with a few fresh water lakes, like the meres of East Anglia, traversed by the Thames and other eastern rivers, as well as by the Rhine and the Elbe, all of which discharge their waters northward into the Scandinavian Gulf, as it may be termed. A long line of chalk downs, reaching from Folkestone and Margate across to St. Pol and Sangatte, formed the watershed separating the valley of the North Sea from that of the Channel, through which the rivers of the southern counties and of northern France poured their waters into the Atlantic. A broad valley, too, stretched between Ireland and our western coast, with a deep and narrow loch, some hundred and fifty fathoms deep, severing it from Scotland. The wild beasts of the Continent, tempted by the woodlands and pastures of these fertile valleys, freely passed into Britain, and have left their remains in the river beds of gravel and loam, not merely on the land, but under the sea, from which they have been dredged in vast numbers. Beside the familiar animals above mentioned, there were lions, panthers, hyenas, hippopotami and others now only met with in warm countries; reindeer, musk-sheep and wolverenes, now only found in the far north; horses, bisons and elks, now living in temperate regions, as well as strange, extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the cave bear. These animals migrated north and south, according to the season, across the valleys of the North Sea and of the Channel, and, just as the migratory herds in America are followed by the red Indian and those of Northern Asia by the Siberian hunters, so were they followed by the river-drift hunter, whose implements lie scattered over the whole of Europe south of the latitude of Yorkshire. In the course of time, too, the highly equipped Caveman crossed over to this country and used the caverns for habitations. While Southern and Eastern Britain was the home of man and the animals he hunted, the higher parts of Wales, Cambria and of Scotland, and the greater portion of Ireland were covered by glaciers, which crept down into the lower grounds, offering an impenetrable barrier to migration, and leaving behind the transported blocks and grooved rock surfaces which enable us to map their ancient extent.—*Contemporary Review.*

Decline in Speculative Future Dealing.

There are evidences in the reports of the decreased speculative dealings in New York and other stock boards that the casual operators, the small dabblers in futures, the unsophisticated country investors, the class which card gamblers call "producers," are gaining a modicum of wisdom, and getting it in that school of which it is said fools will learn in no other. The regular dealers—the big fish in the great ocean of stock and produce gambling—are now engaged in the not very profitable work of trying to eat each other. It is not likely—it is indeed morally impossible—that the spirit of gambling among the people all over the country will disappear. But the mania has its seasons of inflammation and abatement. There is a slight cooling off now. The process of feeding the bloated gamblers of the boards of the great cities will be reduced to the minimum when all come to understand that the chances are a hundred to one against a "speculator" who puts in a few hundred dollars ever getting a cent back, and that this is especially true where he repeats the experiment and "tries his luck" several times.

It is not asserted that a small operator may not guess the market as well as another. It makes no difference whether he gets on the right or the wrong side. All sides are wrong for a man who has not plenty of money to cover his margins. He may, for example, buy April wheat now at a dollar a bushel. The grain may at the date for settlement be worth one dollar and twenty-five cents. But between now and then, upon some vague and senseless rumor, the price will drop for a moment to ninety-five cents, which wipes out his margin and sweeps his money into the common fund of the gamblers. He had guessed the market right, but for the purpose of taking the funds of all small fry like him the market always oscillates enough to take the margins of the scores, hundreds and thousands of little dealers located in every neighborhood, village town and city in the land. And thus the nabobs of the market are fed and fattened. The game of thimble-rig, three card monte and brace faro are fair and even in comparison with the "Heads I win and tails you lose" future dealing by small operators. Every young man, and old one, too, for that matter, should avoid these sink-holes of so-called speculation as they would a lazaret. All intelligent observers read with pleasure the reports that there is a dearth of this sort of "business" in the great trade centers.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—The readiness with which the foot of the modern man taketh him to the club would go far to prove that man is by nature club-footed.—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

Religious.

SHOW ME THE WAY.

Show me the way that leads to the true life.
I do not care what tempests may assail me:
I shall be given courage for the strife;
I know my strength will not desert or fail me:
I know that I shall conquer in the fray—
Show me the way.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
Where body shall be servant of the soul,
I do not care what tides of woe or pain
Across my life their angry waves may roll,
If I but reach the end I seek some day—
Show me the way.

Show me the way above all little aims,
All foolish sorrows and belittling pleasures,
Above small triumphs over little gains,
Above vain grieving for unworthy treasures,
Up to those heights where these things seem child's play.
Show me the way.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace,
Which springs from inward consciousness of right,
To where these conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
And self shall radiate with the spirit's light,
Tho' hard the journey and the strife, Lord, I pray,
Show me the way.

—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Advance.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 1	—Simon the Sorcerer	Acts 8:14-25
April 8	—Philip and the Ethiopian	Acts 8:26-40
April 15	—Saul's Conversion	Acts 9:1-18
April 22	—Saul Preaching Christ	Acts 9:19-31
April 29	—Peter Working Miracles	Acts 9:32-43
May 6	—Peter Preaching to the Gentiles	Acts 10:30-44
May 13	—The Spread of the Gospel	Acts 11:19-30
May 20	—Herod and Peter	Acts 12:1-17
May 27	—Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus	Acts 13:1-12
June 3	—At Antioch	Acts 13:13-16 and 43-52
June 10	—At Iconium and Lystra	Acts 14:1-18
June 17	—End of the First Missionary Journey	Acts 14:19-28
June 24	—Review.	

AN EVIL TONGUE.

Rev. J. H. Barrows, D. D., preached a very interesting sermon last night at Central Music Hall to an immense audience upon "Sins of the Tongue." The text was:

"If any man offend not in word, the same also is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."—*James, iii, 2.*

The reverend gentleman said in substance:

What are the sins of the tongue which should be specified? Do I need to speak against profanity? It is a vulgar vice sadly prevalent. Those who do not realize its sinfulness ought not at least to forget that profane swearing is not the mark of a gentleman. Shall I refer to filthiness of speech? Only to say to the young that the beginning of this vice ought to be so carefully avoided that you will continue to be sensitive to any approach to vulgarity of language and learn to loathe and rebuke this abomination.

But perhaps the chief sins of an evil tongue are seen in untruthfulness and uncharitableness of speech. The foundation of good character is truth in the inner man. If this foundation is wanting, we may look for almost every evil development. A young man or woman who is getting into habits of insincerity of speech through petty falsehoods is undermining almost every virtue of life. If you know that in business as a salesman, a merchant, a manufacturer, in the home as a child, if in social life as a friend and in political life as a citizen you are getting accustomed to falsities of utterance, deviations from the exact truth, misrepresentations for the sake of fancied advantage of yourself or others, you are surely poisoning the fountains of personal morality. "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Would that such works were more numerous! Men feel their manhood cut to the quick when the epithet "liar" is hurled at them, but too often their anger is the rousing up of conscience and selfish pride rather than righteous resentment against an injustice. Men are right in being drawn out to those rare souls the Lincolns and Washingtons, Hampdens and Wellingtons, who have built their lives on "the brave old wisdom of sincerity."

The Greek philosopher Pythagoras, being asked when men are most like God, answered: "When they speak the truth."

But the tongue sins not only by untruthfulness but also by unkindness of speech. I scarcely need to refer to the quarrelsomeness of boys, the bad temper of girls, the angry disputes of married people, of which you may have read in books or newspapers, and the querulousness which sometimes deforms old age. Love has no better outlet than in pleasant words, than in gentle and cheering speech, and an evil heart never seems more repulsive than when it wags a rough tongue. There are people whose religion has never reached the second verse of the 15th chapter of Romans. "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good unto edification." They believe it their duty to scold him or let him feel the chill of their ugliness, or, at least, to be very chary of commendation. One defect of many characters is a slowness of tongue to speak those pleasant words which are "sweet to the soul and health to the bones." How much more delightful our home-life and how much more attractive to each other and the outside world our church-life would be were the gospel of the kindly tongue more preached and practiced. It is frequently said that women are more often guilty of untruthfulness than men, but I think it more likely that men are oftener guilty of unkindness than women. I know that Solomon—who had a vast experience in domestic life—said: "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house;" but a cross-grained man will often wear out a dozen ugly women.

When some men, who mistake impudence for frankness, presume to lavish on you the amenities of their speech, every word a slap or a stab, you would greatly prefer to meet a Rocky Mountain bear robbed of her whelps. I sometimes think that many people will be kept quiet in Heaven for about 500 years till they have forgotten the earthly tempers, and outgrown that surliness of spirit, those hedgehog peculiarities bequeathed, it may be, by generations of godly men who spent their lives in fighting the wild beasts and the savages, developed by a somewhat morose interpretation of the Old Testament Scriptures, and confirmed by the habitual use of bad pastry and old cider. There is every reason why we should cultivate the sunnier tempers of the Christian Gospel. The ideal man is not like the goat which the prophet saw in his vision striking out in all directions, striving to hit something or somebody, but he is the Christian gentleman of the Pauline pattern, "speaking the truth in love." A gentleman is a man of gentle words, and where courtesy is married to truthfulness, you approach the perfection of human habit and character. Solomon described the perfect woman, saying: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness;" and of all the inscriptions ever written upon a tombstone there is scarcely one more to be coveted than that which simply said of the departed: "She was so pleasant."

Allied to unkindness of speech with others is unkindness of speech about others. Some men will hardly allow a good man's name to be mentioned without fixing upon it some word of detraction. Is it not strange that men who value their own reputations so highly should continually contribute to the undermining of the reputations of their neighbors? God knows we are all imperfect enough, but is it the part of love to expose each other's imperfections and magnify them to the ruin of good influence. "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." "The words of the wicked are to lie in wait for blood"—the blood of human reputation. "A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor;" "a whisperer separateth chief friends." Let uncharitableness of mind be joined to personal hate, and it creates that vilest of characters, the slanderer, the assassin of human reputation, the thief of that good name which is an honorable man's chief treasure. Paul said: "Speak evil of no man," which is doubtless the Christian's general rule to be deviated from only when benevolence requires deviation for the sake of some higher good. But O, the shameful contrast between this Pauline teaching and the habit prevailing, whether at the club-room or the tea party, of retailing and gloating over every item of scandalous gossip, of feasting like vultures on bits of precious carrion. Some people appear to have no relish for character unless it seems to them rotten. It is almost an argument for Darwinism that there remains in human nature so much of the buzzard.

Men kill their neighbors sometimes by a greediness to believe and report evil concerning them, by circulating as probable some story which may turn out to be the invention or perversion of an enemy. "Haven't you heard the news about Mr. A?" "No; what is it?" "Somebody says—" "Are you sure?" "Yes; but the fact is that Mrs. X. overheard Mrs. Y. say that she had a letter from Mrs. Z.'s aunt who said that she had heard a niece of hers declare that it was rumored in her town that Mr. A. was not what he ought to be." But this Mr. A. turns out to be another Mr. A. from the one originally referred to, whose reputation, however, has suffered all the same! There is no better habit to form than that of refusing to listen to scandal; or if this is impossible, of refusing to repeat it, and to join with this the habit of speaking well of one's neighbor. Several young ladies were once criticising an absent friend in the presence of a minister. They declared that she was very odd, very singular. He listened and then said: "She is, indeed, very odd, extremely singular. She was never known to speak ill of any absent friends."

What are the causes of these pernicious habits? First there is the human heart itself. "Out of the heart," said Christ, "come evil thoughts, wickedness, deceit, blasphemy." Much of the lying we deplore is human selfishness seeking to gain its end by the shortest cut. Men who lie imagine it is for their profit. They are willing to sell their souls for every falsehood is a bargain with the devil for a momentary selfish advantage.

Insincerity of speech is begotten, too, by another form of evil, namely, excessive self-love, or the love of flattery. How many young men think it a higher compliment to be styled "a good fellow" than "a good man." A good fellow too frequently is some one who out of the lust for human praise uses his tongue recklessly to win the cheap regard of everybody regardless of truth. Then there is the foolish self-conceit, which thinks it very "smart" and evidence of a high order of intelligence, to be able to reveal and show up the weakness and ridiculous aspects of other people's characters. This, however, is a mistake. The gift of finding fault and finding faults is the birthright or achievement of the crow, and some of the smallest minds are the most expert at it.

Other causes of these bad habits are ignorance about the beginnings of evil, bad education and bad example.

Let me say, in conclusion: First, make to yourself a clean heart, if you care to possess a clean tongue. Secondly, form good habits of speech early in life. And this means not simply to avoid lying, profanity, impurity and unkindness, but to use words of truth sincerely and good will. You are to root out evil by planting good. I should utterly fail of my purpose if I sent you forth with the notion that the only safe thing for you was to be eternally dumb. That is not the Christian way of moral improvement in anything. A fool may deceive the world into thinking he is wise by keeping silent and looking philosophical, but you will never arrive at sainthood, or even the reputation of it, by keeping your mouth always closed. Speak forth as God gives you opportunity the words of truth and helpfulness and kindness, which are the words of life.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

[illegible] Short.

A story is told of a school the pupils of which, on the eve of a summer vacation, got very weary of the long speeches with which the committee entertained them. When the President of the Board of Trustees at last arose to address them, he commenced by saying:

"Well, children, what sort of a speech shall I make?" and then halted a little, as if waiting for an answer. While gathering up his thoughts, to his surprise up went a little boy's hand in a distant part of the room. Thinking that there might be an idea behind it which could be turned to good account, he invited the owner of it to speak out; but was somewhat taken aback when the boy said:

"Make it short, sir!"

He proceeded to act upon the suggestion, to the great satisfaction of the children.

It requires great wisdom to speak short, and sometimes still greater wisdom not to speak at all. We remember a missionary meeting where an effort was being made to raise funds for the purpose of scattering gospel light and truth. At this meeting, after an earnest appeal had been made, and we thought that the prospect was fair for raising two or three thousand dollars, one or two men arose, and instead of opening their own liberal subscriptions, made speeches which seemed lengthy and tedious, exhorting other people to give money, some of which they might, perhaps, have given themselves. But before they had finished, the interest and enthusiasm of the meeting was so dead that it was utterly impossible to resuscitate it. We should judge that these speeches damaged the subscriptions to the extent of perhaps five or ten dollars a minute. Some man complaining of the high prices at Niagara Falls, said that it cost a dollar to pay a man for opening his mouth and another dollar to get him to shut it. In this case, we judge that a dollar invested in shutting each of these mouths would have been a profitable investment, so far as the interests of the collection were concerned. Blessed is the man who speaks short, for he shall be asked to speak again and when work is to be done, and a number of persons are to speak, the man who wearies the audience and absorbs an undue proportion of time, needs to be instructed in the simple elements of common sense, as well as to be reminded of the command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—*Church Union.*

Wise Sayings.

—Be at peace, without thinking of the future; there may be none for you.—*Fenelon.*

—Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions; decide because you have reason for decision, and then act because you have decided.

—Cultivate yourself in a worship of spirit both in church and out. He who is not reverent, who knows not how to worship, lacks one of the grandest essentials of manhood.—*Golden Rule.*

—When we ask for strength for the day, our thought is usually of that which is needed for our most important work. We should not so limit it. The grace that shall save us from evil thoughts, hasty speech, violent temper, or censorious spirit is as much needed as the other.

—One has somewhat quaintly, but very truly, said: "God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how elegant they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor at their arithmetic, how many there are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are, but He looks at their sincerity, how spiritual they are."

—We speak of business and pleasure as companionable. Indeed, the only real pleasure has something of service in it. Is it not true that business and religion may and should go hand in hand? We do our work better for the element of religion we put into it, and without doubt religion must be business-like if it would accomplish anything. Here is a good word which Dr. MacArthur, of New York, in the last *Home Circle*, speaks in the ear of business men: "If your business destroys your religion, either your business is very bad, or your religion is very weak. Attendance on your religious duties ought to make you a better man."—*Chicago Standard.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. APR. 4 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$ 80
1 "	½ "	40
1 "	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 5 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

CHARLES FOSTER says the State of Ohio will go republican next fall.

THE city of Cincinnati went democratic on the municipal election last Monday.

LOUISVILLE has put may Jacobs in the field for governor, all of which frightens Owsley and Knott.

COL. JAMES TAYLOR, died in Newport, last Thursday. He was of one of the oldest and best known families in this part of the country.

THE Enquirer of last Sunday was full of war news. In reading it one would almost imagine the country was in the midst of the rebellion.

THE democrats of Clark county have nominated Hon. Thomas G. Stuart, of the Clark County Democrat, for re-election to the legislature.

THE Yeoman of the 29th ult., presented its readers a cut of the new government building to be erected there. It will be an imposing structure.

THE libel suit of Sarah E. and George B. Hite for $25,000 damages against the Courier-Journal Company for alledged slander was decided in favor of the defendant.

MAYOR MEANS and J. D. Parker, president of the board of commerce, of Cincinnati, and other prominent citizens of that city, have invited the executive committee of the National Cotton Planters Association, to visit Cincinnati and confer with her people about holding the World's fair and the centennial cotton exposition there.

A NEW counterfeit dollar, having the exact weight, ring and appearance of the genuine, and resisting the acid test unless the outer coating is penetrated, is now in circulation. It is the most dangerous of counterfeits and would readily be accepted as genuine by merchants. Several of these coins have only been discovered to be counterfeit upon reaching a sub-treasury.

The Future Appears Favorable.

[Cincinnati Price Current.]

In regard to the present outlook for hog supplies we feel some hesitation in offering a well-defined estimate for the eight months ending the 1st of next November. We have the expressions of over 500 correspondents, recently submitted, from all sections of the West, on this subject. In collating this information we have reduced each return to a relative percentage, compared with last year, and we find for Ohio a prospect about equal to last year—possibly slightly less; for Indiana some increase, the indication being that up to June the movement will be about the same as last year, and later about 5 per cent. greater, on the average; for Illinois no gain over last year up to June, and perhaps about 5 per cent. decrease, but subsequently more than 10 per cent. increase; for Iowa there is a great variation in information, but the returns indicate an average of 10 or 15 per cent. decrease for the season; in Missouri, where there was a good corn crop in nearly all sections of the State, the average of returns indicate an increase of about 10 per cent. the first half of the season, and 20 per cent. later; in Kansas an increase is generally reported, though a shortage exists in some sections; in Nebraska corn is abundant, but there is a limited supply of hogs, not varying much from last year; in Kentucky there is promise of a material enlargment in supplies, and in Tennessee, also, some gain. Notwithstanding this showing, we believe there will be an increase of not less than 10 per cent. in the summer marketing. A year ago there was scarcity of feed. At the present time, with the exception of portions of Illinois and the eastern part of Iowa, there is generally abundance of corn, and hogs in demand for fattening on it.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Florence X-Roads.

Uncle Gus Weaver is quite sick again.

Mr. Geo. Rouse has finished plowing for corn.

Very few oats sowed. Wheat looks badly.

John Manning, of Carter county, started home from this place last Tuesday, taking with him Miss Rosanna Utz and her goods and chattels, with the intention of marrying her in his own county.

Mr. Russell has had some parts of his engine in Cincinnati for repairs. The mill will be in operation in a few days.

Our good natured citizen, John Utz, has a load of hay which has been standing on the roadside for several days, and from which the horses and cows have been feasing.

Mr. Robt. Rouse purchased a prize plug of Honesty Tobacco and got a watch.

John Aylor has graduated in the barber trade, and will locate at this place. Your patronage is solicited.

Taylorport.

Several of our young folks attended the dance at Stringtown last week.

Miss Page Grubbs has almost completed her musical studies in Cincinnati

Hugh Kennedy had began to erect a residence on one of the lots left him by Mrs. McNeil, deceased, and last week received a letter from some heirs that claim the property. He has stopped all operation to await futher developments

Mr. Burt Breed, an accomplished young gent of New York, has been a frequent visitor to this place since last Christmas. He departed last week for the West, but will return in the fall, it is rumored, to claim a bride from our midst.

Petersburg.

The Green Brothers have purchased the stock of groceries of the late Nathaniel Green, decd., and expect to start a first-class grocery.

Henry Chapman, who has been confined to his bed for several days with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, is some better at this writing.

E. V. Newman, of Rising Sun, Ind., was visiting friends here last Friday..

A fire broke out, last Tuesday morning, about 8 o'clock, in a house belonging to Mrs. T. H. Green and occupied as a grocery, but it was soon extinguished by the bucket brigade before much damage was done.

The black Marias keep things regulated. They have now given two of our brothers orders to keep straight or they will take them to the river and give them a cold bath. One of the brothers says if they molest him they will get hurt. He says; "Do you hear?"

Mrs. H. J. Marshall, of Aurora, and her sister, Miss Fannie Haward, of Gent, Ky, Mrs. C. W. Jenkins, of Lawrenceburg, Miss Hulda Dawson, of Guilford, Ind, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Misses Sue and Ida Smith, Theresa McNeely and Cora Early were the guests of Mrs. Lizzie Bush, last Tuesday.

Squire Loder had a quite an interesting case tried before him on last Saturday. The parties to the suit being B. R. Gaines and J. T. Grant. It appears that Gaines brought suit against Grant for corn to the amount of $27 for which Gaines claimed Grant owed for on settlement. Grant being a better orator than Gaines and, also having notes and papers in his possession, the court instructed the jury to settle by the papers Therefore gave judgment against Gaines for $15 30. Bro. Grant, you ought to practice law. We understand Gaines is going to appeal to a higher court.

HON. J. G. CARLISLE, in a conversation with Gen. Williams, the other day, in regard to his senatorial successor, said to the General that if the people of Kentucky elected a legislature that should choose him as a United States Senator he would accept the trust, but that he does not intend going about over the state setting up county conventions and electioneering for the place. That was a center shot.

STATE NEWS.

—At the Prewitt sale, in Clark, a pair of work mules brought $300.

—Trimble county has not had a case of murder for ten years.

—Work will begin at once on the United States building at Frankfort.

—Evidences of the presence of petroleum have been discovered in Pulaski county.

—Six car loads of walnut logs were shipped to Germany from Frankfort last week.

—There will be an unusually large crop of tobacco raised in Owen county this year.

—Several German families, farmers and well-to-do, will probably leave their cold home in wintry Michigan and locate in Christian county.

—In Clark J. H. Hunt sold to Jas. D. Gay a pair of black work mules for $350, and D. T. Railsback sold to R. B. Redmon a four-year-old mule for $132 50.

—Robert H. Nutter sold to Richard Alford a pair of work mules for $400. Joe M. Hall sold to same party a single mule for $175.—Georgetown Times.

—Frankfort Yeoman: Richard Tobin, Stewart of the Institute for the Feeble-minded, brought to this office yesterday three eggs of different sizes that were all laid by one hen within the space of two hours.

—Sufficient dynamite to blow up half the town was discovered under the store of Mary Wills, at Winchester. It was evidently placed there by parties who intended to destroy the town. Considerable alarm is felt.

—A Frankfort thief, according to the Commonwealth, effected an entrance into Mr. Wm. Gaines and broke open the smoke-house, stealing a lot of bacon. Mr. Gaines must have felt very uncomfortable with a live thief as well as a smoke-house, in him.

—A remarkable family lives in Lee county about four miles from Beattyville. It is that of William B. Burnes. He and his wife were both born on the same day, the 25th of September, 1829 They have nine sons-in-law and a son for each daughter; they have ninety-nine grand children; they never saw all their children on the same day, the oldest of whom is forty-four years of age and the youngest twenty-four. Neither he nor his wife have a gray hair in their heads. He can split one hundred rails and lay them up in a day. He boldly asserts that he and his nine sons-in-law can throw down any other man and his sons-in-law in the United States for $100,000. He and his sons-in-law will be in Richmond on the first train on the Three Forks

Hon. Thomas L. Jones, candidate for Governor of Kentucky was addressed by a politician asking for a certain official appointment in the event of his election to the office of Governor. The aspirant indicated that he could, through his influence, secure the nomination of Col. Jones for Governor, and that he would do so, provided that he was promised the appointment. A reply was written to the letter by Col. Jones and it has leaked out that Col. Jones said; "I am astounded at your proposition. I have not, thus far, during my political career, awarded, upon principle, any act in or out of office, that compromise my honor as a man or as a public official. I will not now, by word or act, do aught for which I can reproach myself or be reproached by others, in case of my defeat or election to the office of governor of Kentucky. I would like to have your support on proper grounds; but rather than secure it as you propose, I must be content with your opposition."—JUSTICE in Lexington Transcript.

One Fool Among Many,

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition —A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last one PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a ch[illegible] what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I recommend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful di- Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statement.

Gloom, despondency, hopelessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bed-time like the hour of execution to a criminal—these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Coleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & CO., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER IN SADDLES

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers & Traders National Bank AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, March 13, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$547,836 36
Overdrafts		237 29
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		82,503 58
Due from other National banks	6,752 29	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,856 39	—9,608 68
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,661 66
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,076 59
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,167 11
Bills of other Banks		7,560 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		156 51
Specie		7 810 00
Legal tender notes		17,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$691,367 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		16,670 14
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	314,454 95	
Due to other National Banks	10,891 21	
Due to State Banks and bankers	3,151 43	—328,497 59
Total		$691,367 78

State of Kentucky, county of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of March, 1883,

RICHARD H GRAY, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

L. C. STEPHENS,
J. H. MERSMAN,
E. J. HICKEY, } Directors.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

COLTER'S FOR CARPETS

☞We now show the largest and most varied stock of CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS in this section of the country, including choice styles in Best Tapestry Brussels, and all grades. Also, a full line of Ingrain All Wool Carpets, many styles of Wool Mixed Ingrain, and Cottage, Hemp and Home-made Rag Carpets, and Mattings. In all, we have over One Hundred Pieces. Floor Oil Cloth of all grades and widths. In this line we show some of the handsomest goods ever offered for sale, at prices to suit all.

We have just opened up

1000 Bolts of Wall Paper,

All Choice New Styles in Best Gilts, White and Brown. Also, complete line of

WINDOW SHADES AND LACE CURTAINS.

We Are Proud of Our Ready Made Clothing Trade.

Over two Hundred Suits sold in one week, at $2,50 to $21 a suit. Over three thousand whole suits already received and two large bankrupt lots arriving.

If you want a Suit of Clothing, no matter how fine, or how cheap, always come to our Mammoth Store, as we are constantly receiving Clothing bought at a snap, and we only add a small profit, and please our customers; by so doing we believe is the reason our sales are daily increasing Remember, we keep a full line of Goods, viz:

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, DRESS GOODS and SILKS,

FULL LINE DOMESTICS, ALL KINDS, ALWAYS ON ☞.

And at prices less than any City will sell them.

Very Respectfully,

Wm. COLTER,

(And no partner to share the small profits with,)

Rising Sun. - Indiana.

N. B.—See future advertisements for our Millinery Department, which we promise to make one of the Grandest Showings, that any one would be pleased to see.

Wm. Colter, Rising Sun, Ind.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,
feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

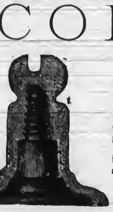
FLORESTON

Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Chambers' Lightning Protecti'n

COMPANY.



Having purchased the right to put up the rods of the above company in Boone and Kenton counties, we solicit your patronage. These rods are constructed on the correct principle; it takes a less number of feet to rod a building and are consequently much the cheaper rods, besides they are ornamental and are the only rods that afford complete protection from lightning and are less liable to get out of repair. Their popularity is attested by the number now in use in Boone and Kenton. Those having buildings to rod will find it to their interest to have us give them a call and fix figuers.

W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

TRADE MARK.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

☞AGENTS WANTED.☜

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines. 2 to 100 Horse Power.

Established 1840

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."

ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers

(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

April had a cold reception.

Vegetables will be late this spring.

Circuit Court commences Monday.

A heavy rain fell here last Thursday night.

Considerable stir among tobacco men Friday.

The protracted bad weather made the farmers rather restless.

W. M. Conner and wife, of Cincinnati, were in town, Monday.

Circuit Court commences Monday with 55 new cases on the docket.

Monday was a cold, damp day, but the crowd in town held its temper.

The population of the county will be somewhat decreased next week.

Miss Marry Ann Thompson contemplates teaching school here in the spring.

For foul stomach, constipation, and feted breath, Ayer's pills are a radical and entire cure.

W. E. Piper now occupies the residence adjoining his store, which is very convenient for him.

Miss Mary Light and mother, of Covington, were the guests of Mrs. F. Riddell, Sunday and Monday.

There have been a great many deaths in the county this winter, and quite a number of them very sudden.

Mrs. C. L. Latimer, of Saline county, Mo., is visiting her relatives in this place, having arrived last Saturday.

The best jumping and double shovel plows in the market are manufactured and for sale by S. A. Palmer, Burlington.

There was considerable talk about mules, Monday. H. A. Hicks was in town, and he is an enthusiastic mule trader.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of H[illegible] is their agent.

Last Saturday Henry White was bitten by a dog, and Sunday he came to town and had the mad-stone applied, but it did not stick.

Friday Mr. W. L. Rouse brought to this office a ear of corn eight inches long that weighed one pound. It was nice, round white corn.

James Rogers, of Bellevue, has commenced work on his new house. Timothy How is doing the stone work, and W. J. Rice, the woodwork.

S. A. Palmer has on hand all kinds of plows, for sale at prices to suit the times Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, all warranted to give satisfaction

This is the time of a year when the rural merchant is returning from New York City, in Cincinnati, where he has been buying his spring stock.

Dogs got into E. A. Hughes' sheep pasture and killed and wounded twenty sheep. A few nights since the dogs killed seven or eight sheep for the Blythe boys.

In last week's issue we said Rev. C. C. Conner would preach at this place the first Sunday in April, when we should have said the fifth Sunday in April.

The writer's little girl was very sick with measles three or four days last week, but is about well again. That is the only case in Burlington so far this winter.

Our friend Geo. Brown, of Constance, was "settin' 'em up" to the crowd, last Monday. It's an 8 pound girl and was born Sunday night. Geo. went home directly after dinner.

Our new sign which we flung to the breeze upon going into the new office, was executed by E. B. H. Owens, who we can recommend to those wanting work done in that line.

Thomas H. Corbette, of McCracken county, candidate for Register of the Land Office, was in town Monday, and made a short speech setting forth the reasons why he is candidate.

Judging from the rattle of the auctioneers' tongues, considerable stock was on the pike dust, Monday. Court day sales are getting more numerous, while horse swapping is on the increase.

The school commissioner desires that all school trustees that have not received blanks for making the census report, address him at Grant P. O., this county. The February draft is ready for distribution.

The whisky business was closed out in Owenton Monday week, and one house sold $450 worth of whisky, says the News. All hands and the dishwashers must got on a high—lonesome that day.

W. H. Pickett was in town last Friday making acquaintances, and looking after the interest of his father who is a candidate for re-election to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A government agent was in town the other day to ascertain if the merchants were all straight on the question of destroying stamps on tobacco and cigars boxes. He found nothing neglected sufficiently of which to complain.

The dramatic fever has broken out in Burlington again. A club has been organized, and all things necessary to produce a successful result are now being done. Joseph Reed is the manager, so you may expect something rich, rare and racy.

One evening last week a ten or eleven year-old daughter of William Dempsey, of Verona, was so severely burned that she died before morning. Her clothes caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was fatally burned

Some one has put in circulation a report that Miss Fannie Rice has increased her price for music lessons to 75c a lesson. Miss Fannie authorizes us to say that her price is yet 50 cents a lesson, and where a family furnishes more than one scholar she makes a reduction from that price.

Lewis Jenkins, of Verona, is twice happy. Upon the advent of the first Lewis hastened to send his mother-in-law a dispatch announcing the arrival, and when he returned to the house he found it necessary to duplicate the message. We failed to learn whether they are girls or boys.

There were several fine horses on exhibition here Monday. Among them were James Grant's Norman horse, Ed Golway's Charly Highlander, Riddell & Norris' Star of the West and Hambletonian, and several other fine animals the names of which we did not learn. The show was equal to that of any past April court day.

While in the city, last Saturday, we met Judge Major, who was on his way to this county to commence his court here last Monday. Being informed that he was a week ahead of time, he turned his steps towards the Kentucky river where he expects to spend the week fishing. The Commonwealth's attorney had also started for this place, and was turned back by a friend.

The family of Thomas Tapman, of Kenton county, has been sorely afflicted with measles the past month. There were nine children in the family, two of whom had the measles in Covington one has them at Danville, Indiana, and six of them were very sick with them at home, the youngest, a little boy, nearly four years-old, dying last Saturday morning.

The Recorder now occupies a commodious office, at which place its friends will, at all times, be gladly welcomed. It is now in better quarters than it ever has been, and no pains will be spared to make it a faithful recorder of local events, and while it is some distance from the temple of justice it is just near enough the jail to be repeatedly reminded that honesty is the best policy. We can't promise much of a paper this week but will try and get down to our knitting when we get things straight.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Rabbit Hash.

Farm work has been delayed by the late hard rains.

How many chickens have you got? is a common query among house-keepers.

A great deal of tobacco is leaving this part of the country daily for Bellevue.

Rev. Froh made his monthly round to East Bend last Sunday. His health is much improved since he was here last.

T. C. S. Ryle lost his meat house by fire a few nights since. It contained his year's supply of meat and lard, besides five barrels of salt and various other things, all of which were lost.

An attempt was made, last week, by the Masons of our neighborhood to raise means to build a hall, intending to start a lodge. This failed, then the Masons and Grangers tried to build a partnership hall, but the plan was doomed to meet the fate of turnpikes and all other public enterprises that are talked of.

An immense crowd gathered at Rabbit Hash the 24th ult., to witness the proceedings of court. Several cases were on docket but especial interest was taken in only two of them. One of these was known as the dog case in which one man was sued for shooting the dog of another. The jury failed to agree and the parties compromised. The other case of note was the Commonwealth vs. the Rabbit Hash Correspondent of the RisingSun Local. Defendant plead guilty, whereupon he was fined $5 and cost. Attorneys present were J. S. Jelly and W. W. Williams, of Rising Sun.

Mrs. Clara McKay returned to he home in Virginia last week, accompanied by her sister, Miss Ella Hastings.

Mrs. Minerva Ryle is visiting friends in Rising Sun.

Mrs. A. G. McConnell is on the sick list.

Wilson & Riddell have a nice stock of goods and seem to be doing a thriving business.

Bellevue.

When, how cold—March the last and out it goes like a lion after coming in gentle as a lamb. This has been a remarkable season thus far—neither an extremely cold or wet one, yet having produced the greatest flood on record, and judging from present appearances likely to produce one of the latest seasons in a number of years. We have now the 1st of April and not a garden planted in the whole town. The unfavorable weather is interfering very much with farm work—comparatively but little plowing has been done. The small grain, meadows and pastures have nearly the appearance of mid winter.

Some of our citizens are having fine sport on the river duck hunting, and are securing some fine birds, of which many are on the river at present.

The soft weather, last week, started the tobacco in this vicinity to moving, and such loads as we saw moving about our streets were enough to excite the oldest grower of the weed. Seemingly all three of the houses were receiving as much as they could handle.

A few days since our enterprising logging and lumbermen, Moore, Kidwell & Co shipped a large lot of black walnut lumber to the city.

Charley Gibbs has the contract to take down and move Frank Loring's barn from the river back to higher ground.

The Christian denomination are again making an effort to erect a house of worship in this place. We are not in possession of their financial condition, but hope the undertaking will meet with sufficient encouragement to erect the house.

Mike Clore is going to try the willow business again, having planted an acre to start with.

Jim Snyder is bumping around with the mumps. Jim says they are not so funny when you have many of them.

Scott Wingate has moved to Waterloo.

Mr. W. B. Dinsmore, of New York, and president of the Adams Express Company, is visiting at Miss J. S. Dinsmore's

One night last week sneak thieves went into Cy Kelly's garden and lifted a bank of potatoes for him, securing some six bushels of the fine tubers. Where is our law enforcer? would like to see him about!

Last Saturday night the young folks of the neighborhood assembled at H. P. Marshall's and enjoyed a very pleasant evening

Hebron.

Jeff Cloud and J. C. Clore left last week for Springfield, Ohio, where they are attending college.

Mrs. Thomas Huren has been quite sick for the past few days.

The first game of ball of the season was played at Bullettsville, last Saturday afternoon. The Bullettsville club will organize in a few days.

Some of our farmers have commenced planting potatoes.

Rev. Wagoner occupied the pulpit at the Lutheran church last Sunday morning and evening.

Born—To the wife of Wm. Clore, a fine daughter.

The Hebron Sunday-school will organize some time this month.

James Clore is quite sick at this writing.

Mr. Lytra Aylor gave the young folks of this vicinity a very pl[illegible] last Saturday night Those present enjoyed themselves hugely.

On the evening of the 24th ult., the dramatic club had a comfortably filled house to witness the closing of the series of performances.

Theodore Rouse is on the sick list.

Jeff Clayton has gone to Ohio to work.

J. C. Hankins and Mike Clore have been keeping "batch" for the past week. J. C. is the boss cook.

Several of our farmers sold their tobacco to Covington firms, last week.

The heavy rain, last week, stopped the plows.

Mike Clore's wife is visiting at Jeffarsonville.

James Loder's wife was called to Cin[illegible] week, to see her mother, who is not expected to live.

Hubble Davis commenced clerking for Davis Bros., at Hebron, Monday.

Dave Beall's horse, the finest horse that comes to this town, was badly crippled the other day.

Some of the goods that were recently stolen from Mike Clore's store, were found in a straw stack near this place.

Several of our boys were duck hunting last week. Ducks were scarce.

Francesville.

Gentle reader, we trust you will pardon us if we are mistaken, but there is a vague rumor afloat that Francesville is to have telephone communications with some city not yet determined upon. The reason we have concluded to have a telephone station is on account of the great abundance of news that accumulates here and becomes stale ere the outside world gets it. In an early day Francesville was known as a tobacco manufacturing town, and thereby became a place of considerable notoriety, but being isolated from other cities of its kind, it has almost sunk into oblivion. Its resources are as good or better now than they ever were, and if we can open up communications with other parts of the globe, and get a few more enterprising men of means among us, we will build railroads, turnpikes and establish telephone lines, and in a few short years Francesville will become a town of importance, a town of which Boone county will be proud.

Francesville comes to the front again with another new organ. Miss Nellie Graham is the happy recipient. We are pleased to see our citizens taking such an interest in having their children become musicians.

We regret that Rev. R. E. Kirtley has resigned as pastor of the Sand Run church. Mr. Kirtley has been its pastor for many years, and has labored ardently for the good of the church. The congregation will miss him, and his place will be hard to fill.

There has been a Sunday's paper line established between this place and the city via Hebron, enabling us to get the news almost as fresh as our neighbors along the railroad lines.

Judging from the preparations one of our estimable young friends is making, we would not be surprised to hear of his keeping house for himself before many moons. Good by, Charlie.

We hope everybody will subscribe for the Recorder and quit this thing of borrowing so much.

Plattsburg

Easter will not come again on the 25th of March till 1984, so says the knowing ones

Mr. Tom Baldon and wife, of Carroll county, visited friends and relatives here last week.

Died—Last Sunday week, Mr. Klopp, an aged german citizen.

We are pleased to know that Uncle Jim Westbay has secured a place so well suited for his business.

Preston Miller has the contract for building the new ferry boat at Lawrenceburg.

Nearly all the farmers are done sowing their tobacco beds, and a majority of them have their beds canvassed.

If it rains on Easter it is a sign of a good crop year.

Mr. Andy Huffman, son of ex-senator Huffman, of Indiana, is located in our burg

In attempting to cross the backwater just below here, Enis Nixon had a valuable horse drowned.

Proclamation of the Mayor of Plattsburg: "Know all men by these deeds that I, J. A. Tolin, Mayor of the city of Plattsburg, do hereby instruct the council of said city to stop all travel on New street, and trust that this will be sufficient warning to the Woolper Pike Company to vacate said street and build an out let of their own.

—J. W. Green has retired from the race for representative in "Sweet Owen," but Owen has three candidates left.

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540 Madison St., - - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics. Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

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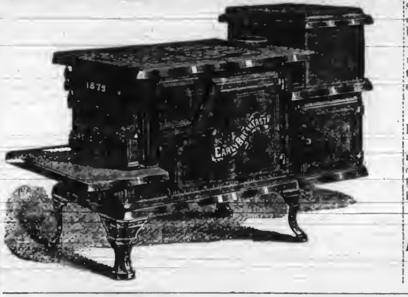
EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.



Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

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DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green.
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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited [illegible] is Bank.

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M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

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(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE,

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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J. W, Talbott.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington. - - Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

FOUND.

Near Bellevue, Boone county, Ky., since the flood a lot of Stone Mason's tools. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.

W. W. GRANT, JAS. SMITH,
Bellevue, Boone conuty, Ky.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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CINCINNATI, - - - - OHIO.

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FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle at once, as I will leave Burlington in a short time. By coming up and settling you will save expense.

W. L. GEDGE.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including **Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery**, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable.

J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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DRESSMAKING!

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FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,

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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS. Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs,

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QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.

A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at

DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

DRUGS & MEDICINES

I have nearly filled up my stock of

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.

I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of

Stationary, Fancy and Toilet

—Articles. Also have a fine line of—

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,

Respectfully, **S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.**

Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.

N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY

TO BUYERS.

I have for the spring trade a clean and carefully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.

IN DRY GOODS,

Brocades, Cashmeres, Indigo Blue Calicoes, Prints, Ginghams, Cheviot Shirting, Brown and Bleached Muslins and double width Sheeting, Pillow Case Muslin, Jeans and Cottonades, Crashes, Table Linen and Napkins.

IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS.

Nainsook, Lawn, Swiss, Jackonet, Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Toilet towels, Ribbons and Buttons.

Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.

Carpet Chain in fast colors.

Rubber Coats and Leggins—Overalls and Jackets.

In Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware my stock is complete.

Flour and Salt always on hand.

A Full stock of FANCY & STALPE Groceries.

Cash paid for country produce or will take in exchange for goods.

Orders for Goods not in stock, gladly and promptly filled.

Yours Truly, W. E. PIPER.

WILLIAM CLORE,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Rover Steel PLOWS,
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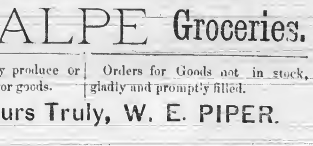

Single & Double Shovels,

Jumping Shovels, Gophers, Rolling Cutters, Harrows and Agricultural Implements Generally. Send for Price List.

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We keep constantly on hand all sizes of

BURIAL CASEs AND CASKET.

And having just received a beautiful

NEW HEARSE

Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.

PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.

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Making Paper from Peat.

During the past twenty years a scarcity of materials for making paper has existed in every civilized country in the world. At one time nearly all the white paper, such as is required in writing or for making books and newspapers, was made from waste cotton or flax. Rags furnished the largest proportions of paper stock. At present the demand for white paper is so great that comparatively little of it can be made of cotton and linen garments. For making coarse paper, such as is needed for wrapping up goods, hemp, tow and other substances that were used for making ropes and cordage were chiefly employed. At present cotton, flax and hemp are regarded as quite too costly to employ by themselves for making paper. They are chiefly used to give strength to other and much cheaper materials. While the demand for paper increases the supply of the materials of which it was formerly made diminishes. Proportionately more silk and woolen goods are worn than formerly, while wire is being used in the place of rope. Paper, or paper pulp, is now used for making collars, cuffs, boxes, various kinds of dishes and ornaments as well as small twine.

In the continent of Europe considerable difficulty is experienced in procuring materials for making paper. The supply of rags and other similar material is insufficient to meet the wants of the trade. Many vegetable substances which are wasted in this country are there fed to stock. Straw, beet leaves, and even the leaves and small branches of grapevines are carefully saved and used as food for domestic animals. In some countries hop vines and coarse grasses are manufactured into paper. In Sweden and Norway horse manure is washed and the portions that are but partially digested are saved for paper manufacture. They are found to answer the purposes very well. They are partially bleached in passing through the stomach, and their fiber is disintegrated to a considerable extent. As a consequence they require but little bleaching and but a small amount of boiling in an alkali solution to convert them into good paper pulp. Straw is there too valuable to use in paper making. Soft wood suitable for making paper is plenty, but it is not used to any great extent. Of late considerable attention has been given to the employment of the mosses that grow in bogs and forests in the manufacture of paper. The bark of some trees is used for the same purpose.

A very large amount of material for making paper is required in Great Britain, and the home supply is very limited. A vast amount of esparto grass, wood pulp, rags and other material are imported. Manufacturers have endeavored to find some native material that would answer for making paper. It was reported that such a substance has been found in the peat bogs, which are both numerous and extensive. Some inventors have perfected a plan for using a portion of the peat as it is found in the bogs, which is very simple. It is thought that the discovery will not only cheapen the production of paper, but will lead to reclaiming much land that is now useless. It is noticed that when a deep section is made into boggy land three well-defined beds or strata of peat are cut through. The surface stratum consists of moss, lichens, and other forms of vegetable life either growing or in the earlier stages of decay; the second is composed of the same substances which have become fibrous or tissue-like and are in a compressed condition; the third is darker in color, less fibrous in composition, more closely compacted, and in fact approximates, more or less, to lignite in appearance and general properties. The last-named is the peat used for fuel, and is the only portion of the beds that now possess a commercial value. The stratum utilized by the inventors is the second, or fibrous bed, which has been considered worthless. This peat contains from seventy to eighty per cent. of its weight of water when it is cut from the beds, and thus it would not pay to carry it long distances in its raw state. The plan is to erect cheap and easily movable machinery at the bog side by which the peat shall be cut, "deviled" (or torn to shreds), pressed dry, and packed in bales. In this condition it is a marketable article to makers of packing-papers, and it will command a price which, with economic management of the process, ought to pay both the capitalist and the laborer engaged in its preparation. The "deviling" operation to which it has been subjected has shaken it free from soil and foreign matters generally, and it presents the appearance of bundles of fibers of varying length. Arrived at the mills the peat fiber is washed in such a manner as to secure the complete removal of earthy and other impurities, and it is further treated with a hot solution of soda in order to dissolve and extract the gummy and resinous matters in the peat. The alkali is then washed out, and the fiber is left of a beautifully soft and pliable consistency. It is now ready for mixing with the hemp fiber obtained from rope and bags for the production of pulp, and, no means having been taken to deprive it of its rich brown color, the tannic acid which it contains serves the purpose of the minerals commonly used.

Paper made of this material has considerable power to resist the action of moisture. This is due to the large amount of mucilaginous matter it contains. This matter is rendered insoluble to the actions of the tannin contained in the turf which acts as soon as it is brought under the influence of heat. It is thought that the new material prepared for manufacturing can be delivered at mills for about $20 per ton. It contains scarcely any silica, and on this account it can be reduced to pulp with a small expenditure for chemicals. It is found that this prepared peat is valuable for bedding animals in the stable and for making paper-mache. It is to be hoped that this new method of making paper will be introduced into this country. It would be likely to lead to reclaiming much land that is now useless and cause peat to be employed as a fuel in places where there is neither wood nor coal. The highest economy is shown in converting worthless substances into those that possess industrial value.—*Chicago Times.*

—At a recent wedding in New York, gates formed of white roses separated the family friends from the others present during the church ceremony.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

There is a huge bowlder in Clinton, Mass., weighing fully one hundred tons, but it is so nicely balanced on a rocky ledge that a man can rock it with his hands.

HOME AND FARM.

—Poles cut in the summer will not last as long as those cut in winter by five years. Soil and climate of course make a difference with the life of the poles.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Too much clover hay fed to horses is injurious; they will eat so much of it, if allowed to do so, that they can not travel fast without injury. It should always be well sprinkled with water before feeding.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To take off warts on cows' teats: Touch each wart daily with a sharply-pointed stick which has been dipped in nitric acid (aquafortis), being careful that the little drop on the point of the stick wets nothing but the wart. Do this for a week, and repeat in four weeks, if any are left.

—Rice and cheese form a cheap and palatable dish and liked by most gentlemen. The rice should be steamed until tender, then seasoned, and enough new milk added to make it quite moist; put into a buttered baking dish in alternate layers, with grated cheese, the cheese to be the last layer. Bake half an hour. —*Rural New Yorker.*

—Another fraud that has been practiced is worked as follows: A farmer receives a circular through the mails, stating that a new and improved variety of winter wheat has been discovered, and the seed will be furnished free of charge, until a good crop of said wheat is raised, on condition that he sends $1 to pay for packing, etc. The dollar is sent, and nothing more is heard of it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Bread Cake: Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in half a teacupful of milk and strain it on three teacupfuls of raised bread dough, add a small teacupful of luke-warm melted butter, two small teacupfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and fruit if you like. Work the whole well together, put into cake tins, let it rise for an hour, or till sufficiently light, and bake in a moderate oven.—*The Household.*

—The hens that break and eat their eggs are usually those which are fed with kitchen waste. Feeding with meat or animal flesh seems to cause this bad habit, and fowls that are supplied with corn, wheat, scalded bran and meal in abundance do not seem to practice this vice. Once it is contracted there seems to be no cure. A frequent provocation of the habit is giving egg-shells to the fowls; they eat these with avidity, and then learn to break the eggs. Another cause is too close confinement in a house or yard and the leaving of eggs in the nest to freeze.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Horses have been successfully cured of biting by putting a piece of hard wood an inch and a half square in the animal's mouth, about the same length as an ordinary snaffle bit. It may be fastened by a thong of leather passed through two holes in the ends of the wood and secured to the bridle. It must be used in addition to the bit, but in no way to impede the working of the bit. Animals with this vice should be treated kindly in the stable and not abused with pitchfork handles, whips, etc. An apple, crust of bread, a piece of beet, etc., and a kind pat, but firm, watchful hand and eye, with the use of the above wooden bit, will cure the most inveterate biter. The fact that he can not shut his mouth or grip anything soon dawns upon him and then he is conquered.—*Toronto Globe.*

Mastication.

As an indication of the importance of the thorough mastication of our food, intimately connected with the moistening of it with an important and absolutely needful solvent is the saliva. There are five glands in the mouth for the supply of this fluid. The estimated supply of this saliva for each day is from three pounds to six and one-half pounds, an amount which will not be fully appropriated unless more care and time are devoted to eating than is usual with us as a nation. Indeed, our hurry and flurry, our bad business habits, our false customs, as contrasted with those of our English cousins, do not admit of reasonable chewing. And yet it is utterly impossible to obtain the real nourishment of our food the whole of it, aside from full chewing, since food that is not properly moistened by this solvent does not yield its nutriment to the full extent. It is equally true that when food is but half chewed, remaining in solid lumps, is neither combined with the saliva, nor with the other juices connected with the process of digestion, a process of primary importance, a fundamental condition of health. This saliva is made to flow, not only by the stimulus of the food—known as the "watering of the mouth"—but mechanically, the act of chewing acting, by pressure, like milking, causing it to flow at each movement of the jaw, as well as by the action of the tongue.

In addition to the hot haste of most of those "tied to the bell-rope," in the matter of "bolting food," the custom of talking while actually eating, is but little less than barbarous, unrefined. We can no more swallow and talk than we can write and do manual labor at the same time, and with ease and propriety. To attempt to converse with one's mouth full of food, is not only inconvenient but unrefined. And, as if to rebuke this custom by making it inconvenient and dangerous, the food, in swallowing, passes the apperture leading to the lungs, and may, by a sudden effort to breathe, while laughing, pass into the lungs in some circumstances, causing death. It is a merciful arrangement that the act of swallowing actually closes this opening, to avoid danger. Hence, the folly of any attempt at conversation while food is in the mouth for the purpose of being chewed, instead of being swallowed whole! I well know that it is said that sociality and cheerfulness are favorable to digestion, but it should be remembered that digestion does not proceed during the meal, but after the liquids have been absorbed, and preparatory steps all completed. Cheerfulness then will favor digestion, and not endanger life.

It follows that the habit of drinking as a means of washing down the food is unnatural, crowding the food into the stomach in an unprepared state, in masses, needing more of the saliva as a solvent. Of necessity, such food can not be acted upon by other juices, and can never nourish like well-chewed food.—*Dr. Hannaford, in Golden Rule.*

—We believe it to be the correct thing, when speaking of the inhabitants of the island of Madagascar, to call them the Malagasy, or the Malagassy, or the Malagashes, or the Madagascans. Paying your money, you have the right to choose—and, taking what you please, you can't insult the "natives," who have no name for their country, and, therefore, may be supposed to be indifferent to being called out of it.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Toronto, a police officer there says, has more than twenty criminals who fled from this country and are enjoying life there quietly.

Compliments to American Organs.

Dr. John Stainer, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, than whom there could not be higher authority in regard to organs, organ music, etc., has shown his appreciation of American instruments by preparing an instruction book especially for the Mason & Hamlin organs. It has already been published in London, but will be immediately republished in this country by Messrs. Ditson & Co. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have also received very recently two noteworthy compliments for their organs from London. One is in the sale of an organ to Her Majesty Queen Victoria; the other is the announcement that one of them will be used in Westminster Abbey on the 10th, 12th and 13th of this month, with full orchestra and chorus, in the production of Gounod's "Redemption," under the direction of the Organist of Westminster, Dr. Bridge. The same organs were used last week in the production of the same work by the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., under the direction of Theodore Thomas, and will be similarly used next week in the production of the same work by the Cecilia Society of Philadelphia, under Mr. Thomas' direction.—*Boston Journal.*

—Great quantities of spurious and adulterated teas have in recent years been imported and sold at auction, to be distributed, among grocers and tea merchants. Congress passed a law at the last session prohibiting such imports, and the New York jobbers have now united to boycott the grocers who buy auction teas. It is to be hoped that spurious tea will be driven from the market. There has, of late years, been more of the spurious than the genuine sold and used in this country. In fact, it has got to be so that a genuine article of tea is a rarity.—*Chicago Times.*

—Chauncey Warner, of Cambridge, Vt., is to establish a free hospital in St. Albans, and will purchase for its use a fine house and grounds costing $30,000. The same gentleman recently founded the Warner Home for Little Wanderers in St. Albans, and provided an endowment fund of $25,000 for its support.

THE Fredericton (New Brunswick, Can.) *Reporter* says: "Nobody can but admire the persistent enterprise manifested by the owners of St. Jacobs Oil in keeping the name before the public. It received a big 'send off' in the House the other day by the Hon. Mr. Perley, who warned his colleagues in the Government of the danger of Beer Killers receiving two bounties for one nose: the judicious use of the Oil causing rapid growth."

"Could ye lind me the loan of a pipe and tobacky?" said Pat; "I have a match."

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of it."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

A DIFFICULT point to grasp—The end of an eel's tail.

Fifty-Five Miles an Hour.

The New York and Washington "Limited," which passes through Perryville, Cecil Co., Md., is said to run fifty-five miles an hour, schedule time. Solomon Weaver Esq., of Perryville, writes that Mishler's Herb Bitters cured him of Neuralgia and Bleeding Piles, and his wife of Ague. All disorders of the blood, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation and Kidney troubles are certainly and speedily cured by this remedy.

RUFF on royalty—The historical collar of good Queen Bess.—*N. Y. News.*

A Remarkably Successful Business House—Free Fun.

The Baltimore (Md.) *Daily American* of February 9 editorially comments, to the extent of several columns, upon the vast business of The Charles A. Vogeler Company of that city and the unprecedented popularity of its goods. This house (successors to A. Vogeler & Co.) will be better known to the general public as proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure which has become a household word the world over. The new company is composed of Mr. Christian Devries, a leading Maryland merchant, President of the National Bank of Baltimore, etc.; Mrs. Vogeler, widow of the late Charles A. Vogeler, and Mr. H. D. Umbstaetter, whose rare genius and ability in conducting and directing the advertising department of his house have been so conspicuously successful. Thus possessed of a meritorious remedy backed by ample capital, experience and brains, there is every reason to predict for the new firm the largest measure of business prosperity.

The latest and most unique feature on the advertising programme of this enterprising house is the publication of a neat and attractive little work, the title of which is "St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1883-4, and Book of Health and Humor for the Million." It is largely composed of original (copy-righted) articles, written expressly for this book by the leading humorists of the day—such as M. Quad, Detroit *Free Press;* Spoopendyke, of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* the editors of *Texas Siftings,* Uncle Remus, Josh Billings, and a dozen others, all in the very best vein of these representative fun-makers. The illustrations are by the best artists, and the book contains, beside, numerous testimonials from distinguished authorities, and other matter of value.

This racy little book is being printed by the millions. In the larger cities it will be distributed *free* from house to house, and at other points by druggists. Any one may obtain a copy by addressing "Supply Department, The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.," and enclosing a 3-cent stamp to pay postage.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 30, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 5 85
HOGS—Common	6 25	@ 6 85
Good packers	7 15	@ 7 65
SHEEP	3 25	@ 6 00
FLOUR—Family	4 60	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 12	@ 1 13
No. 2 winter red	1 10	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	44½	@
Rye—No. 2	62	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 50	@
Lard—Steam	11⅛	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	43	@
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 2 6[illegible]
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 2[illegible]
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@ 3 80
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 19¼	@ 1 20
No. 1 white	1 11	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	67	@ 68½
Oats—mixed	51	@ 52
PORK—Mess	19 25	@19 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 08½	@
Corn No. 2	51¼	@ 51½
Oats—No. 2	41	@ 42
Rye	59¼	@
PORK—Mess	18 10	@18 12½
LARD—Steam	11-10	@11-12½
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 19¼	@ 1 19½
Corn—mixed	66	@ [illegible]
Oats—mixed	50	@ 51
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	58	@
Oat—mixed	45	@
PORK—Mess	18 75	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 08	@
CORN	49	@
OATS—mixed	41½	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

What a Lady of Great Prominence Has to Say About Her Sex.

(Boston Globe.)

On a recent trip by a representative of this paper to the city of Haverhill, Mass., a most important incident occurred, which can not fail to be of the greatest interest to all, especially to our lady readers. The newspaper man met a lady a trifle past middle age with luxurious white hair that contrasted strikingly with piercing black eyes. She possessed a straight, full habit, womanly, but commanding, combined with manners wholly lady-like, and yet pronounced. Any acute judge of human nature could see at once that he was in the presence of an unusual person, one destined to accomplish more than most of her sex, and to exert an influence far reaching in its power. This lady was Mrs. M. W. Wingate. Almost from childhood she has taken a special interest in the bodily troubles of her sex and has probably been more successful in relieving suffering and saving lives than any other woman in America. Indeed, she seems to have been to women what Florence Nightengale and Dorothy Dix were to the suffering soldiers. The instances of women who were in the greatest agony and apparently beyond the reach of human aid, that she has restored to health and happiness, are almost innumerable, and it was only natural that the scribe should become specially interested and wish to converse with her more in detail.

"How long have you been engaged in the practice of medicine, Mrs. Wingate?"

"For more than twenty-five years."

"A long time certainly. How did you happen to enter the field at that early day when women in the professions were specially frowned down upon?"

"I think I must have inherited a taste from my father, Professor J. C. Wood, of Harvard College. He was eminent in the profession, a hard worker and equally earnest in his recitations. He hunted considerably, and I remember when only nine years old I used to dissect the birds and animals he had killed. I felt infatuated with medical science, even then, and the infatuation has continued up to the present time."

"And did you begin your studies so early in life?"

"I can hardly say when I began, for I can not remember when I did not read medical literature. You would scarcely believe it, but I was a slender girl and did not weigh over 120 pounds, but I used to sit up night after night until two o'clock in the morning poring over my studies and never dreaming of the flight of time. It seemed as though calls for my attendance on the sick always came unsolicited. I certainly can not fix the date when I first began practicing. Of course most of my patients were women, and the natural sympathy I felt for my sex has increased during all these years where I have been brought so closely in contact with them and have learned to anticipate their needs and sympathize with their sufferings. After the opening of the Boston Medical College I appeared before the faculty, passed examination and received a diploma. I had practiced for years previous to that time but thought it desirable to receive another diploma, which I did without any effort."

"Your experience with the many and serious diseases of women having been so extensive must also be valuable! Can you give me some facts regarding them?"

"I find that woman seems born to suffering, and where she avoids it, it is by reason of some care on her part or owing to some special renewing power. It is true some women go through life without unusual suffering, but they are none the less in danger, for there are critical periods all along their pathway when the utmost precaution is required. The innumerable complaints called female weaknesses: the irregularities of life and changes of the system all indicate the perils which hang over every woman's career, and which, unless attended to, may result disastrously."

"But is there no way by which these terrible troubles can be avoided?"

"That has been the problem for years. The habits of life and the demands of fashion are clearly at war with the health of women. I have been, perhaps, unusually successful in my treatment of their troubles, but there have been many cases that seemed specially stubborn. I recall one in particular. I had exhausted all the usual expedients and the results were not satisfactory. I became worried over the case and really did not know what to do, but finally thought I would try something out of the usual line. I had heard a certain remedy recommended very highly and so I procured some and made a chemical analysis of it. I found it was perfectly pure, and that the ingredients were unusually valuable. So I began giving it to my patient, changing it, however, into a bottle of my own. To my great joy it seemed to have an almost immediate effect and a complete cure was the result. Since then I have used it constantly in my practice and have cured every form of female weakness, as well as displacements, dropsical tumors, cellu dropsy and all such troubles. I have also used it with the best of results in cases of pregnancy and gestation. Indeed I have found it of untold value and benefit.

"Have you any objection to giving me the name of this remedy of which you speak?"

"None, whatever. It is Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"Why, that is a proprietary medicine!"

"Certainly, but what of that! I have but one end in view in the treatment of my patients, namely—their restoration to health. In the accomplishment of this end I prescribe what I believe to be beneficial, no matter what the professional consequences may be."

"I notice in the New York papers that Doctors Hammond, Agnew and other prominent physicians are taking a similar stand, Mrs. Wingate."

"Yes, and all independent thinkers in the profession are bound to do so. I am, however, on the best of terms with my professional brethren as you can see," and the lady produced a beautiful gold medal mounted in the form of a badge which had been presented her by the medical society, known as the Ensign of the Humble Family, of which she is a prominent member. After examining it closely, the reporter remarked that the medical profession evidently were proud of what she had done, as she might well be in the possession of such a medal.

"I am proud of that" she replied, "and I was also pleased a short time since to receive an offer at a large salary to take the professorship in the new medical college at Walla Walla, on the Pacific coast. I do not know how they heard of me out there, but I was obliged to decline their offer."

"And so, in your experience with the diseases of women, you have found success, and that Warner's Safe Cure has been a most efficient remedy?"

"Yes, I have had unusual success and the remedy of which you speak has been proven of great benefit. There are, however, some base imitations of it to be found in the market: these are bad and should be avoided, but the genuine remedy is one of the very best."

"And has not the practice of your profession injured your health?"

"No, I am better now than ever before in my life. I froze my limbs last Winter, while riding one cold night to see a patient, and was obliged to remain indoors for over two months. Otherwise I am healthy, as you can see by looking at me."

"And may I publish this interview, Mrs. Wingate?"

"Yes. If what I have told you should be the means of assisting any women who may be suffering, I shall be perfectly willing to have it published."

"COME down," said the young man, stroking his upper lip.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" (words registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

IT is said that deaf and dumb people always take a hand in conversation.—*Evansville Argus.*

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent Lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover.

WOOLEN goods are quoted quiet, because of their nap.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

LOOK for advertisement in this paper of Glaceline. Shirts polished without an iron equal to a machine laundried work.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Stops your throat hurling. Why don't you use it! Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred as thirty day's trial is allowed.

THE "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

THE "Fat Contributor" is the man who gains favor with the printers.—*N. O. Picayune.*

REDDING'S Russia Salve is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price 25c.

LIFE is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end he is all out of breath.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A PLAYIN' man: A homely musician.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE best fitting collars and cuffs you can get are the Celluloid. Now for sale at all first-class stores.

A COLD snap is likely to occur whenever there is a piece of ice that can be broken.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

WHEN a man gets high he is considered a very low fellow.

A COUGH OR SORE THROAT should not be neglected. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are a simple remedy, and give immediate relief.

A NOISY piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.

FOR sore feet, swollen joints, sprains, corns or bunions, use St. Patrick's Salve.

We Present no Pretended Miracle.—"Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail."—No Sophistry can Withstand the Power of its Honest Utterance.

Editor of Evening Press:

DEAR SIR—Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits which I have received from the use of a very valuable article which has its origin and home in our beautiful city, and hoping that others who are afflicted as I have been may find like relief from its use, I beg the indulgence of a few lines in your valuable paper for the privilege of communicating to you a brief statement of facts, for the benefit of the multitude of sufferers to be met with on every side. Many of my friends well know that I have been very severely afflicted with heart-disease for a number of years, and have suffered from it as only those can suffer who have that disease; it reduced my strength so low that I could scarcely walk across my room, and the least exertion rendered me so short-breathed that I dared scarcely move, and life seemed very burdensome. I was treated for my malady by the best physicians, and derived no benefit from their treatment or prescriptions until I was advised by my family physician to use Hunt's Remedy, as my trouble was caused by inaction of my kidneys, which affected very seriously the action of my heart. I commenced taking it (having little faith in it or any other medicine), and it has helped me wonderfully, and I am now a great deal better and have been ever since I began its use. In fact I have taken no medicine that has benefited me so greatly. My breathing is easy, and I have gained in strength so much that I am able to do my housework. I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who may be afflicted as I have been, or who are suffering from general debility and nervous prostration. Respectfully, MRS. A. O. ROCKWELL, Pearl Street, Providence, R. I.

A standard medicine for curing Bright's disease, dropsy, kidney, bladder and glandular maladies is Hunt's Remedy. Female weakness, pain in the back and loins, gravel, diabetes, intemperance, excess, and prostration of the nervous system are cured by Hunt's Remedy. Hunt's Remedy imparts health and vigor to the constitution when it has become debilitated. Hunt's Remedy restores the invalid to health.

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Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits, as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.

. . . . CONQUERS DISEASE, ...

PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formula in use 200 years.

. . . . IT HAS NO PEER. . . . .

MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.

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Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

SHIRTS POLISHED WITHOUT AN IRON AT HOME equal to finest machine laundried work, and a dozen polished while one would be done with an iron. NO SKILL OR HARD LABOR REQUIRED. Linen will stay clean twice as long, is rendered Perspiration Proof, made whiter and easier to wash, and neither linen nor wearer injured. Package, that will last an ordinary family six months, sent free by mail for 25 cents. Canvassers make $5 a day. Circulars free. Address, Glaceline M'f'g Co., 5 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

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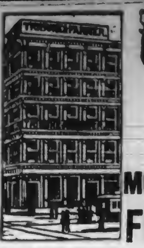

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Founder, and for twenty-five years, editor of Moore's *Rural New-Yorker,* is the agricultural editor of the TRIBUNE and FARMER, and conducts the best and liveliest agricultural department to be found in any weekly newspaper in this country. Special writers on Small Fruits, Market Gardening, Horticultural Matters, Agricultural Machinery, with a list of Agricultural Inventions weekly, Philadelphia Market Reports, Answers to Correspondents, &c., &c.

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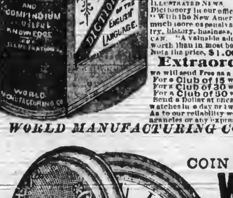

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1883. NUMBER 24.

WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

We have a queer way in the West,
When a fellow his story relates;
We make this peculiar request;
Say? What was your name in the States?

CHORUS.

Oh! what was your name in the States?
Was it Thompson, or Johnson or Bates?
Did you murder your wife
And then flee for your life?
Oh! what was your name in the States?

Of course, sir, we all understand,
You say you are William G. Bates,
From New Hampshire you came overland,
But—what was your name in the States?
Cho.—Oh! what was your name, etc.

Your features are handsome, 'tis true,
With luck you are blessed by the Fate,
Your clothing is costly and new,
But—what was your name in the States?
Cho.—Oh! what was your name, etc.

You may be an angel, that's so,
Just slipped through the Heavenly gates,
But still we are anxious to know
Just what was your name in the States.
Cho.—Oh! what was your name, etc.

I hope no one will doubt that I sign this just as I would if I were in the States.—*Stanley Wood, in Denver Inter-Ocean.*

THE TALE OF A PEBBLE.

It was just eighty years ago that, one evening, a pale-faced young man took a prominent part in a new piece that was being performed at one of the Munich halls. His mournful looks and spiritless actions were so utterly at variance with the drolleries he had to say, that, being ridiculed and hissed by the audience, he was harshly dismissed by the manager.

They who sat in the audience-seats little knew—and as little did they care—that in a wretched garret lay the lifeless body of the young man's father; that five little brothers and sisters and a desolate widow now looked up to him as their only hope and support, or that, so distressing was his poverty, he could buy neither bread for the living, nor even a coffin for the dead.

Think of him all the lone night, watching by his father's corpse, and following it to the grave in the morning; track him as he listlessly saunters through the streets, and idly wanders down to the banks of the swift-rolling Iser, mark him watching the flowing current, till, hard pressed by affliction, the terrible thought of suicide flashes into his poor harrassed brain; then observe him shudder at the guilty thought, fall on his knees to beg for mercy, till at last, worn out by anxiety, he sinks down upon the soft grass—to sleep.

Morning has dawned, and the cheerful rays of the rising sun awaken the sleeper. An undisturbed slumber has refreshed him; some angel of deliverance which he saw in his dreams rise out of the dark waters, and gently hover over his unfortunate self, has scattered blessings from its gracious wings; and the young man almost forgets his sorrow, and ventures to build air castles on the unstable sands of the future.

On his way back to the city, his good angel accompanies him, and unlike most angels of our acquaintance, it causes him to stumble over a white chalk-pebble, which lies half concealed among the grasses.

Half in anger he picks up the stone, and just as he is on the point of hurling it into some less frequented path, his eye catches sight of a curiosity—of the tracing on the pebble of the delicate fibers of a sprig of moss.

"This surely means something," he says, in his German tongue. "Providence has not deserted me; I am a bad singer, but who knows? I may be good for something better."

It meant something; it meant just this: The chalk-pebble was a fragment of the now celebrated Bavarian lithographic stone, and that pale-faced, sorrow-stricken young man, whose good angel was an angel unawares, was Aloise Senefelder, the inventor of lithography—the art by which impressions or prints are obtained from stone.

It need scarcely be said that Aloise Senefelder, after having meditated upon his singular discovery, abandoned forever his former profession. He became an author. He possessed a tolerably good education, and with the pen could produce many a readable article.

Like many other authors, however, he was too poor to pay for the printer's labor in publishing his manuscripts. He could write books, to be sure; but they were of such a character that no one cared to assume the risk of making them public. It was evident, therefore, that whether he was deserving or not, Aloise Senefelder was not likely to become famous as a writer, unless he himself should print and publish his own works.

This thought gained possession of his will, and at once determined him to "go alone," as we say now-a-days. He began to experiment; and in the course of his practical essays, he discovered that soap, wax and lampblack made a good composition for writing on copper.

He next obtained some strong nitric acid, and employed it to eat away a portion of the copper, and to leave the letters, which he had scratched, in relief. These sheets he then printed.

So far so good; but, as copper was not cheap, and writing backward was not easy, he was induced to make further experiments with the little pebble which he had found on the banks of the Iser.

He polished it and found that its surface bore a very marked resemblance to that of a sheet of copper. He concluded to use it henceforth in preference to the latter.

It so happened that whilst thus engaged, his mother one day came into his room, and requested him to take account of some linen which she was about to send off to the washerwoman. There was no paper at hand, neither pencil nor pen; but he hastily wrote out the list with his prepared ink upon a polished stone, with the intention of copying it at his leisure.

A day or so later, when he was just going to wipe the writing from the stone, the idea struck him that he might take impressions [illegible] "bit," or eaten in the stone gently with acid, so as to leave the letters a little prominent, he found, after charging it with ink, that he could take impressions easily upon renewing the ink for each print.

Continuing his experiments, he soon saw that it was not necessary to leave the letters raised, but that the simple principle of grease resisting water was sufficient. Here was the true secret—the as yet undiscovered secret—of lithography.

I have previously said that the pebble which he picked up on the banks of the Iser was a white chalk-stone, or as geologists say, calcareous. There is something characteristic of this species of stone which deserves to be noted.

Strange as it may seem, the calcareous stone has a strong affinity, or liking, for grease and water; while, as is well known, grease and water have for one another a most decided antipathy. Working upon this principle the young man, by drawing or writing subjects upon the stone with fatty substances, produced some very excellent specimens of lithography.

The stone, greedily imbibing the grease, fixed the subject upon its surface; this being damped with a wet cloth till the whole face of the stone was covered, except where the greasy lines resisted the water, a roller of printing-ink was passed over the stone.

Such was lithography in its earliest days; at the present time the fundamental principles of the art remain the same, though the method of applying them have constantly and materially changed. It is not to be wondered at that Aloise Senefelder met with innumerable difficulties, for the art, even at its present state of development, is seriously affected by the most delicate niceties in chemistry, and the slightest variations in the weather.

With remarkable perseverence, however, he battled with his daily trials until, in 1799, he obtained a "patent," or license, to practice in Bavaria. Soon afterwards, he attempted to set up presses in London, Paris and Vienna.

The new discovery soon spread through Germany and France, and, being taken up by clever artists, rapidly attained excellence. In 1800, it was introduced into England; and nineteen years later, the stout-hearted Senefelder, with characteristic candor and public spirit, divulged all his secrets and published his receipts, hoping, as he said, "that it might produce many excellent lithographers."

In 1809, Senefelder was appointed Inspector of the royal lithograpic establishment at Munich, and from this time until his death, in 1831, he devoted himself to experiments, to instructing numerous pupils, and to writing a history of his invention. Notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter, not the least of which were the opposition and libels on his invention by persons who supposed their interests would be affected by his success, he completely triumphed, and lived to see his art brough to great perfection, and to be regarded as one of the most useful inventions of modern times, from its facility, cheapness and general application.

It is not many years ago that painters, engravers, and picture-buyers in particular, vilified the struggling art of lithography and cautioned the public against "greasy and smutty daubs," and others, who would be wiser than their neighbors, ventured to say that "it was all very well in its way, only it must be kept within its proper limits."

Now, the times have changed, the old tables have been turned, and lithography, as a useful, cheap and elegant art, has taken a position which engraving never could. Not only does it send out the merchant's letter in his own handwriting, and furnish the whole paper apparatus of the counting-house at a cheap rate; not only does it descend into all the common necessities of every day life; but it gives us the finest subjects of the best artists, crisp from their own hands, and bearing the real touches of their own pencils.

Moreover, it gives color, and interprets faithfully every tint and gradation of shade, and transmits them, fresh from the painter's easel, to multiplied copies, every one of which is a true fac simile of the original.

Such is a picture of lithography as it was in 1795, and as it is in 1883.

On the one hand, we see the unfortunate Senefelder; on the other, the numerous professors of his art at the present day. On the one hand, also, a little white pebble, a broken bit of limestone; on the other, a quarry of stones which, in some establishments alone, weigh hundreds of tons. On the one hand, a clumsy press that first threw of a sheet from stone at Munich; on the other, elegant and expensive machines of modern days, many of which are wrought by steam.

From this twofold picture of the old and the new a most important and cheering lesson may be learned, and it is this: To bear up bravely even although troubles thicken fast and endless perplexities seem to extinguish hope.

One day, as the story goes, Senefelder was strolling leisurely through the English garden which lies about a mile outside of Munich. He had outlived his trials, beheld the success of his discovery, and was now enjoying his well-merited gains.

A friend met him in the garden and, tapping him gently on the shoulder, said—

"Times have changed with you, Aloise; your pale face has grown ruddier, and your careworn look is gone. You have forgotten your days as a singer?"

"Forgotten them? No," replied the artist: "I could never forget them, for they taught me a lesson. It was sorrow, then. But God can turn, as you see, our pain into pleasure, and our bitterness into joy. Why should we ever despair?"

Senefelder died in 1834, aged more than sixty years, and was buried in the holy ground of his native city. A small mound and a tablet still point the visitor to his last resting-place; and upon the tablet we read his name, and these words in German, "Why should we ever despair?"—*Youth's Companion.*

—According to the *Wiener Gewerbe Zeitung* a chemist of Vienna has invented a new kind of glass, which contains no silex, potash, soda, lime, or borax. In appearance it is said to be a brilliant crystal, pefectly transparent, white and clear, and is susceptible of being cut and polished. It is completely insoluble in water, and is not attacked by fluoric acid, but can be corroded by hydrochloric and nitric acids. The most important feature that it possesses is that, when in a state of fusion, it adheres to iron, bronze and zinc.

—Milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

PITH AND POINT.

—"What is philosophy?" It is something which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Appearances are apt to be deceitful. The lawyer's green bag, ostensibly crowded with remunerative briefs, may, after all, contain only that lawyer's cold luncheon.

—"Oh, pa," said a young lady, "why don't you get a fir tree?" It would be so economical to raise our own furs, "and then we could raise whatever kind we wish."—*Wheeling Journal.*

—Teacher:—"Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" (They appear uncertain.) Teacher:—"What will be the product of forty apples multiplied by six pounds of beef?" Small Boy (triumphantly):—"Mince pies."

—The number of people who say "them molasses," does not seem to decrease despite the common school system. Perhaps if the schools were not in existence folks would say "them water" and "those vinegar." Let us be thankful for what we have.—*Kentucky News.*

—The King of the Sandwich Islands locks himself in when he gets drunk. It would be well if some Americans were to imitate his example instead of going out in the highways and byways and offering to lick all creation and occupying both sides of the street at one time. —*Norristown Herald.*

—According to the law in Vermont the telegraph companies in that State must paint their poles. We object to such a law in Iowa, at least, if the law should require the painting to be done in red, white and blue. Consider the embarrassment the citizen would be in who requires a shave.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—"Madam," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged and vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is—" "Sir! those are my own children!" she interrupted, and the way that front door slammed his toes jarred every hair on his scalp-lock.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A Numerical Courtship—

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un2 the other sayed.
"How 14-8 that you b9
Have smiled upon this suit of mine;
If 5 a heart it palps 4 you—
Thy voice is mu6 melody—
'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2—
Say, 0y nymph, will marry me?"
Then lisped she soft, "Why, 13ly."
—*Eugene Field.*

—The boys were calling names and disputing on Larned street when a gentleman halted and said to the eldest: "Boy, this isn't beginning life right." "He sassed me fust!" "But he is the smallest. How it sounded for you to twit him with his father in the penitentiary. He has gone away crushed and degraded." "Well, I'm sorry," replied the boy, after a moment's thought, "and I guess I'll run after him and tell him my father is in the work-house! That'll kind o' take his lonesome feelin' away!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A blacksnake attempted to despoil a beehive in Berkley County, Va., when the bees attacked the reptile and stung him to death.

—A chemist in Germany has introduced a new system of preserving butter by covering it with a layer an inch in thickness of a strong solution of sulphite of lime, which he also used to preserve cider.

—In Lyons, France, the cold-bath method of treating typhoid-fever has been adopted with marked success. In the civil hospitals the death rate was reduced from twenty-six to nine per cent. and in private practice to one or two per cent.

—Speaking of indutry in Alabama, the Mobile *Register* says: "Prosperity to the laborer means prosperity to the employer. In point of fact, our farmers are now nearly all day laborers. The bosses are few and far between, and the drones are nearly all dead."

—Professor H. Carmichael, of Bowdoin College, has recently taken out an additional patent on waterproofing paper stock. His processes are now successfully employed in making paper dishes indestructible by hot water, acids, or alkalies. It is understood that he is at work on a roofing material made of paper pulp, which will be practically indestructible.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A new French steamship company will soon establish a line between New Orleans and Havre. It is expected that eight vessels will be required. A Liverpool company is also prepared to put a fleet of six steamers afloat to run between Liverpool and New Orleans. The latter city promises to be an important shipping point in the near future.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Two gentlemen of Mexico have discovered a plant which produces material that, in their opinion, will revolutionize the present linen and silk industries. The plant yields a fiber of great brilliancy, fineness and strength, possesses an admirable affinity for all kinds of dyes and resembles silk more than anything else known. Samples of this fiber are twelve feet in length.

—The process for making wrought-iron and steel direct from the ore originated by H. C. Bull, an English inventor, has been tested in Pittsburgh and pronounced a success. At a recent trial two heats were made, each of which only occupied the space of an hour from the time the charge was put in till the iron was withdrawn. The ore was charged cold. The product cost the makers less than six dollars a ton outside of the cost of ore, which is ten dollars in Pittsburgh.

—An American engineer, who, being engaged in the construction of a railway in China, has had unusually favorable opportunities of examining the famous Great Wall, gives the following data concerning it: The wall is 1,728 miles long, eighteen feet wide, and fifteen feet thick at the top; the foundation throughout is of solid granite, the remainder of compact masonry; at intervals of between 200 and 300 yards, towers rise up, twenty-five to thirty feet high, and twenty-four feet in diameter; the wall is in a perfectly straight line from point to point.

Our Young Folks.

THE KAISER'S QUESTIONS.

The Kaiser would go to the Orphanage,
Upon a Summer day;
And the children braided their flaxen hair
And tied it with ribbons gay.
They tied it with ribbons pink and blue,
And each wore her dress of white,
And the Kaiser said he thought no man
Could see a lovelier sight.

Then he took his plumed hat off his head,
And they courtesied to him low.
He said: "God bless you, children dear,
And make you in wisdom grow."
He called to his side a blue-eyed girl
(She was fair as a child could be),
And he said: "Stand here, thou little one,
And answer me questions three.

"This lily, so fair and white and sweet,
To what kingdom does it belong?"
"To the vegetable kingdom, Sire;"
And her voice was like a song.
"And this little toy of purest gold?"
(He showed her a mimic lyre)
And she looked up with a smile, and said:
"To the mineral kingdom, Sire."

"Now tell me, my clever little maid,
To what kingdom do I belong?"
She thought of lions, of cows, and sheep,
The animal, sure is wrong.
She looked at his kingly air and dress
(She was but a child of eleven),
And said, with a still and solemn air:
"I think—to *the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

The Kaiser looked down, and then looked up,
And his eyes were full of tears.
"The wisdom of Heaven dwells," he said,
"In the child of tender years."
He felt as if by an angel taught,
And his soul to its depth was stirred;
So he left a royal largess there,
For the little damsel's word.
—*Mary A. Barr, in N. Y. Independent.*

HOW NELLIE WON THE DAY.

Gray clouds drifted across the sky, and a chill wind swept over the fields, and whistled round the corner of the old red school-house; but the group of children, clustered about the door-step, noticed neither, so interested were they in some object that they were examining.

"It will be the greatest fun, alive!" exclaimed a large boy, in a muffler.

"Indeed it will!" assented a rosy-cheeked girl, whom her companion called Maggie.

"And how she will jump!" squeaked little Tommy Green, who had a cold in his head.

"There comes Nellie Lawson," cried two or three, as a sweet-faced maiden emerged from the school-house; "let us tell her about it."

"What are you all talking and laughing about?" asked the new-comer; "can't I know the joke?"

"Of course you can," said Maggie. "Just see this rat, that Ben Mott has caught," and the boy with the muffler swung a gray rat round by the tail.

Nellie gave a half-suppressed scream, and then, seeing that the animal was dead, asked: "What are you going to do with it?"

"Why, to-morrow is the first of April," explained Ben, "and we intend to play a trick on that shabby Ruth Baker."

"She is dreadfully afraid of rats and mice," continued Maggie, "almost goes into a fit, at the sight of one—so we are going to do this fellow up in a nice parcel, and put it in her desk. She will think it is something Auntie Piper has sent her by Miss Allis, and it will be fun to see her scared when she opens it—don't you think so?"

"No, I don't!" responded Nellie, while her cheeks glowed, and her eyes flashed; "and I think it is mean to treat a poor girl like Ruth so. She is smarter than any of us, if she does wear patched clothes, and live in a tumble-down old shanty, and it might do her a great deal of harm."

"Nonsense!" shouted Ben angrily: for he had a grudge against Ruth for going above him in the spelling class. "You needn't preach to us, Nellie Lawson, and we shan't ask your consent to the trick."

"No, indeed!" said most of the group, who did not care to lose their sport.

"And if you give Ruth a hint beforehand, we will have nothing more to do with you," added Maggie.

"I'm no tell-tale," answered Nellie, with some spirit, as she turned off down the road, leaving the mischievous youngsters to prepare this unkind surprise for their schoolmate.

That same afternoon, as Miss Allis, the school-teacher, was wending her way toward her boarding-place, at Auntie Piper's, she was overtaken by her pet pupil, Nellie Lawson, who, with her scarlet hood falling back on her shoulders, and her fair hair streaming in the wind, came running down a side path to meet her. "Oh, Miss Allis," she panted, quite breathless, "I was so afraid I might miss you; and I want to ask a favor."

"What is it, Nellie?" inquired the teacher.

"Only to lend me the school-house key until to-morrow morning, when I will be sure and bring it very early."

"But what can you want of it?"

"It is a secret, Miss Allis; but, truly, I will do no harm."

The teacher smiled at the girl's earnestness, as she drew the key from her pocket, saying: "I think I can trust you, Nellie; but don't fail to be on hand in good season."

"Oh no, indeed! and thank you so very much!" and with a kiss, and a wise shake of her little head Nellie bade her teacher "good-bye," and started towards home.

The Widow Baker's home was a miserable place, the cold air pouring through the wide cracks in the boards, and laughing at the wee bit of fire on the hearth, that seemed too timid, even to crackle.

"This is a poor shelter," groaned Mrs. Baker; "but I fear we may even have less, for not a penny's rent have I paid for three months, and farmer Mott has threatened to turn us out."

So it was with a sad heart that Ruth started for school, trying to plan some means by which she could earn money, at least to keep starvation from the door. The scholars were all in their places when she entered. Opening her desk, she saw a package in one corner, and—not observing the boys nudging each other, and the girls giggling behind their "readers" supposed Auntie Piper had kindly sent her a turnover, as she occasionally did. Carefully she untied the string, and unfolded the paper. Ben Mott stole up behind, and peeped over her shoulder, while the others watched eagerly. They were not disappointed, for the girl uttered a startled "Oh!" sat down suddenly, and covered her face with her hands; but they were surprised, when, in place of the repulsive rat, they beheld a dainty lunch, neatly packed in a box, and on top a netted purse, through which might be seen the gleam of silver, while on a slip of paper were written the two words: "April-Fool."

"This is some of Nellie Lawson's work, I know!" exclaimed Ben, angrily; but none of the others echoed his tone, as they caught a sight of Ruth's grateful face, and Nellie said, softly: "Yes, I know I have rather turned the laugh against the school, but I am sure you will enjoy my joke more than the one that you planned, even if you have all been April-fooled:" and going to Ruth's side, pressed her to taste the good things, "for I know by your looks you need them," she whispered.

"Let me take some home to the children," begged the girl, and she explained, in a few words, the sad condition of her family.

The well-fed boys and girls instantly scattered in every direction, each tried to out-do the other in bringing from their own lunch-baskets, sandwiches, biscuits, pies, cake, etc., to heap upon Ruth's desk, until there was much more than she could carry—and she fairly sobbed from excitement. Miss Allis, watching the proceedings, forgot to ring the bell until long after time.

That afternoon, as Mrs. Baker stood by the window, she uttered a cry of despair at the sight of Farmer Mott's wagon coming down the road. "For," she said to Peter, the oldest boy, "he has come to turn us out, and where we shall go, Heaven only knows!"

Sure enough, Mr. Mott soon appeared on the threshold. "See here!" he shouted, "have you some money for me?"

"N-n-no, sir!" stammered the poor widow—"but——"

"Well, that's all right, for it's April-fool's day, you know; but what do you mean by allowing any of my tenants to freeze and starve? Here is a cord of wood; don't you dare to bring me any rent until that young man is old enough to earn it."

And with these words, the bluff farmer hurried off, leaving Mrs. Baker speechless. She was roused by the entrance of Ruth, followed by a procession of boys and girls, bearing baskets and pails, and who in a twinkling set to work, like a band of good fairies, making up a roaring fire, spreading the table, with Ben Mott, the leader of them all, while his face fairly beamed with satisfaction. Fun and jollity prevailed on all sides, and Nellie, hugging Ruth rapturously, exclaimed: "Isn't it just the loveliest April-fool that ever was heard of?"

As the twilight shadows fell softly over the country-side, and the happy children—leaving the Bakers sitting by a cheerful fireside—wended their way to their own comfortable homes, Ben Mott whispered to Miss Allis: "Nellie Lawson's 'fooling' is worth twenty of my stupid rat tricks."—*Agnes Carr, in American Agriculturist.*

Some "Crawling Leaves."

When Australia was first discovered by the English, as many strange stories were told about the wonderful things to be found there as we used to hear in the early days of California. Among other thing it was said that the leaves of a certain tree had a habit of descending from their proper place and walking along the ground.

A party of English sailors had left their ship to roam along the coast and "see what they could see." They were resting under a tree, lying on their backs probably, and naturally gazing upward, when a sudden breeze shook down a number of leaves, which turned somersaults in the air, after the manner of leaves generally, and then floated to the ground. The sailors were surprised at this shower, because it was not the fall of the year, but midsummer, and these falling leaves looked fresh and green. It was strange to see leaves deserting the tree without any sort of reason; but this was nothing to what followed.

After a short rest these able-bodied leaves began crawling along on the ground toward the trunk of the tree from which they came, and the amazed sailors started up in terror. They probably knew from experience that people who come in contact with the ground may also expect to come in contact with various crawling insects, but walking leaves were something altogether out of the common way; and they took to their heels at once, and lost no time in getting on board the vessel. The land was certainly bewitched, and one of the men said, in relating their adventure, that he expected every minute to see the trees step out and dance a regular jig.

Fortunately this singular phenomenon has been fully explained by later travelers who were not too much frightened to stop and examine the matter. It was discovered that these queer leaves are really insects that live upon the trees, and are of the same color as the foliage. They have very thin, flat bodies, and their wings are like large leaves. When anything disturbs them—like a breeze, for instance—they fold their legs away under their bodies, and then the leaf-like shape, with stem and all, is complete.

Not only are they of a bright green in summer, like the foliage of the trees at that time, but they actually change when the leaves do to the dull brown produced by frost. Another peculiarity of these leaf-insects is that, although they have a generous supply of wings, they seldom use them, but when they have been shaken to the ground, after lying there for a few minutes as if they were really leaves, they crawl toward the tree, and ascend the trunk without seeming to know that they have the power of getting back to their quarters in a much quicker and easier way.—*Harper's Young People.*

—Italian murderers are very rarely hanged, but their fate is, if convicted, far from pleasant. Passanante, who tried to kill King Humbert in 1878, is fastened to the wall of a nearly dark cell by a five-foot chain riveted to his ankle. He has become imbecile.

Religious.

HE WENT BEFORE.

Their faces to Jerusalem,
They stepped with laggard feet,
Half timorous, defiant half,
At what they went to meet.
But as they rested, or they talked
Their sad forebodings o'er,
Still leading on the little band
Their Master went before.

He saw in vision maddened throngs
He saw the crowded hall
Where scribe and priest should mock and flout,
The cruel scourge should fall.
He saw the cross; its shadows lay
The toilsome pathway o'er,
But pressing on with ardent soul,
The Master went before.

To-day Thy pledged disciples, Lord,
Meet sorrow, pain and shame.
Their watchword in the trial time
Thine own all-conquering name.
Though flesh be weak and spirit faint,
And heart be spent and sore,
They can not fail in any strife
While Thou shalt go before.

In presence of Thy bitter foes,
Amidst the dark defeat,
They yet shall snatch a victory
And taste a triumph sweet.
Nor death itself shall crush them, Lord,
Its final conflict o'er,
The ransomed hosts shall shout and sing:
"Our Savior went before!"
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in American Messenger.*

OUR DAY OF REST.

The Sabbath was God's gift to man for all ages. The Divine order was, that man should have one day of rest for every six of work. All the best civilization of the world is based upon that idea, which has been wrought into the laws, industries and social life of all Christian nations. We have inherited from our fathers this sacred institution as one of our dearest rights, as well as our most sacred privileges. Our fathers, coming as they did from the tyrannies and oppression of the old world, were wise enough to guard "Our Day of Rest" with the solemn sanctions of law, as well as the lighter securities of custom and social life. But it appears in our day that we have large and powerful classes of men, who, either from selfishness and greed, or recklessness of other men's rights, demand that the sanctions of the law which gives a day of rest to workingmen shall be removed. In other words, some men want the larger class of men to work every day. The day of rest is to be abolished, and all days of toil to be alike, without respite or relief, if these views prevail. Men are to bear the strain constantly. Fatigued bodies and tired minds are to be worked to the utmost all the time, unless prohibited by law. One trade and business after another encroaches more and more upon the Sabbath, until they gain a day and enslave the workingman. Less and less become the poor man's rights, and fewer his opportunities for rest and recreation. Less and less he sees of wife and children, and more he must toil for their support, with but little of the comfort and joy of their society. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer both in family, body and mind. Already the din of traffic and bustle of business roar on the Sabbath but little less than on all days.

More and more trades and factories so enlarge their business and the demands of greedy monopolizing enterprise that they demand seven days' work per week.

Consider the trades and enterprises, public and private, that have no Sabbath. Railroads, employing every class of labor, common and skilled; city horse-railroads, omnibus-lines, ferries, iron-furnaces, foundries, all large furnace works, hotels, boarding-houses, barbers, butchers, grocers, druggists, confectioners, cigar stores, liquor dealers, newspaper publishers and venders, the police, insurance watchmen, stablemen, coach-drivers, milkmen, and many others, are obliged, in the competition or demands of their business as now conducted, to work all day or part of the day on the Sabbath. Very few, and growing less, are the industries or employments that completely respect the Sabbath and allow their workmen to rest.

This very serious and dangerous tendency is not a matter of fanatical alarm or mere sentimental discussion. It is a question of life and health to our overworked people. Nowhere in the world do men work as hard with body and mind as in our country. Nowhere in the world is rest so needed—complete and absolute rest for all men.

Herbert Spencer well said that what we need most is rest. Rush, struggle, competition, hurry, are the dangers of our industrial and business life.

To get rich, and rapidly, destroys the capitalist very often, and impels him to disregard his employes' rights and drive him more and more. The individual workman grows less, and more, he becomes merely an attendant of a machine. Less does he see the results of his own hands' work, less does he feel that he has a soul, less does his employer realize that his man is fitter than his machine.

The soul of the workman has as much right to grow and reach its Divine birthright as his body, and more, because it has grander, higher needs than his body.

It must be remembered, too, that the more every industry encroaches upon the Sabbath, the more it draws into the vortex other incidental work. Think how many classes of work one railroad compels, by merely deciding to run trains on the Seventh day. There is no break in the monotony of its whole work: engineers, depot hands, train and road men of all kinds must be at their posts along the whole line.

And thus to some extent every industry which does not pause one day in seven enslaves and even degrades its workers. Workingmen, this will not do. This evil must be stopped. The day of rest is yours. Don't let men in Brooklyn business, or in Albany legislation, or National law, or European customs, rob you of God's day and your day, in one dreaded scheme. If men tell you that all days are alike, tell them that they are not alike to you. One day God has given to you, and your reverence and gratitude for this gift make you glad to give thanks and worship to Him. The holy quiet and complete rest of the Sabbath are yours, and part of your liberty. Beware of those who teach or claim that all days are theirs, and you are theirs. Sabbath desecration has gone too far in our land of Christian liberty, where even the workingman is free. We are becoming ashamed to show even the best men who come from Europe what we are doing on what we call "the day of rest." Alas, such rest!

If law relaxes and social custom surrenders, we will soon lose every vestige of either rest or worship to the workingman.

Workingmen, the future depends very much upon you, and the way you demand and employ your day of rest. If you are faithful to your rights, and "knowing dare maintain them:" if you make the best use of your day of rest, demagogues will hesitate before taking it from you altogether.

Are you ready to give up your Sabbath? If not, be careful how you let go of it. Be careful how you allow others to remove the solemn sanctions of law which make it really yours as a right. Be careful how you allow others to control or use the time which belongs to you and to God, and how you rob God of one-seventh when He has given you the whole seven.

Dr. Farre, in an able report to the British Parliament, said, as a physician, that a rest of one day in seven was required by man and beast, and a loss of bodily vigor was sure to follow seven days of weekly work, ending in a breaking down of the system, and shortening of life. The Sabbath is God's special gift to workingmen, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve in efficiency his working powers. In the physical system it acts as a compensation, replenishing the spirits, the elasticity and vigor impaired by six days' toil, and it supplies the vigor which is to do the next six days' work.

A flour-mill was once worked without a Sabbath, under an infidel manager. The same mill with the same men ground much more during the year under a Sabbath rest. A distinguished merchant of large business once said: "If it were not for the Sabbath, I should have been a maniac long ago." Another merchant, who used his Sabbaths to scheme and plan, soon found himself in the asylum, where many men are who have refused God's Sabbath. A man who works seven days a week will kill either mind or body.

Since, therefore, the Sabbath was designed to be a beneficial institution for both man and beast, it should be honored by all, and so enjoyed as to make it the greatest good to the greatest number, spiritually as well as physically. The danger in our day and at this very hour, is not of too great strictness, but of too great laxity and fatal indifference.—*Wm. H. Ingersoll, in Church Union.*

Helping One Another.

The efficacy of each Christian is augmented by a union with others: and by a concentration of effort and co-operation we may hope for the largest success. Independence, as was clearly shown by a writer in our last issue, is an impossibility. Hence God has ordained another and a better order of things. It is that of mutual dependence. This is the law of our being, ordained to insure the greatest efficiency. And when Christian men are brought to feel that they have one work and are seeking to compass one end, the speedier and the greater will be their success. But while this is true, it must not interfere with individual effort. Indeed, an intelligent recognition of this principle only serves to impress us with the importance of personal fidelity to duty in every relation of life and in every sphere of service. Every individual and all the talents of every individual are needed to secure the largest results. The best way of helping others, therefore, is for each one to stand in his own appointed lot and thus prove himself faithful in doing his own work instead of imposing it upon others.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Gems of Thought.

—Heart culture is more to be desired than intellectual equipment, but it is the discipline and training that develop both mind and heart that make noble and complete manhood and womanhood.—*Golden Rule.*

—If thou desire the love of God and man, be humble; for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so it is beloved of none but by itself; the voice of humility is God's music, and the silence of humility is God's rhetoric. Humility enforces, where neither virtue nor strength can prevail, nor reason.—*Euchiridion.*

—One grand concern with buyers is to obtain garments that will last garments whose fabrics will not waste, and whose colors will not fade. There is one seller in the great market of the world who assures the permanence of his wares. Hear ye him! "Buy of me gold tried in the fire, that ye may be rich; and white raiment that ye may be clothed." In this apparel the redeemed shall shine, when the sun shall grow dim with age, and the stars fall from heaven like unripe figs.—*Arnot.*

—England's wealthiest Baronet is said to be Sir John Ramsden, of Byram, Yorkshire. His rent-roll is computed at $850,000 a year. He owns almost the whole of Huddersfield, the great manufacturing center. The little bit he doesn't own was a very Naboth's vineyard to his father, who, according to popular tradition, once offered to its Quaker owner to cover it with sovereigns if he would sell it. "Edgewise, friend Ramsden?" quoth the Quaker; "in that case it is thine; otherwise all Huddersfield must still belong to thee and me." "Edgewise" was rather more than the Baronet could swallow.

—Rev. Dr. Dix, of Trinity, has introduced a new phrase. In alluding to the easy style of marriage and divorce in New England as "consecutive polygamy," he coined a phrase that is likely to live.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The latest craze among fashionable English sports is insect shooting. They arm themselves with air-guns and pop beetles, bugs and flies. The Princess of Wales encourages them in it, as it saves pigeons and small birds.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. APR. 11 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
"	¼ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c.. $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

CIRCUIT COURT is booming.

TOBACCO dealers are not so downcast. Their purses are growing more plethoric.

THE result of the election in Cincinnati, last week, shows that a great deal of scratching was done.

PETER COOPER died at his residence, in New York City, on the 4th inst., at the advanced age of ninety-two.

REPORTS from all parts of the state are to the effect that early cherries are the only item in the fruit crop that are killed.

GEN. BUCKNER, an avowed candidate for governor, declares his determination to stay with the boys till the last day in the afternoon.

THE farmers complain of the backward spring, but by the first of June they connot discover that their crops are behind those of former years.

THE race for speaker of the lower house of congress is not attracting much attention at present, but Mr. Carlisle's prospects get brighter each day.

THERE is one man is this state whose friends cannot induce to become a candidate for an office. That man is Henry T. Stanton, of Frankfort.

GOV. BLACKBURN has gone to Arkansas to look after his farming interest in that state, and lieutenant-governor Cantrill is at the helm of state.

THE president packed his trunk and started to Florida, one day last week, where he expects to escape the army of hungry officeseekers for a few days.

IT costs $4,800 a day to run Barnum's show. Of that amount $2,700 a day goes for advertising. He pays more for advertising than everything else together.

IT seems that the republican fencing is yet somewhat out of order. Can the democrats keep theirs in repair long enough to hold Ohio in line through 1884?

THE Lawrenceburg Press has been polling the town on the question of building a levee to protect them from future inundations. There were few dissenting voices.

THE vacancy in the President's cabinet, occasioned by the death of Postmaster-General Howe, has been filled by the appointment of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indianapolis.

JUDGE LYNCH has inaugurated a court in Nebraska. A dispatch from Hastings, on the 4th inst., says that a mob of thirty-five masked men hung three men there the night before.

THE street commissioner in New City is making it lively for the gambling portion of the population. He is a candidate for reelection and is doing all that for an electioneering scheme.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 65@7 85; fair to good packers, at $7 20@7 65; fair to good light, $7 25@7 65; common, $6 25@6 90; culls, $5 00@6 20; stock hogs, $5 7 @7 00.

W. N. HOGAN is a candidate for representative in Grant county. He is and experienced farmer and learned in the law, which combination the Courier thinks qualifies him especially for the position. Success to you, Newt.

DAVE FERGUSON, Louisville's defaulting back-tax collector, who was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, has donned the stripes, and will be put to shoveling dirt on a railroad. Quite a come down in the world.

ON and after October first letter postage will be two cents half an ounce between all points in the United States, and after that date you can get a postal money order for as large a sum as $100. The present limit is $50.

WITH five candidates in the field for governor there are chances for a considerable contest accompanied by some uncertainty as to the result. Mayor Jacobs, of Louisville, the last candidate out in the race, has a very formidable backing at home, and will not be the first candidate dropped if the five go before the convention. The prospects for a lively canvass are good.

A SUIT has been brought in Boston to recover $5,000 damages from Rev. John H. Fleming and Archbishop Williams, of that diocese. In 1879 Lizzie Gannon, then a child, was attacked with a nervous disorder which had a peculiar effect upon her mental condition. She became greatly infatuated with some cuts in a paper, images which she said were angels sent by her brother who was dead. Fleming was sent for, and he took the images and kept them, refusing to return them. The girl fell into such paroxysms her physicians thought they should be returned to her to enable her to recover or keep alive, but Fleming and the Archbishop would not consent.

—A report from Augusta, Ga., says: While apricots and some peaches are killed by the late cold weather, in general there will be a good fruit crop in this section. Apples, plums and strawberries are not hurt to any considerable extent.

Circuit Court convened Monday with Hon. P. U. Major on the bench. The grand jury for the term is composed of the following gentlemen:

Reuben Conner, foreman, Jas Smith, Thos A Johnson, Wm Nelson, Joe Riddell, W M Rogers, James E Smith, J H Lawell, H P Crisler, W A Tanner, F. L Gordon, E Cropper, Yancy Clore, O C Utz, W E Clutterbuck and E M Gaines.

The petit juries are composed as follows: O P Tanner, L P Arnold, J H Walton, Thomas Grant, Geo Baker, W B Kelley, M T Graves, Thos. Willis, W E Walton, Ephraim Aylor, Geo E Rouse, Albert Beemon, Thos. Stephens Frank Smith, J J Weaver, D M Hewitt J F Blythe, J A Gaines, Lewis Conner, Asa Cason, W E Rouse, O E Rouse, S P Brady and W R Bradford.

About $200 in fines were imposed the first day, the largest being against Alfred Powell for shooting Boone Flanell at Walton some time since—fine $50.

IN MEMORIAM

NATHANIEL GREEN.

In another home has sorrow come, in other hearts has it planted its bitter sting. As the years roll on, one by one is some loved one taken from our midst. One more voice is silent, one more heart at rest. No more will his light footstep be heard or gentle smile be seen in the little church at Petersburg, of which he was an active member, and an earnest worker for the cause of his blessed Master. Others, fairer and younger, will come to fill his accustomed seat. It is not only the death of the young that fills our hearts with grief. Their lives are like the gentle violets that bloom in early spring, and as the summer advances, wither and die. But when the aged, with snowy locks and a faltering step, leave us, they who have guided us by their gentle influence, they who, for years, have been loved by all, then it is, we, with tearful eyes and sad hearts, bowed down by grief, bend over their graves.

The tender floweret brightens by its growth and is missed when gone, but the sturdy oak, which has stood the storms for ages, when it at last succombs, then it is missed all the more.

So our aged friend has left us. The summer rains will fall, and the gentle sighs of the breeze among the leaves will make sweet music above him, but he hears them not. The winter's snowflake will cover the mound where the locks scarce whiter are hidden beneath. Yet his memory shall dwell among us all, and above the silence of his grave will come and whisper to the stricken ones; "He is at rest with Christ, which is far better."

Blessed rest, sweet sleep, all life's toils forgotten, only rest and peace.

BELLE TERRILL.

STATE NEWS.

—Near Henderson Miss Annie Reed, aged sixteen years, was burned to death by her clothes igniting at a grate.

—Benjamin Boggs, one of the wealthiest men in Madison county died last week. He leaves an estate worth $210,000.

—Scott Oliver and John Walton played cards in Bowling Green. They had a misunderstanding and the coroner got a job viewing Walton's remains.

—While Mrs. Jack Renaker, of Cynthiana, was getting dinner, she stumbled over some wood, and, in falling, struck her head against the corner of the stove, putting out her eye.

—Near Paducha a twelve-year-old son of Jordan Southerland fell from a wagon load of straw, running through him two tines of a pitchfork which was leaning against the wagon Death was almost instant.

—Gen. Withers sold to a Chicago party a two-year-old filly, Maggie Medium, by Happy Medium; dam Maggie Keene, by Membrino Hatcher, son of Membrino Patcher; second dam Laura Fair by Rattler. Price, $1,000.

—Willis H. Brumback, an aged citizen of Owenton, was found by a jury to be a lunatic, and sent to the asylum at Lexington. His lunacy was caused by a long spell of sickness last fall, when he attempted suicide by stabbing himself, and has since been gradually growing worse.

—Black leg is reported to have appeared among the cattle in the northern part of Harris county, Texas, and much valuable stock has died from the disease. It is feared it will spread to the southern part of the county, where there are thousands of cattle Naturally the rumor has excited much apprehension among the stock men.

—A party of masked men went to the house of Bettie Ragan, a colored woman, in Smithville, a suburb of Mt. Sterling, and burned the house, stable and other out-buildings, with all their contents. It was in this house that the small-pox first made its appearance about six weeks since. Several of the family have died, and the others have been removed to the pest-house. It is supposed the negroes did the burning to prevent further spread of small-pox.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—A tobacco-box factory is to be started in Bristol, Tenn., soon.

—Chattanooga is all torn up over the bill to repeal her charter.

—Deer hunting is a favorite sport of some of the young ladies of Centerville, Tenn.

—At New Orleans the corner stone of the monumental tomb and equestrian statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was laid April 6th.

—There passed through the Custom house of Galveston last week $36,000 in Mexican nickles, coined in the city of Mexico, and intended for general circulation in the State of Chihuahua.

—There is an old man living in Wilkes county, Ga., Mr. Pernet Truitt, who once wagoned cotton to Philadelphia and brought back dry goods on the return trip. He is now in his eighty-eighth year.

—Memphis Avalanche: With $1-200,000 in the State Treasury, Virginia offers a fair field for an enterprising treasurer. As the Old Dominion does not pay its debts it has no particular use for so large a sum.

—The colored school commissioner whose visited to one of the white schools in Chattanooga created such a furore, has resigned. He explains that his object in visiting the school was to get information that would be useful to his own people.

—Mt. Vernon correspondent Stanford Journal: A negro convict was shot by the Warden at the camp on Roundstone Sunday. He was ordered to take a whipping, but refused to be whipped and turned to walk off, and was shot in the back, perhaps fatally. The Warden skipped out, and has not been caught yet.

—West Point (Ga.) Enterprise: We were shown a twenty-dollar bill, Georgia State money, dated 1778, which has the signature of M. Maxwell, Dr. A. W. Greggs' grand-father. The printing and signature are very plain and distinct, though a little faded. It has never been out of the family, and is highly prized as a relic.

—An old lady in Oglethorpe county, Ga., has a metal tomahawk, with which weapon her grand-father was killed by the Indians in the early settlement of that county. The murderous band was afterward pursued and the bloody weapon obtained. The owner prizes the relic very highly, and refuses to part with it.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Apr. 6, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50@	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	15 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 50	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	24 25
Common Leaf	6	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 50	20 75
Good Med. Leaf	21	24 00
Good Br't Leaf	24 50	27 00
Fine Br't Leaf	27 50	31 25
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	11 50	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	24
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	20 50
Good Med. Fil'rs	21	24
Good L'f Fillers	25 00	27 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	27 50	30 00

FOR RENT.

About 25 acres of good grass, with plenty of running water, or will pasture stock. Enquire of W. S. ACRA, Burlington, Ky.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

BURLINGTON, KY.

MRS. MARY J. GREEN,

(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

One Fool Among Many.

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition —A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a chance to show what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I recommend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful disease." Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statment.

Gloom, despondency, hopelessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bed-time like the hour of execution to a criminal—these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Coleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., New York

ROBERT B. REED

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,

ATTORNEY at LAW,

BURLINGTON, KY.

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Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt and studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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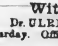

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WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

BOONE HOUSE,

BURLINGTON, KY.

C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

SANDFORD HOUSE,

—BURLINGTON, KY.,—

Keenes R. Robbins, Prop.,

Having rented the above well known Hotel, I am now prepared to furnish the public first-class accomodations at the most reasonable prices. The table will be carefully supplied at all times. Stock well cared for. The best of Cigars and Liquors. Your patronage is solicited. apr-1y.

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS, Aurora, Ind

Will have constantly on hand

Marble and Granite Monuments,

Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

NOTICE.

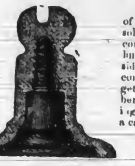
The stockholders of the Burlington and Bellevue turnpike company are notified that an election for president and four directors to serve the ensuing year will be held in Burlington on the 1st Monday in May 1883. They are also notified that a dividend of 50 cents a share of stock is ready for distribution for which call on J. J. Lillard, Treas. WM. WALTON, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

A small lot of the celebrated Snowflake potatoes, for table and seed. Also a limited quantity of the Alpha, among the earliest and best variety grown. Price $1 per bushel. Apply soon to Allen Conner at my residence. E. A. TUCKER,
Florence, Ky.

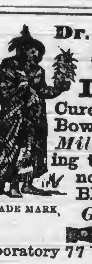
Chambers' Lightning Protecti'n

COMPANY.



Having purchased the right to put up the rods of the above company in Boone and Kenton counties, we solicit your patronage. These rods are constructed on the correct principle; it takes a less number of feet to rod a building and are consequently much the cheaper rods, besides they are ornamental and are the only rods that afford complete protection from lightning and are less liable to get out of repair. Their popularity is attested by the number now in use in Boone and Kenton. Those having buildings to rod will find it to their interest to have us give them a call and fix figures.

W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.



TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. mar. 15, '83

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE

Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, March 13, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$547,836 36
Overdrafts		237 29
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		32,503 53
Due from other National banks	6,752 29	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,856 39	9,608 68
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,661 66
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,076 59
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,167 11
Bills of other Banks		7,560 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		156 51
Specie		7,810 00
Legal tender notes		17,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$691,867 73

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		16,670 14
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	314,454 95	
Due to other National Banks	10,891 21	
Due to State Banks and bankers	3,151 43	328,497 59
Total		$691,867 73

State of Kentucky, county of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of March, 1883.

RICHARD H GRAY, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

L. C. STEPHENS,
J. H. MERSMAN,
E. J. HICKEY, } Directors.

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire

INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.

J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.

R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.

LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY, JNO. M. MOODY.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,

BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move

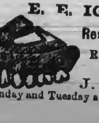
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS

On Short Notice.

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

83-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

E. E. IGOE,



Resident Dentist,

Rising Sun, Ind.

WITH

J. P. Ulrey.

Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2¼ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises Title good. For ferther particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

1883

THE CINCINNATI NEWS

A DAILY

Democratic Newspaper.

Is published to subscribers at the following

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

By mail postage paid.

Daily and Sunday edition, 1 year	$7
Daily and Sunday edition, 6 months	4
Daily and Sunday edition, 3 months	2

All Subscriptions Invariably in Advance

An extra copy of the paper will be mailed FREE for one year to any person who will raise a club of ten annual subscribers at one postoffice, and forward their names and addresses, together with $60.

BY CARRIER.

Daily and Sunday edition, 15 cents per week, or 65 cents per month, payable to Carrier.

PRICE BY SINGLE COPY.

Daily edition 2c Sunday (double size) 3c

Agents, Carriers, Newsdealers, Newsboys, or any one handling THE NEWS, are required to sell the paper in conformity with the above rates. Address

THE NEWS, Cincinnati, O.

SADDLES AND HARNESS

AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER IN SADDLES

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞ Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."

ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers

(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.

New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday.
Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comor, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

PROSPECTUS
—OF THE—
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

Pre-eminently a NEWSPAPER in its truest sense, posessing facilities for gathering news from all quarters of the World, unsurpassed by any other Journal: presenting the same to its readers in a concise form free from coloring and predjudice.

In all cases, it publishes *The Truth* and *Facts*, and in matters of general interest, general interest, the fullest possible details are given. It is a paper, untrammeled or clogged in any way by Cliques, Corporations, or Bossism. Treats all persons and parties with fairness, giving a faithful record of all that transpires in the political field without fear or favor.

In matters of Finance and Commerce, its reports are extensive, complete, and accurate; furnished by reliable parties, thoroughly conversant with such matters; making this feature of the Enquirer, one of its best recommendations to the Commercial World.

It is published every day in the year, its extra large size admitting a vasts quantity of reading and miscellaneous information, in its various departements, all of which presents a freshness, characteristic of a live newspaper.

For satisfactory evidence that the Enquirer is all its publisher claims for it, we invite those desiring a first class commercial newspaper to send for specimen copies or short trial subscription.

SEE TERMS FOR

DAILY ENQUIRER.

Sunday and Daily	$1.50	$3.75	7.00	14
Daily except Sun	1.25	3.25	7.00	12
Any three days	65	1.75	3.25	6
Any two days	45	1.25	2.25	4
Any one day	25	65	1.25	2
Sunday Issue	25	65	1.25	[illegible]

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER

will maintain its present standard of excellence, which has attained for it a circulation of near One Hundred Thousand Copies which fact alone speaks volumns in its favor. It is undeniably one of the best Family Journals printed; large size eight page paper, giving ample room for all the news of the week, and choice selections, Historical Reminiscences, miscellaneous reading, &c.

Its market reports are reliable and extensive, embracing all necessary information that Farmers and Merchants require for intelligent transaction of business, either as buyers or sellers.

Its Farm School embraces letters from all sections of the country treating upon all matters pertaining to Farm, Field, Orchard Ranch, &c.

Its Household department is made unusually interesting to the ladies, by letters from the thrifty housewife in which domestic affairs are ably treated upon.

A corner is reserved for the boys and girls wherein to talk to the outside world. The moral tone of all being in happy accord with pure thought and taste.

THE SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One copy, one year	$1.15
One copy, six months	65

Agents sending us 7 subcribers at above rates are presented with a free copy.

JOHN R. McLEAN, Publisher,

Specimen numbers free. Cincinnati, O.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope. DR. M. E. CASS,
201 York street Jersey City, N. J.

☞ Mention this paper. jan 17-83

FREE 85 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 3, and an Illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. S. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours Will burn wood 5 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning,

Local News.

Sunday was a beautiful day.

Spiders are numerous this spring.

The garden cleaners were at work last week.

The Dutch measles are shaking the town up.

The ball and bat have come to the front again.

The sheriff had his business well up when court came.

Those who have gardens to make are getting restless.

Diamond Dyes, warranted fast colors at W. E. Piper's.

We are glad to announce that Judge Hawes is improving.

The wheat fields are beginning to show some signs of life.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, at W. E. Piper's.

Georgie Piper took a tussel with the French measles last week.

Our Local Drug Store has a large assortment of Diamond Dyes.

The assembling of the grand jury always creates a slight exodus.

Go to W. F. McKim's and get a package of Diamond Dye for 10 cents.

C. L. Crisler has provided accommodations for those stricken with spring fever.

Keenes Robbins is now proprietor of the Sandford House. See his card in another column.

Lonnie Crisler, son of C. L. Crisler, of the Boone House, has been quite sick since last week.

Boils, sores, and ulcers indicate a bad state of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates all foul humors.

The rush of job work this office has enjoyed the past month is very agreeable to us to contemplate.

Charles Fowler now looks after localities for which he would like to furnish protection from the electric fluid.

Mrs. Francis Riddell, who has been spending the winter with relatives in Indianapolis, returned home Saturday.

James Conner has provided himself with a gig in which he skips around over the country as light as a feather.

Miss Lucy Ryle and Miss Fannie Duncan, who have been attending school at Glendale, Ohio, returned home last week.

The jury's first verdict: "We of the jury would much rather be at home than here adjusting the troubles of our neighbors."

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Judge Major arrived last Saturday evening to commence court on Monday morning. The Judge wanted no failure in making connections.

While cutting bushes the other day Geo. Blythe stuck a thorn in the top of his head, from which he suffered excruciating pain for one night.

Z. T. Bondurant, of Missouri, came to Boone last week on business and a visit to his relations here. The west has diminished his corpulency.

The Burlington and Florence pike, Saturday, elected Feelden Rouse, president and W. E. Rouse, J. N. Crisler, Dudley Rouse and Hiram Rouse, directors.

Mr. Gabriel T. Gaines' little son has been quite sick for several days, and Mr. G. is apprehensive of the disease leaving him with a permanent hip trouble.

Samuel Crutcher, of Florence X-Roads, got a piece of steel in one of his hands last week, and an ugly incision was necessary to remove the fragment of metal.

We learn from the Georgetown Times that J. B. Finnell, at one time a citizen of this county, and W. C. Owens, have formed a partnership for the practice of law in Georgetown.

The report has been put in circulation there are about a dozen new divorce suits on the docket at this term of the Circuit Court, which is not the case. There are four.

A little son of Geo. Baker, of Florence X-Roads, met with quite a painful accident last Friday in nearly severving his knee joint by getting it hung on a nail. Dr. Furnish was called in and dressed the wound.

Col. Monfort had a very pleasant trip Sunday week, (the 1st day of April) to Walton on his way to Burlington to attend court. Sunday morning he boasted to his wife nobody would April-fool him that day.

R. C. Walker, of the Crittenden Press has an assistant editor on his staff, and for the benefit of his wife's many friends in this county, we will say it is a fine boy of but a few days sojourn on this mundane sphere.

We have printed bills, in the last week, for public sales as follow: James Tanner, on the 12th; John C. Riley, on the 12th; Enoch Barlow, on the 13th; Andrew Glackin, on the 13th. These are all administrators' sales.

Last Saturday, William Wahl, who had a difficulty with Fred Zimmer, of Constance, some time since, mention of which was made in these columns, was tried and fined $40. The charge against Zimmer was dismissed.

Lost—On Monday the 1st. inst., a double case silver watch with the initials of G. R. W. on the out side of case on the road between Wm. Ryles and the Bruce place on Woolper creek. The finder will please return to W. S. Aera.

Edward Cloud and Sidney Gaines went to Lexington, about two weeks since to attend commercial school. Sid is there yet, but Ed, concluding he did not want to spend the summer in the Bluegrass region, returned last Saturday with his goods and chattles.

Last Saturday while Esquire W. L. Norman's family, of Walton was absent from home a theif entered the house and stole $600 in gold. No clue to the theif or thieves. A few nights before Mr. Norman's store was robbed of some small articles.

Died—On Monday, April 2nd. at 5:30 p. m. Mrs. Eva L. wife of Daniel H. Blasingham, the second oldest daughter of W. H. and H. G. Soards, late of Boone county. The remains were burried in Spring Grove Cemetery on Thursday the 5th inst., from her late residence, No. 140 Barr St., Cincinnati.

While plowing the other day, Mr. John Winston, who resides near Constance, unearthed a silver twenty-five cent piece 101 years old. It was discovered in the bottom of the furrow and was not tarnished in the least. This would be quite an acquisition to Mr. J. W. Calvert's collection of ancient coins.

There were 15 or 16 of Ed Golway's Charley Highlander's colts on exhibition here the first Monday in this month, and all of them were extra good horses, making favor for their sire. The premium, a saddle and bridle, given the best get, was awarded John Hoffman's horse, which was a noble animal for an all purpose horse.

Last week T. D. Goodridge's fast fox hound was killed by Charles Hughes on his father's farm, where it is said the dog was in pursuit of a fox. Not many nights before, Mr. Hughes' flock of sheep had been badly mangled by dogs and his boys had sworn venegance against all dogs found on his premises. The dog in question was a noted fox hound, and had many friends who are indignant.

The following special in regard to the Bellevue B. B. C. for 1883 has been received at this office:

Honas Welsiele, p.; John Deck, c.; P. Lindenburn, s. s., John Kidwell, 1b; Tilford Sullivan, 2b.; A. Q. Baker, 3b; Mike Nolen, r f; Lewis Snyder, c f; Sam Wingate, l f; John Smith, president.

All communications should be addressed to Isaac McMullen, sect'y. The above players are all well known, and remarks in regard to their playing are superfluous.

W. F. McKim will supply his customers with Diamond Dye.

County Court.

Nancy Hauky's will probated.

Jasper Carson released from paying poll tax in future.

C. T. Rice appointed administrator of Jno. C. Riley.

James Tanner's will probated, and Ephriam Tanner qualified as executor.

Nathaniel Green's will probated.

H. C. Botts appointed guardian for Stanley B. Botts and Mary E. Botts.

Commissioners' report in the James Murphy's land division confirmed.

Keene R. Robbins granted license to keep hotel in the Sandford house this place.

N. B. Stephens appointed administrator of Andrew Glackin.

Commissioner's report of the division of John Underhill's land confirmed.

Viewers appointed to view proposed alteration in road leading from Bullitsburg church to mouth of Garrison creek.

Order to take vote on local option in Hamilton precincts in August.

Jameson Aylor and Chris Barlow were appointed administrators of Enoch Barlow.

M. T. Garnett appointed commissioner to make deeds to the parties in Norris' land division.

T. W. Finch ordered to pay Drs. Smith, Grant and Furnish $75 for first quarter pauper practice.

All the beautiful colors of Diamond Dye at W. F. McKim's.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Died—On last Friday night the infant child of W. A. Davis. The remains were placed in the Hebron vault.

Mr. John Aylor is on the sick list.

Mr. Jacob Tanner who has been quite sick for the last few days is able to be out.

Your correspondent entertained quite a number of youngsters on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Thos. Huron is convalescing.

Several loads of tobacco were hauled from this section to Covington last week.

The farmers are behind with their work. Some have not finished sowing oats, and scarcely any plowing done yet.

Henry Quick has purchased him a little hatchet and gone to work at the carpenters trade.

Rabbit Hash.

No spring school in these parts, because those begun in the winter are still lingering

J. M. Moody, of Bellevue, was in our neighborhood two days last week on official business.

Our assessor spent last week in this section, and has about finished his work in this district.

A few days ago John P. Ryle shipped tobacco to Cincinnati, for which he had been offered only 5c by buyers at home, but realized 17½c in the Cincinnati market.

Miss Mary Stephens is spending the week with friends in Petersburg.

D. W. Calvert, of the Cincinnati News, spent Sunday in our midst.

Miss Pamelia Stephens visited friends in our neighborhood last week.

Several days ago a valuable mule belonging to Mrs M. McConnell had its leg broken.

S. Stephens has engaged his fine flock of lambs to J H Walton.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Verona.

Our Sunday-school, under the management of Mr. Wm. Carlisle has continued all winter, with good attendance. Mr. C. is a good Sunday-school worker, and deserves a great deal of credit for the work he has done.

The Bonner Bro's. show did not come off at the Fry school house as advertised. A great many were disappointed.

Last Saturday while the evening train on the Southern road was near this place the engine and baggage car were thrown from the track. All escaped injury except the engineer and fireman who were considerably bruised.

Mr. Clatterbuck was in this past of the county last week collecting taxes.

Erlanger, Kenton County.

Erlanger is a little village situated at the junction of the Lexington & Covington Turnpike and Cin. So. R. R., and is one of the live villages of Northern Kentucky. Eight passenger trains, four North and four South, and two mail trains pass the place each day, and all making a stop.

At the Erlanger Hotel with John L. Conner as proprietor, everything seems to go with a boom.

The following is the time card of the Southern Railroad at this station:

Trains South.		Trains North.	
No. 17.	7:55 a. m.	No. 6	6:35 a. m.
" 1	9:26 a. m.	" 4	10:00 a. m.
" 3	3:27 p. m.	" 18	5:00 p. m.
" 5	9:05 p. m.	" 2	5:40 p. m.

Plattsburg

There is much talk of building a Methodist church in our town. There is not a community in the county that stands in need of a church and regular pastor as badly as this. Let some energetic person make the move, and then we will see what we'll see. We would suggest Uncle Henry Smith as a suitable person to start the work.

Mr. John Johnson has invented a lever for a horsepower thresher, which, by hitching one horse to the end of it, gives as much power to the thresher as if it had 8 or 10 horses attached by an ordinary horse power. This is no humbug, but a dead certainty.

The reason that Charlie Schramm is always in such a good humor is J. Frank tells him that bird story about twice a day.

Mr. Jack Hoffman has in his possession a thousand dollar Confederate bill.

Rev. Froh's last sermon at Ashby Fork was one of the best ever heard in Woolper valley.

Union.

The Union Transfer Co., composed of Blanton and Fullilove, established their quarters in the Matson lane, on Friday morning last.

Making hot-beds is the present and future occupation of the Union gardeners.—[Where do they get their heat?—Eds.]

Now it's hoe-cake and waiter,
But it'll soon be lettuce and 'tater

Frank Brentz and wife, Robert Chambers, Miss Jennie Graves and Miss Bettie Smith, are all well or convalescing.

L. B. Stephens, now in Altoona, Florida, will return the first of next month. Wm. Hudson and 'Squire Sam T. Johnson have just returned from Florida, and like him have the Florida fever, and we may expect them to be Floridians.

The Baptist church talks of maintaining its own Sunday-school.

Everybody busy when the weather will admit.

John Hoggins has sold his fine gray gelding to a Paris buyer for $350.

The genial smile of A. G. Winston, atty., greeted our town, Thursday last.

Many new landlords and as many new tenants.

The abiding fruits of Bro. Dunlap's labors among us is seen in the walk of many of our best citizens, and all Union appreciate him as a genial gentleman and personal friend.

Bellevue.

Spring struck this place last Wednesday night and the frogs had their first opera. There was some loud croaking done—especially the bass part. From present indications this will be garden week here.

Ezekiel Rice has sold his fine three year-old colt to Mr. Selmes, of St. Paul, Minn. Price $175.

Mr. B. F. Garnett's new residence is nearly completed, when finished we learn that he will occupy it and that Mr. J. S. Huey and family will occupy his old residence.

Our friend Robt. W. Rice has gone to North Manchester, Ind., where he expects to spend the summer.

The river is on another boom and is now getting near the top of the bank and rising

Tobacco plants are making their appearance.

Judge T. H. Baker is at home shaking hands with old friends, and looking well.

Last Saturday night a most distressing accident hapened at Mr. Cy Kelley's His mother-in-law, Mrs. Griffith, of Gent, Ky. before retiring for the night started to the kitchen to get a drink of water and in the dark mistook the stairway for the kitchen door and stepped off, falling a distance of 20 feet where she was picked up and taken back to her room. Dr. Piatt was called and after making examination found that her left arm was broken near the shoulder, also that she was hurt about the head and breast. She is suffering very much from her injuries at present, which we hope are nothing more than the broken arm.

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics. Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green.
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H Dills, F. P. Helm,
L. C. Stephens.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.
dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
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City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - - Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.
HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

FOUND.

Near Bellevue, Boone county, Ky., since the flood a lot of Stone Mason's tools. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges.
W. W. GRANT, JAS. SMITH,
Bellevue, Boone county, Ky.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.
A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle at once, as I will leave Burlington in a short time. By coming up and settling you will save expense.
W. L. GEDGE.

Rev. Father Wilds'
EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
—Best Purgative Medicine—
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Billous Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

MOODY'S Boarding School
For Teaching all Branches of Dress Cutting, and every garment worn by lady or child; also, SEWING, TRIMMING, DRAPING, and all the FINISHING PARTS of
—DRESSMAKING!—
Position Guaranteed if Desired.
LADIES living out of the city BOARDED FREE while learning.
Address:
D. W. MOODY & CO.
31 West Ninth St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
R FANCY & STAPLE
O GROCERIES,
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
Jeans, Flannels, Nubias, Scarfs,
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E
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

DRUGS & MEDICINES

I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
☞Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.

N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY.

TO BUYERS.
I have for the spring trade a clean and carefully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.

IN DRY GOODS,
Brocades, Cashmeres, Indigo Blue Calicoes, Prints, Ginghams, Cheviot Shirting, Brown and Bleached Muslins and double width Sheeting, Pillow Case Muslin, Jeans and Cottonades, Crashes, Table Linen and Napkins.

IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS,
Nainsook, Lawn, Swiss, Jackonet, Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Toilet towels, Ribbons and Buttons.

Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.

Carpet Chain in fast colors.

Rubber Coats and Leggins—Overalls and Jackets.

In Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware my stock is complete.

Flour and Salt always on hand.

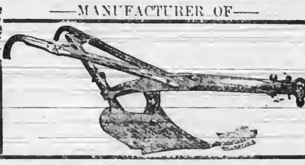
A Full stock of FANCY & STALPE Groceries.

Cash paid for country produce or will take in exchange for goods.

Orders for Goods not in stock, gladly and promptly filled.

Yours Truly, W. E. PIPER.

WILLIAM CLORE,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Rover Steel PLOWS,
Side Hill PLOWS,



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UNDERTAKING

We keep constantly on hand all sizes of
BURIAL CASES AND CASKET.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES guaranteed less than city rates.
SOARDS & DAVIS. Hebron, Ky

Amusing the Children.

Many of the household recipes printed in the newspapers are glaring frauds, calculated to engender trouble and cause infelicity in the domestic circle.

The other morning Mr. Newbanks read in his favorite journal an article on "How to Amuse the Children at Home." The following formula was one of the plans suggested:

"Plaster-of-Paris is cheap; let the children have some to mix with water, and pour into anything hollow, as, for instance, the halves of old tin animals which have been parted asunder, and the result will delight their young souls."

This scheme favorably impressed Mr. Newbanks. It possessed many advantages over such juvenile pastimes as constructing mud pies, falling into ponds, and stoning the neighbors' cats and dogs, and was designed to develop an artistic taste in the children.

In the afternoon, as Mr. Newbanks was deeply absorbed in the composition of an elaborate paper on the "Invisibility of the Unseenness" for a scientific monthly, his wife entered the library and impulsively exclaimed, in a sentence wholly innocent of punctuation points:

"Now William I'm going out a couple of hours and do see if you can't keep the children out of mischief until I return and is my bonnet on straight?"

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about the children—don't worry about 'em," said Mr. Newbanks, confidently, without looking up from his writing. "Your bonnet's all right."

The plaster-of-Paris project was still fresh in Mr. N.'s mind, and after the departure of his wife he summoned his children—two lively boys and a ditto girl—and read them the simple directions of the recipe. Then he procured a peck of the plaster and instructed them how to mix and use it, "delighting their young souls" by imprudently pouring a quantity of the stuff into a small bottle, which he afterward broke and showed them the "result." He knew from the eagerness manifested by the little ones to test the recipe that it was going to be an overwhelming success; and providing them with a number of hollow things with which to experiment, he left them, with the injunction to "amuse themselves and keep out of mischief." Then he returned to his library, and resumed work on his scientific essay.

The children remained very quiet, and Mr. Newbank's favorable opinion of the recipe steadily increased as the hours went thundering down the ages.

"The women-folks," he soliloquized, fixing his eyes on a handsome monogram pen-wiper, and instinctively wiping his pen on his coat sleeve, "are forever prating and moaning about being 'worried nearly to death by the children,' and having the 'life worried out of them,' and all that sort of nonsense. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world to amuse the little ones and keep them out of misch—"

"Papa, I can't get this out," said little Tommy, breaking in upon his parent's reflections. "You fix it." And Tommy placed on the table his father's twenty dollar meerschaum pipe—a highly prized Christmas gift—the bowl of which he had filled with plaster, and then essayed to crack the "mould," as his father had treated the bottle.

Mr. Newbanks rapidly grasped the situation, and his opinion of the recipe fell to zero as if by magic. Seizing Tommy by the arm, he angrily exclaimed: "Why, you little rasc—"

"Papa! papa!" cried Rose, rushing into the library, with her eyes full of delight, and her dress full of the mixture, "come out an' see what Charlie's doin'."

"Why, Rosie," said the father, with considerable asperity, "just look at your dress! My! my! I'll have to—"

"Wow! Woo-ooo-oow-ouch-wow!" screamed Charlie, dashing into the room at this juncture, with blood oozing from a war map on his left cheek, and his hair matted with plaster. "Wow-ooo-wow!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Charlie?" anxiously questioned the father. "What has happened?"

And Charlie said: "It was—boo-hoo—the cat."

Mr. Newbanks soon discovered that children had litterally followed the newspaper directions and poured the plaster "into anything hollow;" and if the author of the recipe had made his appearance at that moment he would have been assassinated on the spot. Charlie had discovered a cavity in the cat's ear, and, despite the animal's terrible spitting and swearing, insisted upon filling it with plaster, and only desisted when the feline further showed her disapprobation of the scheme by inserting a couple of claws in the little fellow's cheek.

Mr. Newbanks was constrained to admit that while this mode of amusing the children might delight their young souls, it had a decidedly antipodal effect on the more mature spirit. With gloomy forebodings he made a reconnoisance of the premises, and found the following among other "hollow things" which had been brought into requisition to amuse the children and keep them out of mischief:

Mamma's seventy-five dollar Japanese vase, badly battered in the effort to loosen the plaster; little Tommy's savings bank, the contents of which, when removed, delighted their young souls by bearing a striking resemblance to a lump of cream candy interspersed with walnut kernels; the waste-pipe in the bath-tub (plumber's bill for repairs, $11.45; papa's curious bronze inkstand, a relic of the Centennial—had never been soiled with ink—badly damaged; key-hole of the door (bill for removing the plaster, $1.25); Rosie's pocket—a rather brilliant idea, but a dismal failure in an artistic point of view.

When Mrs. Newbanks returned home she surprised her husband surveying the ruins—or "mess," as she termed it—and from the significant manner in which she elevated her hands and fixed her eyes upon him he correctly inferred that she was about to make some derogatory remarks, and not wishing to interrupt her oratory or dam her flow of eloquence, he rushed from the house with the explanation that he must be at the post-office before the mail closed, and he had only three minutes to spare. All he heard, as he shot out of the door, was,

"Just as I expected."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.*

—A Cleveland young man came to grief when he attempted a flirtation in a street car with the wife of a fireman. The woman was accompanied by her husband, who noticed the impudent attempt and resented the insult by thrashing the heart-crusher then and there.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Chinese Government has taken strong measures to put a stop to the growth of opium in Shing King; in some instances the crops have been purposely destroyed.

—In Paris they make artificial ears. They are good for everything but hearing, and a blessing to the wearer, who is thus enabled to "turn a deaf ear" to duns, slanders and appeals for charity.

—The tunnel under the English Channel has been finished to a mile and a quarter from the French shore, and the engineers say they can advance 132 feet a day. At this rate the tunnel could be completed to Dover in a year and a half.

—The analeps, a viviparous fish of Eastern Asia, has a singular eye. It is divided horizontally into two hemispheres by a membraneous band. Each half is a perfect organ of vision. The two upper halves are long-sighted, and the two lower ones near-sighted.

—Two ladies of Rome, the last descendants of Amerigo Vespucci, who gave the name of America to the Western hemisphere, are now begging that the pension of ten crowns per month, which was assigned to their family by the Republic of Florence in 1690 be restored to them.

—Prince Gortschakoff's diplomatic career extended over the reigns of four Czars, Nicholas and the three Alexanders. His life extended over the reigns of six. The tremendous Catharine I. was Empress when he was born. He saw five Romanoffs and their great ancestress, Catharine, on the throne of Russia during his eventful lifetime.

—A drill-master at the Naval Academy was a determined stutterer. One day he was drilling a squad of cadets who were marching toward the Severn. As they neared the sea wall the Lieutenant attempted to halt them. The word hung fire. Overboard the mischievous cadets went. The Lieutenant took the precaution to tell his men the next time he did not get "halt" out they needn't go overboard.—*London Times.*

—A startling plot for a three-volume novel has just come to light in England. Early last summer a woman named Eliza Ebbon disappeared. A dead body was found, identified by friends, and a man named Stratton tried and condemned for the murder. His reason gave way, and he was subsequently reprieved and sent to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, and now Eliza Ebbon is discovered alive and well.

—A glover's apprentice at Prague, about eighteen years of age, hanged himself the other day, and left behind him a letter to his parents stating that he had been selected by a secret society to take the life of one of the chief officers of the police of the city—Police Director Steipkal—and that he had committed suicide in order to evade the performance of this task. If he had not carried out the behests of the secret organization, the writer added, he would himself have been assassinated by his colleagues.

—The census returns of India show an aggregate of over 3,000 professional acrobats in the northwest provinces and Oudh. There are 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 146 curers by incantation, thirty-three gamblers, ninety-seven snake-charmers, fifty matchmakers, four poets, 10,000 singers and dancers, four story tellers, seven thieves (not including persons returned as household servants), and some professionals whose ancestors were probably among the Catilinarian retinues. Three classes of persons are worth a separate numerical quotation. There are over 7,500,000 cultivators of the soil. The landholders number nearly 10,000. The number of money-lenders is nearly 40,000.

Chinese Lottery.

"Som Toy," or Chinese lottery, is the most complicated of all games of chance. No set values are given to the drawings, for each prize depends upon certain mathematical calculations, in some cases occupying nearly an hour in computation. The player seats himself at a table on which are finely pointed bamboo brushes called pens, dishes of black and red Chinese ink and piles of square paper, stamped in Chinese characters. The lottery ticket is a piece of brown paper, six inches square. The paper is divided through the centre by a lateral line. On the upper half of the paper are four lateral rows of characters, of ten each, or forty in all, and the lowest half has a like number and arrangement, making eighty characters in all. These characters are hieroglyphics, representing names of eighty Chinese ladies of historical renown—the Elizabeths, Catharines and Joan d'Arcs of Chinese history. These slips of paper are sent out to the lottery agencies. The game consists in hitting upon a certain combination or number, as the case may be, of these numbers. The player is permitted, in consideration of $1.25 paid, to purchase and mark a ticket. The marking consists in spotting out with the black ink ten of the characters in whatever place or position the player may choose, either on one line, in a cluster, or scatteringly. Then the agent, with owl-like gravity, spots out a duplicate ticket, marks your name and the price you pay upon the side of the ticket in Chinese characters, and invites the player to call around next day and see what fortune may have favored him with. Drawings take place at midnight. In New York there are two great companies, each with a capital of about $50,000. They are called the Wing Hi and Hong Sing Companies. Wing Hi has the most patrons, although many players play both tickets indifferently. White men play Wing Hi almost exclusively.

The midnight hour having arrived, the agents congregate at the company's office with books containing fac-similes of the day's drawings. The bookseller settles with the agents, paying them their commissions. Then a gong rings, and the agents, together with the president and officers of the company, repair to the place set apart for the drawing. No one save the officers and agents are ever permitted to view the drawings. The writer never met a white man, even among the detectives in San Francisco, who claimed to have witnessed one of these drawings. The process of drawing is prefaced with mysterious religious exercises to propitiate the presiding gods. Then the President, blindfolded, inserts his hand to the elbow in a large jar and draws forth a little stick, upon which is painted one of the characters found upon the tickets. The name is called out, and all the agents write the characters upon slips. There are eighty of these "Som Toy" sticks, corresponding to the number and names of the characters upon the tickets. Twenty in all are drawn out by the President and recorded. Then the sticks are thrown back and shaken up for the next night's drawings. The names drawn are then spotted out in red ink upon tickets by the agents. The lottery officers eagerly scan the tickets sold to ascertain if they have met with heavy losses. If an unusually heavy series of losses is discovered, the company at once discards its untrustworthy patron deity, and selects another. If the losses are light or nominal, the President sets out baked meats and comfits for the patrons' edification, and hangs up congratulatory prayers.

In the morning the players compare their tickets. If they have caught five out of the twenty spots they receive two dollars; if six spots, they are paid twenty dollars; if seven, $140. Eight spots, which are very rarely caught, reap a golden harvest for the lucky gambler, for he collects $600, and nine and ten spots, which have on rare occasions been drawn, but never in New York, pay $2,400 and $15,000. These are what are called "white men's" tickets, because white men play them exclusively. Players may buy half, quarter and even one-tenth tickets. For the latter fifteen cents is charged, and but one-thirteenth part of the prize is paid. In this city hundreds of white men play at Chinese faro. For the most part they are the poor Italians who live in the vicinity, but many men, and even women, who employ Chinese laundrymen, deal in lottery; the Chinaman purchasing the tickets and collecting the prizes. In fact, many of the wash houses are branch agencies.

The mania for playing at Chinese lottery is spreading, and there is no reason why it should not get as firm a hold upon white people here as in San Francisco. There thousands play at the game. Three hundred lottery agencies are scattered over the town. They usually make a show of selling cigars. Elegantly dressed gentlemen may be seen to dodge into the doorways where the agency is located. The Chinese house servant is an almost universal institution, and he never misses his opportunity to introduce to his mistress the mysteries of the game. The lady will invest a dime or two bits in a ticket, just for the novelty, and if she wins a small prize keep on playing from day to day or week to week, until she draws a large prize. In that event she looks for another servant, for John has failed to come back with the winning. One lottery agency near the Palace Hotel does a large business with the ladies, many of the tickets going direct into the hotel. The police make constant efforts to break up the games, but as fast as they raid one shop another opens, and the law has been interpreted to exempt visitors at the dens. As the main offices of the companies move weekly and are located with great secrecy, the chief culprits can not be caught. The company always pays the agent's fine. There are seven great companies in San Francisco, with an aggregated capital of several millions. The greatest is the Fook Ti Company.

In this city, as in San Francisco, the Chinese themselves play at what they call the "high-low" game, in which the prize is not a set figure, but varies with the combinations. Many more spots are marked out than in the white man's game, and the player may pay as high as $100 for one ticket. Enormous prizes are sometimes drawn at this "high-low" lottery. Lucky combinations have been known to break the bank. The largest winning ever made in this city was about one month ago, when Wing Hi paid a Chinaman over $7,000 on a $2.50 "high-low" ticket. The largest drawing made by a white man was made by an Italian, who struck eight spots, drew $600, and went upon a glorious spree in celebration of the event. When he sobered up he found that he had been robbed of all his money. The game becomes rapidly popular because it does not expose the votary to any danger of disgrace, for an accommodating Chinaman may always be found who is willing for a small consideration to act as messenger between the agency and the player. The investment is small, the drawings rapid. The companies are scrupulously honest in their dealings with their patrons, and although agents sometimes swindle green players, the man who is willing to brave the loathsome surroundings and disgusting odors of a Chinese gambling den will generally obtain his prize. Any laundryman who knows that his customer is not in collusion with the police will introduce him to the game; and therein lies the danger.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Painting House Walls.

If a plastered wall be new, and has not been whitewashed, it will do to size it with glue water; but if it has been calcimined or whitewashed, which is often the case, no glue sizing should ever touch it. Any preparation of that kind is liable, sooner or later, to peel off and spoil the surface for any future finish. A safer way is to take oil and coat the whole surface before painting, which makes a fast union of any wash to the wall. On such a base oil paints will adhere perfectly.

But the principal trouble in painting walls is found in the defective character of the plastering. If one is building a house, he can place the studding twelve inches from center to center, so that strong laths will not spring and break up the mortar at every pressure. The laths, too, should be spread one-fourth of an inch apart, and the mortar have twelve pounds of hair to the barrel of lime. This will make a wall that will stand like the walls of the houses plastered a hundred years ago. The reason why the plastering falls off from our modern houses is because the laths are laid so close that the immediate swelling cuts off the clinch, and the mortar is usually too sandy, and has but six pounds of hair. On such a surface are laid three coats, when the clinch will fail to hold one. Professional lathers or masons themselves ought to lay the laths and be sure of a large spread; then if the mortar is strong or rich, with plenty of hair, there can be no falling off. I have seen many houses so poorly plastered that the entire surface had to be cleaned off and replastered after a few years. A person coming into possession of such a dwelling, no sooner gets the walls well painted to his taste than they begin to break up and disfigure the whole work. If you are sure the work is well done, the ceiling as well as the side walls may be painted to advantage. When any portion becomes soiled or smoked, it will then be an easy matter to wash it off. Rooms once thoroughly prepared in that way last for a life-time and always look substantial and neat. In case of cracks, make some putty of the same color as the paint and fill up.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—The entire problem of aerial navigation has been solved by a man in Buffalo. He has devised a something which looks like an ordinary steam yacht, with innumerable wings or outriggers, and with it he will circumnavigate the globe and penetrate the heretofore impenetrable strata of the upper air. Steam is to be the motor when the invention shall have proved a success. For experimental purposes, however, he is constructing a smaller air-craft that will be operated by man power. Ten men will be necessary to "punch the breeze" for this experimental craft; but those ten men have not yet been found. After they shall have been recruited more will be known about the experiment.

Meat for the Poor.

It will perhaps surprise some people to hear that there are still agricultural villages where the laborers do not taste "a bite of butcher's meat" from one year's end to another. One such village is High Roding, in Essex, if one may judge from an interesting letter in last week's *Guardian*. It is commonly supposed that by the time beef-tea has been made out of a piece of meat all the "goodness" has gone, and the residue is generally sold by the London hospitals at a ridiculously low price to feed pigs. In fact, however, the extraction of the beef-tea only removes such of the "goodness" as is soluable in water, and the residue, although "insipid and not remarkably digestible," is still "really nutritious." Most people, by the way, have probably eaten something of the kind to their cost in the shape of the *bouilli*, which is a standing dish at small French inns. However, this residue of beef is highly appreciated down in Essex, and the first of the laborers who tasted it exclaimed: "Ah, if I had some of this every day it would make a new man of me." The vicar has now obtained large consignments of it from some of the hospitals, and it is eagerly bought by villages at a price sufficient to repay the prime charge and the cost of carriage. What proportion of our agricultural population, one wonders, would be equally glad to get this husk of meat which has hitherto been feeding the pigs?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Toothsome Morsel.

This from the Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, conveys its own moral: Hold on! We are cognizant of the fact that an aching tooth was last night cured by the application of St. Jacobs Oil. The young fellow got mad over his raging tooth in the ball room, and rushed straightway to a drug store where he applied the good old German Remedy; in ten minutes the toothache had gone.

SIZE ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.—*San Francisco Post.*

"Do Likewise."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine trouble. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was *perfectly cured*. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply*. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

MRS. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

DIED in the wool—a defunct sheep.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

THE LOST CHILD.

A FATE WORSE THAN ABDUCTION.

How Parents, by a Lack of Precaution and Care, are Responsible for the Death of Their Children.

(Camden, Me., Herald.)

The moral and legal responsibility of parents, in the care of their children is, fortunately, attracting the serious attention of the better portion of the entire country. The many instances of child beating, oppression, and other forms of cruelty which have come to light, demand that something be done; and it is gratifying to know that the people are becoming thoroughly aroused. Whether the cruelty be in the form of physical violence or physical neglect matters not—the principle in both cases is the same. The man or woman who neglects his or her own health may be pardoned, as the consequences fall upon the individual alone; but the parent or guardian who permits the inroads of disease upon the innocent ones dependent upon him for protection, is criminally liable in the sight of God, however he may appear in the eyes of men. There are, however, parents that intend to care for their children, but, who through carelessness or the urgency of other duties, permit them to become the innocent victims of disease. Such parents may be guiltless of intentional wrong, but the disastrous results upon their children are just as great.

These are truths which must be manifest to every worthy parent and especially in a vicinity where the unknown effects of the atmosphere, the water and the general tendency to malaria are so great. There are many families in this locality who have been called upon to mourn untimely losses, even when the greatest care was exercised; but the experience of one only will be given: It is that of the late W. O. Thomas. The children were all most promising, but for some unexplained reason their health and strength seemed to gradually lessen until their friends feared they were the victims of consumption. One by one, they sickened and died until three had departed and two of the surviving brothers were also taken ill. Their names were Hermon and Edward. Hermon, however, seemed the stronger of the two; and, while his younger brother was confined to the house constantly, and to his bed much of the time, Hermon was able to be about but in so weak a condition that he had no desire to play. Eddie's symptoms were terrible! He found difficulty in retaining food upon his stomach, was restless and irritable, and out of his head frequently. At various times three different physicians visited him; and each one told his friends he could not live. He finally got so low that death was only considered a matter of a few days. At that critical time his elder brothers, aroused almost to the pitch of desperation by the three deaths that had so recently occurred, and the other one staring them in the face, resolved to take the case into their own hands. They accordingly did so, and secured a remedy that was then being universally used, and began giving it to him. Its effect at first was slight, but any improvement was considered a good symptom. By degrees his strength returned; he was able to eat with a relish, then walk about the house; and finally he regained complete health and strength. The boy was so rejoiced over his recovery that, accompanied by the editor of this paper, he went before Justice Charles K. Miller and made oath to the facts of his sickness as above related, and that he was restored to perfect health by the use of Werner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Now, Edward Thomas' parents, while they lived, undoubtedly, provided faithfully for the wants of all their children; and yet the seeds of disease had taken deep root. Their care in one direction had been counteracted by unknown carelessness in another. Their love was sincere, but wholly misdirected. They should have known that children are just as liable to kidney and liver diseases as grown up people; and that the fatality of Bright's disease of the kidneys is just as great among little children as with adults. This is a serious subject. Hereditary traits: the after consequences of measles and scarlet fever, diphtheria and the passing troubles which so easily become chronic, all demand the greatest care and caution. No case of cholera infantum, measles, scarlatina, or diphtheria was ever virulent while the child's kidneys and liver were healthy. It would simply be an impossibility. These important organs of the body are just forming within the child and growing with its growth; and they can be trained to strength and health as readily as the little mind can be trained to truth and uprightness.

The importance of carefully watching the slightest troubles of the child, and especially those affecting the kidneys and liver, can not be too strongly emphasized. Children respond so readily to the proper remedies and are so sensitive to disease, that it is a sin to deprive them of one at the risk of incurring the other. By a judicious treatment these essential organs can be developed so that a strong constitution, able to resist the inroads of disease through coming years, shall be the result.

A BALD-HEADED eagle is no more the harbinger of spring than a bald-headed man is of a missing heir.

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

WHEN a pick-pocket gets out of practice it takes a long while for him to get his hand in.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

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Personal.

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THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, April 6, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 5 85
HOGS—Common	6 25	@ 8 85
Good packers	7 15	@ 7 65
SHEEP	5 25	@ 6 00
FLOUR—Family	4 60	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 12	@ 1 13
No. 2 winter red	1 10	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	55	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	45¾	@ 45¾
Rye—No. 2	62	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 50	@
Lard—Steam	11-10	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	43	@
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 2 75
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@ 5 85
Good to choice	[illegible]	@ 7 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 19	@ 1 19¾
No. 1 white	1 11	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	65	@ 65¾
Oats—mixed	52	@ 54
PORK—Mess	19 15	@19 30
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	85¼	@ 86
Corn No. 2	49	@ 51¼
Oats—No. 2	42	@
Rye	57	@
PORK—Mess	18 05	@18 07½
LARD—Steam	11-42½	@11-45
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 18½	@ 1 18⅝
Corn—mixed	65¼	@
Oats—mixed	50	@ 51
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 05	@ 1 07
Corn—mixed	51	@
Oats—mixed	45	@
PORK—Mess	19 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 08¼	@
CORN	49¾	@
OATS—mixed	43¾	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	3 75	@ 4 50

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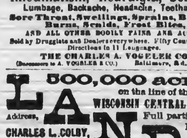

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Dr. D. says: "For many years I have suffered, intensely at times, with what is generally called rheumatism. When first attacked I was confined to my bed and could not walk a step. I could not bear the weight of the bedclothes, so excruciating was the agony I endured. I always noticed that before these attacks came on my kidneys were affected; before there would be any pain in my limbs or any swelling of joints or limbs, the color of the secretions from the kidneys would be very dark and the odor strong and feverish. The last attack was very severe, about five years ago, and I was confined to the house several weeks, and was unable to attend to business in three months. During the time I was confined at home and the time of my convalescence I employed four of the best doctors that I could obtain, but none of them gave me permanent relief, for they did not go to work at the cause of the trouble. Having been acquainted with the proprietor of Hunt's Remedy a long time I was induced by him to give it a trial, hoping that it might reach the seat of the disease; and after taking one bottle I found myself very much improved, and after taking the second I was feeling better than I had after any previous attacks. During many months previous to taking Hunt's Remedy my hands and fingers would be much swollen and stiff every morning; my left side, in the region of stomach and spleen, was very lame and sensitive; at times I would be taken with severe cramps over the spleen, and be obliged to apply mustard or cayenne for temporary relief; I was very nervous nights and could not sleep; I was obliged to be very particular in my diet, and my physical system was sadly demoralized. Since I have taken Hunt's Remedy systematically all these things have changed; I have no swollen hands or limbs; no pains or cramps in the side, can eat all kinds of food, sleep soundly and get thoroughly rested, and my kidneys are active and perform their functions promptly, thus taking out of the system all the poisonous secretions which contaminate the whole system where the kidneys do not act efficiently. My friends, what Hunt's Remedy has done for me it will do for all of you. I believe it to be the only sure cure for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary organs. Respectfully,

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1883. NUMBER 25.

THE MASHER MASHED.

She lightly tripped adown the street
With girlish loveliness replete,
A vision radiantly sweet.

He on the corner stood the while.
He wore a mellow, melting smile;
He wore a last year's well-brushed tile.

He gazed at her as she passed by,
He caught her lovely, beaming eye,
Her modest blushes mounted high.

She hurried on with quicker tread.
Unto her side he fleetly sped—
"Your bundle's heavy, miss," he said

Up the broad street her brother came—
Her spark of hope burst into flame—
She faintly murmured out his name.

* * * * * * *

Who is this dislocated youth,
With broken nose and absent tooth?
Some one has played with him, gadsooth!

Whence came he by those darkened eyes—
Those lumps and bumps of wondrous size
That on his curly pate uprise!

Some meteor on him must have crashed
To make him so supremely gashed—
What! No! It is!!! The masher mashed.

—*Washington Republican.*

HOW FATHER CONQUERED US.

We were a minister's children, Jamie, twelve, slight, straight as an arrow, with the peculiar golden light in the gray eyes that betokens hot temper and brilliant intellect, and masses of fine black hair pushed back from a high, white forehead. Bright, handsome Jamie, how I loved him, with an unquestioning devotion that taught me early to yield my wishes and desires to his imperious will and to shield him in all things, right or wrong, from the severe judgments of our father. I look back with a feeling of admiration for the homely little Dot, only seven, with her long, tawny braids and great eager eyes, so true to her boy hero.

Of course the familiar expresion that ministers' children are worse than any other had oft been repeated before us, and as people evidently expected us to be little heathens we tried hard not to disappoint any one. Lessons on the total depravity of ministers' children in general and we two, in particular, were as daily food to us. We knew that we were very bad, but we managed to be quite comfortable for such terrible sinners.

Among father's few worldly goods was a beautiful horse, fleet as the wind, and the pride of his heart. Jamie had often taken me with him to the pasture to lead "Flighty" backward and forward. And on rare occasions when we had gained permission to drive short distances for father we had grown bold and lengtened our drive, always receiving punishment for our boldness, but counting it well worth a whipping to hold the rains and feel the air rush against our faces as Flighty sped down the street. On one summer morning, that shown out clear as crystal, father spoke of the day as well fitted for shopping in Cleveland, a few miles distant, and as he spoke of train time to mother announced his intention of going by rail. Oh! the winks, and nods, and sly motions that told the story so plainly to me, and how helpful we grew; of their comfort how solicitous. At last, with terrible warning of wrath to be visited upon us if we ventured to disobey any of father's commands, we watched them aboard the train, and saw it sweep off down the track, with the fluttering pennons of smoke beckoning gayly to us. Racing back through the grassy lanes, tossing books and slates into a fence corner, with my pink sunbonnet on top of the pile. Jamie crowned my tawny braids with his sailor hat and calling me a jolly tar, helped me to pack our lunch. Before kind sister H—— who would come and get dinner, and mount guard over the parsonage, could reach there, we had packed our basket, harnessed our beautiful Flighty to the carriage and were off for a day in the woods. Oh! the dinner in the Old Maid's Kitchen, a cave to be found on the banks of the Cuyahoga River, famous now as the Switzerland of America. The long drive down the road that stretched away in the distance like a silver wire. The depths of cool living green, that lay like a shadow in a barren land. The moss, the violets, the new sounds we heard, the new visions we saw. The delicious coolness of the spring we discovered. The dreams we dreamed of the future. Oh! that summer day. As it waned we collected our treasures and unfastening Flighty from the tree where she had been made safe, we led her to the carriage, and depositing our burdens we drove gayly homeward. Runaways we were, but philosophers as well, for we put that fact of our awaiting punishment as far from our thought as possible. We expected to be whipped, but did not intend to suffer the sting twice, once in dreading and talking about it, and again in actual pain. As we sped along through the summer evening, we decided that life was worth the living—"the game well worth the candle."

Did we feel a presentiment that our placid enjoyment of this delightful wickedness was soon to end, that we finished our otherwise quiet sort of disobedience by racing through the village streets, huzzaing like young Indians, and passing every team with a challenge to follow if they could? Flighty was a thoroughbred and perfectly trained. She kept her head beautifully, or my story might have had another ending. As we drove up to the gate with a grand flourish, the whistle of the train in the distance warned us that our hour of reckoning was close at hand. After tea I was invited to the study and questioned as to the day's wickedness. I answered respectfully, and, after being reprimanded, was banished to my room. Soon after I heard father's heavy step in the hall and Jamie's light footfalls following. Leaning far out of my gable window, I watched them enter the barn. It was a glorious star-light night, and the silvery whiteness of the moonlight wrapped the world in its spell. Once I thought I heard the pleading voice of my brother. I could bear no more, and slipping out into the hall, stole down stairs and out to the barn. The lantern was hardly needed, for both front and rear doors being open, the moonlight lay in great bars, white and translucent, giving weird brilliance to the space of floor and leaving the corners in shadow. Creeping through the rear door I stood motionless, watching with wondering eyes the scene painted on my memory as clearly as if years had not dimmed the fire of those luminous eyes, or bowed with weight of care the proud uplifted head. Father was standing where the light from the lantern, suspended from the beam above, fell full on the hair just tinged with gray and brought into relief the massive forehead and stern blue eye. His mouth was quivering strangely and the hand that held the carriage-whip seemed shaking with irresolution. For the first time in my remembrance father hesitated to do what he considered his duty, and met the fearless glance of his only son with such yearning tenderness on his strong old face as I had never seen there.

"James, my son, do you remember my commands this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember the penalty of your disobedience?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know that you must suffer it, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take off your jacket and your vest." Jamie obeyed, hung them on a peg and came back to his position before father with a hard, sullen expression on his face that showed a spirit to be won, never compelled by blows. Perhaps father saw this, for his hand failed to fall in punishment and his great strong arm stole around the boy's shoulders and folded him closely to father's side.

"Jamie! Jamie! my lad, why do you grieve your old father so?"

If an angel had spoken we could not have been more awe-stricken. Father, who so seldom caressed, who was so severe, so stern—*Father was crying!* Jamie was crushed by this sort of thing and stammered his excuses, and when he felt the tears on his upturned face his heart melted. "Oh! pa, I didn't know you *could* feel so bad. Don't, pa, don't!"

"Boy, did you think that I loved to whip you? Don't you know that every blow on your tender flesh makes a deeper, sorer mark on your father's heart? My son! my only son!"

His voice faltered and broke. I shall never forget the tenderness that thrilled every word as he talked.

"I can not break my word, Jamie; I told you if you disobeyed punishment must follow. Now, my boy, many a time with aching heart have I whipped you, and it seems to have had no lasting effect. I can not whip you to-night, and I dare not break my word. Take this whip, sir!"

Jamie took the whip, and father quickly laid aside his worn black coat, then his vest, hanging them beside Jamie's; and turning his broad shoulders to the wondering lad, his voice rang like a clarion.

"James, some one must suffer. I can't whip you. You must whip me. Strike, sir!"

The boy stood as if turned to stone.

"Do you hear me, Jamie? Strike!"

White as death grew Jamie's face; his mouth twitched nervously. The whip fell to the floor, and with a cry that came right from his heart Jamie went down on his knees. "Oh! pa! you may kill me, but I never can strike you!"

How he begged for forgiveness, passionately pleading, "I can't pa! Anything but that!"

What promises of future obedience. But father's will was iron. He would not break his word. He had said so many lashes, and they must be paid. Puzzled and stirred to the depths, what could he do?

What little white-gowned figure is this that creeps out of the shadows and throws itself at his feet, while a child's shrill voice pipes:

"Oh, Papa! I have been so wicked; I coaxed Jamie; truly, truly, I did! Whip me, papa, and let Jamie go."

Now if you think this was not an act of heroism, I am sorry for you; and then, perhaps, your father was not a minister.

He lifted his forlorn little daughter from the floor, and as no way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, Jamie stood by in shame and humiliation while father's hand fell in punishment on his little sister. Father carried me to my room in his arms, and when I felt his tears splash on my hair, a new feeling of love that understands was born in my heart.

If Jamie had been writing this record of our long ago, he would have closed with the announcement that never from that day did we venture to run away with Flighty, and as our eyes grew accustomed to see the love written in every line of father's face, we grew to watch for the smile of approval, and weep over his displeasure.

But alas, I must add one more testimony to the weakness of my sex, and just whisper, how early the next morning standing on the veranda, where the lilacs swung their fragrant clusters against the study window, I ventured to say: "Jamie, don't you almost wish, when Pa's back was right in front of you so, that you had just given him a couple of good cuts, he has given you so many?"

Jamie had no chance to reply, for the lilacs were held aside from the window, and father's voice called "Daughter." Trembling little wretch, I need not have feared. Father was one of those rare men who have learned to "let well enough alone," and only kissed me with unusual tenderness as he led me out to breakfast."—*Mary L. Wright, in Detroit Post and Tribune.*

—It behooves editors to read their proof carefully before papers go to press. Colonel Bill Short, the editor of a Texas paper, is a fugitive among the chaparral and prickly pears of Crosby, all because in referring editorially to a patron, he says in his paper that the patron is "thieving as usual." He wrote "thriving as usual." According to the latest advices received by *Texas Siftings*, the indignant patron, assisted by numerous relatives, had Bill corraled in a thicket.

—Mr. Isaac Smith, of Albany, N. Y., aged sixty-three, has just got out of the insane asylum, where he was placed by his two married children because he had bought some new clothes and was preparing to marry a handsome young woman. What very unhappy old men the old men of this country would be if all were locked up as lunatics who propose to remarry.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The new telephone will transmit a whisper seven hundred and fifty miles. This enables a man to flirt with another man's wife out of pistol shot range.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Forty years ago a man worth $60,000 was accounted wealthy; now a patent-rights man doubts whether it is worth while to skin him.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Why is a saloon like a sheet of music? The number of beats before the bar varies according to time. Greenbacks expended for cheering beverages may properly be called "full" notes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Somebody substituted a pile of corncobs for the doughnuts on a Vermont railway resturant counter, and they were about two-thirds eaten before anybody discovered what had occurred.

—It is said that "two hundred years ago the Indians indulged in Turkish baths." Yes, it must have been all of two hundred years ago. To judge from the one we saw last it might have been a thousand years ago.—*Jersey City Tattler.*

—They are building tenement houses so high in New York that the man who occupies the top floor is obliged to start for home about nine o'clock in the evening in order to reach his bed an hour after midnight.—*Norristown Herald.*

—This, from the pen of some philosopher, is worth remembering: "He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions."

—An officer in the regular army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.—*N. Y. News.*

—A Pennsylvania man proposed to kill the baby in order to reduce the expenses of the family, but his wife finally persuaded him to reduce the dog's rations instead, and in a few weeks the family was rich enough to buy another dog.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—It is said that why so many married ladies keep pet dogs is because their husbands are absent so much from home. They don't have the canines for protection. It's because home doesn't seem natural with no growling about, and the dogs growl during the time the husband ought to be attending to that duty.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—"Father," said Johnny, "this paper says that 'many prominent citizens are now ill with pneumonia and kindred diseases.' What is a kindred disease, father?" "Why, my son," said Smithly, "a kindred disease is—is—why-yes, yes, a kindred disease is one that runs through an entire family—kindred, relatives, you know. Surprised you didn't know that Johnny."—*N. Y. Post.*

—A fair young damsel went into the business place of one of Troy's most worthy and kindly merchants, and expressed a desire to purchase a certain article. Several specimens were shown her and she finally made choice of one as meeting her wishes. She hesitated a moment and then asked, "do you make a reduction to ministers?" "Yes," replied the gentlemanly attendant, "are you a minister's wife?" "No-o-o," was the blushing respoue, "but I expect to be soon." The reduction was granted.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Five million dollars will be invested in erecting buildings on twenty acres of ground at Beaver Falls, Pa., and the establishment of a barbed wire works.

—Mr. Du Pont Lyle, the American Consul at Funchal, Madeira, in a report to the State Department, says that the number of females engaged in the embroidery industry on the islands is estimated at about 10,000, and that the value of the product exported in 1881 was $3,355.34.

—More attention is being given to draining low land in the Southern States than ever before. The richest tracts in the South have been entirely unprotected or only used for producing rice. Much of this land is now being drained for the purpose of raising cotton, corn, sweet potatoes and small grain.—*Chicago Times.*

—In England thin shavings of veneers of different kinds of wood are coming into use for book covers. The woods now mostly in use are our American black walnut, lime, oak, holly, etc.; but all woods may be used. After being placed upon the wood the veneers can be either rubbed down with oil or French polished.

—An automatic electric mechanism, that is destined to announce the approach of railroad trains, has been tried on what is called the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Line. It consists of a box filled with mercury placed under the rail at the required distance from a bell. When a train passes over this box the mercury is so agitated as to form contact with the bell, and thus makes it ring.

—A French chemist claims to have invented an odor that will hold any fort and the land within half a mile of it for a week. The smell is not deadly, but no mortal can stand before it. The new agent is expected to work a revolution in the art of war, beside serving in obstinate civil cases. It produces sensations of nausea and disgust like the worst seasickness.

—Electricity is now entering the field against the horse as a means of traction. Two eminent electricians claim to be able to bottle up twelve-horse power in a storage battery weighing three hundred weight, and they promise to produce in a few months a perfectly practical electric tricycle capable of running fifteen or twenty miles without recharging the accumulators, and able to ascend all such hills as are now possible for the foot treadle, and even steeper gradients, if auxiliary foot-gearing be used to help the electro-motor when the incline is great. The weight of batteries will not exceed the weight of a second rider, and will run at the rate of seven miles an hour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Religious.

MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

Like patient saint of olden-time
With lovely face almost divine,
So good, so beautiful and fair,
Her very attitude a prayer,
I heard her sing so low and sweet:
"His loving kindness—oh, how great;"
Turning, behold the saintly face,
So full of trust and patient grace.

"He justly claims a song for me,
His loving kindness—oh, how free;"
Sweetly thus did run the song,
"His loving kindness," all day long.
Trusting, praising, day by day,
She sang the sweetest roundelay—
"He near my soul hath always stood,
His loving kindness—oh, how good."

"He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong;"
So strong to lead her on the way
To that eternal better day,
Where safe at last in that blest home,
All care and weariness are gone,
She "sings with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 15	—Saul's Conversion	Acts 9: 1-18
April 22	—Saul Preaching Christ	Acts 9:19-31
April 29	—Peter Working Miracles	Acts 9:32-43
May 6	—Peter Preaching to the Gentiles	Acts 10:30-44
May 13	—The Spread of the Gospel	Acts 11:19-30
May 20	—Herod and Peter	Acts 12: 1-17
May 27	—Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus	Acts 13: 1-12
June 3	—At Antioch	Acts 13:13-16 and 43-52
June 10	—At Iconium and Lystra	Acts 14: 1-18
June 17	—End of the First Missionary Journey	Acts 14:19-28
June 25	—Review.	

HOW TO BEGIN A HOME.

Did you ever hear a gray-haired man or woman say: "Ah, well, if I had my life to live over again, and could have my present experience to guide me, I would manage things very differently!" But the fortunate individual does not exist to whom that chance has been given. Once again, time never returns, and therefore it is of the greatest importance for you, dear readers, who are rich in youth and hope, to use these golden days to advantage.

You are beginning a home. Yours is a grand opportunity. What will you make of it? What sort of home shall this be, to which you go, I trust, while the joy-bells are still ringing for your wedding?

The first thing I would say to you is, do not begin in a boarding-house. Let your home from the first have the sweet seclusion of being your very own. Sit at your own table, spread for two. Shut your door upon the rest of the world, and feel that your house, or your flat, or your small apartment, as may be, is hemmed in with sacred privacy.

Larger or smaller, determine that your home shall be carried on honestly. Pay for things as you get them. Be resolved to live within your income. To this end let husband and wife be perfectly candid with each other. There should be a financial basis, and a scale of expenditure, thoroughly understood by each other.

An immense amount of friction, of humiliating irritation, and trouble would be saved if people who are beginning home life would act with common sense and fairness about money matters. The husband is the bread-winner. The wife is the loaf-giver. He directly earns the family income. She also helps to earn it by caring for the internal economy of the household and leaving him free to attend to his business or his profession.

Domestic financiering is commonly carried on in a loose, hap-hazard way, to the last degree absurd. You, hand in hand at the altar, do not dream that so sordid a thing as money could ever give either of you a headache.

Well, take my advice and it never will: Buy nothing for which you can not pay, keep out of debt, and have a common purse, each partner being fully in the confidence of the other. And as we are stewards of the Divine bounty, let it enter into your home plan to give systematically, as God propers you, to the poor, to home and foreign missions, to the cause of God and the coming of His kingdom.

Begin your home in a spirit of unselfishness. Your love for each other should not make you careless of social duties. Exercise a simple yet generous hospitality, inviting guests to your house, and giving them of your best, not in the way of food and lodging only, but in the interchange of thoughts and opinions. Nothing brightens a house and breaks its routine like neighborliness. Be at home to friends, and let the home wear an air of welcome to all who come within its doors.

A home should have its ideal to which it aspires. Of all people they are the most to be pitied who are satisfied with to-day, in the sense of having nothing to climb to to-morrow. "To live that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day" should be our aim. Be the furnishing plain, be the margin for luxury narrow, still let the frugal housewife look forward to something better farther on.

You ought to think much of your day of small things in this regard. It is delightful to have to economize, so that the new picture on the wall marks an event in the home history, and the new rug on the floor is an episode, and the new book on the shelf is cause for a family festival.

Talking of home history, why not write one? Why not set down, day by day, in a book, the pleasant happenings of life? Your children—and you will be blessed, indeed, if they fill the home nest with laughter and song—will by and by prize such a volume as above rubies.

Do not isolate the new home by being strangers and pilgrims, with no rest for the soles of your feet, among the churches. Have a church home from the beginning: a pew, and a place, and a pastor, and Christian friends of your own, so that your household shall be one of the lights on some golden candlestick that shines in your community for Jesus.

Guard against small displays of temper, against jealousy, against slight misunderstandings.

Husband and wife should be chief friends to each other, and no entering wedge of alienation should disturb or fracture their intimacy.

"It is the little rift within the lute, that by and by will make the music mute."

Love must rule the happy home, and love must be long-suffering sometimes, since we are men and women: not saints and angels.

If you want your home to rise in beauty and symmetry, build it on the Bible.

I beg you to have family worship, always, at least once a day. Read the Bible together, and together seek the presence and benediction of the Master. That is a cold and cheerless abode in which there is no room for Christ. Let the time never be that your little ones as they come, and your friends as they visit you, shall be surprised at a call to family prayers. Courage, dear young people, if this appalls you at the outset! It will soon become your dearest and most hallowed privilege.

Begin right! Go on right! Your home will be a type of Heaven.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Christian Union.*

Good Music for the Children.

They like it, and it is good for them. When they come to the Sabbath-school they need to be met with singing that will exhilerate as well as sober them. Whatever depresses or acts as a discord on their feelings or tastes will hinder their profit in the exercises and give them wrong impressions of the place and services. Children, all acute as they are, are more sensitive to such influences than even the most delicately organized of older people.

It is not enough to have music; it should be adapted to the worship. The singing is to help them praise God. That is a solemn exercise; a solemn, not a gloomy one. The singing, therefore, should be such as to lead the mind to think of His goodness, greatness, majesty, power, forgiveness, loving-kindness, and to inspire the soul with a disposition to honor and love and serve Him. Much depends on the tune and the way it is rendered in reaching these ends. The random singing of an unsuitable air will turn the thoughts away from the worship rather than toward it.

It should also be singing, that the children can take part in it. It is natural for a child to sing. If it do not sing in the Sabbath-school it is because there is something wrong there. It wants to sing, and it will sing if there is such music as will engage its sympathy. There is difficult music just as there are hard lessons in reading, arithmetic, or even in the Bible. The children need the easier sort. It should not be flippant, frivolous, trifling, suggesting the nursery rather than the sanctuary, but neither should it be profound, involved and complicated. Children singing out of their hearts do not wish to be troubled with "rests," repeats and "fugue" accompaniments, but with a clear track for direct and earnest expression of their feelings.

It is by teaching the children to sing in the Sabbath-schools that we have good singing in the congregations. The music in the basement will fix the music of the second story. Let the children be rightly taught and they will drive away the quartette and solos, and all the other abuses that fasten themselves on the churches. A disposition to praise the Lord is always a happy one, and a disposition to praise Him worthily is no less happy. The children should be made to feel this, and grow up with hearts full of enjoyment as "together they sing" the songs of Zion.—*United Presbyterian.*

Pernicious Literature.

Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, in a Lenten address, makes these remarks: In this country reading is universal, we might say, our children have a great thirst for it. There is little need to stimulate it; but it has to be wisely directed. Reading gives the turn to the minds of children; hence, Christian education will gain or lose its effect, according to the reading of the child.

Here, dear brethren, we would have many things to say to parents upon the necessity of watching over carefully, and directing prudently, the tastes of their children in the selection of their reading books. How many parents who never take the trouble to see what their children are reading; who never advise them, never sympathize with them, never try to gain their confidence, so that the children might be inclined to consult them and rely upon them! The vilest trash, the most obscene stories, the most irreligious tracts may fall into the hands of these young people, who become interested, excited and inflamed with what they read. Their minds become unbalanced, their intellects darkened, their hearts corrupted, their morals depraved—and the father calmly goes on his way and never pays attention. His child is devouring poison; he never minds. We see every day the evil effects of such reading, crimes most serious and most vile committed under its influence; children abandoning their homes for wild adventures, boys learning dishonesty, girls losing their purity. This evil is spreading to an enormous extent, and is all the more dangerous because it does not always work openly. The evil of intemperance is very great no doubt, and Temperance societies do well to wage war upon it. But the effects of drunkenness are apparent; all can see the ruin and the desolation it causes. Not so with bad reading. It works stealthily upon the mind; it poisons slowly all the faculties, it dries up the generous impulses of the heart; it inflames all the corrupt passions of our nature; it enkindles a fire which consumes and withers up all God's graces.

Choice Selections.

—There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection.

—The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.

—True humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low, but deep and firm, foundation of all real virtue.

—God's to-morrow.—

When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night,
Wait for God's to-morrow,
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust him
Just a little while,
After evening tear-drops
Shall come the morning smile.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

Our Young Folks.

BOB'S WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

Bob Burns was a boy with a wonderful mind
For cogs, cranks and levers, and every kind
Of machine, from a dollar toy-engine to those
That rush through the depot and shriek through the nose.
And, indeed, "it was plain
To a person that's sane
That the boy was a genius, and bound to attain
To something uncommon," said Aunt Betsy Jane.
And for one I don't blame her, for Bob surely was
Quite clever with jack-knives, and gimlets, and saws,
And constructed such marvels, the neighbors all said,
Enough to turn any ambitious boy's head.
So Bob came at last to consider that he
Was about as ingenious as mortal could be.

One day there arose a tremendous sensation
In his little town, o'er a queer combination
Of wheels, rods and bolts, which the school-master, Michael,
Informed all who asked him was called a bicycle.
Perched high in the seat,
Just by working his feet,
A man gayly rode up and down through the street,
And the boys said: "How jolly!" The girls said: "How sweet!"

Bob studied that bicycle day after day,
Played "hookey" from school, and caught—I dare say
You *know* what he caught—something warm, anyway.
At last, this deluded
Young fellow concluded
This new-fangled notion *he* knew all about,
And could make one himself that would "beat it all out."

An old baby-carriage he found in the attic,
Quite stiff in the joints (perhaps 'twas rheumatic),
And so rusty it wheezed in a manner asthmatic.
This furnished the wheels, big and little; the rest—
The bolts, bars and screws—with commendable zest
He begged and he borrowed, north, south, east and west.

And then what a clatter!
Clink, clank, hammer, batter,
Till the neighbors all thought what on earth is the matter?
But Bob worked away with a grin and a chuckle,
He barked his poor shins, and he bruised every knuckle,
And rubbed
His nose,
And stubbed
His toes,
And how many other things, goodness knows,
Till at last, with a final hammer and clink,
"There now," he muttered, "she'll do, I think."

And it was, I assure you, no common affair,
But was bound, as he said, to make most people stare.
For it ran, not by treadles, as those you may see,
But by a huge spring that was wound with a key;
So that all you need do, if you wished for a ride,
Was to pull on the throttle and off you would glide.

Then he called, to observe the result of his labors,
His parents, his brothers, and sisters, and neighbors,
And wisely expounded how much it surpassed
All others created, from first unto last.

The news and the wonder spread fast, and his fame
Grew wider and wider. The people all came
By scores and by hundreds to witness him try it.
And one wealthy gentleman offered to buy it
At whatever price; but he proudly refused,
And mounted the seat to show how it was used.
The spring had been wound up as close as a bottle,
And all crowded round as he pulled on the throttle.

Whiz! whir!
What a stir!
How excited they were,
As he dashed through the crowd like a shaft from the bow,
Ran over two dogs, hit a fat man a blow
That knocked him a distance of ten feet, I know.
Still faster and faster,
Like news of disaster,
He sped through the town and was soon out of sight,
Unable to stop, and in terrible fright.
The trees skipped behind at a dizzying pace,
The fences on each side seemed running a race.
Up hill and down dale,
With the speed of a gale,
He whizzed o'er the road with a flap of coat-tail
Streaming out from behind, and his face scared and pale.
The dogs tried to catch him, the women screamed out,
The men followed after him with many a shout.
Farmer Jones' two horses ran madly away,
Though every one says they get nothing but hay.

Thus, mile after mile, at the same rapid gait,
He dashed and he splashed, with his hair standing straight,
And his eyes as big as fists, and the mud flying fast,
And the tears falling thick as the rain, till at last
With a terrible shock
He struck a big rock,
Was thrown from his seat, sir, and straight as a rule
Was shot through the window right into the school.

The poor little scholars all started with fright,
For never before had they seen such a sight;
But the master, with wonderful presence of mind
Remarked, as he quietly mended a pen:
"Master Bob, when you enter the school-room again,
Come in at the door, sir! and, lest you should waste
Your delicate breath, enter not in such haste."

The bicycle? Oh!
It split into hundreds of pieces, you know,
And each of the pieces is whirling away
In the parks, on the roads, and the meadows to-day,
As this or that bicycle, patent applied for,
Though *I* can't imagine what boys like to ride for.

—*E. J. Wheeler, in St. Nicholas.*

A LECTURE ON FOOD.

The audience having again come to order, Lecturer John Spicer took his stand in front of them, made his bow, said his subject was Food, and began as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: If we did not have food we should not have anything to eat. Food is made in the kitchen. Some of it is fried, some of it is baked, some of it is boiled, and some is toasted. When it is toasted you call it toast, and sometimes you have dip on it, but not every time. Cracker toast is a very good kind. [Applause.] Cake is very good. [Applause.] The cake that is not good to eat because 'twill make you sick, tastes the best, and sometimes it has frosting on it. Cake that is not good to eat is made for company, but sometimes there is some left. Once there was a little girl, a very small one, that did something very funny. She was playing with the other children waiting for the grown-up people to be through dinner, and one little boy said he hoped there would be some jelly-pie left, and this little girl opened the door and popped her head in, and told the people: "Please don't eat up all the jelly-pie!" [Laughter.] There is no such thing as jelly-pie. They made a mistake. Pies are made of apples, and squashes, and custard, and mince, and huckleberries. Some pies are made of large pieces and some are made of small pieces. Once there was a stingy little girl, and she had a saucer-custard pie given her, and when she saw another little girl going past she called out: "Mary Ellen! Mary Ellen! Don't you want to come in and see me eat custard pie?" And Mary Ellen went in and saw her eat custard pie, and she did not give Mary Ellen any of it. [Groans from the audience.]

My aunt told me a story of three boys who had cakes sent them. One boy ate his cake all up himself, right away, and made himself sick. Peter put his in a box, to save it, and went every day to nibble off a little piece, when nobody was looking. But Bill cut *his* cake up and passed it round. Which boy do you like best? [Shouts from the audience: "Billy!"]

We have the most food Thanksgiving Days, but a great many cousins and other people you like come to see you, and your stomach is so glad you can not eat half the things on your plate. We eat food three times a day. These times are breakfast, dinner, supper. Breakfast comes the earliest. My aunt knows some children, very small ones, that always want the best in the dish, and knows some that when they ask for any thing at the table call out: "Meat!" "Bread!" "Milk!" and make such a noise calling out that nobody can hear anybody talk. People do not like to eat dinner at that house because the children make such a noise at the table. My aunt says she supposes they don't know any better.

Once when I was a little fellow, I did something very mean. I went to a party and took some of the things off the plates, and brought them home in my pocket. My mother made me feel ashamed of myself, and did the things up in a paper, and wrote on the outside: "From a greedy boy who took what did not belong to him," and sent it back to the lady. To be greedy means to get all you can away from others. To be stingy means to keep all you get, and not give any away. To be a glutton means to stuff yourself with food after you have eaten a plenty. My aunt says this is the right way to ask for food at the table. You speak to the one nearest the squash—if you want squash—and say that person's name. If it is your uncle, you say, "Uncle John"—if his name is John—"will you please give me some squash?"—if you want squash. I heard of a boy that called out, "Pudding!" and his father said, "What are you calling to pudding for? Pudding can't hear you!" [Laughter.] My mother knows some children that are so poor they can not get much food if they ask ever so well for it. They are glad to get a crust, or a piece of cold johnny-cake.

Once I heard a story of a girl, quite a small one, that wanted to begin at the beginning and make a johnny-cake, and she said to her mother: "I want to begin at the beginning and make a johnny-cake. How does it begin?" Her mother said: "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must go into the kitchen and begin it with meal." She went to the kitchen and said to Bridget: "Does a johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a johnny-cake. Please give me some meal!" Bridget said: "If you want to begin at the beginning you must go the grocer's. Meal comes from the grocer's." She went to the grocer's and said to him: "Does a johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a johnny-cake." The grocer said: "If you want to begin at the beginning you must go yonder to the miller's. My meal comes to me from the miller." She went yonder to the miller's and said to him: "Does a johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a johnny-cake." The miller said: "If you want to begin at the beginning you must run over the fields to the farmer's. The farmer brings corn to my mill, my mill grinds it into meal for the grocer, the grocer sells meal to people living in houses, and people living in houses make the meal into johnny-cakes." She ran over the fields to the farmer's and said to him: "Does a johnny-cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a johnny-cake." The farmer said: "The beginning was last spring when I planted my corn. When the snow had all melted away I planted my corn. From the seed corn sprang up cornstalks. All summer these grew and grew and grew taller and taller and taller, and when summer was over there were gathered from them bushels of corn. I sell corn to the miller; the miller grinds it to meal and sells the meal to the grocer; the grocer sells meal to people and people make it into johnny-cakes. But you see if you begin at the beginning it takes all summer to make a johnny-cake! If you want to begin at the beginning, come next spring and plant some seed corn."

The story did not tell if the girl went in the spring to plant some seed corn. My big sister says even that would not be beginning at the beginning, for she says the seed corn that you plant had to be grown somewhere.—*Mrs. A. W. Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

—Emma Fontaine, of Montreal, on returning home from work, the other night, received a letter that had been left for her during the day. She had to open envelope after envelope, and in the third one found a beautiful and sentimental valentine containing a wad of perfumed cotton-batting. She inhaled the perfume and at once fell in a fit. The priest and the doctor, when they came, found her in convulsions, from which she passed into a severe attack of congestion of the brain. Dr. Desrochse carried away the valentine, and, with the assistance of another physician, analyzed all its parts, without finding any traces of the poison which it was generally believed it must have contained.

—A Turkish pasha has shown his appreciation of the work of our mission schools in his country by the following remark: "When a girl has come back from the American mission school, you should not say a girl, but a school has come."

—Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning it; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is not sure of winning.—*George Eliot.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. APR. 18 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column 1 year $80
[illegible] " [illegible] " 40
[illegible] " [illegible] " 20
[illegible] " [illegible] " 20
[illegible] " [illegible] " 10
[illegible] " [illegible] " 6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary notices, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 10 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year $1 50
Six months 75
Three months 40

We are authorized to announce JAMES P. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

IN Owen county tobacco plants are coming up nicely. Boone can say as much.

MONDAY week the democracy of Grant county nominated W. N. Hogan for representative.

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN has refused to pardon Furguson, the Louisville defaulter. His firmness in so doing has gained him much admiration.'

ACCORDING to Attorney-General Brewster, the trials of the Star-route robbers have already cost the government over six hundred thousand dollars.

THE Courier of last week presents the voters of Grant county with the photographs of the democratic nominees for the offices of representative and jailer.

CHARLES D. JACOB, for governor; E. Polk Johnson, for Lieutenant governor; and Richard A. Jones, for attorney general, are Louisville's candidates for state offices.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 60@7 80; fair to good packers, at $7 10@7 60; fair to good light, $7 20@7 50; common, $6 90@7 20; culls, $5 00@6 10; stock hogs, $5 75@7 00.

AN Indianapolis man has discovered an electric light that costs only about eleven cents for three months Each building in which the light is used will have its own battery. The discovery is expected to revolutionize the electric light business.

THE statement is that ninety-three thousand acres of Kansas soil have been planted with trees, under act of Congress authorizing additional pre-emption where trees are planted The cottonwood tree is mainly planted, because it grows rapidly.

A REUNION of the Mormons, at Kirkland, Ohio, to celebrate and commemorate the anniversary of the Mormon church commenced Friday the 6th inst., and is to continue two or three weeks. Mormons from all the different settlements are flocking there by the hundreds.

DR. S. S. SCOTT is the only man who has made his appearance on the legislative race course in Boone to date. If the people of Boone should see proper to send him to the legislature, he will serve them with all his ability, and make a good representative.

IT is claimed that Ellis Craft's brother has written him a letter in which he says a negro that has been arrested and lodged in a Virginia jail has confessed that he and another negro perpetrated the horrible crime which he (Craft) and Neal are charged. He tells him that much excitement over the matter exists in the county where the confession was made.

THE large attendance at the educational convention held in Frankfort week before last, demonstrates that there is yet considerable interest felt in the cause of education in this State. Representative men from all parts of the State met in council having under consideration a matter that is of vital importance, and discussed measures for its advancement. Such meetings as the one herein referred to are bound to be conducive of much good.

UNDER the present law small country Postmasters, whose sales of stamps do not amount to more than $200 per annum, retain sixty per cent. of the value of stamps canceled as their salary. The reduction of letter postage to two cents would of course materially reduce the compensation of those small Postmasters, were they to receive the same percentage. But the new law provides that where the sales do not exceed $200 per annum, the Postmaster shall after October 1st be allowed to one hundred per cent. of the stamps canceled.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

The Hebron B. B. C. played a match game last Saturday with the Kid Gloves, of Bullettsville. The score was 7 to 9 in favor of Hebron.

Henry Quick got his finger badly mashed playing ball, last Saturday.

The Hebron Sunday-school organized last Sunday with Prof. Tanner superintendent and G. O. Hafer, secretary.

Miss Hattie Clore has been quite sick for the past week.

James Conner has been laid up with rheumatism, for a few days.

Several of our farmers' horses have the distemper.

Mr. Alonzo Gaines is able to be out again, after being confined to his room most of the winter.

Henry Aylor was run over by a horse, last week, and badly bruised.

Jordan Beall bought some fine logs of W. N. Cloud, last week.

Bullittsville.

Plant your irish potatoes.

Peas are coming up nicely.

Oats are about all sown.

We can look at the wheat fields with an anticipation of a medium crop.

That dreadful disease, spring-fever, has made its appearance.

Our Base Ball Club meets every Saturday at the trotting grounds of Dr. J. C. Terrill.

Prof. I. J. Daughters' school closed last Friday with speeches and select reading by some of the scholars. His class in elocution read several pieces in concert, which was very interesting. A paper was made up by the school and teacher, and read by Miss Mamie Riley, the most advanced scholar in the school. Mr. Daughters talks of teaching the summer school here.

Our amicable clerk, Charles Balsly, was confined to his bed last week.

The lightning struck the Christian Church last Wednesday night but on account of the exactness of Chambers' lightning rod, the church was saved from destruction.—[Another feather, Piper and Fowler—EDS.]

Petersburg.

Elena Alden is visiting her sister at Carrollton, Ky.

Chas. Schramm, Bob Bolen, F. M. Cox and Lon Yerkes were in Rising Sun, last Sunday.

Miss Edith Collyer, of Carrollton, Ky., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frok, for the past few weeks.

Miss Mamie Stephens, of East Bend, is visiting Miss Nettie McWethy and friends here.

Miss Mary Bradley is teaching writing school here, and has about twenty-five scholars.

The Sons of Temperance at this place will put in their hall, in the near future, a fine library.

Mr. J. C. Stott, who has been clerking for Strawsberger at Lawrenceburg, Ind., for the past 3 years, has returned home to stay, as Mr. Strawsberger has retired from business.

Mort Christy has Pilot and Captain's license to run between Rising Sun and Lawrenceburg. Mort is a captain.

The steamer, Will Kyle, passed up from New Orleans, last Tuesday night, and favored us with another blow of that melodious whistle. It is the worst whistle we ever heard. It started all the dogs to barking, all the cows and cats to running, and the people all rushed to their doors, and a great many to the banks to see what could be the matter. One man here who was asleep jumped up and gathered his gun, and ran to the door, thinking some one was hallooing in his window. We do not want the Will Kyle to pass up very often.

Francesville.

Getting tired of the monotony of town life, we made up our mind, one day last week, to take a trip to the country, thinking a little recreation would be beneficial to our health, besides, we had a desire to call on some of our friends and ascertain how they had wintered through. In our meanderings we visited Bullittsville, one of the suburbs of this place, where we met several of our acquaintances, and among them, our distinguished friend, Dr. Jonas Terrill. The Dr. seems to be enjoying life as usual, and we must say his appearance is much improved since we last met him, for the reason that he has his hair cut again. Bullittsville is improving rapidly in the way of building. It numbers five dwelling houses, one of the neatest and handsomest church buildings in the county, a large two story building belonging to the Grangers and occupied by the Masons. Also two blacksmith shops, a lumber yard, two store houses and one drug store, (which by the way on entering it we could but exclaim Eureka.)

Immediately adjoining, on Mr. Joel D. Conners farm we had the pleasure of inspecting a new barn that he has recently built. It is built after an original design of his own, and is certainly one of the most convenient and roomy barns of the size, we have ever seen. It is well finished inside and out, and presents a very neat appearance, showing great taste on the part of the builder.

The prospects for fruit, with the exception of the damson and plum, was never better in this vicinity. The damson trees are about gone, having all died from the effects of the black wart Vegetation of all kind begin to put in an appearance again reminding us that spring is here.

The general health of Francesville is better than usual. There has been but one case of sun strike reported as yet and that did not prove fatal.

Billy Hays has disposed of his celebrated buggy mare Clyde. Some New York men being the lucky purchasers.

Have you made garden? is the countersign in our Ville this week.

STATE NEWS.

—Henderson has raised the quarantine against Evansville.

—The Confederate cemetery at Raleigh has recently been much improved through the exertions of the women of that city.

—Squirrels must be numerous in Adair county. A party of boys went on a squirrel hunt and killed one hundred and fifty in three days.

—It is stated that a colony of five hundred Austrians and French is expected to come to this section in early spring to be settled on some land in the "Knobs," about eight miles south of this place, in Lincoln county.—Danville Tribune.

—The Madisonville Times publishes the following, but doesn't vouch for its accuracy: "last fall a setting hen was covered with shelled oats in a hogshead, and this spring when the oats were removed the hen came out with a brood of half grown young chickens following her."

—The Lexington Transcript is the authority for the statement that Ellis Craft will not be hanged on the 25th of May, for the reason that the Court of Appeals will not reach his case before that time. The quibs and quirks of the law are such that it seems almost impossible to hang a condemned criminal.

Irish citizens of Lexington, Ky., began to raise a fund to send Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge and Judge J. H. Mulligan to Dublin, Ireland, to assist in the defense of the alledged Phœnix Park murderers, but after getting over $600 subscribed gave it up on information by Breckenridge that foreign lawyers could not practice in British courts.

—Fort Valley (Ga.) Mirror: Messrs T. O. Skellie and J. F. Parham, who have leased the Wester place, are now planting one hundred acres in watermelons. Mr. Skellie will also plant twenty-five acres on his home place, making one hundred and twenty-five acres in all. The watermelon crop promises to be very large in this section, as hundreds of acres have already been planted.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—There are over 100 varieties of timber in Murray county, Ga.

—A Tow of 7,348 pitch pine logs was carried to Millview, Florida, recently.

—A whale eighty feet long recently grounded on the St. John's, Florida, bar.

—An opposition telegraph line is to be run to Staunton, Va by the Baltimore and Ohio Company.

—From one acre of long staple cotton in Rankin county, Mississippi, Mr. W. Waddell realized $260.

—A Sumpter county, Florida, man has cleared $76 on one-third of an acre of turnips this spring.

—Gov. B. F. Butler has been elected President of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company at Alexandria, Va.

—The Norfolk and Western Railroad Company has ordered the construction of 1,000 freight cars and a number of new engines

—The Key West sponge fleet numbering seventy vessels and about 600 men is out on a cruise. A large catch of sponges brings about $300,000 into that city.

—A man in Georgia who cares nothing for newspapers rode five miles to see a copy of the Gainesville Eagle in which it was announced that he was the father of a new boy.

—A Georgia bachelor, fifty years old, who scorns caramels and hot-house flowers, sends his sweetheart a bundle of pine kindling-wood when he wants to make her a present, a favor that is both practical and suggestive.

—The following have been organized in Montgomery, Ala., in the past sixty days and are now in course of erection. One soap manufactory, one cracker manufactory, one cotton press manufactory, two sash and blind manufactories, one brick and tile manufactory, one cotton compress. The new compress will be a ninety-inch Morse, of the latest pattern and in workmanship the finest ever built; it will have a pressure of 5,000,000 pounds and be used for export cotton exclusively.

FOR RENT.

About 25 acres of good grass, with plenty of running water, or will pasture stock. Enquire of W. S. ACRA, Burlington, Ky.

CENTRAL
HOTEL,
BURLINGTON, KY.

MRS. MARY J. GREEN,
(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

FLORENCE, - - KY.

NOTICE!

Just received a full and complete line of

DRY GOODS

of the finest selections, and the latest styles which will be sold exceedingly low. Also

NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS &
SHOES,
GROCERIES, &c.

Too numerous to mention. Almost everything that the people may want will be found in my Stock. No trouble to show goods, and orders filled promptly. Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ I feel exceedingly thankful to my friends and patrons for past favors and hoping you all will call again.

Truly Yours,
W. C. TANNER,
Florence, Ky.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price, selling fast, needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

One Fool Among Many,
Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition
--A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, and kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a chance to show what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I recommend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful di- Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statement.

Gloom, despondency, hopelessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bed-time like the hour of execution to a criminal—these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Coleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & CO., New York

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW,
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞ Office opposite the Boon House. ☜

L. G. NORMAN. H. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES.
ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - - Y

Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

SANDFORD HOUSE,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
Keenes R. Robbins, Prop.,

Having rented the above well known Hotel, I am now prepared to furnish the public first-class accomodations at the most reasonable prices. The table will be carefully supplied at all times. Stock well cared for. The best of Cigars and Liquors. Your patronage is solicited. apr-1y.

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind

Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.

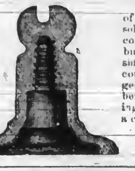
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Burlington and Bellevue turnpike company are notified that an election for president and four directors to serve the ensuing year will be held in Burlington on the 1st Monday in May 1883. They are also, notified that a dividend of 50 cents a share of stock is ready for distribution for which call on J. J. Lillard, Treas. WM. WALTON, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

A small lot of the celebrated Snowflake potatoes, for table and seed. Also a limited quantity of the Alpha, among the earliest and best variety grown. Price $1 per bushel. Apply soon to Allen Conner at my residence. E. A. TUCKER,
Florence, Ky.



Chambers' Lightning Protecti'n
COMPANY.

Having purchased the right to put up the rods of the above company in Boone and Kenton counties, we solicit your patronage. These rods are constructed on the correct principle; it takes a less number of feet to rod a building and are consequently much the cheaper rods, besides they are ornamental and are the only rods that afford complete protection from lightning and are less liable to get out of repair. Their popularity is attested by the number now in use in Boone and Kenton. Those having buildings to rod will find it to their interest to have us give them a call and fix figures.

W. E. PIPER, CHAS. A. FOWLER.
Burlington, Ky.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood.
Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK,
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
☛ AGENTS WANTED. ☚
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Scaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,
In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, March 13, 1883.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts		$547,836 36
Overdrafts		257 29
U.S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		32,503 53
Due from other National banks	6,752 29	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,856 39	9,608 68
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,661 66
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,076 59
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,187 11
Bills of other Banks		7,560 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		156 51
Specie		7,310 00
Legal tender notes		17,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$691,367 73
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		16,670 14
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	314,454 95	
Due to other National Banks	10,891 21	
Due to State Banks and bankers	3,151 43	328,497 59
Total		$691,367 73

State of Kentucky, county of Kenton, ss:
I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of March, 1883.
RICHARD H GRAY, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
L. C. STEPHENS,
J. H. MERSMAN, } Directors.
E. J. HICKEY,

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
JNO. M. MOODY.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
38-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Altred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,
feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.
C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

1883
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Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.
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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
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New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

County. Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October. P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge, S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Roey, Constable.

PROSPECTUS
—OF THE—
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

Pre-eminently a NEWSPAPER in its truest sense, posessing facilties for gathering news from all quarters of the World, unsurpassed by any other Journal; presenting the same to its readers in a concise form free from coloring and prejudice.

In all cases, it publishes *The Truth and Facts*, and in matters of general interest, general interest, the fullest possible details are given. It is a paper, untrammeled or clogged in any way by Cliques, Corporations, or Bossism. Treats all persons and parties with fairness, giving a faithful record of all that transpires in the political field without fear or favor.

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will maintain its present standard of excellence, which has attained for it a circulation of near One Hundred Thousand Copies which fact alone speaks volumes in its favor. It is undeniably one of the best Family Journals printed; large size eight page paper, giving ample room for all the news of the week, and choice selections, Historical Reminiscences, miscellaneous reading, &c.

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A corner is reserved for the boys and girls wherein to talk to the outside world. The moral tone of all being in happy accord with pure thought and taste.

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One copy, one year $1 15
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JOHN R. McLEAN, Publisher,
Specimen numbers free. Cincinnati, O.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be sent you by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope. DR. M. E. CASS,
201 York street Jersey City, N. J.
☞ Mention this paper. jan 17-83

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

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HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfume
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Paynes' Automatic Farm Engir
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 18
2 to 100 Horse Power.
Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Thres Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 h. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn s Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning.

Local News.

Buds are bursting.

The plowman plods his weary way.

The croquet season has commenced.

Keep your tobacco beds well protected.

The trees with their trunks are leaving.

Last Saturday the heat was oppressive.

Sowing of oats was completed last week.

Mr. Jno. T. Craven is having his house painted.

The grass commenced peeping up again last week.

The jurors were paid $384 for their services last week.

Seed Sweet potatoes at Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

We had the first installment of summer heat, last Friday.

Tomato and cabbage plants will soon be in demand again.

Mr. Cowen was busy setting out shade trees the first of the week.

Two funerals in one day is an uncommon thing for Burlington.

There have been ten deaths in Burlington within the last year.

Twenty-five indictments were the result of the labors of the last grand jury.

The Commonwealth's business being concluded, Thursday, Attorney DeJarnett, left for home.

Mr. G. T. Gaines has improved the looks of his place on the Bellevue pike with a new plank fence.

E. W. Duncan has the job of making out the assessor's book for this year, and is now thus engaged.

Every mother should keep Ayers' Cherry Pectorial for immediate use, in case of croup and sudden colds.

Last Sunday the negroes organized a church in the Bellevue neighborhood, at which time 15 were baptised.

Some of the young men of town are taking music lessons. Why can't Burlington have an Opera Festival?

The Judge set aside the verdict in the Madden-O'Gorman trial, on the grounds that the jury was misinstructed.

Some of the farmers are ready to start the harrow, which is the next door to planting corn. Who'll be done first?

We have an egg at our house on which is plainly to be seen the letters s. t. The egg was thus branded when layed.

We are receiving direct from New York the Burbank Seedling and Early Rose potatoes. Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

The 25 indictments found by the grand jury are of minor importance, being for selling whisky gaming and carrying pistols.

Quarterly meeting will be held by Dr. Charles Taylor, at Hughes' Chapel, near Richwood, the second Saturday and Sunday in May.

Mrs. Robert Piatt and daughter, Miss Katie, of Bellevue, have rented of Mr. Benjamin Rouse, and will move to our town in a few days.

Dudley Rouse has in stock both patent and high grade flour, which he is selling cheaper than anyother house in town sells the same grades.

Dr. J. C. Terrill saw the lightning the other night when it was capering about on the Chambers rod on the Christian church at Bullettsville. It was lively.

Dunlap, the evangelist who has been preaching at Florence for two or three weeks, closed his meetings on Sunday night, the 8th, with only two additions.

The Commonwealth's Attorney had an order made forfeiting Dan Cumming's $300, which was deposited with the trustee of the jury fund in lieu of bail.

Many sheep in this county are very much annoyed with lice. A practical sheep raiser says salt mixed with sulphur and fed to sheep will destroy these vermin.

The remains of Mrs. John E. Botts, who was buried at Bullittsburg about 10 years ago, were taken up last Wednesday and buried in the cemetery at Bellevue.

This term of the Boone Circuit Court sends one delegate to the penitentiary. Frank Willis, who stole and butchered Jno. Barton's hog, some time since, gets one year for the offense.

The County Court employed Col. Montfort to assist in the mandamus sought by Dr. E. L. Grant and others, to compel the County to build a bridge across Woolper about 1¼ mile from its mouth.

Constable Moxley, of Walton, came to town, one day last week, a perfect walking arsenal. He delivered to the Circuit Clerk four revolvers which he had captured in his bailiwick since last term of the Court.

Judge Major made a shipment of antique furniture from this place to Frankfort last Sunday. The antiquated piece of furniture was an old fashioned tall clock. A young lady friend of the Judge's will be made a present of it.

Court will adjourn to-day, Wednesday.

The remains of Cora Kendall and Lonnie Crisler, were placed in the Hopeful vault.

If you want your buggy painted bring them in, as I have enlarged my shop, and am prepared to do the best of work, Joe Reed, Burlington, Ky.

Judge Major, when asked his age, answers by saying: "I am old enough to be the son-in-law of the oldest man in the United States.

Col. Monfort argued the Mandamus case, and before the sound of his voice died out in the court-room, he had gathered his grip-sack and was on the way to the bosom of his family.

Charlie Hughes says the statement that the hound he killed, was running a fox on their premises, is not correct; but that the dog was eating off a carcass of a sheep when he killed it.

Lost—On Monday the 1st. inst., a double case silver watch with the initials of G. R. W. on the out side of case on the road between Wm. Ryles and the Bruce place on Woolpar creek. The finder will please return to this office.

We received to-day direct from Philadelphia Landreths celebrated garden and flower seeds. Earliest varities of pear, beans, corn, cabbage, cucumbers, lettuce, tomatoes and onion sets by the qt. or package. Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers this week, to the advertisement of W. C. Tanner, of Florence. He has put in a large stock of spring goods, and will make it to the interest of the public to give him a call. Read his adv. and be convinced.

A metor fell at Dalas, Texas, on the 14th inst., destroying a dwelling house, killing a man, his wife and five children It is imbedded in the earth about 200 feet and towers above the surface of the earth about 70 feet. The unwelcome visito rcreated a panic.

We intend to get up a premium list in 1900, in which it is desired to give a city building and lot, or a stone front, or horse and buggy, or a good farm or some other trifling consideration to each subscriber. For the present, however, we can only furnish you the RECORDER for one year for $1 50. Take it and try it.

The people of Burlington will be well supplied with vegetables this spring, as our seniour intends going into the garden business very extensively. He has already prepared himself with a pint of onion sets, and not long since he received a package of oats and lettuce seed through the mail. Those desiring vegetables will please send in their orders early.

The Madden-O'Gorman case, tried last week by the Circuit Court, was the spiciest on the docket. It appears that the plaintiff in action had sued at the bar of love a few years before, but was successful only in furnishing his dulcena much of the filthy lucre, which reverse in his courtship inspired him to resort to a court of justice for its recovery. The defendant put in a voluminous counter-claim; but in the opinion of the jury it was n. g., and they gave Madden a verdict for $300 and cost.

The Ministers' and Deacons' Meeting of the North Bend Association meets with the Middle Creek church, Friday morning, April 27th, 1883. Programme: 1. The Missionary Spirit as taught in the New Testament—W H Felix. Duties of a Pastor—J W Walker. The Duty of all Christians in View of the Evils Arising from the Manufacture, Sale and Use of Intoxicating Liquors—J G Tunison. Qualifications and Duties of a Deacon—John S Hucy. The Atonement Limited, by what Means and to what extent?—J A Kirtley. Church Discipline—John O Roberts. Exposition of Heb. 2:9—R E Kirtley. Bible Doctrine of a Call to the Ministry—J V Riley. The Scriptural Doctrine of Ministerial Support—S P Brady Exposition of I Cor. 4:2—John Sebree. The Eternal Punishment of the Wicked—L Johnson. The Christian Sabbath—A M Vardiman. The work of the Holy Spirit in the Salvation of the Soul—E N Dicken.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on businss or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. Dr. J. M. Grant is visiting her parents in Newport.

Miss Sallie Hyatt has returned to her home in Newport.

Rev. C. C. Conner, of Aurora, Ind', was in town Tuesday.

Henly Smith is employed in F. P. Walton's tobacco shop.

T. P. Crisler, of Bullittsville, is visiting his sister in Moberly, Mo.

Mrs. S. P. Tilley and son are the guests of J. F. Blythe and wife.

Miss Sophia Finch returned, Sunday from a protracted visit to Missouri.

Prof. Stephenson was in town Saturday, the first time for many moons.

Mrs. Thompson, who has been quite sick all winter, is able to be out again.

Miss Sallie Rich, of Kenton county, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. McKim

J. L. Bristow and Joseph Childers, of Kenton county, were in town last Saturday.

W. I. Rouse's venerable mother-in-law, Mrs. Hagish, has been quite sick for several days.

Gen. Jno. W. Finnell and Geo. R. McKee, of Covington, attended court one day last week.

Mrs. Riley of Owen county, Dr. Furnishe's mother, and Mrs. Dr. Blanton, of Union, were the guests of Mrs. Sleet the first of the week.

Died.

GAINES—On Saturday the 7th inst., of typhoid pneumonia, Miss——Gaines, daughter of Mr Owen Gaines, of Bullittsburg. The remains were placed in the vault at that place.

KENDALL—On the 14th inst. of fever, Cora Kendall, little daughter of Mrs. Mary Kendall.

The heart-stricken mother has the sympathies of her neighbors.

CRISLER—On the 14th inst., after about two weeks illness, from a combination of diseases, Lonnie Crisler, only son of C. L. and Sarah Jane Crisler.

The bereaved parents have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

The funeral will be preached at the Universalist church at this place, on the 5th Sunday at 3:30 p. m., by Rev. C. C. Conner.

Lonnie has left them—
  His cares of life is ore—
Left father, mother and sister,
  For the Brighter Golden Shore.

He has left them—
  They will see him no more,
Until God calls them
  To that Bright and Peaceful Shore.

POPE—At the residence of her husband Mr. Wm. H. Pope, three miles South of Burlington, Boone county, Ky on March 26th, 1883, Mrs. Adda Pope, aged 45 years and six months.

She was baptized into the fellowship of the Middle Creek Baptist church Sept.——1869, by Rev. R. E. Kirtley, and continued a consistent member thereof until her death. Though deprived by poor health from attending regularly, she manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the church, and always enjoyed talking of Jesus and his Love. She for some years seemed to anticipate an early death, and very often talked to the writer and others, on the subject with Christian resignation, trusting alone in Jesus as her Savior.

A kind and sympathetic neighbor, a faithful and affectionate wife, a devot- mother. She leaves a large circle of friends, a husband and five children to mourn her loss.

May the bereaved husband and children find comfort in believing on and trusting in the precious Savior, that the final family gathering may be complete in Heaven. J S H

At a meeting of the Boone County bar, held last Thursday, to adopt resolutions in respect to the memory of R. C. Green, Judge L. L. Youell was called to the chair and S. W. Tolin appointed secretary.

On motion and second, Warren Montfort, F. Riddell, D. A. Glen and C. Y. Dyas, were appointed a committee to draft and present to the meeting resolutions expressive of the bar's esteem of the departed member. The committee reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

In memory of our brother at the Bar of Boone County, Reuben Clark Green, who departed this life on the 21 day of February, 1883, it is now, by the Bar of the Boone Circuit Court, in open meeting assembled.

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the loss of a true brother lawyer, who was honest, earnest and courteous; whose fairness in practice was equal to his faithfulness to his clients; whose whole purpose was to do right; and whose genial temper, generous hospitality and charitable heart, had made him dear to us as a social friend.

Resolved, That the Boone Circuit Court, now in session, be requested to spread upon its records this testimony of our respect, and that a copy thereof be presented to the widow of our deceased brother, to whom we tender our sorrowful sympathy, and that the Boone County RECORDER be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.
W. MONTFORT, F. RIDDELL,
D. A. GLEN, C. Y. DYAS.

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Clast Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

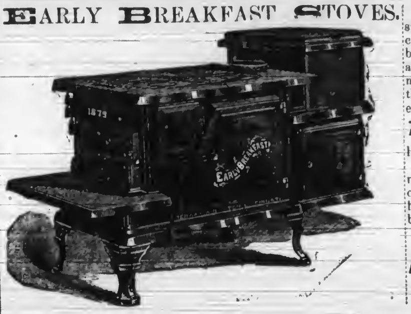
Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and now once I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.



Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, J. S. Matson, M. C. Motch, J. H. Mersman, Sam Hind, A. R. Mullen, E. J. Hickey, L. H Dills, E. J. Green, F. P. Helm, L. C. Stephens.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-tf23 J. W. Talbott.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.
HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 30-1y

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.
A BRICK HOUSE,
containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.
For terms apply to
GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSEKEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.
S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Opened 1822 THE DENNISON. Re-opened April 26, 1883.
(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.
Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and Iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.
A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle at once, as I will leave Burlington in a short time. By coming up and settling you will save expense.
W. L. GEDGE.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSES'.

DRUGS & MEDICINES

I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.

N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY

TO BUYERS.

I have for the spring trade a clean and carefully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.

IN DRY GOODS,

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IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS,

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Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.

Carpet Chain in fast colors.

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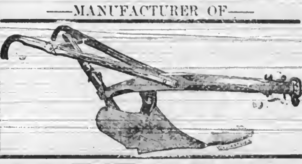

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How to Write Biographies.

[illegible] my son, you want to know how [illegible]ies are written. I am glad you [illegible] because I can answer your question without dodging, and when a man [illegible] the answer, he doesn't care how many interrogation points are put forward to pluck it from him.

Well, then, supposing for example that you were about to write the biography of a clergyman, you want to know how to go to work. Why, my dear boy, it is the simplest thing in the world.

There are but two plans upon which clerical biographies are constructed; you may choose either, and so long as you are true to the rules tacitly agreed upon the world over for the particular plan you begin with, you can not fail.

One variety of the ministerial biography starts out with a pale, thoughtful-faced boy, who devours books instead of cookies, and is never truly happy unless buried to his eye-brows in theological treatises and musty metaphysics. He must have eyes which dwell on vacancy when they dwell anywhere. He must be of a sickly temperament, and nobody must expect him to live from day to day. This is the groundwork, and his college career must be consonant therewith. It is best to keep him hovering between life and death till his thirtieth year. Then let him grow fat and round and jolly by degrees, until you have completely reconstructed his physical and mental composition, and turned out a muscular Christian who loves sport, a good story and fat living, and whose sermons are as bright and pithy as they once were dull and tedious.

This is one plan. The other is to picture a boy chockful of mischief, who teases his sisters, torments the dog and cat, and astonishes his elders by his saucy wit and worries them continually by his escapades and general cussedness. He must be the black sheep at school, the horror of his teachers, and at college he must be the prime mover in all manner of wickedness and be expelled as often as your ingenuity may suggest. Like his complementary brother, he must also take a turn when about twenty-five or thirty, and ever after be the deep thinker, profound reasoner and tiresome bore, which death finally and kindly takes from a world altogether too bad for such as he.

The great point, you will observe, is to make as violent a contrast as possible between the boy and the man. It pleases the milk-and-water man to have people believe that he was a very imp in his youth; and the strong, healthy man, who cares more for physical than mental superiority, is not loth to have it go forth that when a boy he was studious and sickly to a fault.

In writing the biography of a soldier, you have simply to remark that he seemed born to command, and prove it by citing from imagination the salient points of his boyhood's exploits, and adding thereto all the great events and all the deeds of daring in the lives of the heroes of history and the famous fighters of fiction. It is as easy as lying, and therefore you require no further instruction in this department of biography.

The life of a great writer should deal principally with his eccentricities. Of course he must have these, otherwise he is a writer not worth writing about. Tell your readers that he wrote with a pointed stick, a pencil-stub or his finger—anything, in short, but a pen; that he preferred old envelopes, wrapping paper or wall paper to the orthodox stationery; that he wrote only when the fit took him, and that when the fit did take him he shut himself up for weeks and would neither eat nor drink nor sleep nor see anybody until the fit left him. After one of these intellectual spasms, you must depict him as utterly exhausted and just ready to die, as lying fallow for weeks or months, and then having a relapse and going back to his den, and grinding out a new batch of literature.

The successful business man must begin life as a poor boy. This is indispensable. Have his parents die in his infancy. If possible, let him be born without parents. At any rate, let him shirk for himself from the word "go," have him grow up without education or advantages of any kind other than his own shrewdness and honesty. Don't forget to emphasize his honesty. No matter if he was a thief from his cradle, picture him as honesty personified, and ascribe all his success to this virtue. You must make him an early riser, charitable to a fault and disinterested in all his dealings, a man averse to money rather than otherwise, and one who would be better pleased to see others rich and himself poor than to be overburdened with the wealth that is pouring in upon him in ever-increasing store and sadly against his will. These are the main points. Emphasize these and add such stories as you can invent of his charities, his public spirit and his shining example to all poor boys, and your tale is told.

There, my son, I think with these hints you will be able to write biography as well as the best of them. If you are not successful after what I have told you, you may as well make up your mind that biography is not your forte, and henceforward let fiction severely alone and confine your efforts to journalism or some other avenue monopolized by truth and veracity.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Sunday night Mr. Jesse A. Beard, of this city dreamed that his brother, Mr. T. J. Beard, of Chambers County, Ala., visited him, and upon being asked how things were at home told him that the family were all well, but that some thief had set fire to his outhouses, and everything on his premises was destroyed except the residence. Monday morning he received a letter from his brother which contained the exact information which he had dreamed that his brother told him in person. The smoke-house, stable and barn had all been destroyed, together with considerable grain and provisions, and it was with difficulty that the residence was saved.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

—[illegible] evening recently, while at the railroad depot at Baldwins, L. I., the horse of Edward Bedell became frightened at the sound of an approaching train and ran away. When the horse started the reins were lying over the dashboard, and Bedell was in the wagon talking to a friend on the platform. The horse dashed into the engine of the train just as it was passing the crossing and was killed. Mr. Bedell was thrown from the wagon a distance of ten feet, his head striking the depot platform, killing him instantly.

HOME AND FARM.

—Furniture needs cleansing as much as other wood-work. It may be washed with warm soap-suds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it rub with rotten stone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Wall-baskets are made up in novel shapes; the oblong form is especially fashionable. Such a one can be covered with blue satin, embroidered in a floral design, the receptacle for papers having a valance of dark blue velvet cut in vandyke, a tassel depending from each point.

—A writer says that he has never failed to cure garget by the use of beans. He feeds one pint of bean meal, mixed with other meal, for four successive days, and has found that quantity sufficient to cure the worst cases. He thinks if cows were fed with bean meal several times a year they would never be troubled with garget.

—Many horses are actually killed by kindness. Letting them stand in the stable from one week's end to another without any exercise of any kind because they might hurt themselves if let run loose, is very injurious. To keep them in the right condition it is necessary that they be exercised every day.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Destruction of Ants: A correspondent in the *Tropical Agriculturalist* says: "Take a white china plate and spread a thin covering of common lard over it. Place it on the floor or shelf infested by the troublesome insects, and you will be pleased with the result. Stirring them up every morning is all that is required to set the trap again.

—The *Iowa State Register* asks and answers the following question: Why has England been able to keep up the fertility of her land for over a thousand years of constant cultivation? It is because they keep sheep. England has nearly one sheep for every acre of territory, while the United States has only one for every thirty-four acres.

—A great many farmers, says Colonel F. D. Curtis, in the *Country Gentleman*, comfort themselves with the notion that if they change seed with some other farmer they are doing a big thing. This is a mistaken idea. Seed should be improved and taken from the farm where it is grown, and to which it has adapted itself. At home is the place for improvement. The idea that the little germ of a seed can carry the good qualities of a good farm with it is ridiculous.

—While, in a degree, the heat of an animal is produced from its food, and therefore warm stables and steamed food and warmed water seem economical: yet it is doubtless true that animals are often greatly refreshed by drinking cold water. The thirsty man does not warm his favorite beverage even if its effect be recognized in the saving of food. The human system seems to require cold drinks at times.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* writes: "It is often necessary to haul water for quite a distance, and it is sometimes desirable to haul it in a barrel that has one head removed for convenience in dipping it out with a pail. This may be done without the water slopping out much, if a cover is made two or three inches smaller in diameter than the top of the barrel, so as to rest on the surface of the water and not on the top of the barrel. I have been obliged to haul water for some time past for a part of what we use at the house, and find that but little is wasted when covered in this manner."

Small Fruits on the Farm.

The first thing is the selection of the ground. If possible, a plat that slopes to the East or South is preferable, and if it is protected on the North and West so much the better. We do not like a steep hillside, especially for small fruits, but, if possible, want it sloping sufficiently to drain well. If this can not be secured to obtain the best results, artificial drainage will have to be resorted to.

While a poor soil will raise some fruit—and by using manure around the plants much economy in fertilizers can be used—still, if possible, it will always pay to select a naturally rich soil. Or if this can not be done, an application of well-rotted manure should be given. It is better of course that much of the preparation should be done in the fall, but at this time we can only do the best we can at the time. The ground should be well plowed and harrowed thoroughly, to get it in as good condition as possible. As in all other farm operations it pays to make the work of preparation as thorough as possible.

We believe that in small fruit culture it is far better to have the manure thoroughly incorporated with the soil. The roots of all plants (where they are to remain any length of time in the same place) are certain to penetrate through the soil in every direction, and when (as is often done) the manure is applied simply around the roots when the plants are first set out, it will stimulate a heavy growth at first or when the manure is first reached by the roots; but as the majority of the roots (especially the small rootlets or feelers) get beyond the manure and come in contact with the purer soil outside of the area covered by the manure, then there is a stoppage in growth and a consequent damage to the plants. And again, when manure is simply applied immediately around the roots in too large a quantity (and this is nearly always the case when applied in this way), it causes too strong a growth of wood at the expense of fruit and hardiness. An application of wood ashes is very beneficial, and should be applied if possible. We prefer to apply all the ashes we can save to our fruits, both large and small, in preference to using them in any other way, and if due care is taken with what is made in an ordinary family, a sufficient quantity can be secured to give all the fruit generally raised on the farm a dressing.

Understand at the outset that I am simply writing for the benefit of the farmer who, we think, ought to raise small fruits of all kinds for the use of his family, and not for those who make the raising of small fruits for market a specialty. I claim that each farmer can raise all kinds of small fruits far cheaper than he can buy. In fact, I have always held that the farmer ought, by all means, to raise all that is consumed in the way of edibles, and he can do so far cheaper than he can possibly buy them.—*N. J. S., in Prairie Farmer.*

—An American drank twenty-eight glasses of lager in Washington, on a wager the other evening, in thirty minutes, beating a German, who gave out after pouring down twenty-two glasses. This explains the antagonism manifested in Germany toward the American hog. It is jealousy.—*Detroit Post.*

A JOYFUL GREETING.

Hello! How are you? I am glad at last your eyes have fallen upon me. Now that we have met, pray cultivate the acquaintance, for it is my purpose to interest and to serve you. Between you and I, though only a newspaper article, I am ambitious. Having a portentous message for all mankind, if it be cordially received, its import truly realized and acted upon, I shall be considered a world's benefactor. Could have no higher ambition, you will admit.

A misanthrope of ample means determined to end his life by drowning himself. Going to the banks of the canal, found the time not favorable for the purpose, a number of persons being in the vicinity, and daylight still present. He concluded to walk along the tow-path until it was dark. While doing so, he heard piteous cries issuing from the door of a hovel near by, and unconsciously walked over to the place, and found a poor family, consisting of a mother surrounded by several children, who told him of their sufferings for food. He took from his pocket his wallet and handed it to the woman, reasoning with himself that he would not need it. The grateful thanks and praises that he received from the recipients of his bounty awoke emotion within his breast of such a pleasurable character, that he changed his suicidal intent, and decided to live for others. His future life became replete with good deeds—many a dark home and heart were made bright by his presence.

Well my appearance in these columns, springs *simply* from a desire *on the* part of those I represent to benefit your newsdevouring race. My province is to help you, your friends, your relations, aye, even your *mother-in-law*, if that interesting lady be not already far beyond the pale of good influences.

I am sent among men to bear tidings of a discovery that marks an epoch as important to the health of mankind as Newton's apple and Franklin's kite were to natural science. The sick, the discouraged, the dejected, the broken down, and the despairing, may now, all find a cure, certain as the Jordan proved to the Syrian leper. It is only necessary, as in the case of that sufferer of old, *to follow directions.*

The agent which I herald builds up the system, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain, and sends pure, invigorating blood dancing through the arteries, to the music of happy laughter.

The gloomy, worn-out man of business, by proper use of this wonderful medicine, will be enabled to meet trouble and reverses *like a man.* Then, in perfect health, he will not have abnormal views of the "Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man, nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave."

The weak and nervous woman, just able to drag herself, in "moping melancholy," through duties of the day, may steal the bloom from blush roses, and have eyes bright and sparkling as the dewdrops nestling in their leaves: and the poor little baby, now disfigured with pimples and scabby sores, may be made sweet, cool, and wholesome as—"that youngster of Mrs. Blank's, across the way, whose family is always in a glow of health." Don't you know the reason? "No." Then I will tell you. For years, your neighbor has *never been without* Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

This remedy is a medicine, not a beverage, and is to be taken according to full and perfectly plain directions accompanying each bottle. It is specific, but not a patent medicine, and contains no vile narcotics, or viler liquor. It is a prescription used for years by the well-known physician Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name is a household word in innumerable homes all over our own and foreign lands. The Golden Medical Discovery is prepared and offered to the public by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a body corporate, existing by and under the laws of the State of New York: its President is Dr. Pierce, the great specialist in chronic diseases. The Doctor has devoted the best years of a very busy and wonderfully successful life to the relief and cure of his suffering follow-men,—and at a time when high political honors lay broadly open before him, Dr. Pierce resigned his seat in the Congress of the United States, simply from a sense of duty towards others. His associates in the great sanitarium represented to the doctor that the immense business of their Association demanded that his personal attention should be paid to the great army of patients crowding upon them from every clime. Dr. Pierce is also the founder of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment, possessing all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class American hotel, has in addition the daily attendance of a large faculty of eminent specialists, whose practice collectively cover the whole field of surgery and chronic diseases. The laboratory in which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared is an object of interest and wonder. It has a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and is six stories high. In this mammoth and palatial workshop two hundred persons are constantly employed in putting up Dr. Pierce's Medicines.

While the Golden Medical Discovery's curative effects are almost immediately felt, it is not merely a temporary stimulant, but is as certainly a safe and complete cure, in all cases for which it is recommended, as it is that certain misery and death will follow their neglect. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery *will not* cure club feet, will not furnish armless or legless unfortunates with new and perfect limbs, and it is not guaranteed that even a dozen bottles applied to any stray portion of a second-hand skeleton will develop such member into an animate, human form divine (?). In brief, it is not asserted that this medicine will, or can, counteract the decrees of Providence. But in all cases where a high state of civilization and cultivation has engendered disease and suffering, whereby God's natural man has become a nervous, artificial being, the Golden Medical Discovery *will positively* restore to him the strong, vigorous, self-asserting life, from which almost unconsciously, he had drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly away. It is claimed, and guaranteed, if this medicine be used as prescribed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, *it will permanently cure* liver complaint, and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including bronchitis, consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, dyspepsia, costiveness, sick-headache, skin diseases, fever and ague, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisoned or deteriorated blood.

This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it affects perfect and radical cures.

To all suffering from lassitude, weariness, despondency, lack of vigor or ambition, be it man, woman or child, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will speedily impart new tone, vigor and life to the whole system. The haggard face will grow round, ruddy and beam with the expression of long lost confidence. The step will be firm and elastic, and the relieved sufferer will once more enjoy, in common with fellowmen, that feeling of proprietorship in earth, air and being only fully realized by those in perfect health.

The Golden Medical Discovery will not make drunkards or opium eaters; on the contrary, any unfortunate, driven by trouble, adversity or inherited appetite, to the use of insidious stimulants, will find the Discovery of great assistance in efforts to break the chains binding him to a shameful and miserable existence.

Those feeling only "out of sorts," with no predominant symptoms, and who, if asked, would find it difficult to explain their sensations, will find a sovereign remedy in the Golden Medical Discovery.

Those who are irritable, petulant or fretful, ever seeing the gloomy side of life; who imagine "the time is out of joint;" to whom life is a heavy burden, not a blessing; who think the whole world is arrayed against them, and anticipate calamity at every turn; to all such let this message be full of encouragement and joy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will radically cure them, when it will be found, to their lasting benefit, that life and the world have not changed, but that disease had thrown clouds of misery and woe about them through which all things were seen, as "through a glass darkly."

Let no sufferer be discouraged because he or she has tried other medicines without benefit. In fact, these are the cases the World's Dispensary Medical Association particularly desire to reach through their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. *When all other medicines fail let this be tried*, and no one will be doomed to further disappointment.

The Golden Medical Discovery is a prescription of a physician with a wide-awake reputation and an honorable position to maintain. It is far beneath the dignity of Dr. Pierce to lend his name to any vile nostrum, or catch-penny preparation, whereby the public may be deceived. Having used his Discovery for many years in his unprecedented private practice, he is convinced it is indeed a specific in diseases mentioned. Desiring this marvelous cure shall benefit, not only those with whom he comes personally in contact, but that all mankind may be embraced in his grand plan for the amelioration of human suffering, the Doctor, through the World's Dispensary Medical Association, earnestly and most confidently recommends his Golden Medical Discovery to the public at large, assured the most skeptical will be thoroughly convinced of its worth by a trial of a single bottle.

In stubborn, or long-seated affections, and where the bowels are very costive, the gentle, though certain action of the Discovery, will be more rapid and satisfactory by supplementing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets in small daily doses of one or two. These pills (the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills) are *purely vegetable*, sugar-coated and very small, yet by the peculiar process used in their preparation, they possess the strength and virtue of larger and unpalatable pills. Pleasant Purgative Pellets will speedily remove all ill and disagreeable effects arising from over-eating or drinking, and are recommended as a cathartic at all times, being perfectly safe, sure and unattended by the griping pains usually experienced in the use of purgatives less carefully prepared. Promptly resorted to, these little Pellets will radically cure indigestion, biliousness and sick-headache, thus saving the patient from serious and lingering disorders. Dr. Pierce, the President of the World's Dispensary, and his faculty of twelve skilled specialists, can be consulted by letter or in person in any case of chronic disease requiring either medical or surgical treatment free of charge. For those desiring more exhaustive information than can be imparted through correspondence, the Doctor has written a book, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified."

This work alone is a goodly harvest for an ordinary life, and stamps its author a profound scholar and a very remarkable man. The book contains nine hundred and twenty-two pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-six wood-cuts and colored plates, and makes plain as a, b, c, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, practice of medicine, hygiene, temperaments, psychology, etc.,—and answers in plain, easily-to-be-understood terms all questions that may arise within their range, especially those questions the would-be inquirer is deterred by fear or modesty from asking the family or other physician. That all may be enabled to acquaint themselves with matter so vital to health, happiness and success, the price of this great work has been fixed at one dollar and fifty cents, postpaid by mail to any address, while smaller and far inferior books, purporting to cover the same ground, have sold at five dollars a copy. It being the aim of the proprietors of the Common Sense Medical Adviser to reach not only the affluent, but also those in moderate, and even straightened, circumstances, the price of the work places it within the reach of all.

A Jealous Calf.

At about two o'clock on Thursday morning a Chinaman named Wang Hee died at Ben Marker's from injuries he received the night before from a young bull on the ranch. It appears that there was a cow on the place that no one but Marker could milk because of the determined interference of its bull calf. The calf would fly into a rage whenever its mother was milked. The bull is now three years old, and for the past year has been kept in an adjoining lot, and when any one approached the cow with a milk-pail the bull would fall into a terrible rage and its bellowings could be heard all over the ranch. Day before yesterday the Chinaman started to milk the cow, and the bull, becoming very much excited, rushed to the fence as usual, but the Chinaman paid no attention. Suddenly the bull retreated a few paces, and, lowering his head, charged for the fence, making a breach and sending the fragments high in air. The fence went down as if it had been paper, and the bull came headlong at the Chinaman, striking him in the head and side with its horns. One horn penetrated the left side, breaking two ribs, and the other fractured the skull. The farm-hands rushed out to find the bull tossing the Chinaman in the air and bellowing savagely. The bull was driven off and the unfortunate man taken to the house unconscious. He lingered in great agony until two o'clock in the morning, when he died.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

Sunshine in the White House.

A dainty little girl of 8 or 9 years, with dangerous big blue eyes, appeared in the library of the White House the other day when it was full of great men of one sort and another, and quietly waited her turn to speak with the tall, dignified gentleman with gray whiskers and hair, and the sober face and courteous manner down by the bow window in the south end of the room. By and by her opportunity came. She tripped forward modestly, but bravely, and with a "Good morning, Mr. President," told her name and proffered her request. She was a niece of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, and she wanted a sweet flower from the executive conservatory for the Easter decoration of a little Episcopal church. She smiled archly, as she told her errand, as though she was quite sure of a favorable response. The president's tired face brightened with smiles as he turned from the tiresome politicians to the sweet, little face before him. It was like a cooling zephyr from the Chesapeake on a hot summer day. He told her honestly that he was very glad to see her, and then he gave her *carte blanche* in the conservatory, and dismissed her with a word or two about his own little girl, who does so much to lighten up his life in the White House. Her handsome uncle could not have done more for her had he been standing in Arthur's place. —*Washington Correspondent Philadelphia Record.*

The Rings and the Lady.

A dispatch from New Haven, Conn., says: A singular accident occurred here yesterday. A daughter of Mr. Diebel, in making her toilet, took three or four rings from her fingers and thoughtlessly left them in the wash-basin, and a lady friend threw the water, rings and all, from a window into a space between two buildings less than eleven inches wide. Nellie Manning, a niece of Mr. Diebel, saw the rings glisten and climbed down to get them. The buildings are closer at the bottom than at the top, and the young lady found herself wedged fast. Assistance was procured and the lady was rescued in a fainting, hysterical, and almost unconscious state. She was for a time delirious, and screamed; "Take me out! [illegible], I tell you I'll die here!" The young lady is as well as can be expected.

—Miss Sadie Miller, of Meyersville, Somerset County, Pa., wishing to disgust her father with the country because she desired a residence in the city, played the part of the ghost for a week. She had nearly scared the old folks into moving, when she was detected. She is now pining in a reformatory.

THE WEATHER LIAR.

There are many kinds of the liar family, but the best known is the weather liar. The older he is the greater his license to indulge in his favorite pastime. Every day of the year furnishes him with an excuse, and all he asks is for somebody to talk to. The weather liar remembers that the winter of 1879 was exactly like that of 1491; the spring of 1882 puts him in mind of the spring of 1624; the cold waves of the past winter didn't begin with those in 1774. He can remember winters when not a flake of snow fell, and summers when there was a frost every other night for three months. He has seen the thermometer drop to forty-seven degrees below in January, and climb to 130 degrees in August. He remembers one year when cherries were ripe in May, and another when they could not be picked until November. No matter what the weather is, the weather liar has always seen worse. If it snows for two days he has seen it snow for four. If it rains for a week, he can remember when it poured down without a break for three. If you have seen it hot enough to fry eggs on a stone sidewalk, he has seen an ax melt on top of a lump of ice.

THE FISH LIAR

ranks second on the list. He goes fishing about once in five years and spends the rest of the time in lying about what occurred. He caught a bass weighing fourteen pounds, but the hook broke and let him escape. He had a bite from a pickerel four feet long, but stubbed his toe and couldn't pull up at the proper moment. He began fishing with minnows for bait, but the fish bit so greedily that he finally tied a horn button to the hook and pulled 'em out as fast as he could drop the line. He caught an even tubful, but while he was eating luncheon the wharf gave way and let tub and fish into the water. The fish liar can be found sitting on the counter at the grocery of an evening, all wound up and ready to begin business, and nothing lets the sunshine into his life so quick as to get hold of some one who will gasp out occasionally: "My stars! but is that possible?"

THE HORSE LIAR

stands third on the list. He is a man who has had a horse which could go in 2.20. He hasn't got him now, but that doesn't make any difference. He has driven that horse in a race with an express train, and taken first money. And he also had a running horse which once made a dash of twenty-five miles on a bet of $5,000. He hasn't the horse or the money at the present time, but he can give you the name of a dozen leading bank presidents and Chief-Justices who saw that dash.

The horse-liar doesn't stop at lying about his own horses, but he is ready to put in his best licks on animals he never saw. He is in the confidence of the owners of all the celebrated equines. In his opinion such a track is short and such a track is long. He doesn't believe Rarus was ever much of a horse, and he feels that he could drive Goldsmith Maid in three seconds faster than she ever recorded. He is the identical man who first saw speed in Flora Temple, and if he had wanted to be mean about it, he could have bought her for ten dollars and an old plow, and made $5,000 out of the trade. He knows all about spavins, ring-bones, poll-evil, pinkeye and glanders, and he has a sure cure for each one. His seat is on the head of the second cracker-barrel from the stove each evening through the winter, and when he can come across some one who has invested fifteen dollars and a cross-cut saw in an old plug of a horse to use in a cider-mill, he is in his glory. He knows all about that horse; been an awful good stepper; saw him run away once, and killed two women; Rarey tried to tame him, but had to give it up; reckon he could go out now and give most of the boys the dust; and so on until the grocer rubs his sleepy eyes, and regretfully says:

"Come, you liars, it's time to lock up and go home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BIG-HANDED sawyer named Shaw,
Put his finger too near the buzz-saw,
He saw his mistake,
But each pain and ache,
St. Jacobs Oil cured in his paw.

A rheumatic old man named Meeker,
Was sick a whole year in Topeeker,
He there would have died,
But St. Jacobs Oil tried,
It sent him back cured to Osweeger.

THE diamond is the stone for an engagement, but give us the cobblestone in a free fight.—*Puck.*

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ana Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes:—I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly relieved.

THIRTY years ago, in Paris, there were tiny visiting cards for babies. The custom has been revived.

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS immediately relieved by *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price, 25cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE motto for the stamping clerk at the post-office—Wherever you see a head, hit it.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, April 13, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@	3 75
Choice butchers	5 00	@	5 85
HOGS—Common	6 25	@	6 85
Good packers	7 15	@	7 65
SHEEP	5 25	@	6 00
FLOUR—Family	4 60	@	5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13	@	
No. 2 winter red	1 09	@	1 10
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56¼	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	46	@	
Rye—No. 2	68	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@	11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@	9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 25	@	
Lard—Steam	11	@	
BUTTER—Western Reserve	43	@	
Prime Creamery	40	@	43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@	2 75
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@	3 95
Good to choice	4 50	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 18¾	@	1 19
No. 1 white	1 10	@	1 11
Corn—No 2 mixed	66	@	67¼
Oats—mixed	51	@	51¼
PORK—Mess	19 20	@	19 50
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 06	@	
Corn No. 2	49½	@	52½
Oats—No. 2	41½	@	
Rye	57½	@	
PORK—Mess	17 95	@	18 00
LARD—Steam	11-17½	@	11-20
WHISKY	1 17	@	
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 18½	@	1 19
Corn—mixed	63¼	@	
Oats—mixed	49	@	51
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@	
Lard—Refined	12¼	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
COTTON—Middling	9¾	@	
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 05	@	1 07
Corn—mixed	53	@	
Oats—mixed	45	@	
PORK—Mess	18 75	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—New	$1 07½	@	
CORN	50	@	
OATS mixed	42½	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	4 00

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

GRAY hairs are the only object of respect that can not excite envy.—*Bacon.*

THE cheapest and prettiest collars and cuffs are the Cholithion. Try them and see for yourself.

LAMENTATION is the musician that always, like a screech owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry man.—*Plutarch.*

REDDING'S Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of Skin disease. Try it.

THE French word for law is placed in the feminine gender. This is because the law is so fearfully uncertain.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

"It's only a cold." But it's dangerous; use N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
Checks cold and prevents bronchitis. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

USE St. Patrick's Salve, and learn its great value. One trial convinces.

Our Reporter's Vacation Notes.

DURING his rambles this season, our Mr. M. has taken upon himself the task of satisfying our numerous readers that whatever goods are manufactured in our goodly city of Roger Williams, are of as high a grade, and as fine in quality as can be produced in any spot on the globe. Especially is this so when the skilled Pharmacist of many years experience resolves to extract from the finest botanical specimens of the vegetable world the most potent cure for some special disease. In proof of his assertion that Providence, R.I., affords the best, he relates an interview with an acquaintance, given him while sojourning temporarily at her residence. She says: "About a year I suffered severely from Rheumatism in my limbs, and Neuralgia in the head, which I endured two or three months with as much patience as possible, being under the treatment of an excellent doctor, and trying many kinds of medicine without any marked effect. At last a medical friend advised me to try Hunt's Remedy, because he attributed my severe suffering to the bad condition of my kidneys, which were not performing their proper functions, and I commenced taking it, and in a few days the neuralgia had departed, my headache had entirely disappeared, the swelling in my limbs and joints had gone, and I have not had a touch of it since. More recently I was troubled with impurity of the blood, which showed itself in severe eruptions on my face. I again resorted to Hunt's Remedy, and after taking it a short time was completely cured of that complaint. Hunt's Remedy has proved very beneficial to me in attacks of sick headache, which it always alleviates, and I notice the improvement as soon as I take it. Hunt's Remedy has strengthening elements, for it has made me feel much stronger, and has been very beneficial to my general health. I most heartily recommend it to all sufferers like myself. MRS. L. G. TANNER, No. 136 Pearl Street."

Great Praise.

ALBERT G. MANN, of Cottage Home, Ill., says: "I have been prostrated for three or more years with kidney disease; at times I was not able to put on my boots; my wife has often pulled them on for me. I was not so bad as that all the time, but I never knew what it was to be without pain in my back until I commenced using Hunt's Remedy. Since I began to take Hunt's Remedy I have been free from all pain, and take pleasure in saying that it is the best medicine that I ever knew for Kidney and Liver diseases."

.25 PISO'S CURE FOR 100
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. It will pay every Book Canvasser to send us his or her address. We have Books and Bibles of every description—first-class and fast selling—and we are now offering extraordinary inducements to the right parties. Full particulars sent free.
DOUGLASS BROS. & PAYNE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

To quietly introduce the new Sunday School Book GOLDEN RAYS will fill orders prior to May 1st at $18 per hundred; 20c. each. Specimen pages free.
S. S. MUSIC PUB. CO., 1818 Reed St., Phila., Pa.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

GUNS Pistols, &c., at Wholesale Rates. A Good 7-Shot Revolver $1.00, Fine Twist Guns $10.25, &c., &c. Send for our new Price-List, FREE. Good Agents Wanted. Address
A. G. Alford & Co., No. 5 S. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

"MAUD S" HALTER cannot be slipped by any horse. Sent to any part of United States free, on receipt of $1. Special discounts to the trade. Send for price-list.
J. C. LIGHTHOUSE & BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book, $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Money! Patent soon expires; goods must be made now; 4,000 more men, women & children can make from $5 to $10 a day at home. Send 10c for material and begin work. B. Imont M'f'g Co., Box 11, Boston, Mass.

BOILERS LOVEGROVE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ENGINES

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Write for catalogue. Coleman & Palms, Prop'rs.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

ELECTRIC BELT $3 or $1 BATTERY can CURE You. Book free, Agents. Future Remedy Co., Cleveland, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

Sure Cure Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
What the great restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental despondency, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu!"

"Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver disease or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism,

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!
Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

CANCER INSTITUTE.
AURORA ILL.
Established 1872; Incorporated 1880. For the Cure of Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula and SKIN DISEASES, without the use of knife or LOSS OF BLOOD, and little pain. For INFORMATION, CIRCULARS AND REFERENCES, address
DR. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

$60. 5-TON JONES
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM.
JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.
Sold on trial. Warranted 5 years. All sizes as low.
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To buy and sell the WANLESS DETACHABLE and SELF-LOCKING PILLOW-SHAM HOLDER; the most DURABLE and SIMPLEST in the market. Sample to any address on receipt of $1.50. Over 1,000 sold in Cleveland. Lady Agents find it very saleable. For terms address KENDALL & CO.,
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WORTH SENDING FOR! Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CURE THEM, which is offered FREE, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper. Address
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No other Newspaper published on this side of the earth is bought and read by so many men and women. Why? Because it is outspoken, truth-telling and always interesting. It is everybody's newspaper. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages), by mail, 55c. a month, or $6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), $1.20 per year; WEEKLY (8 pages), $1 per year.
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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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CROUP, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA.
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

LIST OF DISEASES
ALWAYS CURABLE BY USING
MEXICAN
MUSTANG
LINIMENT.

OF HUMAN FLESH.
Rheumatism,
Burns and Scalds,
Stings and Bites,
Cuts and Bruises,
Sprains & Stitches,
Contracted Muscles,
Stiff Joints,
Backache,
Eruptions,
Frost Bites,

OF ANIMALS
Scratches,
Sores and Galls,
Spavin, Cracks,
Screw Worm, Grub,
Foot Rot, Hoof All,
Lameness,
Swinny, Founders,
Sprains, Strains,
Sore Feet,
Stiffness,

and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident.
For general use in family, stable and stock-yard, it is
THE BEST OF ALL
LINIMENTS

XX.—NOTICE.—XX.
AS BLUE FLANNEL GARMENTS
Of Inferior Quality of Goods
are sold as the "genuine Middlesex," which are not made by that mill, The Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Clothing made from THE MIDDLESEX STANDARD INDIGO BLUE FLANNELS AND YACHT CLOTHS, sold by all leading clothiers, must bear the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Selling Agents to all parties ordering the goods.
WENDELL, FAY & CO.,
SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COMPANY,
86 and 88 Worth St., New York. 37 Franklin St., Boston; 214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co. Mansfield, Ohio.

WE SELL THE BEST $65 ORGAN in the world. Address MILLER ORGAN CO., Lebanon, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

A. N. K.—E. 921 15—83

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1883. NUMBER 26.

WISE SAYINGS.

GATHERED FROM ORIENTAL SOURCES.

Rogues differ little: Each begun,
First, as a disobedient son.
—*Chinese.*

A single human sigh may burn
Till it the world shall overturn.
—*Persian.*

To hide your tracks where'er you go,
Be careful not to walk in snow.
—*Chinese.*

As fabrics dipped in any dye
Give back its colors to the eye,
So they with whom we move and live
To us our special color give.
—*Hindu.*

My teachers brought me many a store
Of learning—but, my mates much more;
Yet, when I of my knowledge boast,
I know my pupils taught me most.
—*The Talmud.*

Misfortunes coming to the good
Nowise disturb their fortitude;
Like camphor-wood the fire illumes,
Through bitterness their virtue blooms.
—*Hindu.*

The tongue is little, but how strong—
Only at most three inches long:
But when foul words its rage supply
Woe to the man that's six feet high.
—*Japanese.*

Every Thought, from east or west,
Welcome as a favored guest—
But each Desire, both fierce and wild,
Control as you would rule a child.
—*Chinese.*

A CRUEL BLOW.

"The most dangerous and troublesome men," said Dr. Redfield, "are those who should be regarded as fools, but for some unexplained reason are not. Here now is a beautiful and lovely young woman suddenly deprived of reason just on the eve of her marriage to the worthy young man on whom the blow has also fallen with crushing force. Two lives blighted perhaps forever by an act that should consign its perpetrator to a prison and a lunatic asylum for each alternate year of the remainder of his life."

These remarks related to a practical joke played by a reckless and imprudent young man, one Fred Losher, the victim of his criminal folly being his cousin, Florence Percival, whose marriage would have taken place the next day.

The railway train which was bringing her prospective husband from his home, three hundred miles away, was behind time about five hours, delayed by a heavy storm, which had also prostrated the telegraph lines, so that no information in regard to the cause of the detention could be obtained.

The train came in at last, however, all right, and without having sustained any serious accident. The bride-groom elect, Frank McAllister, alighted from the cars, going first to the hotel, from whence, in half an hour, he would have reported himself at the residence of his betrothed.

That foolish cousin, however, who had been sent to the station to obtain the earliest news of the delayed train, came rushing back to the house to bring the tidings, but thought it would be a capital joke, as he afterward said, to give his cousin at first a good scare.

"Well, Florence," he exclaimed, "Frank has been heard from at last. The train's smashed—forty persons killed—and he among them!"

A bewildered, half-conscious look was followed by a fearful scream, and poor Florence had fallen unconscious.

Dr. Redfield, the family physician, who chanced to be passing the door, was immediately with the patient, and doing his utmost to arrest the progress of those terrible convulsions, but with scarcely any success.

A young brother of Florence was the only person with her at the time that startling announcement was made; but his version of what had occurred was so clear and positive that the reckless fellow who was the author of the mischief did not attempt to contradict or deny the boy's statement.

Had the life of the dear girl been suddenly destroyed by the careless discharge of a pistol, fired by some one who did not stop to consider in what direction he was pointing, the consternation and sorrow of the family could scarcely have been greater. Frank McAllister knelt at the side of the insensible girl, giving vent to his feelings in an agony of grief.

In the meantime, the young blockhead by whose criminal folly the mischief had been done, was dodging around in a dozen directions, telling everybody how very sorry he was for what had happened, and asking each one to tell him what service he could render. He subsided, however, and made himself less prominent, after having been repeatedly told that his immediate departure from the scene of the trouble would gratify everyone there.

But the blow that had fallen upon the heart of the afflicted lover was too severe to permit an immediate reaction even in the way of resentment against the author of the trouble. The joyful hope that filled his whole soul an hour before had given place to sorrow that seemed to have gone through every nerve of his life.

The terrible shock was followed, as the doctor predicted it would be, by a typhomania, that continued three weeks—the patient's life, in the meantime, being suspended in a balance which the weight of a feather might turn.

At the end of that time the malady began to take a different form. The cerebral excitement appeared to have exhausted its force and to be passing away, but the light of reason did not return. The one terrible thought, that her lover had been crushed to death, had gone through and possessed her whole mind, and there did not seem to be any way to remove it.

The first question she asked, when, looking as if making an effort to reason once more, was how long it would be before she could go to Frank's funeral. When assured that he was not dead, but still alive, and actually in the room at that moment, the meaning of the words did not seem to enter her mind, for she again repeatedly asked, in a pleading way:

"Please let me go to Frank's funeral!"

Her lover, who had been with her, or near her, almost continually, then came forward, and, sitting down beside her, took one of her hands, saying:

"I am not dead, dear Florence! I am alive and here with you."

But his kind words only brought a bewildering stare.

"You! Who are you?" she asked. "I do not know you! I never saw you before. You are not my dear Frank—he is dead; and now they will not even let me go to his funeral. Did you know Frank? you look some like him, and I believe you are trying to pass yourself for him. Go away from me! you trouble me!"

"There is hope in her case," said the doctor, when at his next visit this incident was related to him. "The normal action of her mind will not be restored immediately, and will be a work of great labor and care. I think it will be better my young friend," he continued, addressing McAllister, "for her not even to see you for a few days. We will, in the meantime, carefully observe all she says in regard to you."

This plan was continued for some three weeks, but with no encouraging result. The experiment of allowing Frank to return and talk to her, and with other persons, was again tried, but without success.

By the earnest desire of the parents and other friends of the patient, Florence was retained at home instead of being sent to an asylum for lunatics, Dr. Redfield giving her his daily, and, in fact, almost constant attention. In this way three months of painful and anxious suspense, with no certainty in regard to the final result, passed.

"You are a good singer, I believe," said the doctor addressing young McAllister, as they were sitting together on the veranda, where they had been talking for a half-hour in regard to the care of poor Florence.

"Well, yes; I am a fair singer," replied Frank. "Florence and I have been accustomed to sing together, especially when much younger, and before I moved away from the city. We were at one time members of a juvenile choir for two years."

"Well, my dear fellow," said the doctor, "I am disposed to try another experiment, which may not be of the least use to our dear Florence, but can certainly do her no harm. I want you to come into one of the adjoining rooms occasionally—only do not let her see you—and sing some of those old songs which you and she have been accustomed to sing together with the deepest interest, and let us see what the result will be. You must be near enough for her to hear you distinctly. We will try this experiment only when she is in a quiet state of mind."

"Who is that singing?" asked Florence, starting up and looking around suddenly and earnestly. "It sounds like the voice of my dear Frank, who is now in Heaven. How glad I would be to go there and live with him."

This remark was made the first time the experiment was tried, the patient being at the time more composed than usual.

"I know that is my dear Frank's voice," she repeated. "Please let me go to him." And she at once began to catch the tune and sing a few notes of it.

"It does sound like Frank singing," the doctor finally said; "but I do not see how we could hear him if he is already in Heaven. I think it must be nearer than that."

The experiment was, however, continued only a short time, as the patient became very much excited after a few moments, and burst into tears, begging to be allowed to go and join her dear Frank in the world to which she knew he had gone. Similar experiments were repeated frequently, occasions being selected when Florence was most quiet and not liable to be too much excited; her lover, in the meantime, passing around from one room to another, sometimes quite near to her, and then in a distant part of the house.

After a few trials the patient began to ask for the singing, and would not be satisfied until she heard it. She would listen for a considerable time with the deepest attention and interest, occasionally joining with her own own voice, but would invariably become weary after a time, and sometimes pass off again into the wildest excitement. The moment, however, any trouble of that sort appeared to be approaching the singing was, of course, suspended.

In this way these experiments had continued for some two or three weeks, with encouraging results. At length, one day when the patient was sitting up in her chair, and more quiet than usual, the familiar notes of "The Last Rose of Summer" sounded out clear and distinct. Florence immediately joined her own voice to that of the unseen singer; then, as if forgetting that she had ever imagined that her lover was dead, she sprang from her chair—the doctor grasping her arm at the same instant—and fixing upon him an earnest and intelligent look, exclaimed:

"Doctor, that is my dear Frank! He is in the next room! Why does he not come in here!"

She would have gone to find him at once, but Dr. Redfield finally pursuaded her to sit down and let him go and see if he could find him.

"Go in at once," directed the doctor, "but in a perfectly natural way; do not show the least excitement. I will come after a few moments, but had you better go in and meet her alone."

Ten minutes later the doctor entered quietly, and had the happiness of seeing his patient sitting by the side of Frank, clasping his hands in her own.

"Why, Doctor," she exclaimed, "here is my dear Frank! He has come at last! He says the cars were off the track, and were delayed a few hours. We were to be married to-morrow, you know."

"Yes, Florence," said the doctor, taking her hand kindly; "but you have not been very well lately, and it will be better to defer your marriage for a few days."

"But you will not go away any more, Frank, until after our wedding?" said Florence, anxiously.

"No, indeed," said her lover, the tears starting to his eyes. "And we will be married just as soon as you are well enough for us to go on our wedding tour."

No allusion was made at that time to what had occurred, but after some days, in answer to her questions, she was gradually permitted to learn the whole truth. Of the sudden fright, however, she remembered nothing. The last thing her memory recalled in connection with that terrible affair was an incident that occurred about four hours previous to that event, when her father, as she said, came in and told her that the train was behind time, having been due for an hour. All after that was a blank, the terrible shock having, by some strange law of the mind, reflected backward, so as to wipe out entirely the recollection of what had occurred in those four preceding hours.

She referred, however, occasionally to having heard Frank singing in the adjoining rooms, and wondering why he did not come in where she was. This had seemed, however, more like a dream than a reality.

Her recovery was rapid. Although possessed of a highly wrought nervous temperament, her constitution, previous to this sad affair, had been good, and her health was soon restored, leaving no trace of the mental disturbance and injury she had suffered.

The marriage took place soon after her complete recovery.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Illustrious Shoemakers.

It is a somewhat curious fact that more shoemakers have become distinguished than any other craftsmen. Among illustrious American shoemakers are John G. Whittier, Roger Sherman, one of the singers of the Declaration of Independence; Henry Wilson, "the Natick cobbler," Vice-President and Senator of the United States; Daniel Sheffey, Member of Congress from Virginia, and gentleman who, when taunted by John Randolph, of Roanoke with his former occupation, replied: "The difference, sir, between my colleague and myself is this, that if his lot had been cast like mine in early life, instead of rising by industry, enterprise and study, above his calling and occupying a seat on this floor, he would at this time be engaged in making shoes on the bench;" Gideon Lee, Mayor of New York City and Member of Congres; William Claflin, Governor of Massachusetts and Member of Congress; John B. Alley, Member of Congress from Massachusetts; Henry P. Baldwin, Governor of Michigan and Senator of the United States; Judge Thomas M. Cooley, of the same State, and William Parsons, whom Benjamin Franklin speaks of as a member of the "Junto"

Among illustrious shoemakers of other countries have been Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the cobbler's boy who became an Admiral; Samuel Bradhurn, one of the most famous pulpit orators of his day and became President of the Wesleyan Conference; William Clifford, the first editor of the London *Quarterly Review;* Samuel Drew, the most eminent metaphysician of his day, whose famous work on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul was written while he was still cobbling shoes; William Carey, the first Protestant missionary to India and the translator of the Bible into Bengali and Hindoostani; Thomas Holcroft, a renowned dramatist and novelist; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends (Quakers); Robert Morrison, D. D., the well-known Chinese scholar and missionary; John Kitto, the distinguished Biblical scholar; William Sturgeon, the electrician; and Thomas Hardy and George Odger, eminent English statesmen.

Other distinguished European shoemakers have been Benoit Bandonin, "the learned," of France; Hans Sachs, the Nightingale of the Reformation, and Jacob Boehmen, the Mystic of Germany; Gabriel Cappellini and Francesco Brizzio, both famous artists of Italy; and Londolph de Jong, the portrait painter, of Holland.

Many distinguished men of ancient times were also cobblers, among them being the artist Apelles; Annianas, Bishop of Alexandria; Alexander, Bishop of Courana; and Rabbi Jochanan.

Not a few shoemakers have had distinguished sons, as witness the following: Pope John XII. was the son of a shoemaker living at Cahors, France; Jean Baptiste Rosseau was the son of a well-to-do Parisian shoemaker, and wa ashamed of his father's calling; Hans Christian Andersen, the popular writer of fairy tales, was the son of an Adense (Denmark) shoemaker; and the father of Isaac Watts, the renowned hymnist, is supposed to have been a shoemaker.

The days for the cobbler's bench to graduate such eminent men are probably past, the making of shoes by machinery having almost entirely removed the necessity for the making of them by hand. That silent occupation afforded all engaged in it excellent opportunities for deep thought, which those who became illustrious wisely improved.—*Cincinnati Times.*

The Pest of the Planter.

The crayfish is receiving scientific and editorial attention in the South. When he burrows in back yards and gutters he affords much diversion to the small Southern boy, who laboriously fishes for him by dangling a string baited with grissle down the hole and jerking him out when he clinches the morsel. He is also employed in bisque soup, to the delight of gourmands, and he is really a valuable crustacean, when thus served. In return for these courtesies, the crayfish makes the spring-time warm for planters by honeycombing their levees as fast as they build them. One crayfish burrow may be the starting point of a leak which will in an hour widen to a crevasse, and let a flood pour over miles of cultivated land. There seems to be no means of suppressing either him or his subterranean industry, and he has now grown to be a terror. Hot water, Paris green and other death-dealing agents have been employed in vain, and now the afflicted landowners, whose levees and revetements are the sole barriers between them and destruction, are appealing to science for a bane which will effectually prevent crayfish engineering. In California, the gopher, a species of marmot, has long been the plague of farmers and gardeners. In portions of Texas the buffalo gnat and redbug have destroyed herds, or compelled their removal from tracks otherwise favorable. Against these there is neither remedy nor satisfaction. The Southern planter, whom the crayfish has drowned out, has at least one recourse. He can eat him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—English gold coin has been so worn that it will cost $4,000,000 to restore the $275,000,000 in circulation.

Religious.

LIGHT IN SORROW'S GLOOM.

A child, grown restless as the night came on,
Tired of twilight—wondering where the day had gone—
Stood watching at the window with a weary sigh,
Till heaven should hang its starlamps in the sky.

"Mamma, why don't they come," she questioning said;
Then looking up, "Come pretty stars," she sweetly plead;
Deeper the shadows of the night around her grew,
While patiently she peered the darkness through.

At last, with shout of joy a star she spied;
"I see one now, mamma! why not before?" she cried;
The mother kissed her little eager lips, and smiled,
"Because it's just grown dark enough, my child."

So shine the "eternal stars" in sorrow's night,
The deepest gloom but serves to bring their blessed light;
Take courage, then—look up—oh heart that most has bled,
God's stars of hope are shining overhead.
—*Miss Anna Gordon, in Union Signal.*

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

No stronger witness to Christianity can be needed than the amazing results which it has wrought in the social condition of the world, especially during the first three Christian centuries; and for the sake of strengthening our faith, it is worth while recapitulating some of these results as they are presented by Mr. Charles L. Brace, in his recent publication—"Gesta Christi."

At the time of the coming of Christ the Roman world was fast hurrying to moral and spiritual decay. The evils by which it was afflicted and against which the first chapter of Romans brings so terrible an indictment were not unheeded by the philosophers of the time, but even the most sanguine could suggest no relief. Plato, writing as early as three hundred years before Christ, lamented the situation in his own day, and though he conceived a remedy, he did not imagine it practicable. The evils might be broken up, he believed, by the operation of three principles or moral forces: first, that of piety or love to a Divine person; second, the desire for honor and the respect of the good; and thirdly, the love of moral beauty, that not of the body but of the soul. "These be, perhaps, romantic aspirations," Plato declares, "but they are the noblest of aspirations if they could only be realized. "Matters have now come to such a pass," he confessed, "that the enactment of such laws (as might proceed from these sentiments) seems to be impossible, and never likely to take place." This was a gloomy outlook, but it was not unwarranted by the signs of the times. Plato's lack of faith was not remarkable; it is only surprising that his diagnosis was so correct, and his idea of the remedy so clear. For as a matter of fact it was that remedy which Christianity afterward administered, and which proved effectual in arresting the progress of decay. "The three forces of which Plato spoke," says Mr. Brace," were especially thrown into the world by Jesus." The ideal for which the philosopher longed, but which he regarded as visionary and unattainable, became a matter of reality through Christ.

Indeed, when these forces began to operate in men's hearts it was impossible that the old vices should go on. All that was corrupt, sensual, oppressive, inhuman, found itself antagonized by the spirit of the Master, and as His spirit spread and the community became leavened, the corruption, sensuality, oppression were put away. The regeneration did not occur in a year or in a century. But little by little licentious and barbarous practices were stopped, gladatorial shows sunk in public esteem, the position of woman became elevated, public charities were introduced, and the evils of slavery were mitigated; until, when three hundred years had passed and Christianity had reached the throne itself, it was possible to do what Plato had fancied could never be done, and enact the new sentiment on these points into law.

Now, for the first time, was the son protected in his rights of life and property, while the rights of the daughter also began to receive recognition. The marriage tie was strengthened and divorce less easy. Against unnatural crimes the laws became rigorously severe. In legislation relating to slavery the new spirit was manifest. Hitherto masters had had the lives of their slaves in their own hands. Plutarch relates how Flaminius put a slave to death merely to afford a spectacle to a guest who had never seen a man die. Under the new laws, to poison a slave or cause him to be torn by wild beasts, or branded, was a homicidal act; liberty was declared to be a right which could not be taken away; and sixty years of captivity could not deprive the free born of the right of demanding liberty. Constantine himself writes: "It has pleased me for a long time to establish that in the Christian church masters can give liberty to their slaves provided they do it in the presence of all the people, and with the assistance of Christian priests," etc., while each new ruler, following Constantine, enacted some measure which made emancipation easier. It was under Constantine, also, that the first authoritative expression was heard against gladiatorial shows, while the month of December, which had been the especial month in which such spectacles were provided by the rich for the poor in memory of the dead, then "became the month of offering for the poor and suffering, in memory of Him who had died for all." The duty of the church toward its poor, indeed, had been recognized from the start, but now charities began to be organized on a large scale, hospitals were built, and that great system of philanthropic effort instituted, which is bearing its richest fruit in our own time.

These, however, are only a few illustrations of the way in which Christian sentiment operated at first for the reformation of society, and in which it has been operative ever since. The victories which Christianity won in the first three centuries have been repeated during fifteen hundred years where the spirit of Christ has not been hindered by priestly power and ecclesiastical formalism. Even with these hindrances it has succeeded where every other power has failed. The history of Christianity is the history of beneficent legislation, of humane and philanthropic institutions, of pure and elevated morality, of national and individual progress. It is the single potential force in the world to-day. Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, need only to be tested by the degraded and hopeless condition of their hundreds of millions of votaries to show their lack of vital power. In Japan, the most civilized of Buddhistic countries, the failure of Buddhism is most conspicuous. "Travelers picture the Japanese as people without religion and without hope. A current and favorite proverb is that 'the worst thing you can wish a man is to live again.' As the old faith has died out, there is nothing left but its unconscious effects and the habits taught by it, to stem the tide of selfishness; and the people seem given up, say very candid observers, to 'licentiousness and untruthfulness,' while a deep shade of melancholy settles over all." This might have been said of the Roman Empire before the time of Christ; and what Christianity was able to accomplish in that unpromising soil it is able to do among the heathen nations to-day.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Peace of Death.

How peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care—no armor against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall, until the last great day. At most, a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old, neglected tomb—a stranger visitor, that stays not long. And there they all sleep, the holy ones, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, or lying motionless by their sides—not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. God's peace be with them! No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They heed no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we may need them. And yet they silently await our coming.

Beautiful is that season of life when we can say, in the language of Scripture: "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us and are like the angels in Heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the footprints of angels.—*Longfellow.*

The Beginnings.

If a man would keep his moral character without spot or blemish he must begin at the beginning, and studiously avoid all contacts which can possibly soil the soul. If a man would not be a miserable miser he must hold in check the first impulse of the miserly spirit, and see to it that the miserly habit is not formed. If a man would not be a drunkard he must avoid the first sip of that which has the dread color in the cup. If a man would not become a liar he must scorn to utter or insinuate, or in any way act so much as the shade of a falsehood. If a man would be sincere and trustworthy he must be scrupulous about the small concerns which are the stepping-stones to hypocrisy. If a man would not be habitually profane he must make it an object never to speak the name of God in other than a devout and reverent tone. If a man would not be a gambler let him be careful to withhold countenance even from a church raffle. No man can be self-indulgent, and foolish, and reckless, and criminal, up to a certain stage of life, and then emancipate himself, and go on just as though there had been no squandering of moral force, no turning from the right, no base recreancy to duty. Evil does not readily yield any advantage it may have gained. There is at once a startling significance and a profound philosophy in the words: "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the sins of his cords.—*Dr. F. A. Noble.*

Choice Extracts.

—We often excuse our own want of philanthropy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others.—*Longfellow.*

—God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable.—*South.*

—There is no occasion for a man to mourn because he has not opportunities enough for work, enjoyment or love in a world that has more work than workmen, more influences catering to our pleasure than we can improve, more who want to love us than we will welcome.—*Golden Rule.*

—Don't live your life alone, without forming friendships and love; nature needs love, you were made for it, and other natures need you. You are robbing yourself, you are robbing others, if you live like a hermit. Therefore go out into God's world; and live your life for others.

—No one who walks the streets with his eyes open can fail to find some one to whom a kind word, a pleasant smile, a small exhortation, or even a cordial grasp of the hand, would be a benediction. To encourage such effort the God of love has ordained that the satisfaction of doing good is greater than that of receiving a favor. In the laws of the kingdom of Christ, is it not written that "it is more blessed to give than to receive?"—*Zion's Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

Be honest, my boy, be honest, I say;
Be honest at work, be honest at play;
The same in the dark as when in the light;
Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.

The next thing you need is knowledge, my boy;
These virtues, indeed, your time should employ;
Let knowledge display integrity, too,
And you'll seldom say: "I've nothing to do."

But work calls for action, muscle and will;
Boys must "get up and get," their station to fill;
And boys should be active as ever they can—
A dull, stupid boy grows to a dull, stupid man.

But simple activity will not suffice;
Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise;
They mark all the moves the industrious do,
But don't care a fig to push business through.

The next thing in order—avoiding display—
Is boys should be careful to hear and obey,
Not even presuming to make a reply,
Nor, muttering, say: "I'll go by and by,"
But promptly obey, with a hearty good will,
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill.

Again: Be not fitful, but stick to your work;
Never let it be said that you are a shirk;
But when any task is fairly begun,
Keep "pegging away" until it is done.

Be honest, be wise and industrious, too;
Be active, obedient, obliging and true;
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can,
Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man.
—*Uncle Amasa, in The Baptist.*

FOOLING UNCLE JOHN.

"All Fool's Day—nonsense!" said Uncle John Tyler, with his hands pushed into his pockets. "Not *all* fool's day! Now, I'll give any body two silver quarters to fool *me!*"

Uncle John Tyler's voice sounded very deep, and his face was sober enough in all conscience; but his eyes laughed.

"Two silver quarters to fool *me,*" said he.

"Honest true?" asked Ben, looking up.

"Honest true," answered Uncle John Tyler, looking down. "A quarter apiece all round."

"That'll be three," said Ben. "One for me"——

"And one for me," said Daffy.

"And two ones for me," piped Tommy, "to buy peanuts."

"A quarter all round," said Uncle John Tyler. "And I'm going to thrash oats for your father to-day, so you'll have a good chance."

This was in the morning, and before long Uncle John's flail was thump, thump, thumping on the barn floor.

Daffy washed the dishes, and Ben filled the wood-box, and Tommy stood round in the way, just as he always was doing when folks were busy. When everything was done, and he couldn't get in the way, he would sit down in the corner, "as nice as any body's boy," Daffy said.

So it was this time; and while Tommy was sitting on his cricket in the corner, and Daffy was untying her "dishes apron," and Ben was squeezing the place where a splinter had stuck into his hand, they all tried to think how to fool Uncle John Tyler.

"We couldn't have a sawdust pudding or anything, could we, now?" asked Ben. "'Cause he'll be a-looking out, and taste of everything 'fore he eats a whole lot."

"Of *course* he'll taste before he eats it," said Daffy, laughing. "We can't fool *him* any common way."

"Well, how can we, then?" asked Ben; and he wrinkled up his nose and thought of the quarters.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Daffy; and she sighed and thought of the quarters.

"I can't know, too," chirped Tommy, cheerily.

"I don't believe we can, anyway," said Daffy.

"Then we won't get the quarters," said Ben, soberly, "and Tommy can't have his peanuts."

"Oh de—ar me—e!" burst forth Tommy, coming out of his corner. "I wa—ant some peanuts! Couldn't you shoo the old black she—ep at him, Daffy, 'n he'd think 'twas a *bear!*"

Then they thought they should die a-laughing, Daffy and Ben.

"You're the beat-a-most boy, Tommy Pulsifer," cried Daffy; and she wiped her eyes and gave Tommy a loving squeeze. "I'll buy you five cents' worth of peanuts out of my picking-over-apples money, if—O Ben, I've thought how may be we can! But we must try some other ways, too, so Uncle John won't mistrust."

They put their three small heads together and talked it over. And all the forenoon, up in the shed-chamber, they pounded, and whispered, and tied bits of rope together and laughed.

They tried some other ways.

Once Ben carried an empty jug out where Uncle John was at work in the barn.

"Don't you want a drink of water, Uncle John?" asked he.

Uncle John picked up the jug and shook it, before he would put it to his lips.

"Well, I guess not this time," said he, sober as a Judge. And Ben, feeling very foolish, carried the jug away again.

Then there were egg-shells on with the boiled eggs for dinner, fixed so Daffy was sure nobody would notice the little holes in each end.

But though even Ben himself was fooled, Uncle John didn't touch a single one; nor take any salt in his tea; nor any corn-meal mustard on his meat.

But he rolled his eyes at Daffy and Ben and Tommy when he said: "No, thank you," in a way that set them all laughing.

One thing they kept for the last.

"If we don't fool him with that," said Daffy, a good many times, "we can't with anything."

Well, it was two hours after dinner when Daffy skipped out through the long wood-shed to the barn with a very eager, excited face, indeed; and it was at that same minute that Ben ran in at the side door, all in a flutter.

"O Uncle John," cried Daffy, "look out"—

"And see if this isn't Colonel Forney's new turn-out?" put in Ben.

"Stopped before the barn," begged Daffy, almost out of breath. "Quick, before it gets gone!"

"There *is* a turnout, sure, Uncle John!" cried Ben.

"And a black boy driving," said truthful little Daffy, very earnestly. "*Truly,* Uncle John!"

"Honest Indian!" said Ben. "*May* be he wants to see you."

Now, Colonel Forney, who lived at the village, and was a great friend of Uncle John's, had very lately bought a nice carriage and a pair of black horses, and had hired a black coachman to drive them.

And because Uncle John had never happened to see all this, he took a second thought, and looked down into the earnest little face beside him; and then he dropped his flail and opened one of the big barn-doors.

Such a shout! Oh, such a shout!

There sat Tommy—black as any little real black boy could ever be—perched up in Ben's box-cart, rolling his eyes and showing all his teeth in a very broad smile; and he was holding a pair of rope-reins over the old black sheep, who, harnessed into the box-cart with pieces of rope, stood placidly chewing her cud.

"It *is* a turn-out," cried Ben. "I'd like to know if it isn't?"

"And I'd like to know if Tommy isn't a black boy?" laughed Daffy. "Ain't you, dear?"

"Well, well, *well!*" said Uncle John; and then he leaned against the door-post and laughed until he couldn't laugh any longer.

And then Ben and Daffy shouted again, and Tommy, too, with all his might. And Ben jumped up and cracked his heels together.

At that, I suppose the old black sheep thought that they had had fun enough, for she finished chewing her cud in a hurry and started for the sheep-yard.

Tommy bounced out first thing and cried about it, though he wasn't the least mite hurt, only scared; and the cart brought up against the side of the barn and smashed itself all in pieces; and the black sheep squeezed herself through a hole in the fence and went to eating hay with the other sheep, with the rope harness all dangling round her feet.

"It beats the Dutch!" said Uncle John, putting his hand in his pocket. "Here, I guess you've earned your quarters. Colonel Forney's turn-out! Ho! ho! ho!"

And when Ben had gone to the village after the peanuts, and Daffy was scrubbing Tommy's smutty face at the kitchen sink, she heard Uncle John Tyler laugh again, "Ho! ho! ho!—*Ada Carleton, in Youths' Companion.*

The Science of a Soap Bubble.

How many of our boys and girls know what is meant by the science of anything? The word science means true knowledge, and to know truly, perfectly about an object, we must know of what it is made or what causes it, and what properties it has, such as form, color, weight.

How shall we make our soap bubble? Of soap and water, you will all say. Only soap and water? One such bubble will be gone before you can send another to catch it. In my childhood days I thought it real fun to see them burst, but more fun to make them last a long time.

Now the secret lies in getting just the right mixture. Put into a common white bottle one and one-half ounce of castile soap, one pint of water and three-quarters of a pint of pure glycerine. This is Plateau's solution, and from it he makes bubbles that are very, very beautiful, though, being blind, he can see them only with the eyes of his mind.

We can use in the blowing an ordinary tobacco pipe or a glass tube. It is hard to make very large bubbles with the mouth, and sometimes a pair of bellows is used. We cannot examine our bubble while it is dancing over the table or floating in the air, so we need a support, which we will make of a wire ring fastened horizontally to the head of a large nail. The nail should first be driven into a small block of wood, just far enough to keep it firm. Let the ring be smeared with paraffine; it prevents the wire from cutting into the bubble. A glass shade may be placed over the bubble, and its support thus protects it from draughts of air.

Let us see, now, what our bubble consists of. A portion of air enclosed by a film—something very thin—which is made of soap and water. So we have the three forms of matter—the solid, liquid and gaseous.

When blown from the mouth the air inside of the bubble is warmer and lighter than the outside air, and our bubble will rise. When filled from bellows, the air is colder and heavier, causing the bubble to fall. This rising and falling is due to pressure of the air which, some of the boys will tell us, is equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch.

Different airs or gases have different weights. This may be prettily shown by putting into a vessel of any kind a few pieces of chalk. Pour over them a little vinegar. A bubbling will begin and a gas set free which we call carbonic acid gas. Its presence may be shown by putting in a lighted match, which this gas will at once put out. Fill a bubble with air; let it fall upon the acid gas. It will remain supported—seemingly upon nothing, for this air is invisible—as long as any of the gas is left. If you could fill a bubble with hydrogen it would bound upwards at a great rate, for that gas is the lightest known.

Let us now look at the colors in our bubble. How beautiful they are, dancing and flashing so fast—changing so rapidly we can not begin to count them. But we know that white light, that is, sunlight, is composed of seven colors. They can all be seen in the rainbow.

Let a beam of light fall upon the bubble. Part of the light passes right through or is absorbed, and part is at once thrown back or reflected. The portion of the film that absorbs all the colors and reflects or throws back only the blue will appear blue, and so on for all the others. And so the thickness of the film changes the absorption and reflection of the light changes, so it is that our bubble sparkles with all the beautiful and delicate tints of the rainbow.

Adding more glycerine will make the coloring even more brilliant. Indeed, our bubbles can be made perfectly gorgeous.—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. APR. 25 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
"	¼ "	20
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c.. $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
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We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

THE noted stallion, Monarchist, valued at $15,000 and the property of D. Swigert, of Fayette county, is dead.

MONEY loaners are more numerous than money borrowers. This is the result of industry and bountiful crops.

THE candidates for nomination for state offices are moving around as rapidly as the facilities of the state will admit.

IF party services count anything in the present race for governor, who will be the successful man can be told easily.

THE Home Journal (Winchester, Tenn.) says: "Reports from all along the line are encouraging for a good wheat crop."

THE court of appeals has set Craft's case for hearing on the 15th of May, which is ten days before the time fixed for his execution.

THE grand jury composed of men from the different sections of the county, spoke a good word for the morals of her people.

SENATOR SHERMAN is being urged by many of his party to become a candidate for governor of Ohio. He does not hasten to accept the invitation.

JUST think of it; from forty to sixty millions of gold in Europe coming to the United States this year. We'd like to entertain a million of it indefinitely.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, who lost both feet while attending to his duties as a brakeman on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, has sued the company for $20,000 in Kenton Circuit Court.

SENATOR McDonald, of Indiana, is being boomed for the next democratic candidate for president. Indiana has several men in both parties who have aspirations in the direction of the White House.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR's pleasure trip to Florida was not all pleasure, as he contracted a case of regular Illinois shakes. The land of flowers and oranges should treat such dignitaries with more respect.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 35@7 75; fair to good packers, at $6 85@7 35; fair to good light, $7 10@7 30; common, $6 00@6 70; culls, $4 90@6 10; stock hogs, $5 50@6 50.

THE Star Route trial will no doubt be followed by an investigation of the manner in which they were conducted. At least such a procedure will not be out of the regular course of things.

TRUCK farmers of South Georgia are said to be shipping cabbage and realizing from five to seven cents a pound. They make from $75 to $100 per acre on them. The seed were sown last summer and the plants set out in the fall.

THE Lawrenceburg Press has commenced the publication of a daily edition which appears every morning. It is a sprightly sheet, and the publishers are meeting with greater success than at first anticipated. Success to the enterprise.

THIS week we announce Dr. S. S. Scott, of Florence, as a candidate for representative. Dr. Scott is a life long, true blue, dyed-in-the-wool democrat, and if elected will always be found at his post, earnestly advocating that which he conceives to be right.

WHEN the Judge sentenced Frank [illegible], last week, he told him that if he behaved himself while in the penitentiary, that he would get along very well, but if he didn't behave, he would find it the meanest place on God's earth. Frank thought that he would be [illegible] himself.

PATENTS have been issued to the following Kentucky inventors: Chas. Barnes, of Dayton, for a shaft-coupling; G. M. Redinger, of Erlanger, for an electric signaling apparatus for railroad trains; B. F. Meyers, of Hunnewell, for a combined can, pump and measure; G. E. Medley, of Hopkinsville, for a car-coupling; J. Kirby, of Ludlow, for a padlock.

THE general verdict of the public is that the jury did precisely right at Glasgow, last week, in acquitting the men who took the lives of two brutes convicted of rape. Technically speaking, the killing may have been murder, but a Kentucky jury does not stand on a technicality when the sanctity of home and the immutable principles of eternal justice are concerned. Every man who has honor and home to protect will say "well done." There is a law that is higher than any contained in our statutes.—Bowling Green Democrat.

JAY GOULD is going to retire, after a boyhood and manhood of incessant labor. He is at last going to take a long holiday and see how a little play would go. His fortune is estimated in round numbers at $100,000,000, nearly all invested in securities, and his son George is now to conduct the forces which wealth like this enables a leader to command. George Gould is not like his father. He is what is called bright and clever by rich young men, but even a great many of his associates say that he does not know enough to go in doors when it rains.

SOME nights since Mrs. Dr. Slater, of Florence, defended her house bravely against the invasion of two scamps who were trying to gain an entrance. Seven shots from a revolver scared the rascals off, and it is not certain that one of them did not carry off a bullet [illegible] carcass. It was the second attempt, of late, to enter the residence in the absence of the doctor, and the way Mrs. Slater repulsed them the last time has certainly taught them that she is a lady who knows how to defend herself and has the courage to do so. It is a pity that the scamps were not marked by Mrs. Slater's pistol so that they would be easily recognized. The females of this country should educate themselves to the use of the pistol, and always have them convenient and ready for use when an occasion requires.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

Mrs. Polly Wilhoit, a well known lady of the Hebron neighborhood, died at the residence of her son, M. S. Wilhoit, on the afternoon of the 20th inst. She was confined to her bed about six weeks with her last sickness, and when the grim messenger claimed her, she gradually declined until the time stated, when she peacefully, happily and triumphantly fell into that sleep that knows no waking. Mrs. Wilhoit's maiden name was Souther, and she was born in Virginia, October 13, 1786, and was, therefore, 96 years, 6 months and 6 days old when she died. In 1808 she and David Wilhoit were married, and in 1837 they moved to this county. Their marriage was blessed with eight children, five of whom preceded their mother to that better world. Mrs. Wilhoit realized that her time had come to depart this life, and she conversed freely with friends and relatives concerning her approaching dissolution. She lived an honorable and useful life, and died a noble and victorious death.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Douglas, at the Hebron Lutheran church, April 21st, at 10 a. m. The sermon was able and appropriate. After the funeral discourse the remains were placed in the vault to await final interment, which will be in the Sand Run cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilhoit tender their kindest thanks to their friends for their services rendered in waiting on their mother during her long illness.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Gold has been discovered in Alachua county, Fla.

—There is a Bible in Belton which was printed in the year 1798.

—A large mine of plumbago has been discovered on the farm of James Stone, in Stafford county, Va.

—A brisk demand has sprung up in Rome, Ga., for the new nickels, and they readily bring a premium of two and a half cents.

—The Florida coast is to have three new light-houses: At Mosquito Inlet, at Cape San Blas and one further down the coast.

—The Moss Pointers (Miss.) place eggs instead of dimes in the contribution box. The funds is for the support of the missionaries.

—Mrs. F. J. Parker, of South Nashville, has been working on a quilt for three years. It is just finished. The quilt contains 14,888 pieces.

—The Buffalo gnats are at work in the overflowed country along the Mississippi. Over fifty head of cattle have been stung to death.

—There are now in the port of Savannah a United States sloop of war, one ship, three steam ships, three brigs, forty-two barks and fourteen schooners.

—A veteran of the war 1812 died near Luina, Ga., the 11 inst., aged 100 years, leaving 265 children and grand children. His name was William Knight.

—There is a determined effort on the part of some of the people of Florida to divide the State into two parts, to be known as North and South Florida. It is said the interests of the different parts are not identical.

—A man who lives not many miles from Gainesville, Georgia, has been carrying on an illicit distillery in a cave. One day last week the cave tumbled in, set fire to the contents and came very near burning the proprietor to death.

—A Prominent lumber merchant of Savannah has just completed the purchase of 3,000 acres of land in Southwest Georgia, in the vicinity of his extensive mills. With a view to encouraging settlers, he has divided 700 acres into lots, and donated them to parties desiring to locate.

—There are fifteen out of eighty children in the State Blind Asylum at Macon, Georgia, whose sight can be partially or fully restored by an operation. Dr. Calhoun, of Atlanta, generously offers to operate on those children free of charge, and they will be sent to Atlanta for that purpose.

—A movement is on foot to hold a grand reunion of the army of Northern Virginia, on the field of the second battle of Manassas, during the coming summer. All the survivors of that army will be invited, and it is proposed to ask Gen. Fitz Lee to order the Virginia volunteer forces to have their summer encampment there.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Apr. 20, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50	@ $3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	17 00
Fine Br't Trash	none	
Fancy Bright Leaf	00 00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	10 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 50	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	20 25
Common Leaf	6	10 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 50	20 75
Good Med. Leaf	21	24 00
Good Br't Leaf	24 50	27 00
Fine Br't Leaf	27 75	29
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	11 50	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	22
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 50	20 50
Good Med. Fil'rs	21	24
Good L'f Fillers	25 00	27 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	27 50	29 00

One Fool Among Many,

Wrecked by his Untempered Ambition —A Lighthouse on the Shoals.

"I ought to have stopped five years before I did; but I thought it wouldn't amount to anything, so I kept on. I was a fool, of course—but who isn't, when ambition and the chance of making money spurs him on? I only hope I shall get well enough to digest another square meal some time without a rebellion in my stomach."

The speaker was one of the best known civil engineers and mining experts in this country; hardy by nature as a buffalo, but broken down by hard study and the merciless lashing administered to his mind and body by his own hand during the earlier part of his career. At fifty he is prematurely gray, bent in form and dispirited. Dyspepsia did it—Dyspepsia, the self-inflicted curse of the American in every department of toil.

"I am thirty-five years old," writes Mr. Charles H. Watts, of West Somers, Putnam county, N. Y. and had suffered from dyspepsia for fifteen years. Tried everything. At last gave PARKER'S GINGER TONIC a chance to show what it could do for It proved its ability by curing me. I reccomend it to all who are suffering from this dreadful di- Mr. G. R. Cole, druggist, of Carmel, N. Y. certifies to the truth of Mr. Watts' statment.

Gloom, despondency, hoplessness, disgust with all labor, sleeplessness, horrid dreams to render bed-time like the hour of execution to a criminal—these are some of dyspepsia's foot-prints. The Dyspeptic knows what Corleridge meant when he said: "Night is hell." PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Dyspepsia, purifies the Blood, disperses Rheumatism and all chronic ailments. Price, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., New York.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER IN SADDLES

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

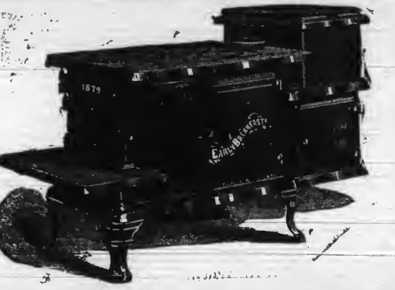
AT H. F. BLASE,

540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics. Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.



Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

FOR RENT.

About 25 acres of good grass, with plenty of running water, or will pasture stock. Enquire of W. S. ACRA, Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle at once, as I will leave Burlington in a short time. By coming up and settling you will save expense.

W. L. GEDGE.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS Adm'r.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Andrew Glackin, deceased, will please come forward and settle. Those having claims against the estate will bring them forward well authenticated according to law, and they will be attended to.

N. B. STEPHENS. Adm'r.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A bay horse, 12 years old, 15½ hands high, long neck, short mane, sprung in the knees, right hind foot white, collar mark on point of left shoulder.

Also a black mare, 5 years old, 15½ hands high, long mane and tail, short neck —A liberal reward will be given for the return of either or both above described animals. RAY SNYDER, Bullittsville, Ky.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Burlington and Bellevue turnpike company are notified that an election for president and four directors to serve the ensuing year will be held in Burlington on the 1st Monday in May 1883. They are also notified that a dividend of 50 cents a share of stock is ready for distribution for which call on J. J. Lillard, Treas. WM. WALTON, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

A small lot of the celebrated Snowflake potatoes, for table and seed. Also a limited quantity of the Alpha, among the earliest and best variety grown. Price $1 per bushel. Apply soon to Allen Conner at my residence.

E. A. TUCKER,
Florence, Ky.

Opened 1822 THE DENNISON. Re-opened April 26, 1883.

(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and Iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.

A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

I take this method of contradicting the report being circulated in this neighborhood that a note with my name and my father's attached has been presented or seen in Aurora in the hands of another, and I will give $20 reward for the arrest of any person presenting a note for any amount with our names attached.

I also notify those who are circulating false and slanderous reports in regard to me in this neighborhood, if their slanderous and vile tongues are not at once stopped, that I will prosecute them to the extent of the law. J. W. RICE, Bellevue, Ky

CENTRAL HOTEL,

BURLINGTON, KY.

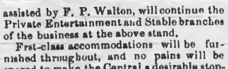
MRS. MARY J. GREEN,

(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.



Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 recipes, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

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DIRECTORS.

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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

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AND TRANSFER LINE.

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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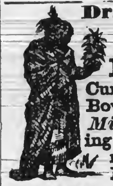
J. W. Talbott.



Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. *Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.*

TRADE MARK,

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

FLORENCE, - - KY.

NOTICE!

Just received a full and complete line of

DRY GOODS

of the finest selections, and the latest styles which will be sold exceedingly low. Also

NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS &
SHOES,
GROCERIES, &c.

Too numerous to mention. Almost everything that the people may want will be found in my Stock. No trouble to show goods, and orders filled promptly. Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

☞I feel exceedingly thankful to my friends and patrons for past favors and hoping you all will call again.

Truly Yours,

W. C. TANNER,
Florence, Ky.

NAVAL BATTLES. Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the world. By Medical Director SHIPPEN U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., [illegible] W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

1883

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A DAILY

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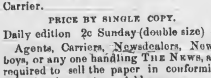
For any machine hulling and cleaning fit for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR Double Huller. It has made $100 often IN ONE DAY.



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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. [illegible] Garretson & Co., [illegible] Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff. T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Rylo, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

PROSPECTUS
—OF THE—
CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

Pre-eminently a NEWSPAPER in its truest sense, possessing facilities for gathering news from all quarters of the World, unsurpassed by any other Journal: presenting the same to its readers in a concise form free from coloring and predjudice.

In all cases, it publishes *The Truth and Facts*, and in matters of general interest, general interest, the fullest possible details are given. It is a paper, untrammeled or clogged in any way by Cliques, Corporations, or Bossism. Treats all persons and parties with fairness, giving a faithful record of all that transpires in the political field without fear or favor.

In matters of Finance and Commerce, its reports are extensive, complete, and accurate; furnished by reliable parties, thoroughly conversant with such matters; making this feature of the Enquirer, one of its best recommendations to the Commercial World.

It is published every day in the year, its extra large size admitting a vasts quantity of reading and miscellaneous information, in its various departsments, all of which presents a freshness, characteristic of a live newspaper.

For satisfactory evidence that the Enquirer is all its publisher claims for it, we invite those desiring a first-class commercial newspaper to send for speaimen copies or short trial subscription.

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Any two days	45	1.25	2.25	4
Any one day	25	65	1.25	2
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THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER

will maintain its present standard of excellence, which has attained for it a circulation of near One Hundred Thousand Copies which fact alone speaks volumns in its favor. It is undeniably one of the best Family Journals printed; large size eight page paper, giving ample room for all the news of the week, and choice selections, Historical Reminiscences, miscellaneous reading, &c.

Its market reports are reliable and extensive, embracing all necessary information that Farmers and Merchants require for intelligent transaction of business, either as buyers or sellers.

Its Farm School embraces letters from all sections of the country treating upon all matters pertaining to Farm, Field, Orchard Ranch, &c.

Its Household department is made unusually interesting to the ladies, by letters from the thrifty housewife in which domestic affairs are ably treated upon.

A corner is reserved for the boys and girls wherein to talk to the outside world. The moral tone of all being in happy accord with pure thought and taste.

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Agents sending us 7 subscribers at above rates are presented with a free copy.

JOHN R. McLEAN, Publisher,
Specimen numbers free. Cincinnati, O.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his fellows. The recipe, with full particulars, directions for preparation and use, and all necessary advice and instruction for successful treatment at your own home, will be received by return mail, free of charge, by addressing with stamp or stamped self-addressed envelope.

DR. M. E. CASS,
201 York street Jersey City, N. J.

☞Mention this paper. jan 17-83

FREE 55 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, size 5 x 3, and an illustrated Book, to all who send 10 cts. in stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

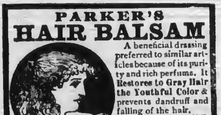
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents Dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Exceeds the finest flower articles in richness. Delicate, very lasting. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 25 and 75 cts. [illegible]

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.



Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1480, Corning, N. Y.

Local News.

Some corn planted last week.

Weeping April is about gone.

The picnic season draweth nigh.

A peach orchard now looks like a bouquet.

Garden planting was on the boom last week.

Year by year the supply of shade in Burlington increases.

Some complain that seed corn of a good quality is not plentiful.

Mrs. Robert Piatt and her daughter are now citizens of our town.

Esq. E. H. Baker is prizing Tilford Sullivan's purchase of tobasco.

Piscatorial excursions to the classic stream of Gunpowder are numerous.

The colored school at this place closed last Saturday with an exhibition.

If you want a set of good buggy harness go to Albert M. Aera, Burlington.

We were glad to see Judge Hawes able to be out buggy riding last week.

Elder Thomas will preach in the Court-house, this place, Friday night.

Gabriel T. Gaines now occupies the property he lately purchased of Henry Hoffman.

The remains of Mrs. R. H. Pace were interred at Linden Grove cemetery, last Sunday.

The Lawrenceburg Fair Company is making arrangements for a big exhibition this year.

If the weather is not modified there will be some grumbling pretty soon. This is Monday.

The assessor was in town last Saturday looking after the boys whom he had not assessed.

That genial gentleman, Dr. R. H. Crisler, of Ludlow, was in Burlington one day last week.

We have had some bud-bursting, grass-stretching, lamb-expanding weather the past week.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the effect the freeze Monday night will have on the fruit crop.

Some of the country cousins came in Friday morning and had a game of marbles with the boys.

Burlington has more dogs and cats to the square inch than anyother town of its dimensions in the State.

We have just received a fresh supply of Landreth's celebrated garden and field seeds. Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

On the 5th of next month Mrs. Tousey will sell publicly at her late residence in this place, her household and kitchen furniture.

The remains of Lonnie Crisler were buried in the cemetery at this place last Friday, and on Sunday Cora Kendall's remains were buried there.

Ras Huey has moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. Birkle. Wonder if father Birkle's mantle as a vegetable raiser will descend upon him?

BASE BALL—Hebron 15, Bullitsville 7. Game at this place next Saturday between the Hebron and Burlington-Bellevue club. Game called at 3 o'clock.

Is our friend, the attorney across the fence, going to supply a shoe-peg factory with material? A pile of maple wood cut into short pieces suggests the query.

We will give one hundred and thirty dollars for five hundred and twenty pounds of choice butter to be delivered ten lbs. per week. Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

In the Southern Railway time card for Erlanger, printed in this paper a week or two since, the type made us say that train No. 3 arrived there at 3 27 p. m., when it should have been 4 27 p. m.

A beech tree putting forth its leaves at this time of year, so far in advance of its kind, is a rare occurrence. Near E. K. Tanner's, on the Florence pike one of these trees has leaves of considerable size on it.

We will give one hundred dollars for one hundred turkies, average size, to be delivered between October 20th '83 and January 1st, '84. Any one wishing to take our offer must notify us within 60 days. Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

It is evident that there were three persons in the party that burglarized W. F. McKim's store the other night, as they left that number of pocket knives on the counter, having used them in taking lunch. They also took with them three of the finest knives in the stock. While these facts indicate that there were three of the scamps, the gate keepers on the Lexington pike each say there were but two in the buggy when it went into Covington.

In the appeal case of H. J. Foster vs. the County Court, Judge Major rendered a judgment in favor of Foster for $60, the amount he claimed. This $60 was a claim of Mr. Foster for making 40 settlements with road supervisors under the law repealed by the last legislature, and which the last Court of Claims refused to allow. Judge Major ruled that as the settlements were made under the law providing that they are to be paid for at the rate of $1 50 each, that he is entitled to pay and gave judgment accordingly.

BURGLARS WORK.

Burglars raided our town again last Wednesday night, and paid their respects to W. F. McKim's store. It is evident that money was their only object, as they carried off nothing with them except three pocket knives and what they ate and drank. They attempted to rob the safe, one of Hall's No. 77 patent fire and burglar-proof safes, but it successfully resisted the attack. A half inch hole was drilled in the door near the knob, for blasting purposes, but when the sheet of steel which protects the combination was reached, it was found impervious, and the scamps abandoned the idea of blowing the door open. They then went to the back of the safe and drilled a hole through it, but to no purpose, and the job was abandoned before successful.

How the thieves entered the store can not be accounted for as the lock on the side door, although broken, was removed from the inside. Paper funnels for blowing powder into the holes drilled were left in the store, as were also some other implements made by them to assist in holding the drill to its place.

To make their escape the burglars took C. W. Saxton's horse and buggy. Charlie followed them as far as Covington the next morning but did not find his property. It is the universal opinion that there is someone about Burlington or in its vicinity, who keeps the gang posted.

Tools were taken from John Kirkpatrick's shop and were found in the store next morning.

John Carpenter who, put up at the Sandford House that night, was up about three o'clock, and saw some one enter the store, but thought it was Mr. McKim, and paid no attention to them.

Since the above was put in type Saxton's horse and buggy were found in South Covington, the horse unhitched from the buggy and tied to the fence. It cost Saxton about $30 to recover his property, the City Marshal claiming to have paid the man who found the horse $25 before he would surrender the animal. That amount he refunded to that official, and says that he does not mind the $25 paid the officer, but the story he told about paying the man for alleged attention to the horse, he regards as very "thin."

The work of an Incendiary.

A few nights since the barn on the farm occupied by [illegible] Dorman, near Plattsburg was destroyed by fire, evidently the work of an incendiary. Dorman lost all his hay, corn and farming implements. There have been two or three attempts made to burn the dwelling occupied by Dorman. Why anyone should want to burn him out is a mystery to Dorman, he being a man who has attended strictly to his own business. No punishment known to the law is too severe for a person who will go under the cover of night and apply the torch to the property of his fellow man.

At the last term of the Court of Claims Sam Hind presented a claim for $138 for taking care of paupers—a negro woman and three children—which the court refused to consider, having decided to pay nothing for keeping paupers outside of the Poor-house. Mr. Hind appealed, and when the evidence was adduced in the Circuit Court it appeared that the negress was paralyzed, and moving her might have caused her death. The Judge decided that where it can be done without endangering life, paupers must be brought to the Poor-house; but, on the other hand, if they can not be moved without danger of causing death, the county must pay for taking care of them outside of that institution. Appellant was given judgment for $60 and cost against the county.

A $20.00 Bible Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for May, among which is the following:

We will give $20.00 in gold to the person telling us which is the shortest chapter in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision) by May 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner May 15th, 1883 Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the June *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be puplished, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penn.

In the mandamus suit to compel the County Court to build a bridge across Woolper Creek where the Bellevue and Petersburg road crosses that creek, Judge Major decided, after overruling the demurer to the petition, that the County Court "do meet at the court-house in Burlington, the county seat of Boone County, on the 4th day of June 1883, the same being a regular County Court day, and do then and there assemble with their clerk in said court-house, and set as and hold a court of claims for Boone county, and do there proceed as such court, and take cognizance and entertain jurisdiction of, and hear the motion and proposition on and about the matter of the erection of a public or county bridge across Woolper creek, in said county, at the point where the county road, running between Bellevue and Petersburg crosses the same about 1½ miles from its mouth. And after hearing the same and all lawful evidence offered pertinent thereto, do take such steps and make such orders touching, about and in regard thereto, as to them shall appear to be lawful, proper and expedient about the premises."

Both sides prayed an appeal, and Dr. Grant and his co-plaintiffs will take the case up.

The hogs in the Barlow and Beemon neighborhood are dying with some kind of a throat disease.

Married—On the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Marion county, Ky., by Elder R. A. Hopper, Mr. Daniel H. Bricker and Miss Zenith A. Alloway.

Report of the Grand Jury.

To the Hon. P. U. Major:

We, the grand jury, would respectfully report as follows:

We have been in session 4 days, and during that time have examined 45 witnesses and found 25 indictments.

In further pursuance of our duty, we have looked into the condition of the County Clerk's office, Circuit Clerk's office, Court-house, and Jail, and would report in regard to each of them as follows: We find a leak existing in the east gutter of the County Clerk's office, which should be repaired without delay. The books, papers and other official documents in said office appear to be kept in a methodical manner, and are so arranged as to be accessible and conveniently examined by those having business therewith.

We find a similar commendable state of affairs to exist in regard to the Circuit Clerk's office.

In regard to the Jail we would recommend the building of a porch along the whole front, not only for the sake of comfort and convenience; but more especially to protect that wall from the injurious effects of the elements.

In regard to the Court-house we would state that we find the walls thereof show ing evidence of decay, which we believe might be arrested by scraping, pointing and painting, and we recommend that the same be done.

In addition to the foregoing, we would ask leave to state that we find from the evidences before us, combined with our own belief, that the citizens generally, of Boone, are eminently a law-abiding people—that a certain class of misdemeanors arising from the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks appear to be rapidly decreasing—that in those parts of the county where the sale of such beverages is prohibited by law or outlawed by public sentiment, a commendable state of affairs exists in this regard, worthy to be followed by other sections not so favored.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

REUBEN CONNER, foreman.

April 1883.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Florence X-Roads.

Jno. P. Utz has sold his team of fine mules. They are to go South.

About four-fifths of the farmers are done plowing.

Jno. Aylor has lost his sign for planting potators.

Constance.

Davis Brothers have finished invoicing their stock of goods at this place.

The saw mill is in full blast with Lewis Anderson and Walton proprietors.

J. P. Loder still holds his fine saddle and harness horse at $600. He is a good one, so Jim says.

Everett Souther is dancing around with a patent washing machine.

Something entered into Geo. Brown's mind which caused him to go to work, he plowed one whole day.

The dance given at the residence of Mr. Henry Klassner's was a success.

Taylorport.

Geo. Piper gave us a flying visit last week.

Our ferry has changed hands again. Charlie Quick is now proprietor.

John Losey has purchased a lot of Mrs. Nero Berry, and will erect a fine residence at an early date.

Dr. Smith intends to erect a fine residence on his farm. Edward Rouse has the contract and will commence operations at once.

W. E. Piper, of Burlington, has sent his dog, "Fidget," to our town to spend the summer months. Morgan Helm has charge of the animal.

Last week we had one of the largest balls of which our town can boast. It was at the residence of Mrs. Cresby, cor. Main and Walnut streets. Richard Fox, chief, Joe. Shane, assistant. Bettis' orchestra furnished music for the occasion, and the light fantastic was tripped till 4:30 a. m.

Hebron.

Farmers are busy plowing.

Mrs. Harriet Quick is visiting relatives in Cincinnati.

Mr. Jacob Tanner is having his house repainted.

Mr. George Piper was in our town a few days last week.

Charles Davis came home on a short visit last Saturday.

Jeff Clayton has returned from Ohio.

The prospects for fruit are fine.

John Aylor is able to work again, after several days illness.

Tuesday of last week the remains of Enoch Barlow were taken from the vault at this place, and interred in the family grave yard.

Perry Aylor has purchased a fine buggy Perry says the girls will appreciate him now.

Mr. Geo. Gaines has sold his fine trotting colt to James L. Riley, for the sum of $250.

Died—On last Saturday Mrs. Clara Winners. The remains were placed in the Hebron vault.

Ray Snyder had two of his horses stolen from his stable at Bullettsville.

Mr. Wilson Gaines made our town a flying visit last Saturday. Mr. Gaines talks of going West in the near future.

Scattersville.

Thinking some news from this vicinity might be of some little interest to the many readers of our worthy county paper, we take the pains to gather up what there is at present.

There has been a great deal of sickness in our vicinity this spring; but all are getting out again.

All the farmers who had sod to break are about done plowing, while those having stalk or stubble land are away behind, owing to so much wet weather.

There is some preparations for another tobacco crop this season, but not on so large a scale as last season.

Wheat has been looking very backward all winter, but has commenced to show its color at last. We think now there will be a very good crop, considering the winter it has gone through.

About all of our farmers have sold their tobacco.

Mr. George Aylor, of Gallatin county, has moved onto Miss Dora Huey's farm, George will make a good neighbor.

Mr. Mannin, of Florence X-Roads, has moved to Aunt Susan Acra's farm.

Mrs. Lewis is teaching the Locust Grove school. She has a full school, and gives entire satisfaction.

So much rain and so much court has almost ruined our roads again, and the pike all gone to the bottom. Aint that bad? Some of our farmers did all in their power to build a pike, while others didn't.

The boys have turned their spare hours to base ball and fishing.

We understand that the old Speedwell base ball club has lost its worthy catcher, he having joined the Burlington club. Wat is a good one, and the boys will miss him badly.

We had the pleasure of seeing our old friend, Zack Bondurant, among us again. He has been in Missouri for about three years and looks hale and hearty.

Mr. Owen Conner has traded his house and 58 acres of land to his father for the brick house and 71½ acres. Owen is at home again.

Petersburg.

Miss Pauline Berkshire who has been teaching school at Guilford, Ind., is home on the sick list.

S. C. Buchanan's house caught fire, last Tuesday morning, and would have burnt down had it not have been for the bucket brigade. The flames were soon extinguished and no great damage done. A defective flue was the cause.

Billy Stott is the boss white-washer.

Mr. Riley was here two or three days last week, assessing the town.

Mrs. Harriet Newman, of Rising Sun, has been visiting friends here for the past week.

Capt. Frank Baker and sister, of Aurora, spent last Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs Thomas at this place.

A base ball club was organized here last Tuesday night with Solan Early, Pres.; Chas. Schramme, Sect'y.; Dr. Ed Terrill, Treas., and Captain. They will wear blue suits. Their name is Almonts, and they are going to be something fast.

Mr. John Green and Miss Utzsinger were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, last Thursday evening, by Rev. J. A. Kirtley.

About half past seven o'clock, Tuesday night, the alarm of fire was turned in from Mr. Jenkins', but before the bucket brigade got there it was put out. It was caused by a spark falling on the roof.

J. D. Norris has made a half mile track on his farm for the purpose of training his horses.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Allred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises! Title good. For furthor particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

FOR SALE.

In Burlington. Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to

GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Clast Hotel Accommodations; with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN."

148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

☞ All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known *writer on the Boston Herald*, B. W. BALL, of *Rochester, N.H.*, writes, June 7, 1882:

"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a *complete cure*. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility,** and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

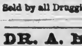
It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

DR. A. B. HARRY AN



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Aurora, Indiana.
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Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

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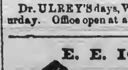

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ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞ Office opposite the Boone House. ☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
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ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
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Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
☞ Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

SANDFORD HOUSE,
—BURLINGTON, KY.,—
Keenes R. Robbins, Prop.,
Having rented the above well known Hotel, I am now prepared to furnish the public first-clall accomodations at the most reasonable prices. The table will be carefully supplied at all times. Stock well cared for. The best of Cigars and Liquors. Your patronage is solicited. apr-1y.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
ROUSE.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUES'S.

DRUGS & MEDICINES
I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
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CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
☞ Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY.

TO BUYERS.
I have for the spring trade a clean and [illegible] fully selected stock of Goods with prices marked to suit the times.
IN DRY GOODS,
Brocades, Cashmeres, Indigo Blue Calicoes, Prints, Ginghams, Cheviot Shirting, Brown and Bleached Muslins and double width Sheeting, Pillow Case Muslin, Jeans and Cottonades, Crashes, Table Linen and Napkins.
IN WHITE and FANCY GOODS,
Nainsook, Lawn, Swiss, Jackonet, Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, Ladies' Collars and Ties, Toilet towels, Ribbons and Buttons.
Floor and Table Oil Cloth in new Style Patterns.
Carpet Chain in fast colors.
Rubber Coats and Leggins—Overalls and Jackets.
In Hardware, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware and Woodenware my stock is complete.
Flour and Salt always on hand.
A Full stock of FANCY & STALPE Groceries.
Cash paid for country produce or will take in exchange for goods.
Orders for Goods not in stock, gladly and promptly filled.
Yours Truly, W. E. PIPER.

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—MANUFACTURER OF—
Rover Steel PLOWS,
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Single & Double Shovels,
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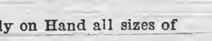
UNDERTAKING.



We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

$173.75 for a [illegible] WOOD PIANOFORTE, with Stool, Book and Music. ☞ Only $50 for an Eight stop, Sub-bass and Octave-Coupler ORGAN. Chapel Organs $65, Pipe Organs $94. OTHER BARGAINS fully described in Illustrated Catalogue which is sent FREE with full particulars.
☞ VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. ☜
Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

ECHO AND THE FERRY.

Ay, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven;
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where I stood.
They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!
A small guest at the farm); but he said: "Oh, a girl was no good!"
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood,
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home in the dark London smoke I had not found it out.
The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue-birds flashed about,
And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—eleven!

So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast falling blossoms was litter'd;
And under and over the branches those little birds twitter'd,
While hanging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
A pity. A very great pity. One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet,
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old,
Then I knew! For I peeped, and I felt it was right they should scold!
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
And then some one else—oh, how softly!—came after, came after,
With laughter—with laughter came after.

And no one was near us to utter that sweet mocking call,
That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country—perhaps it was close under Heaven;
Oh, nothing so likely; the voice might have come from it even.
I knew about Heaven. But this was the country, of this
Light, blossom and piping, and flashing of wings not at all.
Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy forgiver;
She peeped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,
Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart from the quiver.
And I waded atween the long grasses and felt it was bliss.
So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came to the wall—
A little low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,
The lane that led on to the village, and then the sweet river,
Clear shining and slow, she had far, far to go, from her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to guard her long flow,
And she murmur'd, methought, with a speech very soft—very low;
"The ways will be long, but the days will be long," quoth the river,
"To me, a long liver, long, long!" quoth the river—the river.

I dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard, the sky,
The voice that had mocked, coming after and over and under.
But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I
Were very fast friends—and to him I confided the wonder.
He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of bee
That had learned how to laugh? could it laugh in one's ear, and then fly
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"—he whispered it low—
"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see,
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he;
But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder.
Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver shilling—
We might cross if I thought I would spend it."
"Oh yes, I was willing"—
And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry, the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry,
When they called for the ferry; but oh! she was very—was very
Swift footed. She spoke and was gone; and when Oliver cried:
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—she replied,
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry: "You man of the ferry,
You man of—you man of the ferry!"

"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling.
Across the clear reed-border'd river he ferried us fast;
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran on; it surpass'd
All measure her doubling—so close, then so far away falling,
Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once unaware,
And the mouth that had mocked, but we might not (yet sure she was there!)
Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical countenance fair.
We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead;
In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked overhead;
By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow deep-nested, in brown—
Not Echo, fair Echo! for Echo, sweet Echo! was flown.

So we came to the place where the dead people wait till God calls.
The church was among them, gray moss over roof, over wall.
Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green grassy mound,
And looked in at a window, for Echo, perhaps, in her round
Might have come in to hide there. But no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very old,
And the parson's great Prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then waver and play
On the low chancel step and the railing, and Oliver said:
"Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here to be wed,
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all white was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strew'd for her."
Then quoth small Seven:
"Shall I wear a white gown, and have flowers to walk upon, ever?"
All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up," quoth Eleven;
"You're so little, you know, and the church is so old, it can never
Last on till you're tall." And in whispers—because it was old
And holy and fraught with strange meaning, half felt, but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old days, of old folk,
Neither heard nor beheld, but about us, in whispers we spoke.
Then we went from it softly and ran hand in hand to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made sweeter the land.
And Echo came back, e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry,
"O Katie!" "O Katie!" "Come on, then!" "Come on, then!" "For, see,
The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree," —"by the tree."
"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice sweet and merry:
"Hie over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry"—"the ferry"
"You man of the ferry—
You man of—you man of—the ferry."

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church! And will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood, pass'd over, passed on?
Will the grave parson bless us? Hark, hark! in the dim failing light
I hear her! As then the child's voice clear and high, sweet and merry,
Now she mocks the man's tone, with "Hie over! Hie over the ferry!"
"And, Katie." "And Katie." "Art out with the glow-worms to-night,
My Katie?" "My Katie!" For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far away years;
Again, some one else—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after.

—*Jean Ingelow, in Longman's Magazine.*

"MONSIEUR, MY HUSBAND."

"And you mean to tell me my brother proposes to marry Marie to a Prussian?" Mlle. Archaimbault, the sister of the well-known Strasburg banker, was for once roused from her ordinary well-bred calm. She spoke shrilly, and her dark eyes sparkled with rage.

"I do," said the ugly little abbe, the great friend of the family and confessor to Marie Archaimbault and that beloved twin brother, Alphonse, who was killed in the late Franco-German war. The abbe and Mlle. Archaimbault (who kept house for her widowed brother, now absent for the moment in Paris) were seated in the magnificent drawing-room of the Hotel Archaimbault in Strasburg.

"Impossible—preposterous! Marie—the best match in the town—who might marry a Vicomte at the very least," and the aunt glanced complacently around at the tapestried walls, the heavy amber satin draperies, the massive gilt furniture and marqueterie cabinets, arrayed as primly as the garden outside, where avenues cut straightly as if by some sharp giant knife, ended in a statue or a fountain. "Marie—to marry a Prussian. My brother must be mad, or you"—turning sharply to the abbe—"are jesting."

"I never felt less inclined to do so, Mademoiselle." And, indeed, the abbe's wrinkled-leather face was twisted into an expression of grave perplexity as he leaned his elbows on his knees, loosely clasping his thin hands and staring vaguely at the huge rose bouquets on the aubusson carpet. He understood the letter he had that morning received from his friend, the banker, well. It was dated Paris, and commissioned the abbe to break the news of his consent to the pretensions for Marie's hand of a young German officer, the son of a Berlin millionaire. This the abbe, who had been partially in M. Archaimbault's confidence, took to mean that the recent alarming failure of certain great Parisian bankers had so far imperiled the Strasburg house that failure would only be averted by the marriage. For Marie's dot had been a temporary stop-gap, and the young German was more than ready to marry her without it; in fact, to make any arrangements M. Archaimbault pleased.

But the abbe did not understand the banker's postscript, which assumed Marie's consent, and announced the arrival of M. le pretendu as immediate. "He wishes to have his first interview with Marie alone," wrote M. Archaimbault. "Request my sister that it may be."

It was necessary for the abbe to break the ice. The roses on the carpet did not help him. At last he blurted out: "This gentleman arrives to-day."

"Let him arrive." Mlle. Archaimbault leaned back in her chair, folded her arms lightly across her bosom, and looked—in the neat black dress she was still wearing as mourning, not only for the young nephew "murdered by the Prussians," but for captured, subdued, enslaved Strasburg—as grim and forbidding as a prison portcullis. "Let him arrive. He will not see me."

"No," said the abbe, quaintly. "Your brother desires that he shall see Marie alone."

No shell thrown into the beautiful city when beleaguered by her victorious foes could have produced a sharper effect. Mlle. Archaimbault gasped, choked; took up her fan, then dropped it, and burst into tears.

"That is all right," thought the abbe, cheerfully. "When once they begin to cry, they give in." Then he gave her time to "have her cry out," and, walking to the window, gazed out where the town lay spread out around the proud cathedral, whose lofty spire seemed still stretching skyward the beloved city, now all patches and props like some wounded human being. But mademoiselle wept on, and he came back into the stately room, thinking how much more unpleasant this was than his usual experiences of the hotel: the evenings spent playing with M. Archaimbault, and teaching the fair, beautiful Marie English. Latterly there had been more English and less picquet: for the banker, after losing game after game through inadvertence, would get up and go to his room, and the abbe, after taking a few thoughtful pinches of snuff, would put away the cards and join Marie where she sat at work with her aunt. They had nearly finished reading "Ivanhoe;" and to-day an unknown knight would appear. How little had they dreamed this!

"Do you think it would be better to think how we shall break the news to Marie, instead of crying about it?" asked the abbe, gently. Then as mademoiselle incoherently murmured something about "the shock" and being "totally unnerved," he rang a small silver hand-bell.

The yellow satin portieres were lifted, and, as if by magic, a footman, in the fawn and crimson Archaimbault livery, with heavy silver shoulder knot and loops, spotless stockings and freshly powdered hair stood there, awaiting his orders.

"Tell Mlle. Marie—" began the abbe; but the footman stepped aside with a respectful obeisance, and a young girl came in dressed in white with large bows of black ribbon. She was tall, fair, with serene blue eyes under arched brows, and a soft white skin—more like the Belgian mother who had died shortly after the birth of the twins, Marie and Alphonse, than like the French father and aunt, dark, wiry and determined. Perhaps the beautiful girl's most potent charm was her graceful neck, which deserved the epithet of "swan-like," anciently bestowed upon the celebrated Matilda, of Flanders. "Good morning," she began pleasantly. Marie was always glad to see the good-natured, monkey-like face of the abbe, with those stray wisps of hair which never would keep in the right place across his bald head. Then her welcoming expression changed to one of consternation "Ma tante!"—and she went quickly to her, kneeling down and exclaiming: "Papa?"

"Is perfectly well," said the abbe, dryly, "your aunt has been crying about you."

"About me?"—Marie looked perplexed.

"Yes. You have received a proposal of marriage."

The aunt clasped her niece's hands, and averted her eyes. A smile flitted across Marie's face—amused, incredulous—as a stray sunbeam flickers upon a wintry landscape. She had rarely smiled since her twin brother's death. "But, mon pere, there is no one," she said. Indeed, they had led secluded lives since the war—since their terrible loss—at the Hotel Archaimbault.

The abbe cleared his throat. "Yes, there is," he began.

"Do not tell her. I cannot bear it. It is an insult," muttered her aunt.

Marie glanced quickly from one to the other, then she compressed her lips. "Please tell me at once," she said firmly. "Whatever it is I can bear it. I have known grief."

"I have had a letter from your father this morning, in which he desires me to inform you that he approves of a proposal made for the honor of an alliance with you by a young German."

The abbe repressed the contemptuous term "Prussian" out of respect for the approved aspirant. Still, so strong was the Strasburgian hatred of their present rulers, that he felt ashamed when he disclosed the intelligence, and could not bring himself to look Marie in the face. Therefore, neither he nor Mlle. Archaimbault, who sat, the image of despair, gazing into vacancy, saw the beautiful blush, the droop of the eyes, the happy smile that dwelt one moment upon the young girl's face—one moment, for it was only a memory. Still, the memory softened the "Oh!" with which she greeted the announcement.

"You perceive we have not quite killed her with our intelligence," remarked the abbe to the aunt, somewhat sarcastically.

"The idea is too preposterous for her to realize," replied the lady, indignantly.

"What—that a German desires to marry me? Does my father desire the alliance, mon pere?"

"I am afraid—I think he does, ma fille."

"What is this man—this German—like?"

"Well," the abbe paused, thinking pitifully of the natural curiosity of these daughters of Eve, a curiosity so strong that it seemed to smother their holiest natural impulses—"he is, I suppose, tall"—throwing up his arm—"strong"—inflating his chest—"fierce"—rolling his eyes—"with a great mustache, red, red as fire."

"No, no, not red—fair!" cried Marie. Then, as her aunt and her confessor stared in astonishment, her head dropped and a blush mantled even her fair throat with a tinge of pink.

"And he is—an officer!" ("At least this will arouse her natural animosity toward her brother's slayers," thought the abbe, himself growing almost annoyed by Marie's unnatural demeanor).

Marie was silent.

"And his name," continued the abbe, almost sternly, "is Karl Eichmann."

"Cruel! You have killed her?" cried the aunt, terrified. Marie had risen to her feet, and holding her hands to her breast had staggered away. She leaned against the wall, her eyes closed, pale with the ghastly pallor of a corpse.

"What have I done? Mon Dieu! what have I done?" exclaimed the poor little abbe, wringing his hands. "I can assure you, Mademoiselle—my good child, I had no idea—how was I to imagine—"

"You have done nothing," said Marie, solemnly, opening her eyes. "How could you know? Mon Pere—that name was said to me—by my dear brother—the moment before—he died."

An instant's silence. Then the abbe murmured. "This is, indeed, a mystery."

"Almost horrible mystery," sobbed Mlle. Archaimbault. "It is the worst day of my life."

"Compose yourself, my child," said the abbe, hastily. A servant entered and presented a card to Marie on a gilt salver.

"It is Herr Karl Eichmann," said the young girl. "Ask Herr Eichmann into the ante-room," she said, calmly, to the servant; "and when I ring the bell bring him in."

The footman bowed and retired.

"You, my aunt, and you, mon pere, had better await us here," pointing to an adjoining room, "and when you hear me ring this bell twice you will come to me."

"She is right," said the abbe, consolingly, offering his arm to Mlle. Archaimbault. And feeling half stunned, he hardly knew why, he led the trembling, weeping woman into an adjoining boudoir.

After Marie had closed the big doors upon them and had arranged the portiere, she made a violent effort to compose herself for the coming interview. Mon Dieu! what does it mean?" she first said, wildly, pushing back her hair from her burning forehead. How well she remembered the events of that awful day when her twin brother—almost one with herself—her beloved Alphonse—died. He had been brought home to them, dying slowly of some injury to the spine, shortly after the capitulation, and they had endured the slow agony of watching him lie insensible day after day, hour after hour. That cruel time, when Strasburg lay fettered, the enemy's strong foot upon her neck, dearer than ever to her dear children in slavery. Each man, woman and child seemed to bear one link of her heavy chain around their hearts like a crown of thorns, while they silently scorned and shunned their conquerers, and caressed their lost nationality in secret. In mourning garb they thronged the churches, creeping through streets where they would be least offended by the sight of those "accursed Prussians." And while the market-place was gay, the restaurants full of bright uniforms, the military band clashing out the latest German waltzes and quick-marches, not one citizen of Strasburg could be seen there. They were abasing themselves before the altars, and the little chapel of Our Lady of Sorrows, in the cathedral, was full of sad, kneeling figures from early morning until late at night. Here Marie came, here she fled in her anguish, when the doctor told them Alphonse's life was now an affair of hours. It was evening; while the flickering of the many votive tapers played upon the sad, beautiful face of the Mater Dolorosa in the great picture above her altar, casting strange new expressions across the painted features, the kneeling crowd were in shadow. Marie could faintly distinguish the outlines of the Pieta in the corner of the chapel—the great image of Mary with the dead Christ in her lap. She wept and prayed; and was rising to return to her watch beside the deathbed, when she saw a face gazing in upon her through an aperture in the screen that divided the chapel from the cathedral nave. A man's face, soft, tender, the eyes fixed upon her with such pity, such deep, yearning love, that instinctively she moved a step forward. Then she remembered, recoiled, and the face vanished. Was it a comforting vision? Some strange influence had passed into her soul; a promise of consolation. Calmed, wondering, she went through the darkness and out into the moonlight, unaware of a quick step that followed till the door shut behind her, a voice said pleadingly: "Mademoiselle."

She started—turned. Heavens, she was face to face with a tall officer; the moonlight gleamed on the silver facings of his light-blue uniform.

"Monsieur," she cried, with passionate anger. Then, drawing herself up, she flashed one glance of hatred upon him and fled.

That night Alphonse opened his eyes; he was conscious, he smiled upon them. Bending over him, she had heard him say these two words: "Karl Eichmann." Then he sighed, and his spirit went.

All these things came back to her as she stood irresolute, looking at the card inscribed with that name. At last she nerved herself and rang the bell.

"Herr Karl Eichmann." Quick footsteps crossed the floor, spurs clanked, a tall figure was there. She stood, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Mademoiselle!"

"Ah!" A shiver, a shuddering sigh; all color left Marie's cheek; her lips trembled. This was the man in the pale-blue uniform, and his face was the face she saw that night in the cathedral. Bewildered, she shrank back and stammered:

"Sir, there is some mistake. I expected Herr Lieutenant Karl Eichmann."

He smiled. His large blue eyes looked benignant, though his huge mustache lent fierceness to his face.

"I am he," he said.

"You—but you—you spoke to me—and my brother—"

"Did your brother tell you about me?" he eagerly asked.

"Monsieur, my brother is dead; but he once spoke that name to me."

"Then you do not know that it was I—that saw it—and let me tell you, Mademoiselle," he cried, for Marie had turned away: the sight of that hated uniform, the recollection of that night sickened her. "Hear me. It was I that, fighting near your brother, saw the fragments of a shell strike his horse—saw it rear and throw him. These arms lifted him and carried him from the field. Yes, Mademoiselle, his head rested" (he struck his shoulder); "and if it had not been for me you would never have seen him again alive. I was powerless to save his life, but at least I can lay claim to having prolonged it. Now, will you still turn away as if you could not bear to look at me?"

"You were my brother's enemy—perhaps—even—ah! I can not bear the thought." She spoke in a hard, choked voice.

"Mademoiselle, I was his friend."

"How could you—a Prussian—be my brother's friend?" She turned upon him in anger; more with herself—for in spite of the fact that this man was a foe, hated with a cherished hatred, the same curious influence affected her as in the cathedral. When she looked at that fine face with the frank, large eyes and the bronzed, aquiline features, she was attracted, pleased, soothed.

"Why did you not tell me this, then, before?"

"If you remember, Mademoiselle, I tried to speak to you, but you would not hear me."

"That was not the way, that was not the way."

"There I take leave to differ from you. I was determined that no one should hear the story of Alphonse's death-blow, except you, from my lips."

"Why?"

"Because, Mademoiselle, I loved you." He spoke with passionate earnestness. She blushed violently.

"How could you do that, Monsieur, when you had never seen me?"

"If I tell you all will you listen? Mademoiselle, Alphonse and I were friends in Paris just before the war began. He was there, as you know, with his regiment—I to enjoy myself during my leave. How little we knew, when we used to talk of you, of the yawning gulf—the battle-field—that would shortly divide us."

"He spoke to you of me?" The tears welled into her eyes.

He drew a little velvet case from his breast, reverently kissed it and held it toward her. "Perhaps you recognize this?"

"My portrait! The one I gave Alphonse." She was agitated. "Did he give it you? But no; how could he?"

"When I carried him into the tent after the fatal moment he opened his eyes, recognized me, and, feeling feebly in his breast, drew out this, gave it me, and said one word—'Marie.' It was his last effort," added the young man, with emotion, "before he fell into that unconscious state from which he never recovered. I understood that he wished me to place this in your hands."

"And—your name—was the last he said. What did he mean? Oh," exclaimed the young girl, covering her face with her hands.

"He knew how much I thought of you—how I cared for him—how I had loved your portrait, Mademoiselle. He was pleased, he would read me your letters—those sweet, innocent, girlish letters; he would have introduced me to you; but then came the fatal news—the declaration of war. Private friends became public foes."

"Does my father know this?" murmured Marie, behind the screen of her hands.

"No. He knew Alphonse was my friend and he gave me permission to see you alone. O, Marie, listen to me, I have thought of you, felt for you, followed you at a distance watching over you, so long. I knew my only chance was to see you and plead my own cause—a just one," he added haughtily. "If these arms are not worthy to hold you, then may they be withered, paralyzed as I stand here."

"Give me a moment to think," murmured Marie, sinking into a chair and leaning her head wearily against the back. "Can you not wait—come again?"

"No, Madamoiselle." The answer was sudden, fierce, like a shot. "I will either leave at once, or remain."

There was silence. Marie, in miserable perplexity—bound to her prejudices, yet her beating heart, her inclination belying them—tried to think. She thought of Alphonse. Once more she heard the feeble utterance, "Karl Eichmann." Her father, had he not actually sent him here? Then—a Prussian—that hated uniform! The more she reflected, the more uncertain she grew.

Suddenly she sprang up. Decision was in her rallying color, her sparkling eyes, her whole demeanor.

"It is all over," thought the brave young soldier. His heart seemed to sink within him; he trembled like a girl; he turned to go; his head sank upon his breast.

The hand bell rang shrilly—once, twice.

Before the second peal was fairly over the doors of the boudoir opened abruptly, the portieres were pushed aside, and two scared, anxious faces looked in, the abbe's quaint ugly face above that of Mlle. Archaimbault, who walked into the room, pale, stern, determined to uphold her niece's brave refusal of this hated Prussian, if need be, to death.

"Monsieur," Karl Eichmann started as Marie spoke, gently, tenderly; then, a soft hand stealing into his, he turned in astonishment, to find Marie smiling, almost beaming.

"Ma tante," she said, "and mon bon pere, allow me to introduce to you, Monsieur, my husband."

"Diable!" cried the abbe, startled into profanity.

"God protect us," said Mlle. Archaimbault, devoutly crossing herself as a shield against Prussian Witchraft.

"You are both right," exclaimed the young man, first passionately kissing the fair hand that lay contented on his, then saluting them with a stiff, military bow, "You, madame, and you, mon pere—the devil may begin wars, but it is the good God who ends them!"—*Whitehall Review.*

A Shad Ten Feet Long.

What's the biggest shad I ever saw! Well now, about here I've seen an eight pounder, but there is a shad in Florida that beats the world. It isn't exactly a shad, but is one of the family, and down there they call 'em tarpons. I'll never forget the first one I see. We were haulin' a net at Masquito Inlet for mullet (and they're a fish for you), and had commenced the in run, when I see somethin flash just like a sheet of silver, and the next moment a big fish lept out of the water about ten feet, a shinin' like silver for all the world. I'll tell ye the way that net went in was a caution, man, grove roots and all, and in less than no time we had the tarpon on the beach, and such a fish a man don't see more than once in a lifetime. It looked like a regular herrin' or shad, only I'm cussed if it wasn't nigh on to ten feet long, and each scale looked like a polished trade dollar with the silver massed on in lumps, the whole scale as big as the palm of yer hand. It was out and out the gorgeous est fish I ever saw. They're very rare. We kept the scales, and they brought $1 apiece as curiosities; so, countin' up what all hands made, the one fish paid about $200. The flesh was fine, too; but only one or two are caught a year, and mostly on the Gulf side of the State, though I have heard of 'em bein' seen up North."—*Southern Paper.*

—The very newest agony is for a lady to take along a small boy, when she goes shopping, to carry away the plaques, fans, flower baskets and other "lagniappe" she may receive during her trading. This signifies that she intends to buy a spool of thread, three and one-eighth yards of ten-cent Hamburg, a skein of zephyr and a new crochet needle, and get enough fancy articles to decorate her boudoir with oriental magnificence.—*Hartford Post.*

—The French Minister of Finance has received the following letter: "Monsieur le Ministre—I have the honor to apply to you for an appointment in the Finance Department of the Government offices. I herewith inclose my references and testimonials. Unless I hear from you between the present date and the end of the month, I shall consider myself as having received the appointment, and shall come on the 1st of August to enter upon my duties. I am, etc., B."

—Six feet tall: There is a young lady up in Columbia County who is six feet tall and is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words: "Thy beauty sets my soul aglow; I'd wed thee, right or wrong; man wants but little here below, but he wants that little long."—*Irwinton (Ga.) Southern.*

—The Albany (N. Y.) *Journal* says the remnant of the Stockbridge tribe of Indians lately called at the State Treasury for money belonging to his tribe. "Fire-water" had affected him seriously, and the noble red man was anything but the plaintive relic of a fading race. He was ready to fight the whole Legislature.

—John Andrews Harris, an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, has published a series of sermons on "The Principles of Agnosticism." We had supposed that the principal thing about agnosticism was that it had no principles.—*Louisville Courier.*

—People in Houma, La., and vicinity are much exercised over the nightly visits of a panther, which has been creating havoc in the poultry yards and killing all the dogs that disputed its way. The negroes will not go out at night for fear of meeting the "go-devil."

—An Oregon editor says of border robbers: "The law ought to put a stop to the wild ways of the wicked, willful wanderers." There is a wonderful weirdness in this alliteration. It wafts from the westward wooing winds of sentiment.

—"Without joking, will you tell us what a 'dude' is?" asks a lady correspondent. Certainly. A "dude" is no thing. It is merely an apology for a human being, and is too weak to be bad and too tame to be wild.—*Chicago Times.*

—The simplest and most economical way of taking a census of the children of a neighborhood is to employ an organ-grinder for five minutes.

A HOTEL clerk named Briscoe,
Stumped his foot out in 'Frisco,
It hurt him like thunder,
But the pain was got under,
By St. Jacobs Oil rubbed on histoe.

A conductor who lives at Belair,
Got hurt, being thrown on a chair,
They took him away,
But in less than a day,
St. Jacobs Oil made him all square.

IT is well enough for a physician to recommend elephant's milk to patients, but the next thing is to secure the address of a foundry engaged in its manufacture.

Consumption Cure.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.
ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montongo, Ark.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, April 20, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 5 85
HOGS—Common	6 25	@ 6 85
Good packers	7 15	@ 7 65
SHEEP	5 25	@ 6 00
FLOUR—Family	4 60	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13	@
No. 2 winter red	1 10	@ 1 11
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56½	@
Oats—No 2 mixed	47	@
Rye—No. 2	63	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 75	@
Lard—Steam	11	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	18	@
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 2 75
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 65	@ 4 15
Good to choice	4 70	@ 7 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20½	@ 1 21
No. 1 white	1 13	@ 1 13¼
Corn—No 2 mixed	66½	@ 68½
Oats—mixed	51	@ 51
PORK—Mess	19 00	@19 25
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 11½	@ 1 12
Corn No. 2	54	@ 54½
Oats—No. 2	43¾	@
Rye	57½	@
PORK—Mess	18 25	@18 30
LARD—Steam	11 40	@
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 20	@ 1 20¼
Corn—mixed	65¼	@
Oats—mixed	51	@ 53
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¼	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 51	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07	@
Corn—mixed	53	@
Oats—mixed	47	@
PORK—Mess	18 75	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 09	@
CORN	51	@
OATS mixed	45	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 00

THERE is an old Latin proverb which runs in this way: "Anger manages everything badly."

IF you want to be a Telegraph Operator, send 25 cents for the Most Complete Telegraph Instructor in the world.
C. E. JONES & BRO., Cincinnati, O.

THE Parisian florist says that spring is the very worst season for selling flowers.

A Druggist's Story.

Mr. Isaac C. Chapman, Druggist, Newburg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I can say of it what I can not say of any other medicine. I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtues in the highest manner. I have recommended it in a great many cases of Whooping Cough with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet ready for use."

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

LET our lives be pure as snow fields, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.—*Mme. Swetchine.*

The "Golden Bloom of Youth" may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar,
To a cold, is like oil on troubled waters. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

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THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
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Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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You Carpets must be Relaid.
DO YOU want to save time, temper and backaches! the EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER and Tack Hammer combined will lay your Carpets with ease. EVERYONE says, "Just the thing, we are delighted with it." For sale by THE HARDWARE TRADE generally. Circulars free. Sample by mail, post-paid, $1.00. Address R. W. MONTROSS, Sole Manufac'r, GALIEN MICH.

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The honest, simple narrative of MRS. S. J. WHIPP who resides at No. 177 Williams St., Providence, R. I.

"During the past six or seven years I have been severely afflicted with kidney disease, causing intense backaches, dizziness and other severe pains through my body and limbs, rendering me so weak and prostrate that at times it was impossible for me to do any part of my housework. I have had also a fluttering of the heart, and was terribly distressed for breath. I was very miserable, and completely worn out and discouraged; I had no ambition to undertake to do anything, and barely sufficient strength to render existence desirable, having failed to find any relief from the doctor's prescriptions. At this trying crisis a friend persuaded me to obtain a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, and now I rejoice that I followed this friendly advice, for it acted like a charm in my case. After I had taken a few doses, my health began to improve; I felt better every way. The fluttering of the heart, the intense backaches, and terrible shortness of the breath speedily disappeared, my strength and ambition soon returned, and before I had taken two bottles of Hunt's Remedy I was entirely well, and able to wash and iron and do my housework. Once in a while I am troubled with the headache, and as soon as I am taken I resort to Hunt's Remedy, and a few doses fix me all right. I shall never be without it in the future. I have frequently recommended Hunt's Remedy to my friends, and they have experienced relief from the first dose. I heartily recommend it to all who are afflicted with kidney disease or diseases of the Liver, Bladder, or Urinary organs. I think no family should be without it.
MRS. S. J. WHIPP,
No. 177 Williams St., Providence, R. I."

Acts Like a Charm.

"I HAVE used Hunt's Remedy for Kidney troubles, and recommended it to others, and always found it to act like a charm."
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Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

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TRY IT USE IT
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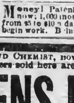

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1883. NUMBER 27.

KITTY.

I could not call her by the name
Her Quaker mother gave her;
Unwilling were my lips to frame,
For one like her, a word so tame,
With neither salt nor savor.
But, somehow, as I dreamed of her,
Neglecting Kent and Chitty,
To mind and heart would still recur
One name, and that was—Kitty.

A name some flitting fancy wrought,
I know not why nor wherefore,
It came to dwell with me unsought,
Yet ever to my mind it brought
One face and form, and therefore
On many a marge of legal brief,
In many a careless ditty,
On tinted sheet and printed leaf,
I scrawled the name of—Kitty.

I wrote to her one day, but why
I do not now remember;
I know I dared address her: "My
Dear Kitty," and, in swift reply,
All in the glad September,
Came friendly note, and, at the close,
Than written word more witty,
A pictured kitten in repose,
The sign and seal of—Kitty.

This name I gave her to her face,
Her lips did not reprove me;
It fitted her with dainty grace,
And—strange the name should win the race—
Thenceforth she learned to love me.
And sweet the joy I find in this,
While all the world I pity,
That none with me may share the bliss
Of calling her my—Kitty.

—*Homer Greene, in Our Continent.*

THE DAYS OF ROD AND FERULE.

"I see by a Media paper," the Jester remarked, as the train sped away for Towando, down in the State of Pennsylvania, "that Colonel Hyatt, President of the Pennsylvania Military Academy, was arrested on a charge of assault and battery because he whipped a student with a switch."

"Yes, I read about it," the fat passenger said, "and the student exhibited three welts on the calves of his legs, in evidence of the severity of the whipping. 'Brutal severity,' they called it. By St. George ——"

And the fat passenger choked up with speechless rage and disgust, and held his hand up in the air to express the terrible state of his feelings, which was away beyond the reach of language.

"I should wince to whimper," the Jester said, and the bells on his cap tinkled in the mellow tones of "the golden, olden glory of the days gone by." "I don't know what the boys of to-day are made of. The idea of a school boy going into court to show three welts on the calf of his leg. That part of his leg, I think, must extend all the way up the boy. Three welts! Why, in those days when Hinman taught the "three R's" in Peoria, to get a licking with a forty-four inch hickory and be able to show the other boys a back like a Franco-Prussian war map, was greater than a King. And we didn't go home and show our welts to father, either. If we did, the old gentleman tenderly laid on a few broad ones with a skate strap to add variety to the general effect. And the idea of going into court about it! I would just like to see a boy stand before old Captain Lee, or Squire Bernard Bailey, or Justice Cunningham, and file information against old Hinman for licking him just because he pushed Bill Rodecker into the pond. Dear old Hinman," the Jester continued, tenderly rubbing his legs with his hands, "when he snatched up that old piece of slate frame and came charging down the aisle at you, the biggest boy in school began to howl in sympathy with the victim. I always yelled like a Comanche, long, long before he hit me. And when that old slate frame came down on a boy's thigh, all the injunctions and rebutters and decrees and reversals and replications and demurrers of all the courts in the State of Illinois couldn't soothe that boy's feelings or keep him from nursing a blister as big as an air-cushion. Do you remember the old chalk-box Hinman used to demonstrate cube-root with?" he suddenly added, turning to the fat passenger.

"I remember the long 'gad' he licked Bill Haskell with," the fat passenger replied, "the day Bill came whooping into school in a pair of Indian leggings and bead moccasins. And every time the old switch whistled down, Bill would raise a yell like the cry of torment and jump clean over a desk. How the dust did fly! And talk about welts! That boy's back looked like a wash-board. But he never thought of going to law about it. If he had, the old man would have licked him harder the next time."

"And the day Dick Looms got ugly and kicked the leg out of a bench," the fat passenger said, "and the old man just picked up the leg and tanned Dick with it till the slivers flew. That was the daisy licking of that old school. Dick howled till the neighbors came rushing to the school, and the first man that bounced in and demanded to know what this meant the old man climbed and rode him all around the room while the boys stood up in their seats and yelled and cheered in the wildest enthusiasm, and Dick forgot his own licking in his pride over his teacher's prowess. The neighbors didn't wait for the second act. 'I'm teaching this school,' the old man said, proudly, and we believed him. Then he turned to Dick and finished his licking. It would have been a rash court that interfered with old Hinman's methods of discipline."

"Old Doty was the boss banger of that town," said the man on the wood-box, "used to teach in the fourth ward, and whipped the school all round twice a week. The other days he devoted exclusively to George Kent and Frank Jones. Then he came down to the first ward and put in most of his time on Andy Peters, Charley Balance and the two Burdettes, until one day he found John's desk full of rocks and brick bats, and in the exciting rastle that came after this discovery of a dynamite plot, John bit the old whaler's thumb nearly in two. Then he went to the sixth ward, and there Billy McKenzie knocked him out with the big school-bell, and he disappeared."

"There were two-handed, double and twisted giants in the land in those days," the Jester said, "but when a boy got his licking at school that was the end of it. If he was of a revengeful disposition, he stole chalk from the school-house and drew fearful and wonderful pictures of his teacher on the neighboring fences, to the great wrath of the residents and property owners. And that there might be no mistake, he wrote the teacher's name under the photograph, or on the nose of it, the length of the nose being proportioned to the pupil's hate and merciless vengeance. And no matter how young the teacher was; if he was only a boy from college, twenty-two years old, the indignant pupil always called him "old" so-and-so. But all the same, the boy got licked sometimes when he needed it, rarely when he didn't, and never when he wanted it. And he rubbed his stripes and showed his welts to his cheerful and delighted fellows, for we were always well pleased to see another boy "licked," and he grinned rather ruefully over them himself, but he didn't go whining into a court with them. Great Scotland, some Thursday afternoon in June, when the day was warm, and the room was close, and the flies buzzed against the dingy window panes, and a storm was in the air, and a spirit of mischief pervaded the atmosphere, when there was a boy doing penance behind each blackboard and another one standing on the chalk-box, and another sat on the long front bench, softly weeping into a dog-eared Webster's spelling book and delicately rubbing the place of the slate frame; when the monotonous buz-z-z-z of study was timed off on the girl's side of the room as those angels in pantalets beat their breasts in rapid syncopation, as they conned over the pages of United States history or buzzed down the column of words of three syllables ending in "ible" and "able;" when old Hinman sat watchful and suspicious with the trusty slate frame in his hand, worrying some drowsy, stupid urchin with his awful "three-fourths of twelve is what part of seventy-two." Suddenly, some idle boy, supplied with work by the usual contractor, would fire a paper wad clear across the room "spot!" on the old man's bald head. Soul of the tempest, how the cloud would burst! Before the boy who shot that wad had time to yell "I never done it!" more than once, he would be collared and yanked over the desks and benches, back on the floor heels in the air and the slate frame flying like the sails of a mill, and the shriek of "I never done it!" changes to "I'll never do it again!" "Oh, you won't?" says the old man, with savage sarcasm, "if you didn't do it this time how are you never going to do it again?" And the slate frame whack away like a trip hammer, the boy rolls on the floor and pounds a vigorous tatoo with his anguish-stricken heels, the chairs go over, the dust flies in clouds, the boy on the chalk box gets upset in the melee, the prisoners behind the black boards come out to see the circus, smiling away their own disgrace, the culprit on the bench forgets his own welts in his joy at beholding new ones located on another boy, the girls cry in shrill tones of fright and pity, covering their faces with their aprons or wringing their pleading hands, the boys on the back seats, furthest out of sight, joyously repeat, in extravagant pantomime, the gyrations and contortions of the boy who is rehearsing his part in the great slate frame act; and as oft as old Hinman gets in an unusually good whack, there is a general subdued "O-w-w!" all over the boy's side, expressive alike of the keenest appreciation of the neatness of the "lick" and the painful situation of the receiver, and all the time that old slate frame keeps going like a wild, mad thing, until the curtain goes down in a glare of red fire and the low muttering of distant thunder in the mountains. That was an old-time licking in old Hinman's day, and no court can stick its nib into the matter, either. Go into court for a school licking in these degenerate days!"

And the Jester suddenly drew his bauble and smote the cross passenger such a resounding whack across the legs with it that he howled with delight as he jumped clear over the back of the seat and said he hadn't felt so good since the day old Hinman made him dance on the carpet for smearing ink all over Steve Bunn's nose under pretence of rubbing off a flake of smut.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Salt Mine.

It is not generally known that Louisiana can boast the possession of one of the largest deposits of salt in this country. It is found on Petit Anse, or Avery's Island, in Vermilion Bay, the island being connected with the mainland by a causeway which runs through the sea marsh. The island has an area of about 2,500 acres, covered mostly with woods. The salt is struck at a depth of twenty feet below the surface, and found in a solid mass; so hard that it requires to be mined like coal or ore, holes being drilled into the face of it and the explosion made with dynamite, which leaves no discoloration of the salt. An explosion is followed by the tumbling of the face of the mass to the floor in huge blocks, which require to be broken with sledge-hammers before they are loaded in cars to be drawn out of the mine. The lumps are afterward passed through a steam crusher, which breaks them into smaller fragments, and these are ground in a mill to any required fineness, when the salt is ready for market. About 200 tons a day are taken out. The working of the deposit has been attended with difficulties, owing to the position of the island in shallow water, but a railroad will reach it the present year, and then larger quantities will be sent to market. The deposit shows plain stratification, but the layers and seams are upright, showing that the whole mass was upheaved in some remote convulsion of nature. The galleries in the mine are hewn through the solid saline mass, and it is estimated that there is enough salt in the mine to supply the whole population of the United States for many years.—*N. O. Democrat.*

◆

—Coming east from Utica the other day, Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry traveled on the same train, the former's car being at the head and the latter's at the rear. Although so near together they were yet so far apart that Miss Anderson said, in response to the question whether she had met Mrs. Langtry: "No; I have never seen the lady, and I hardly think we shall ever meet."

◆

—Patent medicines are now made that will cure everything except hams.

A Car Porter's Complaints.

It was a porter on the Pennsylvania Railway who spoke: "Careless people who travel about losing their purses, jewelry and bundles are curiously ungrateful to those careful people who find and return their property. This is the general rule, to which, of course, there are exceptions. There are thousands of people running at large to-day who are no better than overgrown children in the care of their belongings. As children they carelessly lose their toys, and as they grow up the pinafores and short jackets are laid aside, but not their negligence. They go through life leaving a trail of lost things behind them to mark their erratic careers. These lost things either fall into the hands of thrifty souls who pick them up and keep them, or of innocent but honest creatures who chase after the addlepates, wake them up, and restore their property. When thus overtaken and suddenly awakened from their day-dreams, some of these heedless creatures receive their goods with scant courtesy, seeming more vexed at the exposure of their stupidity than they would have been at the loss of the article. How fortunate for careless folks that their heads are securely fastened to their bodies! They would assuredly march off some day and leave them, entirely oblivious to the fact. Perhaps this would be very little loss, as they make such scant use of the wits supposed by courtesy to be located in their head-pieces.

"Why, only last week," continued the porter, "a lady coming through from Baltimore to Philadelphia lost an ear-drop in the car. It was found by a brakeman and taken to the office. The next day an advertisement appeared offering a 'liberal reward.' The brakeman took the article to the designated number, rang the bell, was admitted, restored the lost gem, and was overwhelmed with profuse thanks by the lady owner. She then pathetically stated that her husband's business had not been very good during the past year, and handed the man five dollars. The gem restored cost not less than $500. The man looked at the note, and reflecting that it was much better than nothing, made his bow and retired. Oh! these careless people are in no danger of dying of enlargement of the heart, I can tell you.

"A few weeks ago I picked up a pocket-book on the floor of the car. It was bursting with wealth. In the seat just in front lay a man sound asleep, with his overcoat thrown over the back of the seat. Thinking he might be the owner, but wishing to be sure, I cautiously woke him. 'Had he lost anything?' 'No-o,' he snorted. I asked him to examine his pockets. He began to go through himself and again said that he had lost nothing. Then he prepared to go to sleep again. Still not satisfied, I asked him to look in his overcoat. He did so and suddenly announced that he had lost his pocket-book, with $1,500 in it, besides many valuable papers. It had slipped out of the pocket of the coat, carelessly thrown over the back of the seat. The man described his property accurately and I restored it to him. What do you suppose he gave me in return? Give it up? Well, he thanked me in the most elegant English, never put up a blessed cent, turned over and resumed his nap. Honesty is the best policy, but it sometimes makes a fool of a man. There's my signal. Good-by."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Unrecognized Heroes.

The heroism which exhibits itself in the "imminent deadly breach" is honored of all. It never lacks for chroniclers. Historian, poet and artist are at its service, immortalizing themselves in immortalizing the central figures of grand achievements.

There are other heroes, too, whom fame is glad to recognize. The men and, above all, the women, who, uncheered by martial music, dare disease and pain and death in the quiet performance of professional or other duty, have their place in the heroic pantheon, though the recognition comes later than it does in the case of the soldier.

But there is one class of heroes whom the world rarely treats as such, whose heroism, from one standpoint—usually their own—is of the very highest order. They are the heroes who sacrifice their feelings in inflicting pain upon others for the good of the latter. The domestic circle is full of such heroes. Who has not known —or known of—some tender father steeling his heart and choking down with a strong grip the paternal agony that filled his soul in order that he might inflict upon a cherished son the thrashing absolutely necessary to his reclamation? And the heroic mother; how often has she not stood with tear-brimmed eyes and rod in hand writhing in maternal anguish as the dust arose from the juvenile jacket, "tanned" for its wearer's everlasting weal?

Nor are these heroes confined to the household. In the olden time every school-house in the land held one of them. To every adult person of to-day who has enjoyed—or tried to enjoy—the advantages of a common school education there is one never fading picture on memory's page. It is the pedagogue of the past, pleading with some youthful incorrigible to credit the statement that the "hiding" in immediate prospect would give more pain to bestower than receiver. And how heroically he laid it on, notwithstanding the pain with which every whistling blow thrilled the sensitive fibers of his own sympathetic nature. Truly, the pedagogue of old was a hero to whom the world scarcely gave due credit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

◆

—The door of the McIntosh grain warehouse on the Sacramento River, near Chico, Cal., was left open awhile the other day. Loose grain was plentiful on the floor, and there being no men about the premises to scare them away, a large number of ducks entered the building and began to feed. An employe happened to come along. He took in the situation at a glance and promptly closed the door. A squad of men was got together. Armed with clubs, they entered and made war on the game. Two hundred ducks were killed when the conflict terminated.

Religious.

PRAYER OF AN INVALID.

Gently, Lord, unloose the ties
Which so long have bound me here;
Softly veil my failing eyes,
Lest they yield to phantom fear.
Oft this pillow Thou hast blest,
Soothe it now with final peace,
Gather all the past to rest,
Rest in Christ:—then glad release.

If I've learned the lessons taught
By the pain of later years,
Lessons with deep meanings fraught,
Deeper far than earlier tears,
Let me whisper life's adieu,
In a cadence low and sweet,
And the earth's dissolving view
Fit me fairer scenes to greet.

Ah! not much is left to die;
Youth—full years—long since have fled;
Cherished hopes in dust now lie,
Friends most dear sleep with the dead;
Yet within me lives a heart,
Clinging close unto its own;
With its all—how can it part,
Going forth—alone—alone!

Whither? Oh! not long the way
To the realm that glows between
Shadow of earth's sinking day
And yon world of bliss serene.
Oft that interlying sphere
Presses closer than the air;
When I feel Christ with me here,
Then know I that Christ is there.

—*A. A. Lipscomb, D. D., in N. Y. Independent.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 29	—Peter Working Miracles.	Acts 9:32-43
May 6	—Peter Preaching to the Gentiles	Acts 10:30-44
May 13	—The Spread of the Gospel	Acts 11:19-30
May 20	—Herod and Peter	Acts 12: 1-17
May 27	—Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus	Acts 13: 1-12
June 3	—At Antioch	Acts 13:13-16 and 43-52
June 10	—At Iconium and Lystra	Acts 14: 1-18
June 17	—End of the First Missionary Journey	Acts 14:19-28
June 25	—Review.	

HOW TO FIGHT TEMPTATION.

There is a lesson of tact in the old-world legend of the saint who was harassed in all his work by the mocking face of the Devil. At last it became unbearable; and, one day, as the saint was busy at the forge, with his tongs thrust into the glowing fire, and that hateful, sneering face before him, he suddenly snatched the white-hot tongs from the glowing cinders, and in a moment had the Devil by the nose. That changed the position of affairs in that forge; it was no longer a question whether the saint would be allowed to pursue his work in peace, but whether the howling fiend at the other end of the tongs could by any means get away from the saint.

Translate the legend into the language of to-day and it expresses a mighty spiritual fact. Temptation is not conquered by whining about the weakness of the flesh and the willingness of the spirit; and then—yielding. Often the surest way to win the victory is dexterously to flank the enemy; and to change his position from that of the assaulting party to that of the assaulted. That North Country farmer whose two besetting sins were avarice and a hot temper, knew how to flank the enemy when he resolved that every time he gave way to anger he would take from his pocket a bank-note, and burn it to ashes; thus at one time cooling his wrath and dealing a gratuitous stab to his avarice. "Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you," is the command of Holy Writ; and the best way to assure the Devil that your resistance is sincere, and not a mere temporizing show of resistance to make yielding seem excusable, is to cease standing on the defensive, and to take up some work for Christ which the traitor in you would fain persuade you to let alone.

This is the true office of tact in fighting temptation—to change the base on which the conflict is being waged; and, metaphorically speaking, to take the Devil by the nose. The ascetic saints who fled to the desert to escape the temptations of the world, and who attempted to quell the promptings of the flesh by scourgings and fastings, had a mind to show tact; but they lacked the tact to show. They were content to fight the battle out on Satan's lines; and there was their error. With as good a spirit and with better judgment does he struggle who turns away from the Tempter, and devotes himself to untiring activity in another direction, perhaps laboring for the Master among those who are tempted, and who know not how to resist. Over such a soul Satan finds himself unable to gain any fatal advantage; his most artful fascinations have no power to corrupt an imagination which is already filled with the Word and the work of God, or which is determinedly occupied in behalf of new and absorbing activities.

And so it comes that the highest tact in fighting temptation is something which the world would not call tact at all. The tact is not displayed in keeping the attention fixed upon the probable point of attack, nor in erecting man-made systems of fortifications about it; but it often consists in leaving the weak part in our defenses and seeking battle in the open plain. Foolish as such a proceeding may seem to the tyro in spiritual warfare, it has the truest philosophy on its side. For in battle the advantage is likely to lie with the attacking party; there is a force of movement, an enthusiasm of courage, in an advance, which can more than make up for the lack of protecting cover.

Are you melancholy and despairing; are you tempted to believe that life is a hopeless tragedy? you will not find relief from the temptation to despair by brooding over it, nor will you get rid of it by seeking amusement and forgetfulness in the places where men go for these. The laugh of the clown is hollow; you see the dark lines beneath the eyes that feign gladness. But seek to lighten the despair of others; carry the message of hope and trust to the neglected poor, in the slums of the city. In the streets and lanes, in the wards of the hospitals; and in the bearing of that message, you will yourself find trust and gladness. Overcome your dread of the world's evil by assaulting Satan in his strongholds of sin and wretchedness, and you will find that the night is not so starless as you had thought: He that goes out into Satan's night to rescue the wandering will also see God's stars.

And this is the principle which lies at the bottom of all tact in fighting temptation. We are never sure to be true to ourselves; and if the enemy can get us to make self *our* work, *our* temptations, *our* sorrows the main object of our thought, his work is more than half accomplished Our only safety is in getting outside of ourselves. Whatever your peculiar temptation is, you will not overcome it by clinging to it; but rather by turning away from it. Forget it, in the work of helping others, and it ceases to be a temptation.

Get out of yourself; you will never find strength or peace there. Cease to bewail the weakness of the flesh or the apparent smallness of the measure of grace which has been given you. You have strength and grace enough if only you use them; and Christ has more to give in your time of greater need. Your temptations come because self occupies too large a place in your thoughts. Would you know how to fight these temptations with tact?

"Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam, and that
balm shall heal thine own."

—*S. S. Times.*

Remembering the Sermon.

Do tell me how I shall remember the sermon? I go to church every Sabbath. We have an excellent minister. Other people remember his sermons and talk about them. They can give an outline of each discourse. As for me, I have nothing to say. The words seem to go in at one ear and out at the other. Sometimes I remember the text. Sometimes I can not even do that. Occasionally I can recall an interesting illustration or an apt expression; that is, I can for a few hours, but to have a clear idea of what the minister says seems impossible. What shall I do?

Thus spoke a bright sweet girl as we sat around the evening lamp last night, after the rest of the folks had retired.

What I said to this dear child may be of use to other young people who can not remember the sermon."

This is, in substance, what I told her.

The first and most important aid to your memory is *attention*. You must *listen*. Are you sure you have learned to do that? Did you not lose the text last [illegible], while noticing who came in with the Smith girls? Did you not lose one head of the discourse watching Deacon Scale's nods and another while admiring his wife's new bonnet?

How many times during the hour did you think of what Charley said in his last letter and what you should say in your reply?

How often did you say to yourself: "Oh dear, I wish he were through."

Were you not, after all, surprised when the choir rose to sing that closing anthem?

Were you "trying to remember" then?

Did you really listen, after all?

Second, not only listen, but write down what you hear. Take notes. You can do it quietly. Your next neighbor need hardly know it. A few small slips of paper in your half closed Bible, a short pencil, a word or two here and there to help your memory when you go home, and to fix your attention during the preaching. Taking notes will help you listen until you can attend and remember without. Do not fear to do it. Write out these notes in full after you have returned from church. Set down everything you can recall, while the subject is fresh in your mind. Have a place for these notes. Read them occasionally. Take a personal interest in the subjects. Study things connected with them. Look up doubtful questions, names, dates and places.

Third, talk about the sermon during the week. Tell your mother, your sister, your friend, about it. Ask them to hear your full account of the discourse. Listen to theirs.

Lastly, carry the sermon into your life. Resolve that it shall make you better. Ask God to help you fulfill this resolution. Try to practice what your minister has preached.

Follow up these four good rules: Listen. Write. Talk. Act.

You will soon "remember the sermon." Listening to it will be one of your greatest pleasures. Your memory will be more retentive, your heart will be warmer, your life will surely be better and happier.

Will you not commence next Sabbath?—*Golden Rule.*

Choice Selections.

—Religion, to be beneficial to others, must be seen. A concealed light does not help the traveler.

—Forgetfulness is one of the broad ways of sin. A ship can be lost by carelessness as well as by design. The evils of life come mainly through inattention.

—Self-examination is a wise use of our time if we are honest in it, but it is the height of folly if we grow morbid and blue, or if we be puffed up and exalted by it. It must be merely as a safeguard, just as the General has his fortification examined to be certain there are no weak places.—*Golden Rule.*

—Does your manner grow cold and forbidding as you grow older? Do the little children answer your questions with great timidity and avoid your presence as far as possible? It is a bad sign. It is not well for them nor for you. Come out into the sunlight. Make your life so bright that the little ones shall run with joy to greet you. Lead a merry, joyful, sunshiny life. And fill other lives with all the happiness you can. It does not pay to be morose. It does pay immensely to be a bright, warm-hearted Christian.—*Golden Rule.*

—When we read about some person who has amassed a colossal fortune by means which will not in the least bear the light of day, building a church, or endowing a college or a theological seminary, either in his life time or in his will, we are disposed to inquire if the hope of purchasing the gift of God had anything to do with the largess. If so, ought we not to tell him that there are some things which can be bought, such as human applause; but there are some things which can not be bought, such as the favor of God, the peace and purity of Heaven? Is this disposition confined to the outside of the church! When the church needs spiritual gifts, when it needs the influence and power of the Spirit bestowed on the rising ministry, is there not a tendency to seek these blessings through the giving of money, forgetting that the gifts must be accompanied and made effectual by prayer, by humility, by personal purity, by self denial? *National Baptist.*

Our Young Folks.

THE RAINDROP'S LESSON.

"Little Raindrop, pure and sweet,
Falling softly on the street,
Tell me, Raindrop, if thou wilt,
What thy home is—where 'tis built?
In what fountain's cool and bright?
On what mountain's airy height?
From what streamlet's laughing wave?
In what fairy's crystal cave?"

Spoke the Raindrop's silvery cry:
"Home I have none. Pilgrim I!
Coming earthward, joy I sow:
Soaring Heavenward, pure I grow.
Thus I journey up and down,
Gladdening field or dusty town,
Whether sprinkling shriveled leaves;
Whether moistening thirsty eaves;
Whether filling cisterns dry;
Whether answering suppliant cry;
Whether blessing good or bad,
Just or unjust making glad;
Whether traveling east or west,
God, who sends me, knoweth best.
So I go from earth to sky,
Never idle, happy I!"

Fell the Raindrop at my feet,
Smiling, sparkling, on the street.
"Little Raindrop, thanks to thee!
Precious lesson taught thou me.
Let me ever do my part,
Murmuring never in my heart;
Working always, helping all,
Friends or foemen, but or hall.
Never tempted work to stop,
Though my cup hold but a drop.
Rising Heavenward, pure to grow,
Coming earthward, joy to sow."

—*Rev. S. F. Lathrop, in N. Y. Independent.*

Writing Compositions.

The use of too many words is one of the most common faults in writing. We were attracted the other day by an article in a newspaper entitled "Gumption," and hastily concluded that a writer who could use so homely and strong a word as the title of his article must have something good to say about it. And so he had; but he employed a wild superabundance of words to express his thoughts. For example: "There are many persons, the majority of persons, in fact, who see, but do not perceive." This awkward sentence becomes a good one by simply leaving out the redundant words, thus: "The majority of persons see, but do not perceive." It would be still better, perhaps, to avoid the long majority, and say: "Most persons see, but do not perceive." Thus by erasing nine words from a sentence of sixteen, the thought is more clearly expressed because it is more directly stated. The writer then remarks that many persons have a habit of "postponing and putting off" what ought to be done at once. The words "and postponing" are useless. In explaining the "process" by which men are to get gumption, he throws about his words with a lavish hand.

"It is neither," he says, "more nor less than the doing and completing of anything that needs to be done upon the instant, without delay or postponement, and at the same time a careful observation of what is going on around one." By the omission of more than half the words of this bad sentence, it is converted into a fairly tolerable one. "It is the doing of what needs to be done on the instant, and carefully observing what is going on around." We advise our young readers, after they have "done" their compositions, to let them lie in their desks awhile, "to get cool," as Washington Irving used to say. Then go over them again, bearing in mind Sydney Smith's recipe for good writing: "Leave out every other word." It is often possible to obey this rule almost literally, as we see in the sentences quoted above. Daniel Webster tells us that whatever excellence he may have attained in the art of composition, he owed to a discovery he made when he was about nineteen years old. He learned that "all true power in writing is in the idea, not in the style." From that time he pruned his sentences of redundant words, and gave his ideas with directness and simplicity. — *N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Spiders, and Other Knowing Creatures.

We have read stories of spiders tamed by prisoners, and here is one from "Animal Intelligence," which shows that, besides being capable of tameness, they have sense enough to resent being teased: "I noticed one day in a half-dark corner a tolerably respectable spider's web, in which a well-fed spider had made its home, and sat at the nest-opening early and late watching for some flying or creeping food. It soon became a regular duty with me to carry it flies several times a day, which I laid down before its door with a pair of pincers. After a while the spider came each time and took the flies out of the pincers. This game was carried on for some weeks, as it seemed to me curious. But one day when the spider seemed very ravenous, and regularly flew at each fly offered to it, I began teasing it. As soon as it had got hold of the fly I pulled it back again with the pincers. It took this exceedingly ill. The first time, as I finally left the fly with it, it managed to forgive me; but when I later took a fly right away, our friendship was destroyed forever. On the following day it treated my offered flies with contempt, and would not move, and on the third day it had disappeared."

You have all heard of the ants of South America—the Ecitons—which go about in great crowds and kill every live-creature they overtake. There is an account given by Mr. Belt, showing that not all the wisdom of the country belongs to the ants. "Many of the spiders would escape by hanging suspended by a thread of silk from the branches, safe from the foes that swarmed both above and below. I noticed that spiders generally were most intelligent in escaping, and did not, like the cockroaches and other insects, take shelter in the first hiding-place they found. I have often seen large spiders making off many yards in advance, and apparently determined to put a good distance between themselves and the foe. I once saw one of the false spiders, or 'harvest men,' standing in the midst of an army of ants, and with the greatest coolness lifting, one after another, its long legs, which supported its body above their reach. Sometimes as many as five out of its eight legs would be lifted at once, and whenever an ant approached one of those on which it stood, there was always a clear space within reach to put down another, so as to be able to hold up the threatened one out of danger."

One who has studied the ways of that wise bird, the gray parrot, is ready to believe almost any story about it. There is one in which pussy, though very knowing herself, found her match in cunning. "One day the cat and parrot had a quarrel. I think the cat had upset Polly's food, or something of that kind; however, they seemed all right again. An hour or so after Polly was standing on the edge of the table; she called out, in a tone of deep affection: 'Puss, puss, come then, come then, pussy.' Pussy went, and looked up innocently enough. Polly with her beak seized a basin of milk standing by, and tipped the basin and all its contents over the cat; then chuckled diabolically. Of course the fall broke the basin, and half-drowned the cat."

In one case a parrot owed its life to puss. "One evening there was no one in the kitchen. Cook had gone upstairs and left a bowl of dough to rise by the fire. Shortly after the cat rushed up after her, mewing and making what signs she could for her to go down: then she jumped up and seized her apron, and tried to drag her down. As she was in such a state of excitement, cook went and found Polly shrieking, calling out, flapping her wings, and struggling violently, 'up to her knees' in dough, and stuck quite fast. No doubt if she had not been rescued she would have sunk in the morass and been smothered."

Cage-birds know quite well enough how to ask for a bath, and it seems that some wild ones do also. A lady writing about a jackdaw which lived in her yard says: "I generally made a practice of filling a large basin which stands under the trees every morning for Jack's bath. A few days ago I forgot this duty, and was reminded of the fact in a very singular manner. When I opened my dressing-room shutters about eleven o'clock, I found my little friend waiting just outside them, as though he knew that he should see me there: and when he did, he placed himself immediately in front of me, and then shook himself and spread out his wings just as he always does in his bath. The action was so suggestive, and so unmistakable, that I spoke just as I would have done to a child: 'Oh, yes, Jack, of course you shall have some water.'"—*Christian Union.*

Stingy Davy.

Davy was a very pretty little boy. He had curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy.

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it: so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard: but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them, there won't be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just a little."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fannie calling him But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have," he said to himself. "If I had just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barn-yard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O, Davy," said Fannie, running into the barn-yard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that, of course, his sister would say she had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fannie. "We had all the dolls' dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch: and we had strawberries, cake and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from the window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice cream and some jelly, left from her dinner. We had a splendid time. You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.—*Our Little Ones.*

A Man Sings a Mouse to Death.

A New England lady writes: "Quite late the other evening my husband was humming a lively air, playfully keeping time with his feet as he sat in his easy chair, when he suddenly stopped and said: 'Do see that mouse!' It was only about four feet away and it did not manifest any fear. I said it is charmed with your singing. He began again, and going nearer sat down on the floor, resting his hand on the carpet. The mouse first ran a little further away, then came back and ran up his hand and arm, until he moved to prevent its going to his neck. I took it from his shoulder, but it instantly jumped to the floor and ran away in another direction. Mr. P. again sat down on the floor and the mouse came running back to him, when, finding it injured beyond recovery, he put an end to its sufferings. We have never before seen a mouse in that room, though troubled with them in the pantry and kitchen. It seemed to have been attracted by the singing to come in under the door to find help or sympathy, else why manifest such a preference for Mr. P?"

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What was probably the finest collection of flags in this country was recently destroyed with the Piper Opera House at Virginia City, Nev. The owner had spent ten years of time and $6,000 in money in making it, and it was thought to be complete, all nations being represented.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. MAY 2. 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1	½ "	40
1	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

TILDEN for 1884 is the talk of some politicians.

DON'T forget the mass meeting next Monday.

SMALL POX continues to rage in some parts of the State.

TORNADOS are paying their respects to the southern states this spring.

THE conviction of a star-router would be a great surprise to the country.

DON'T forget the Convention next Monday. You will have as much authority there as any other man.

GRANT county has had another case of murder of such a degree as to cause the commitment without bail of the accused.

THE Louisville and Nashville railroad stock took a rise the other day, and Grant was enriched fifteen thousand dollars thereby.

THE Cincinnati News occupies the Gazette building on the corner of Sixth and Vine. The morning Journal has suspended publication.

SEVERAL gentlemen who now consider themselves the leading candidates will find out how much they are mistaken, on the 15th of this month.

HON. JOHN D. WHITE, representative in congress from the tenth district in this state, and Miss Alice M. Harris, a Massachusetts belle, were married last week.

HENDRICKS says he will not be a candidate for the nomination by the Democratic National Convention, or words to that effect. McDonald has not had his say on that subject, yet.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 35@7 75; fair to good packers, at $6 85@7 35; fair to good light, $7 10@7 30; common, $6 00@6 70; culls, $4 90@6 10: stock hogs, $5 50@6 50.

THE Clinton Democrat publishes a long article and credits it to the Owen News, which the News will certainly refuse to daddy, as the article referred to is loud in its advocacy of Jones for governor.

SARELLS, editor of the Milton Free Press, has employed a sub editor, to give him time to mount the stump, and shake hands with the dear people of Trimble county. He wants to go to the legislature.

ACCORDING to the Owen News, last county court day was the quietest county court day had in Owenton for a long time. The News ascribes the good behavior of the people that day to the effect of local option.

THE Federal census makes the "State debt proper" of Kentucky $1,858,008. The state debt does not exceed $180,394, and the sinking fund has five or six times that amount with which to cancel the debt.

IN the last two years, floods and fires have damaged the Lawrenceburg fair-grounds about $6,000, but the company is not in the least discouraged, and is pressing forward as though nothing had happened.

THE Ministers' Temperance convention rejected the proposition to nominate Straight prohibition candidates for the legislature. It proposes taking a different route for reaching the public and educating it up to prohibition.

ONE witness in the Tewkesburg examination in Boston, testified to tanning human skins received from various students and doctors, and a pair of uppers, made from a woman's skin was shown. Another witness testified to the cruelty practiced by the nurses. Ben Butler had better look after the civilization of Massachusetts some while he is its governor.

KELLOG has been indicted for receiving money as a member of congress, for his services in connection with a contract to which the government was a party. His indictment has caused much uneasiness among a number of other congressmen who have been making favorites of star-route contractors. This is a nice kettle of fish.

THE Virginia detective, who believes that Neal, Craft and Ellis did not murder the Gibbon children at Ashland, but that some negroes committed the crime, has recently paid the Ashland Independent a visit; but he failed to convince the Independent that his theory is correct. These people who have so much proof of Neal and Craft's innocence should produce it at once. "Either put up or shut up."

NEXT Monday is the day set a part by the Democratic Executive Committee of the county for the holding of a mass meeting for the selection of delegates to attend the State Convention, which meets in Louisville, on the 15th inst. All those interested, and that includes every democrat in the county, should attend the convention held in the court-house in Burlington that day, and lend his hand and voice in shaping Boone's course in the State Convention.

THE number of offices for which the convention will instruct delegates, next Monday, is a matter worthy of consideration. There is no question as to the county's choice for governor and instructions will be given in accordance therewith. As to the other candidates there is not such unity of choice, and an attempt to instruct the delegates further than for governor would certainly not be judicious. Appoint a delegation of clear-headed, honest men, and the county's favorite candidates will have their interests well guarded.

THE following is condensed from the platform of Professor Henry K. Taylor, President of the Riverside Seminary, at Vanceburg, and candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the action of democratic convention:

1st That the school fund should be increased by the proceeds from the sale of public lands.

2d. There should be a uniform system of text-books, prescribed by the State Board, from which if the teacher departs he forfeits his pay.

3d. That Commissioners should be required to qualify by standing a written examination.

4th That a vigorous canvass of the state should be made by the state superintendent.

The above platform contains some very good points.

PHIL B. THOMPSON, representative in Congress from the Harrodsburg district, shot and instantly killed Walter H. Davis on a train of cars near Harrodsburg last Friday. Thompson charges that Davis, last December in Cincinnati got his wife drunk and debauched her while he was on his way to Washington to attend to his congressional duties. Davis was a very popular man and the charge as made against him by Thompson is denied by a large number of friends. The tragedy, on account of the social and political standing of the parties, is one of unusual importance in the history of the State. Thompson was a principal in a shooting scrape in Harrodsburg, about ten years ago, in which he, his brother and father killed three men by the name of Davis. This trouble causing the killing of three Davises grew out of a law suit between the elder Thompson and the elder Davis and which was being tried at the time.

STATE NEWS.

—Scarlet fever is raging at Flemingsburg.

—Frankfort talks of organizing a professional base-ball club.

J. W. Williams, of Crittenden county, dropped dead while at work in the field.

—James Crouch, of Bath county, ate heartily of wild greens. Result—a large funeral.

—The City Council of Bowling Green has placed retail liquor license at $225 per year.

—Thornton Gee, of Barren county, has a ewe which recently dropped five lambs at a birth.

—News from the various tobacco-growing sections of the State reports the prospects for tobacco plants excellent.

—The bond of J. H. Ashcraft for $14,000 to be postmaster at Paducah, Ky., has been received and accepted by the Department.

—John Roberts and Steve White, col., of Anderson county, fell out over a game of cards, and Roberts shot and killed White.

—George Washington, colored, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary, by Bourbon Circuit Court, for robbing a safe.

—A terrible wind and rain storm did considerable damage in the vicinity of Owensboro. Farm work will be greatly delayed.

—Lexington Press: Carter county has no sheriff, and the coroner of that county will have to conduct the hanging of Ellis Craft next month.

—James Robertson, of Rowan county, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He was jealous of his young and pretty wife.

—Richard M. Wilborn, who was convicted recently in the Crittenden Circuit Court of the wilful murder of James Guess and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the penitentiary, has been pardoned by the Governor.

—West Liberty Scorcher: A little five-year-old son of Kelsey Murphy died last Sunday under peculiar circumstances. He was seized with a pain in the foot, a few days ago, and the foot and leg began swelling, reached the body and continued until the little sufferer was relieved by death.

—Glasgow Times: The champion hog of Barren county, and of this section probably, belongs to Mr. Sim Arnett, near Coral Hill. The sow weighs over 800 in ordinary fat, and when slopped would likely go over 1,000 pounds. She is a cross between the red Jersey and the black Berkshire.

—Mt. Sterling Sentinel: George Coons, a negro boy who is just recovering from a spell of sickness, was sitting up in bed handling a pistol, when the weapon was discharged, the ball striking the little two-year-old son of his sister, Bettie Coons, just below the right eye and coming out behind the right ear. The child is still alive, but it will be a remarkable case if it recovers.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Work mules are being killed by buffalo gnats in Morehouse parish, La

—A man in Alexandria, Va., has been fined $20 for cutting off a cat's tail.

—A goose farm with 500 birds has been established in Talladega county, Ala.

—Numbers of turtles are being shipped from Cedar Keys, Florida, to St. Louis.

—A frog-shaped young negro, aged thirteen, is being exhibited at Lynchburg, Va.

—Three hundred dollars an acre was paid for fifteen acres of land in Volusia county, Fla., the other day.

—Marion county, Fla., shipped during the past season 94,000 boxes of oranges that netted at least $3 per box.

—One firm in Chattanooga, outside of other work, has made and sold 300 saw-mills within the past two years.

—There are said to be 2,200 convicts in the Texas penitentiary. Of this number three-fifths are negroes and Mexicans.

—The Board of Health of Cedar Keys, Fla, has prohibited the sale of oysters from now until the close of the warm season.

—An arrangement is on foot in Augusta, Ga., to have cooking taught in the public schools. Much trouble is experienced with the domestic servants.

—J. J. Wolfe, of Hawkins county, Tennessee, has sent to Chattanooga $50,000 worth of walnut lumber to be sold to Western and Eastern dealers.

—It is said that the Jacksonville, Florida, liquor dealers have raised a fund of $2,000 with which to pay lawyers to contest the validity of the new liquor law.

Every Man His Own Boss.

How to Promote Personal Power—A New Radical Reformer.

"There is no provision in the Divine economy for political bosses!"

With a bang of his fist, and in the voice of a man who had made up his mind on the subject, Rev. James Chambers, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Harlem, recently opened his sermon with this announcement. He was right. The only boss authorized by the Book is mentioned in these words: "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Commonly, the better side of men is subject to the despotism of the worse side. Bad passions, bad humors, mean jealousies and base revenges are all bosses. One of the worst of bosses is bile. What is most depressing in philosophical or theological thought is due to it. Old General Debility is another tyrannical boss. He lashes men who are naturally good until they become unnaturally bad or miserably weak.

Concerning his deliverance from this bondage, Rev. S. P. Lewis, pastor of the Eighth Street Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was suffering from exhaustion and general debility. As an invigorant I used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC I never met with anything so effective. It is an elegant family medicine. I take a bottle in my valise when I go on my annual vacation."

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC neither intoxicates nor promotes a desire for strong drinks. The most pronounced temperance people use and praise it for this reason alone. It cures Malarial Fevers, Consumption, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood. Also weaknesses peculiar to women. Its action is prompt and pervasive. Test it once, and you will adopt it as a home remedy. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York.

FOR SALE.

In Burlington, Boone county, Ky.

A BRICK HOUSE,

containing ten rooms, attic, cellar and out buildings, with four half acre lots attached. The late residence of Mrs. C. S. Tousey. The cellar contains a good kitchen, dining room and two other rooms. The buildings and premises are in good repair.

For terms apply to

GREEN & RIDDELL,
Burlington, Ky.

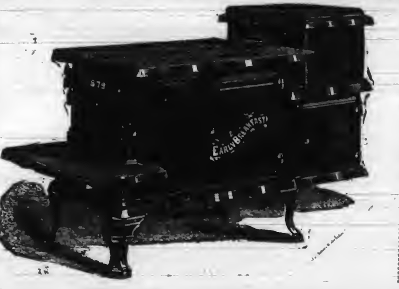
AT H. F. BLASE,

540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.



Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

FOR RENT.

About 25 acres of good grass, with plenty of running water, or will pasture stock. Enquire of W. S. ACRA, Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle at once, as I will leave Burlington in a short time. By coming up and settling you will save expense. W. L. GEDGE.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to [illegible] of Andrew Glackin, deceased, will please come forward and settle. Those having claims against the estate will bring them forward well authenticated according to law, and they will be attended to.

N. B. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A bay horse, 12 years old, 15½ hands high, long neck, short mane, sprung in the knees, right hind foot white, collar mark on point of left shoulder.

Also a black mare, 5 years old, 15½ hands high, long mane and tail, short neck —A liberal reward will be given for the return of either or both above described animals. RAY SNYDER, Bullittsville, Ky.

NOTICE.

The stockholders of the Burlington and Bellevue turnpike company are notified that an election for president and four directors to serve the ensuing year will be held in Burlington on the 1st Monday in May 1883. They are also notified that a dividend of 50 cents a share of stock is ready for distribution for which call on J. J. Lillard, Treas. WM. WALTON, Sect'y.

FOR SALE.

A small lot of the celebrated Snowflake potatoes, for table and seed. Also a limited quantity of the Alpha, among the earliest and best variety grown. Price $1 per bushel. Apply soon to Allen Conner at my residence. E. A. TUCKER,
Florence, Ky.

Opened 1822 THE DENNISON. Re-opened April 26, 1883.

(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and Iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.

A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

I take this method of contradicting the report being circulated in this neighborhood that a note with my name and my father's attached has been presented or seen in Aurora in the hands of another, and I will give $20 reward for the arrest of any person presenting a note for any amount with our names attached.

I also notify those who are circulating false and slanderous reports in regard to me in this neighborhood, if their slanderous and vile tongues are not at once stopped, that I will prosecute them to the extent of the law. J. W. RICE, Bellevue, Ky

CENTRAL HOTEL,

BURLINGTON, KY.

MRS. MARY J. GREEN,

(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings, and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK,

Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green.
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H. Dills, F. P. Helm,
L. C. Stephens.

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

dec. 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE,

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-tf23

J. W. Talbott.

TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '18.

FLORENCE, - - KY.

NOTICE!

Just received a full and complete line of

DRY GOODS

of the finest selections, and the latest styles which will be sold exceedingly low. Also

NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS &
SHOES,
GROCERIES, &c.

Too numerous to mention. Almost everything that the people may want will be found in my Stock. No trouble to show goods, and orders filled promptly. Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

☞I feel exceedingly thankful to my friends and patrons for past favors and hoping you all will call again.

Truly Yours,

W. C. TANNER,
Florence, Ky.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,
BURLINGTON, KY.
HARNESS MAKER
—AND—
DEALER IN SADDLES

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS On Short Notice.

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Dawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS OF Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders, the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 3 x 5, and an illustrated book to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. F. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

2 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1460, Corning, N. Y.

26.999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md. W. N. STACY, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky

THE DIXIE COOK BOOK

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and items of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.

S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."

ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers

(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

Shear your sheep.

Next Monday is county court day.

May-bees and Mayflowers are ripe.

The small boy and maple whistle are here again.

Squirrels are said to be very numerous this spring.

J. W. Duncan moved last week to his son Jimmie's.

C. L. Crisler is now proprietor of the Boone House in full.

We are sorry to learn that F. W. Grant is yet quite sick.

Some of the farmers in this neighborhood are done planting corn.

Lambs are numerous but generally of an inferior quality this spring.

Miss Mary Ann Thompson occupies the common school house with her school.

Don't forget Mrs. Tousey's sale of household and kitchen furniture next Saturday.

Ayer's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly safe, do not gripe, and are a splendid tonic.

The remains of R. C. Green were interred in the cemetery at this place last Wednesday.

A. O. Hall presented the RECORDER force with a lot of nice young onions, the other day.

The Christians' new church building at Bellevue is nearing completion, being under roof.

Last week William Hogan had a fine young horse to die from the effects of eating young clover.

J. M. Conner has bought considerable wool this spring, at prices ranging from 20 to [illegible] per pound.

Joe C. Revill, Clerk of the Owen Circuit Court, has been elected cashier of the new bank in Owenton.

James Conner and family now occupy Mr. J. W. Duncan's residence, to which place they moved last week.

Mr. Alfred Cason, being so well pleased with German carp, has put another supply of them in his ponds.

Luther Kirtley, col., working at Graham's saw mill, was badly hurt last Saturday, by a log rolling against him.

Elder Thompson, an Old Baptist, preached to a good congregation in the court-house, this place, last Friday evening.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

J. J. Berkshire, who lives near this place, has planted ten new varieties of Irish potatoes, paying from 50 cents to $1 per pound for the seed.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the Ministers' and Deacons' meeting at Bellevue last week. It was a very interesting meeting.

A few nights since David Hogan's meat house was robbed of all the meat it contained. A search warrant failed to discover the stolen property.

J. J. Berkshire says that the budded peaches is the only fruit killed. He also says it does not pay to plant and attempt to produce budded peaches in this section.

William Walton and his son, Everett started West yesterday to look up a location for a future home. They expect to be accompanied by Miss Susie Walton and H. C. Wingate.

We learn by the Courier that Jas. T. Willis, of Williamstown, has sold his fine three year-old gelding for three dollars and fifty cents. Jim ought to have made it round numbers, $3.

Mr. Benjamin Rouse has a cow of the short horn stock from the milk of which he makes two pounds and one ounce of butter per day—two milkings—after the calf has taken enough to keep it fat and sleek.

Elder Vater, of the Christian denomination, preached in the court-house at this place, last Sunday morning and and Sunday and Monday evenings. Mr. J. W. Calvert united with the church Sunday evening.

Rev. C. C. Conner, of Aurora, spent several days last week, with his relatives in this county. Sunday morning he finished his series of lectures at this place, and in the afternoon he preached Lonnie Crisler's funeral.

Tho social event of the season in the Richwood and Walton neighborhoods, this season, is the marriage, to-day, of Sam Hind and Miss Annie Hughes, daughter of J. C. Hughes, deceased. The nuptials will be celebrated at the residence of the bride's mother, near Beaver.

Joe Emmett, the noted actor, spent the day, last Wednesday, with James Riddell. Emmett has purchased three horses from Jimmie, Hedgeford, Sensation and a sorrel gelding, and is now negotiating for the purchase of the young Woodpecker stallion which Riddell is handling.

J. J. Lillard, treasurer of the Burlington and Bellevue turnpike company, was in town the other day, paying out 50 cents on the share dividend on the stock in that road. This is the first dividend the board has declared, and it has come much sooner than many of the stockholders anticipated when the road was being built. The dividend does not exhaust the treasury by any means.

Esquire H. Ashley, an old citizen of this county and a resident of Florence, died, last Saturday, after a protracted illness. The deceased was a member of Good Faith Lodge, No. 95 F. & A. M., and had been a justice of the peace for many years.

The Burlington and Hebron base ball clubs crossed bats at this place last Saturday. The game was witnessed by a small crowd. The playing, considering the weather, was very good, but on account of rain, the game was called at the close of the 7th inning, Hebron having played their half of the 8th inning, in which they made three runs. Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Hebron	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	—5
Burlington	2	1	0	0	1	1	0	—5

NOTES.

It was doctors' day—only five were present.

The ladies were furnished with cushion seats.

The Hebron boys drive a spanking turn-out.

Theo. Rouse scored and shouted for the Hebron team.

The Hebron catcher was a little QUICK for the Burlington boys.

The boys will play a better game next time—they will be used to their new caps.

In the 5th inning Charles Fowler had a finger on his left hand broken, while reaching for a ball thrown to first by Tom Clore.

Duncan, the catcher, in pursuit of a fouly fly, collided with T. W. Finch, and for a while it looked like both were pretty badly hurt.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

We are glad to see Mr Alonzo Gaines able to be out again.

Our city druggist has been waging war on the finny tribe.

Mrs. Dr. Grant has returned from a very pleasant visit to Newport.

Geo. W. Hughes, of Paris, [illegible] visiting relatives in this county.

Miss Annie Cowen is visiting her brother, at Rabbit Hash.

Harrison Hawkins, of Pendleton county, was in town this week.

Mrs. Sherrill, widow of Benjamin Sherrill, was visiting friends at this place, last week.

Mr. and Mrs H. P. Stephens, of Union, were the guests of Mrs. A. W. Smith one day last week.

Dr. I. R. McKenzie, of St. Louis, is visiting friends and relatives at this place. The doctor is looking well and hearty.

Andrew Ellis, J. W. Kennedy and Harmon Polly, three prominent citizens of Big Bone, were in town Monday,

Mrs. Tousey and her daughter, Miss Julia, have returned to Burlington, and will spend the summer at the Central Hotel.

Professor McNight, of Indiana, is making an effort to organize a normal school in the Morgan Academy. He is a very fine linguist.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

North Bend.

Seeing nothing in your valuable paper from this place, I thought I would write a few items.

The principal occupation of this locality is farming. The farmers are about through making garden and planting potatoes.

Mr. Clinton Gaines is having his barn remodeled.

The Assessor has been quite sick for a number of days, but is able to ride again. He will complete his work in a few days.

Mr. W. P. Cropper, who retired from business early in the spring, has again resumed business.

Mrs. June Balsly has gone to Cincinnati with her three children, to stay a few days. They will visit the Zoo and other objects.

Miss Lou Balsly is progressing rapidly with her music.

We have a very flourishing summer school. Miss Hallie Stephens is an excellent teacher and quite an accomplished young lady. We have over 20 scholars and the school is still increasing.

We congratulate on your Francesville correspondent. Long may he wave.

ZENOBIA.

Constance.

For the past few weeks the little village of Hebron, situated a few miles from this town, has been called to mourn the loss of some of her promising citizens. First, the news struck the town like a thunderbolt that Mike Dye had left the town for Constance, to til' the soil for Jas. H. Wilson, where frogs echoed notes of gladness at his arrival. Shortly afterward E. T. Clayton left that place to help Jim Loder dust counters for Davis Bros. Last but not least our dear love, Mr. Harry Henderson left the town in tears to come here to work for Jas. L. Anderson. While Hebron mourns the loss, Constance has been greatly benefitted by the change.

Mr. J. W. Davis, the retired merchant, has left for good.

Evan Anderson was severely cut while working at the saw-mill. A slab struck him in the face, knocking him down.

Geo. Brown said it was a mistake about him working a day. He only worked until noon.

The Street-cars have stopped on account of the track being in a bad condition.

Jim Loder says if people don't quit priceing his horse so low he will whip somebody Nothing less than $1,000 will touch her.

Plattsburg

J. A. Botts is very sick at th's writing.

S. P. Dorman has moved to Aurora, Ind.

B. B. Grant was struck by lightning one day last week, and severely shocked.

Your scribe tried to shake himself to death with ague last week.

Some of the farmers have finished planting corn.

The persons that set fire to S. P. Dorman's barn is worse than a murderer, and should they be found out, hanging is too good for them.

Fishing in Woolper is good, but catching is bad. Messrs. Editors, you should come down and try your luck.

W. W. Winslow, of the Wrought Iron Bridge Company, Canton, O., was here Tuesday. He said he would replace the old bridge for $632 or would build them a 100 ft. span for $1,300.

Billy Rice will build the Ashbyfork bridge.

There is more geese on Woolper this spring than ever known. Seems that goose raising has become quite an industry.

The following persons are directors of the Woolper pike: G W Terrill, President; J Frank Grant, Sect'y.; John Smith, F. Wingate and J J Lillard, directors.

Union.

Union will soon present to view a number of new and handsome residences.

The frost took in all our beans at one supper.

Corn and hogs scarce and high.

Alf Gaines and Joe Williams are engaging lambs—they are liberal buyers.

A Mr. Howlett, of Gallatin, and Miss Connelly, of Beaver, were married in the presence of a large number of friends, at Wesley chapel last Wednesday.

Much of Union and vicinity including an attorney, assisted J. A. Huey in raising a stock barn last Thursday.

A case of small-pox, from Robt. Willis' place, was moved to the pest-house a few days since.

Union will soon have to establish a 5th street.

G. W. Dunlap, evangelist, at Independence, has had some 50 confessions to date and the meeting is still progressing

Miss Nannie Burkett is convalescing...... M. C. Norman speaks of moving to Southern Kentucky...... L. B. Stephens and wife will return from Florida in May......Vol Wilson has moved to Beaver Lick. Martin Rouse to the Dave Utz farm.

Scattersville.

News scarce this week.

Our gardens are all made, and soap about done for this season.

Whitewashing is the order of the day, while the ground is so wet.

The last rains have stopped some of our forward farmers from planting corn as soon as they intended.

Mr. Henry Parsons, of Big Bone, has bought the Geo. Bedinger saw and grist mill, and will move the same on Leander Seters' place on Gunpowder,

William Clore is talking of building a barn.

Some of our farmers are some what uneasy in regard to the fruit, since the last cold spell.

Our kind old friend and huckster, John Conner, has made his appearance among us again.

We stated in our last that Zack Bondurant had returned from Missouri. Since then he has sent for his family and they are now at his mother's, where they expect to make their home this year.

Mr. Hogan, of the Bellevue and Burlington turnpike, is doing some stone work for Owen Conner,

Rev. C. C. Conner and wife, of Aurora, paid his brother and family a visit last week. We are glad to see our Bro., looking so well.

Rabbit Hash.

Some of our farmers are not yet through planting potatoes.

Fruit in this section was not damaged by the late cold weather. There is a full bloom of all kinds, except apple, which is very light in some orchards.

The school at Maple Hill, taught by Prof. Bell, closed last week.

Miss Annie Cowen, of Burlington, is visiting her brother at this place.

Z. T. Stephens is at Patriot, Ind., having his eyes treated by Dr. Jamison, of that place.

Miss Ella Hastings has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Clara McKay, in West Virginia.

Quite an interesting meeting was held at the East Bend Baptist church last Saturday, the occasion being to ordain Bros., J Q Stephens and J P Craig, deacons of the church. The ordination sermon was preached by Elder Dickens, of Bellevue, and it was very able and interesting. The other ministers present were R E and J A Kirtley, J C Sebree and Mr Hudson, of Louisville. After the ordination a bountiful dinner was spread, which was followed by a sermon by Rev R E Kirtley.

An immense crowd of Kentuckians wended their way to Rising Sun, last Friday evening, to witness the commencement exercises of the High School. Among the graduates was Miss Jessie Stephens, daughter of Solon Stephens, of our neighborhood who acquitted herself with great credit to herself and friends. She was the recipient of many floral offerings, which were both handsome and elegant.

Rising Sun had 11 funerals in ten days, the last one being last Thursday.

Francesville.

Our Ville is looking much improved since the yard cleaning and whitewashing season has come, and with the welcome assistance of nature, it presents quite a cozy appearance. Business of all kinds is on the boom, and the bustle and confusion on the streets the past week has been truly astonishing, compared with the general quiet of our Ville. Francesville is better adapted for a summer resort than for winter enjoyments, for the reason we have no railroad and turnpike connections, and our canals generally become impassable late in the fall and remain so until the spring thaw, making it impossible for excursion boats to get here, and debarring tourists and pleasure seekers from sharring our hospitality in the winter time. But for a summer resort it has but few equals. The romantic scenery, its antiquated buildings and beautiful landscape views in the distance are surpassed only in a few instances, making it a very desirable place indeed.

Quite a sensation occurred on our streets one night last week, caused from one of our citizens burning some corn stalks. Some of the neighbors imagined that Prof. Edson was in town with his wonderful electric light, but on learning the cause quiet was restored

We neglected to make mention last week that the Sabbath-school had been organized at this place, with Mr. Robt. Bradford, of Hebron, as superintendent.

Our newly elected constable of this precinct, passed through here last Sunday evening. What his business was we did not learn.

Mrs. Matilda Goodridge, of Bullittsville, was visiting in this place last week.

Greens and hog jole with sturgeon on toast, is the bill of fare with us this week. Thank the Lord for those greens.

Big Bone.

APRIL 30—During the past week we have had quite a variety of weather, first warm and pleasant, then rain and cold to a disagreeable degree.

Farmers in this section are more backward now with their preparations for a crop than ever known at this season. Scarcely any ground has been plowed for corn, except some sod.

Tobacco plants are promising, owing to the precaution of our farmers in canvassing their tobacco beds.

Mr A Ellis, one of our tobacco dealers, took in the Queen City, one day last week, and put eleven hhds. of fine leaf on the breaks, receiving therefor a good price.

Col. Bennie Aliphin, who spent the winter in Shelbyville, Mo., has, much to the gratification of his many friends, returned to the classic haunts of his youth over on the placid waters of old Mudlick Creek.

Henry Stevenson will run the Valley Hotel this summer season. Henry is an active, energetic young man and will leav nothing undone to add to the comfort and pleasure of his guests.

D J Lake & Co. have delivered their beautiful Atlas of Boone, Kenton and Campbell, to those who subscribed for it in this district. It is just grand.

Our district school began a few weeks ago under the guidance of an accomplished lady from York State.

Rev. Jas. Kirtley preached the funeral of Mrs. Grimsley at the Big Bone Baptist church, last Sabbath. Quite a number of friends and relatives were in attendance.

The Walton Whoppers came down last Saturday and took a tilt at base-ball with the Big Bone Brilliants. There was considerable good playing done on both sides. Mr. Add Miller made the decided fine play of the evening, catching a fly on 3d base. Brilliants 43; Whoppers 14, said the score sheet. Whoppers, come again.

Petersburg.

Tom Stuart, of the Barkworks, Ind., was shaking hands with his many friends here last week.

Harry Graves returned home from New Orleans, last Wednesday.

Commodore Perry left here last Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock in his sail boat for Florida, and at sun down he was below Vicksburg—so some one says, and judging from the amount of gas he generally carries, we have no doubt but what it is so.

Dr. Ed Terrill says he has rode horse back long enough, and has purchased a two wheel village phaeton.

Dave Alcorn got his finger cut off, while working with a horse-power saw-mill, at J. Frank Grant's lumber yard.

Chas. Schramm and Solen Early attended the commencement at Rising Sun, last Friday night.

Rev. Froh and wife were surprised last Friday night by a number of their friends meeting at their house, and each one bringing a pound. It was a pound party.

Charley Bolen is lying very low, at this writing, with typhoid fever.

Base-ball is all the go here and Dr. Ed says he is going to havo the best club in the county.

Hebron.

Will Davis is building an addition to his house.

Ben Floyd and wife, of Florence, visited relatives and friends at this place last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mary Clore, who has been visiting in this community for the past few months, has returned to her home in Montgomery county, Indiana.

Perry Aylor claims to be the owner of the finest four-year-old harness mare in the county.

Considerable hay was hauled to Cincinnati from this place last week.

Tanner is the boss hay hauler.

Lou Gaines is visiting relatives in Montgomery county, Indiana.

Fruit in this locality is not injured so far

Jameson Aylor has the finest field of wheat in this vicinity.

There will not be half a crop of tomatoes raised in this section this season.

Clore & Snyder have hauled off 35,000 pounds of tobacco and have as much more to haul.

One day last week we made Bullittsville a very pleasant visit, and found everything lovely. We are glad to report that the Ville is rapidly improving, and business very brisk.

Erlanger, Kenton County.

Erlanger still improves. The railroad company is thoroughly renovating and repairing their depot at this place. The building is to be lowered, the platform extended and a ladies' waiting room attached In fact we are to have a splendid depot. This in connection with our gentlemanly agent, Mr. Ira Riggs, and his assistants Messrs. Johnston and Garvey, every one may rest assured they will be treated nicely when occasion calls them to Erlanger.

Our friend Charley Stephens is again at the wheel, holding down business for Bedinger & Co. Charley is a wheel horse in business, and don't you for-get it.

We understand that Mr. J. M. Conner and Mr. Tim Westbay, of Burlington, Ky., on their return trip from Cincinnati, the other day, stopped off at the Erlanger Hotel, in a very hungry condition. It being past meal time Mr. Conner had the gentlemen some hamsandwich and hard boiled eggs prepared, of which they devoured one dozen sandwich and four and one half dozen eggs. Their friends here have heard nothing of them since and fears are entertained that they are either foundered or dead.

A $20.00 Bible Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for May, among which is the following:

We will give $20.00 in gold to the person telling us which is the shortest chapter in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision) by May 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner May 15th, 1883 Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the June *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be puplished, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penn.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow me a small space in your paper, that I may bring before the people of this county the name of Professor H. K. Taylor, who is a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction? Prof. Taylor is a perfect christian gentleman, highly educated, and has given his life to the cause of education. He has held high position in his educational career, and is now President of Riverside Academy, a flourishing male and female college, situated in Vanceburg, Kentucky.

He is just in the prime of life, and is fully awake to the cause of education. He realizes how deficient our present system is, and desires to make it more perfect. I have known Professor Taylor intimately for several years, and do not hesitate to say, that in my humble judgment, he is capable to fill the office he now seeks, *or any other* the people of Kentucky may give him.

Now, let the people of Boone county all come out and support Prof. H. K. Taylor, and elect a man that they will not be ashamed of, but proud to have him represent them. R. O. HUGHES.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises. Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,
feb 28-3m. Burlington, Ky.

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First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

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OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

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Keenes R. Robbins, Prop.,
Having rented the above well known Hotel, I am now prepared to furnish the public first-class accommodations at the most reasonable prices. The table will be carefully supplied at all times. Stock well cared for. The best of Cigars and Liquors. Your patronage is solicited. apr-1y.

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I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
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I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
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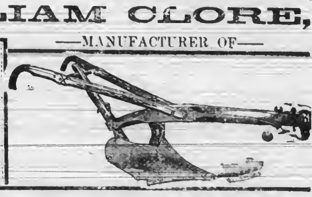

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THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, - KENTUCKY

How to Slaughter Animals Mercifully.

A paragraph in one or two newspapers recently announced that Mr. St. George Lane-Fox, the well-known electrical engineer, had devised an electrical apparatus for slaughtering animals. This has apparently given rise to some misconception. It has been generally supposed to apply to the slaughtering of animals for food. This, unfortunately, is not the fact. The appliance referred to is intended only for the killing of horses, dogs, cats, and other animals not intended for food supply. The same electrical discharge which would kill a horse will, of course, kill a cow, but there is the difficulty that was experienced when some ten or fifteen years ago Dr. Richardson experimented with the great induction coil at the Polytechnic upon the lives of sheep and other animals before a large party of veterinary surgeons and others interested in the subject. This formidable coil, it may be remembered, was said to be capable of giving a shock twenty-nine or thirty inches long, and though a bullock was never subjected to its power it was believed to be capable of killing one. Sheep, under favorable circumstances, it did kill easily, but the carcasses were of no use for food. The blood, it was found, could not be extracted; and for the same reason animals killed by a lightning flash, even though not charred or otherwise structurally injured, can not be used for food, but ordinarily have to be buried.

The invention, then, of Mr. Lane-Fox has no application whatever to the work of butchers. It affords, however, a completely satisfactory method of according the happy dispatch to all worn-out or injured horses, ownerless dogs and cats, or any other animals that it may be required to kill without any reference to the condition of the dead body. The simplest way of impressing upon all persons of humane disposition the value of such an invention would no doubt be to draw aside the curtain behind which these wretched creatures are done to death. There are plenty of people whose sensibilities are far too delicate to permit of their putting their own animals to death or of seeing for themselves that the business is properly performed, but not too delicate to permit of their handing them over to anyone who will undertake to get rid of them, even though the deputy may have neither knowledge nor skill and may rather enjoy a little ingenious and protracted torture. That dogs and cats are often brutally ill-used in careless or clumsy attempts to destroy them, most persons probably have within their own knowledge facts sufficient to prove, and it would be a very easy matter to depict scenes of daily occurrence in "knackers'" yards which could not fail to harrow the feelings of the most callous. The public generally, however, know even less about the circumstances under which used-up horses are slaughtered than they do of the killing of sheep and cattle. Thousands of miserable creatures are every year in London led away to their death at the hands of men and youths whose ordinary vocation inevitably renders them more or less incapable of pity and who do their work under no sort of a surveillance. The animals are killed in private yards, and though as a rule perhaps the operation is performed as swiftly and painlessly as it may be, yet it is a fact which very little inquiry will be sufficient to establish that sickening cruelties are often wantonly perpetrated, and the most hideous results of bungling and incompetency bring to a close the lives of many a useful servant of the public.

It can not be too clearly emphasized that science has put into our hands a cheap and simple method of sweeping away all such ghastly and revolting possibilities, and that all that goes on in this way henceforth is due to public apathy and indifference, and not to any necessity. By the method devised by Mr. Lane-Fox, a worn-out horse to be killed would first have the top of its head and its feet and its legs wetted with salt water. It would then be led into a stall and made to stand upon an iron plate connected with the negative pole of a condenser of a capacity of about 100 microfarads. All that would now have to be done would be to touch the animal's head with the positive pole, and it would fall dead. There would be scarcely a possibility of failure or mistake, and scientific men seem all agreed that the electric discharge which causes death is incapable of inflicting sensation. The reason of its occasioning no pain has been explained—with what correctness we do not pretend to pronounce—by the alleged paralyzation of the nerves before they have time to convey any sensation to the brain. Physiologists profess to have demonstrated that a nervous vibration can not be communicated to the brain in less than a tenth of a second, and that another tenth of a second must elapse before a sensation can result from the vibration thus communicated. One fifth of a second must therefore necessarily intervene between the actual infliction of an injury and the experience of pain from it. But the flash from such an apparatus as has been described would paralyze every fragment of a nerve in man or beast in something like a hundred-thousandth part of a second. Such a death, we are told, must necessarily be painless, because the whole mechanism by which alone pain could be produced would be virtually destroyed long before it could operate. However this may be, the difference between this swift and certain death and the horrible practice of the knacker's yard is sufficiently apparent to incline every humane person to fervently wish that this scientific mode of slaughtering may be adopted. The idea, of course, is not new; indeed, as we have shown, the thing was practically done years ago, but electrical matters have moved rapidly of late. The application of the condenser to this business renders the process more certain and manageable than it was a few years ago. We are informed that for £500 such an electrical apparatus as is here alluded to may be fitted up in any stable or out-house, that it will kill as rapidly as animals can be placed in position and taken away again, and that the cost of maintenance is trifling. Why should not we immediately have some central establishment fitted up for the painless dispatch of the worn-out, the injured, and the useless of our brute dependents.—*London News.*

—England is filled with cranks whose highest ambition is to thrust a bouquet or petition into the Queen's carriage as it is passing. They are frequently arrested.

—The consumption of rubber goods has more than doubled in the last three years.

G. M. D.

A Medley, a Mystery, a Marvel and a Miracle.

The Story of a Dream.

"Get money, honestly if you can, but get money," was a foolish father's advice to his son. Get money, if you can honestly, makes but a slight alteration in the order of the words, but varies the sentiment considerably. There is no harm in making money. It answereth all things. Used rightly, it is a power for good, and there is money enough in the world to form a lever by which the mass of humanity could be lifted, to a certain extent, out of its depths of sorrow and despair. Money we must have for money makes the mare go. Some can make money who have no faculty for saving. Would you save you must know how to deny those who would borrow and never repay as well as those who beg simply because they are too lazy to work. There are men who never want to see you except to ask the favor of a loan. They will ask for just one word with you, and that one word is sure to be *money*. An impecunious fellow met a rich acquaintance, and not liking to ask directly for a loan, said, "Friend Smith, if you had ten dollars in your pocket and I was to ask you for the loan of five, how many would remain in your pocket?" "Ten dollars, to be sure," replied the rich man, without a moment's hesitation. He had gumption, and knew too much to part with his money by any such rule of subtraction.

O I see, said the impecunious man thus rebuffed. He was able to owe. He was one of the Micawber sort—always waiting for something to turn up. How like some people who are sick. They think to get well by letting disease take care of itself. But diseases do not heal themselves, and too late their victims full often find this out to their sorrow as death seizes upon them. Had they been wise in time they might have added many years to their lease of life. The cure was nigh them, as it is nigh to all who read this medley. These paragraphs tell the story, as a patient perusal will prove. Those who have keen insight and can read between the lines may solve the conundrum the sooner for it, but upon all light will dawn ere they read the final word of our story.

Light will dawn, we said, and so it will, light of hope and help. Light is what a certain individual wanted. Mr. Jones we will call him. He was very sick. Consumption had fastened its fangs upon him. He had long neglected catarrh, and laughed at the idea of taking anything for it when advised to do so, and so went from bad to worse. His lungs became diseased, a hacking, church-yard cough racked him almost to pieces, and he was fast wasting away. A mere shadow of his former self, he scarcely slept at all at night, or slept only to dream horrible dreams. Talk of nightmare! A whole circus troupe, horses and all, seemed to make his bed the arena of their wild performances. In this case money did not make the mare go, for he spent a deal of money on doctors and physics and was nothing bettered. He ate little, and was fast going down to an untimely grave, leaving his wife a widow and his four bright children orphans, when, lo! on one eventful night he dreamed for once a bright and happy dream, which our next paragraph will relate.

Death, the black-visaged monster, had until then stared him in the face, but the dream brought him hope. He saw a bright, white-robed angel in his dream, who said: "I come to bring you good news. Here is your cure—sure, safe, harmless, prompt, and reliable. Get well and seek to take health thereby to others. Behold the cure!" With these words the angel was gone, but ere the trail of light which followed him had vanished the dreamer saw glittering in the light three golden letters—G. M. D. "What can it mean?" he said to himself, as he awoke from his slumber. "I have had a Good Many Dreams before, but never such as this." Startled and surprised, he aroused his wife and to her related his vision. Alas, she could not solve the problem. Remembering all the medical advice, and the physic, and the expense involved since her husband became sick, she expressed the hope that the letters were not intended to suggest that a Good Many Doctors must yet be consulted in addition to all that had been interviewed. He groaned in reply and remarked that if he had to consult any more there would have to be a Gold Mine Discovered in order to pay them.

Every day for a week he and his faithful spouse searched diligently for a key to the problem. In the dictionary, in such newspapers as they happened to have, in books, on placards on the walls—everywhere they sought—hoping to find a clue. Letters stand for words, and they hoped to light upon the words that would suggest the cure. They Grieved Many Days over their lack of good luck, as they said, and the Good Man Dreamed again and again, but saw no more angels. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "Oh, that the angel had Guided Me Definitely and Given More Directions," he exclaimed, again and again.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the night of the Great Mysterious Dream, when there came to the house a pamphlet. Fired with his exhausting office work, which he still pursued, determining if possible to die in the harness, Jones was about to throw the pamphlet in the fire when something prompted him to examine it. Surely, thought he, here can be nothing that will *Pierce* this Gloom Most Distressing, or Give Me, Disheartened, any relief. Poor man, he had worked letters over in his mind, and made so many combinations with them, that they occurred in almost every sentence he uttered. They entered even into his prayers. Heaven Grant Me Deliverance, he would say, nor let disease Grind Me Down, and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and a mile or two beyond.

Mentally tortured and suffering in every fibre of his body, what wonder that he read page after page of the pamphlet. It was a work on diseases, and in the morbid state of his mind its contents seemed to suit him. It spoke of almost every disease that flesh is heir to, but oh, joy! as he read, a Glimpse Most Delightful of light stole in upon him. "Eureka! Eureka!" he cried. "Wife, I have it, I have it."

Everybody in the house heard him cry Eureka, and rushed to the room to hear what he had found. All expected to see some Great Miracle Done, and then came the explanation. Simple, of course, but why had he not thought of it before? Oh what a revelation! Here was hope for him and for all consumptives. Here, hope for suffering friends and neighbors. That night he scarce could sleep, but when he did, he again saw a bright vision of golden letters, in fact, a Glittering Monogram Deciphered readily, and reading G. M. D.; and again P. P. P., and yet again F. P., and one huge P, around which these others were entwined, and then W. D. M. A. All the letters blended, yet each was distinct. All he had seen in the book, all he again saw in his vision.

Dream Most Glorious. D. M. G.—G. M. D.—Again he rang the changes; backward, forward, every way. Gold Medal Deserved. M. G. D.—Misery's Great Deliverer—till time would fail to tell them all. P. P. P. stood for Perfect Peace Promised for sufferers, and sweet release from Prostrating Purgatorial Pains. And again F. P. was Freedom Promised, and backward, P. F., it became Pain Flees. Now he could get well, and once well, he would be a missionary, a Glad Missionary Devoted to the work of telling others how they might get deliverance. He went through the list of diseases among those of his own acquaintance, from John Robinson, whose torpid liver gave him constant headache and severe bilious attacks, on through the list of those suffering from ulcers, coughs, weak and diseased lungs, to his friend, General B——, who was as near the grave as he. And for all these, as well as for himself, the Grave May Disappear from present vision, and each may be Given More Decades of life than they had hoped to have years. Against the milder cases he marked P. P. P. Against the serious cases he marked G. M. D., not the Grizzly Monster Death, which he so long had dreaded, but something—oh, so much better, as we shall presently see.

In a short while our hero was well, and went everywhere among his friends and neighbors, telling of his good fortune and showing the sick and the suffering how they might be healed. Some laughed and continued to suffer, refusing to be healed. More were wise, took his counsel and proved his vision of the night as he had done.

"A vision, less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are."

Can anything be more delightful than health after sickness? To be a well man, to feel pure blood coursing through your veins, to know that lungs, liver, kidneys, and all the Grand Machinery Does its duty perfectly in one's body; to carry health's ruddy mark on the cheeks. Ah, this is Good Most Decidedly. This was our hero's case, and thousands can tell the same story. The good angel has come to them. They have seen the letters Gleam Most Distinctly before their eyes, and Going Most Definitely to work in pursuing the instructions given, they have recovered that great blessing—Health. G. M. D. has been to them a channel of good, Good Mysteriously Done, and they have bid their sick friends do what all the sick should do, namely, put themselves in communication with the W. D. M. A., Which Done Most Assuredly will put them in the Way Desired Most Anxiously.

Alas, that human nature is so slow to believe—alas, that men and women are bowed down with the burden of complaints, of which they might be rid—consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, heart-disease, kidney disease, malarial complaints, scrofulous diseases, skin diseases, tumors, ulcers, and many more. It would seem as though some ill deity had given every letter of the alphabet as many diseases as it could possibly desire, thus forming an alphabet of sorrow, suffering and woe. Happy they who the Great Mystery Discerning, have escaped the clutches of sad diseases.

Looking back upon his past experience, Mr. Jones feels Grateful Most Decidedly, and continues telling the old story of his sickness, his vision, and his restoration to health; for all the sick are not well yet. But he has had the pleasure of seeing, as he says, Good Miraculously Done to hundreds upon his personal recommendation.

Dear reader, bear with us awhile if light has not yet dawned on your mind. The mystery will soon be revealed. If the key be not on your *right* hand it is at least on your *left*, in letters clear as daylight. A Good Many Delighted have discovered it and opened the portal to a long life and a useful one.

Initials of words that stand for all that is sorrowful and sad, letters, the self-same letters, are often initials of words that breathe of hope and benediction.

Search but awhile and you will find the boon, the blessing and the benefit. The mystery of the three P's, of the F. P., of the G. M. D., and of the W. D. M. A., Will Dawn Most Auspiciously upon you.

Columbus discovered America and won high honor and immortal fame, and they who have learned the secrets of the wonder before your eyes, good reader, Give Most Delightful testimonials of their gratitude.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—it might have been—so sayeth the poet. When we think of the myriads that might have been saved from untimely graves had they seen Mr. Jones' vision and sought his way to health, we feel sad. Yet we can not but rejoice at the Great Many Delivered from death's door by G. M. D., and that Pain's Positive Persecution has been escaped again and again by P. P. P.

Virtues unnumbered serve to make G. M. D. the Greatest Mercy Deigned by favoring providences for the relief of sufferers, and its discoverer feels P. P. P.—Perfectly Pardonable Pride in telling of the Growing Multitude Delivered from the Grasp Most Dreadful of Greedy Mournful Death.

Every sick person is interested in the theme before us, and every well person, too, for who does not know some one who is sick and needs, therefore, the good news of health that is Given Many Daily.

Reader, mystified reader, we will detain you no longer. Perhaps you have Guessed Most Deftly the hidden meaning. P. P. P., you know, stands for Pleasant Purgative Pellets, curing constipation, torpidity of the liver, headache and many other complaints. F. P., of course, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that has proved such a P. F., Prime Favorite and Precious Friend to ladies; safe, easy to take, working like a charm—curing the peculiar weaknesses incident to their sex. The letters W. D. M. A. stand for the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its imposing structures, its army of medical men, specialists all of them, and its president, Dr. R. V. Pierce (the large and central P of Mr. Jones' second vision), all at the service of the sick and suffering, everywhere; while G. M. D. is—well read the initials of the paragraphs of this article and you will see that G. M. D. is Golden Medical Discovery, the boon of the diseased. This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

You will do well if afflicted with any chronic disease to write to the Association for advice, describing your malady as well as you can. Many cases are successfully treated through correspondence and no fees are charged for consultation. For one dollar and a half you can secure a copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent post-paid to your address. Its purchase will repay you. In this is Given More Desirable information than you can find in any other work of a similar nature.

The Ice Remedy.

The proprietor of one of the New York hotels thus explains how he rids his house of the drunken loafers who fall asleep in the bar-room or the rotunda: "Why, you see, when he gets asleep, as he generally does after having drank too much, nobody can take him up or do anything with him, and he is a combination of a devil and a wreck. I just get a little ice, well pounded up, and take him in a friendly way round the neck and slip the ice down his back. As it descends he sort of straightens his spine up; that makes it drop down a little further. As it gets toward the small of the back he looks very much surprised and opens his eyes wide, which previously he could not open himself or anyone for him. He looks at three or four places around, and seeing everybody looking at him, and feeling a little cold and queer, he rises right up and walks out of the front door. I never knew it to fail, and don't you forget it."

A Poor Cure for Insomnia.

A California man troubled with insomnia was told that he would be cured by going to bed, closing his eyes and picturing in his mind a flock of sheep jumping a fence one at a time. The experiment nearly made him insane. "I jumped about 2,000 over the fence," he says, "and there were about 1,000,000 left. Sleep! I'd given $1,000 not to see those sheep jump that fence. I could have gone to sleep right away but for the 2,000,000 stupid, white-faced sheep standing waiting like a lot of fools for me to jump 'em over the fence. Jump 'em, did I say? I had to boost 'em, drive 'em, hoist every one of those 6,000,000 sheep over that pasture fence, and when I turned and looked back there were 13,000,000 sheep, stupid, blank-faced white, woolly imps waiting there, each saying, 'Me, too; my turn next.'"—*Boston Globe.*

—Mr. Jefferson, the actor, went into a bank in New York recently to get a check cashed. The cautious clerk refused to pay out the money, saying that Mr. Jefferson must be identified, whereupon the actor leaned back against a post with that peculiar forsaken air of the returned sleeper, and said, sadly, in the words of *Rip*: "If my tog Schneider vas here he vould know me." The check was paid.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—For brevity in the statement of a tragedy, commend us to this paragraph: "A party of the name of Russell Lester went to Vinita, Indian Territory, for the avowed purpose of killing a man named Rutledge. The remains of Lester were returned in the baggage car of the next train. The best of plans are sometimes thwarted."

HOME AND FARM.

—A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

—A Wisconsin farmer thinks corn planted with the rows running east and west will stand better than if they run north and south.

—It is said that the American is superior to the European teasel, and that the cultivation of this plant can be engaged in profitably by the farmers of this country.

—A bit of economy is to save the peel of oranges; dry it and grate it for flavoring mince pies and orange cakes and custard also. If it is dried perfectly and is kept in a dry closet, there is no danger of its becoming musty.

—When horses eat their oats too rapidly the evil may be checked by placing some clean cobblestones in the box. The horse will thus be compelled to pick his oats slowly, masticate them more thoroughly, and they will do him much more good than if hurriedly eaten in the ordinary way.

—Professor Shelton, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, holds that the cultivation of such crops as broom-corn, hemp, flax and, perhaps, castor beans, which furnish but little, if any, stock feed, will ultimately lead to serious consequences in the loss of fertility sustained in the lands so cultivated.

—A dry substance like wool or saw dust for hens' nests abstracts moisture from the eggs and ruins them. The hen, if left to herself, will make her nest on the moist earth. At the bottom of the nesting-boxes place a damp sod of earth and mold it into a concave form. This dampness is beneficial, as it supplies the moisture the eggs lose during the process of hatching.

—Silver in constant use should be washed every day in a pan of suds made of good white soap and warm water, drying it with old soft linen cloths. Twice a week (after this washing) give it a thorough brightening with finely-powdered whiting, mixed to a thin paste with alcohol, rubbing longer and harder where there are stains. Then wipe this off and polish with clean, soft old linen.

—Sponge-drops are nice to mix with other cake in the basket. Beat four eggs to a stiff froth; then stir in one heaping cup of sugar and one cup and a third of flour. One teaspoonful of baking powder should be thoroughly mixed with the flour. Flavor with lemon and drop from a dessertspoon on buttered paper spread on tin plates. The oven should be hot, and the cakes will bake in a few minutes. They require watching, as they are very likely to brown too much.

—Spanish shortcake: Spanish shortcake is excellent for tea. Take three eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, a little cinnamon, two cups of flour, and a teaspoonful of baking powder; stir the flour in, do not knead it; the eggs, butter and sugar should be beaten together till very light. Bake in a shallow tin; when it is done spread a thin frosting over the top; make this of the white of one egg, a little pulverized sugar, and set in the oven to brown.

The Use of Paris Green.

Farmers, bear this in mind: You can not have a large crop of sound potatoes, no matter how rich the soil or how well the crop is cultivated, unless the vines and foliage are healthy. Protect them, therefore. If you use too large a proportion of Paris green in the water or plaster, then the leaves will be injured, and injury from *this* cause is just as harmful as injury from the potato beetle. It is a fact that Paris green may be so extended with plaster that it will not harm the foliage while it will kill the beetles or their larvæ. It is, no doubt, a handier way to many and certainly it costs less to use this poison in water, while it is just as effectual. But the poison does not dissolve, so that, in spite of constant stirring, the water of the bottom of the vessel from which it is sprinkled upon the vines contains enough poison to harm the leaves, and it is for this reason we give preference to its division with plaster, which may be evenly distributed over every part of the plant. Sifters and bellows are now sold in most country stores, or the former may be constructed at home at a trifling cost. We have used Paris green in water and in plaster through several seasons and carefully noted the result upon the foliage. While that upon which the poisoned plaster was applied remained green and luxurious, the middles (mid-veins) of the leaves receiving the poisoned water would often turn gray and finally wither. Let us then bear in mind that our object is to preserve our potato vines as much from the injury of Paris green as from being devoured by the potato beetle. The one is just as important as the other, and both may be accomplished if we would use, instead of poisoned water, one part of pure Paris green to 100 parts of plaster and thoroughly mix them together, so that the plaster will be evenly, though very slightly, tinted throughout with the poison. It is best to purchase the plaster and green now and to mix it as above suggested and store it in barrels in a perfectly dry place. Thus mixed, there is little, if any, chance of its poisoning animals, since they would have to eat a considerable quantity to do them harm, while pure Paris green is a most dangerous article to have about the premises.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Hints to Pork Makers.

While it has been demonstrated that under favoring circumstances twenty pounds of live hog can be made from fifty-six pounds of shelled corn, it has been even more thoroughly demonstrated that tens of thousands of men every year feed millions of bushels of corn to hogs that never return one-fourth that quantity, while a good round per cent. of them fall even short of that. A hog to fatten or even grow rightly, must not be cold, and especially not cold and wet too, as he is sure to be if much exposed in inclement weather; hence, he should have quarters where most of his time, when not eating, will be passed in healthful sleep, warm and undisturbed. This can not be had in a leaky sty, or a manure heap. In referring to the plan of keeping corn or food all the time before them a writer says: "Surely in this way their appetite and relish for it can not be as good as when only as much is given as they will clean up; then next time they come with alacrity to what should be to them an enjoyable feast. This by no means signifies that they should be allowed to become squealing, screaming hungry. The more they eat the faster they are likely to lay on flesh and fat, and they will eat most when fed a reasonable quantity, and at regular intervals. To keep them full, without being at any time cloyed, is the happy medium to seek."—*Colman's Rural World.*

—There are eleven States in which women can vote for school directors.

—Franklin Pierce's old home, in the outskirts of Concord, N. H., is to be transformed into a Protestant Episcopal school for girls.

—In the best school in the State of New York the pupils have been trying to thrash the master. There seems to be a general misunderstanding as to who is boss in the schools of America.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—The number of students in the Presbyterian theological seminaries during the past year is as follows: Princeton, 125; Union, 129; Allegheny, 74; Auburn, 42; Lane, 36; Chicago, 27; Danville, 7; San Francisco, 6; making a total of 446.

—A religious movement bearing some resemblance to that of the Salvation Army has begun at Hamburg. Three orthodox clergymen invite people, especially workmen, to meetings by placards with the inscription: "Followers of Christ, assemble and take up His cross." The meetings are well attended by men and women of the lower classes. Free discussion is allowed.

—Pennsylvania school-slate makers have organized an exchange which has advanced prices twenty per cent. all round. The indignation of the juvenile population will, doubtless, be arrayed against this protected interest, where a similar action with regard to "'rithmetics," "spellers and "grammars" would pass uncriticised. Nervous teachers can be driven to the verge of resigning by any boy who understands how to drop a slate at the angle most favorable to vibration of tone.

—The Lowell (Mass.) *Mail* gives the following statistics for the Congregational churches of that city for 1882: Total membership, 2,387—659 males, females, 1,628; absent members reported, 494; total additions, 93—71 by profession, and 22 by letter; 44 dismissals and 26 deaths, making a gain of 23; 47 adults and 34 infants were baptized; total Sunday-school membership, 2,525; total number of families, 1,238; total charities, $12,045.49; total expenses, $26,520.46; total expenses and charities, $38,565.95.

An Accurate Time-Piece.

• • • While on the subject of Waltham watches, we may mention that we have seen a letter from the Commander of the *Gordon Castle* (Castle line of Steam Packets), who was fortunate enough to save life at sea, and who for his gallant conduct was presented in September last with a Gold Keyless Waltham Watch by the President of the United States, on behalf of the London Local Marine Board. Referring to this Presentation Watch, he says: "When I left London the watch was six seconds fast, and on my arrival at Singapore it was only three seconds slow, a most extraordinary performance for a watch, as I carried it on my person the whole time. I compared it every day with my chronometers on the passage out, and it seldom or ever differed one second from them; in fact, I found it almost, if not as good as my chronometers, which is a great deal to say for a watch carried about and subject to all kinds of jolts."—*London, England, The Watchmaker, Jeweller and Silversmith, Feb. 5, 1883.*

—The grand offense of parents, says Alexander Dumas, lies in shirking the difficulties presented by the curiosity of children. He dwells upon the heinousness of the time-honored practice of lying to children. Children, he declares, are always old enough to receive correct answers to the questions they ask. "There is no such thing as a stupid child. A child may have a more or less prompt intelligence; it may develop special aptitudes or antipathies, but you will never hear it say a stupid thing as long as you have not deceived it, as long as you have not told it a lie."

A GRANGER whose name is Bob Shield
Was mowing the grass in his field,
By a snake he was bitten,
And he has just written,
"St. Jacobs Oil has the bite healed."

A lame Chinaman on the Pacific,
Of pains and aches was prolific;
He limped all around,
Until he had found
St. Jacobs Oil, the great specific.

MR WILLIAM BUSH, living in Corsicana, Texas, recently buried his wife and four children in the same grave. They all died of measles, within two days of each other.

UPON what should the dude be fed? Upon dew-drops, of course.—*Life.*

A Remarkable Tribute.

Sidney Ourchundro, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "I have used DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS many years, with the most gratifying results. The relieving influence of Hall's Balsam is wonderful. The pain and rack of body, incidental to a tight cough, soon disappear by the use of a spoonful according to directions. My wife frequently sends for Hall's Balsam instead of a physician, and health is speedily restored by its use.

A BOARD full of nails is the worst we ever saw.—*Exchange.*

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, April 27, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 25	@ 6 25
HOGS—Common	6 25	@ 6 65
Good packers	7 15	@ 7 65
SHEEP	5 25	@ 6 00
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 14¼	@ 1 15
No. 2 winter red	1 11½	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	45	@
Rye—No. 2	65	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@ 12 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 11
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 75	@ 20 00
Lard—Steam	11½	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 75	@ 4 15
Good to choice	4 70	@ 7 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20⅜	@ 1 21
No. 1 white	1 13½	@ 1 15½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	68	@ 69½
Oats—mixed	51	@ 52½
PORK—Mess	19 25	@ 19 60
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 12	@ 1 12¼
Corn—No. 2	55⅛	@ 55¼
Oats—No. 2	41	@ 41½
Rye	61½	@
PORK—Mess	19 15	@ 19 20
LARD—Steam	11·70	@ 11·72½
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 20½	@ 1 21
Corn—mixed	66½	@ 66¾
Oats—mixed	51	@ 53
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	54	@
Oats—mixed	47½	@
PORK—Mess	20 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 10	@
CORN	52	@
OATS—mixed	42	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 5 60

THE man who "dies game" should never be shot out of season.

RADDING'S Russia Salve, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25cts.

"Misery loves company." That's the reason a hen-pecked husband advises his friends to marry.

THOSE COMPLAINING OF SORE THROAT, Hoarseness or Cold, should use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

SLANG never heard from the lips of a bride—"don't give me away.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CHROLITHION Collars and Cuffs will not turn yellow nor grow stiff like other waterproof goods.

THE latest mineral discovery in California is a soap mine. Good stock to water.—*Boston Star.*

Gastrine.

A lady says: "When I feel at all distressed after eating, a tablespoonful of Gastrine gives me almost instant relief." Sold by druggists.

BRANDY improves by keeping it; so does the man who owns it.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
Soothes the lungs convulsed with a cough. Piko's toothache drops cure in one minute.

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

What the great restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental despondency, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities to which the feeble are so subject. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

HOGS IN EUROPE United States.
Mention this paper with your address on postal card to H. W. HILL & Co., 8 West Main St., DECATUR, ILL., will obtain a book FREE with the number of Hogs in each State and Europe, Census 1880, also a popular story entitled
"THAT HOG OF MINE."

WORTH SENDING FOR! Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CURE THEM, which is offered FREE, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

HANDSOME GOLD WATCH. On receipt of $25 we will send a Gent's SOLID GOLD Stem-Winding Watch, and guarantee perfect satisfaction, or will refund the money. Send P. O. order or registered letter. T. MORTON & CO., 203 Broadway, New York.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Write for catalogue. Coleman & Palms, Prop'rs.

Na Gongs, No Banners.—"A Summer Idyl."
From a Providence Merchant.

MR. GEORGE H. DAVIS, a fruit dealer at 297 Westminster street, bears his grateful testimony to the unequalled excellence of the production of one of our most skillful Providence pharmacists. Mr. Davis says: "Last spring I was very greatly troubled with severe inflammation of the kidneys, and it became so bad that at times I urinated blood, and my sufferings were intense. My condition was so painful that for a while I was scarcely able to attend to business, and the severe pains would come so suddenly and severely that I would be obliged to leave a customer whom I might happen to be waiting upon. During a part of the time I was unable to walk, and scarcely knew what to do or which way to look for relief. At this time a friend recommended Hunt's Remedy. I took two bottles of it, and it took right hold of my disease and cured me very speedily, and I have experienced no trouble with my kidneys since.

"Furthermore, Hunt's Remedy has strengthened me very much, and since I began to use it I have been able to attend to business, and am all right now. I heartily recommend it to all. What it has done for me it will do for you who are afflicted."

Suffered for Twenty Years.

HON. JOSHUA TUTHILL, of East Saginaw, Mich., says: "Count me among the enthusiastic friends of Hunt's Remedy. It has proven in my case all you claim for it. Having suffered for about twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys (which our local physicians pronounced Bright's Disease), I made a journey East to consult the eminent Dr. Haven, of Hamilton, New York, of whose fame in this specialty I had heard much. Dr. Haven examined me carefully and simply said: 'Go and get a bottle of Hunt's Remedy and take according to directions.' After having traveled so far for treatment, it struck me as rather funny to be directed to take a medicine which I might have bought within a stone's throw of my own door; but I was in the doctor's hands, and of course I followed his advice, and right glad was I that I did so, for before I had taken Hunt's Remedy half a dozen times I found immense benefit from it, and by continuing the use of it for a limited time I recovered from my trouble entirely, and am to-day, I think, one of the most rugged of rugged Michiganders. The world is indebted to you, sir, for the promulgation of such a medicine, and I hope you may not go without your reward."

Advertising Cheats ! ! !

"It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness

"And ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say;

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable"

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY OF UTICA, N. Y.

$60 5-TON JONES

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warranted 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
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WANTED---AGENTS.
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A. N. K.—E. 923 17—83

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1883. NUMBER 28.

AN ALPHABETICAL RHYME.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study Nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And Z's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops, he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

—*Whitehall Times.*

HOW SHE FOUND HIM.

It was on the last stage of the long and tedious ride from Fort Craig to Santa Fe. We had taken up the last relay of frisky mustangs, said good-night to the last sleepy hostler, and were dashing away into the darkness with the noses of the leaders pointed square toward the City of the Holy Faith. We had been under way an hour before my attention was attracted toward the driver. He might have been fifteen and he may have been seventy-five. He was cocked and primed with all the slang of the frontier, which he interlarded with bits of lingo from the mines, quaint quotations from the familiar poets and humorists, and when at a loss for a word or so to point a sentence slung in a Latin or Spanish phrase with an inimitable pronunciation and a graceful wave of, the hand that signified his utter disgust with a mother tongue that was so paltry of fitting words in an emergency.

"Now, let me tell you," he would remark, close on the heels of some long and astonishing yarn; "now let me tell you what occurred to me one night on the Yellowstone," or the Brazos, or the South Fork of the Canadian, or the Sea of Galilee, or other equally distant locality, and off he would gallop at a breakneck pace, keeping time with the scampering team in front of us. It was in the midst of this medley of astounding adventures by field and flood that he spun the quaint little yarn that is the excuse for these paragraphs.

"One night out from Los Animas," he began after carefully lighting a proffered cigar, and shying the burning match at the off-wheeler, "a beautiful moonlight night, I remember, one of those nights, you know, Cap, when the prairies seem all aglow with mellowness, I found when I had mounted the box and unfastened the lines from the handle of the brake, the strangest outside passenger in my experience. It was a woman—that is, I thought her a woman when she drew herself up with dignity as I bade her a hearty 'good evening,' and turned up her little nose at the idea of being accosted so familarly by a driver, but when I said something about the night being filled with music, and the cares that infest the day, etcetra, etcetra, etcetra—you savez—she turned a clear-cut, thorough-bred profile toward me and opened a pair of the biggest, blackest eyes I ever looked into with a most wondering expression. It was only a moment, however, for then she opened her lips to show two rows of the smallest, whitest teeth as she sent out a peal of childish laughter that rippled and rang all over the prairie.

"She had come from Boston, she told me, and was bound for Tucson, where she expected to meet a friend, 'the dearest friend in the world,' she intimated, with a proud little gesture, 'and he loves me to distraction. I am not alone, you know. Max is with me, and with him I wouldn't be afraid of anything. Would I Max?' Now who the dickens is Max I wondered, and looked up and down and all around, expecting to see some fellow, you know, that I hadn't noticed before. And just then I felt a cold, wet something come against my cheek that felt for all the world like the barrel of a derringer, and turned around suddenly to see the biggest, blackest Newfoundland stretched out on the roof behind me.

"'And now let me tell you about Jack. You see Jack and I always loved each other. He was awfully mischievous, and when he grew up and we were married he was just as wild as ever. He got into some foolish scrape, and the people around there were all so stupid and intolerant that he could never have any peace of his life, and one day the sheriff came around to see Jack about something, and Jack didn't care to have any words with him, and so he went away. Don't you know I hadn't the slightest idea where he had gone for the longest time. But one day I got a letter from Chicago, and it was from Jack, and he had been having such a hard time, poor fellow, and he said if he only had some money he could go to the mines and dig lots of gold, and then come home, and we would be as happy as two bugs in a rug. Now, wasn't that nice of Jack? Well, so as I had been saving up ever since he went away. I just sent him the money, and then I didn't hear from him again until about a week ago. Then a letter came from Arizona, and it was from Jack, and he had been having more trouble, and unless he could have more money within two weeks they would put him in jail. I can't understand why every one is so down on Jack. So you see I drew all my money from the bank, and as I was afraid the mail might miscarry, I just thought it would be safer to bring it myself. And so here I am, and—and that's all. But won't he be glad to see me, the dear old darling, and won't it be splendid when I get there to face those wretches who are so down on him, and pay them their old, nasty money, and say: "There, you old rascals, I'm a little woman, as you can see, but I am Jack Seymour's wife." Oh, won't it be nice, driver?'

"'Great Heavens!' I thought. 'Jack Seymour! the roughest desperado in the Southwest and the biggest rascal unhung!' Jack Seymour's wife! She had better have been the wife of the old Nick himself. And then I happened to think that sure enough the Sheriff had taken him a few weeks before, and that if Judge Lynch didn't try him in the meantime he would certainly swing by due process of law, and all the wives in the world wouldn't save him. I am afraid my face, even in the moonlight, must have shown something of my horror at the thought, for she peered curiously into it, and grasped my arm with a little clutch as she said: 'Do you know Jack, driver? Maybe you have seen him. He is tall and fair, and his hair is ever so light, and curls all over his head in the cunningest little tight ringlets.' Oh, yes, I groaned to myself, not the least doubt in the world but your man and mine are one and the same infernal scoundrel. But to her I said something altogether different, as you may imagine, and I did my best to keep up the conversation, and listened to all her queer little plans and confidences, and am afraid I forgot all about the truth in listening to that merry little voice as it chatted all night long to plumb daylight.

"A half hour after sunrise we drove into the little ranch where we were to change horses and breakfast. I noticed a crowd around the relay-house long before we reached it; say a dozen men armed to the teeth, and horses all saddled, as though a party had been staying there over night and were about to start on. But you can imagine how the blood curdled in my veins when, as we drew up in front of the piazza, two men with drawn revolvers came out of the door, and between them was a tall, fair man, with blue eyes and curling hair, and wearing the most dare-devil expression I ever witnessed. It was the Sheriff's pose taking a prisoner to Santa Fe. And just at that moment the Newfoundland made one spring from the roof of the coach to the piaza, and a ringing voice shouted: 'Why, that is my Jack!' and my little woman made one flying leap to the ground, with a glad-like cry that I shall never forget to my dying day, and then I saw Seymour struggling with his guards, heard muffled oaths, saw him wrench a revolver from the belt of one of them. 'Stand off!' he shouted. 'Stand off, men, or I will have some one's heart's blood! Stand off, I say!' Then I saw the burly Sheriff advance toward him, when, quick as a flash, Seymour leveled and fired square at his head. But the Sheriff had dodged, and as my little woman had been trying all the time to reach his side the cruel bullet struck her full in the breast, and she fell forward just as Seymour sprang and caught her in his arms. Then we all gathered around them as she lay there with her little white arms around his neck, talking to him in her sweet little voice, while the anguish on Seymour's face was terrible to witness. How he cursed and imprecated his captors and petted and soothed the dying woman, and swore by all the heavens that he would make mankind pay dearly for that moment. And she—the dear little angel—oh, shall I ever forget it?—she talked of nothing but Jack. 'Never mind, my darling,' she whispered, 'it was not your fault; you couldn't help it, you see, and I am so sorry that you are taking it so hard, Jack. Never mind, sweetheart, it will soon be over. And, Jack,'—here she pulled his head down to hers and whispered with her last breath—'after I am gone look in my little satchel and you will find the money. It was to be all yours, any way, you know; and I am so glad I reached you in time,' and the pure, faithful little heart had ceased to beat. I could stand it no longer, Cap, and with tears streaming from my eyes, I sprang back on the box, and drove my team the next twenty miles at a dead gallop. What became of Seymour? Oh! he swung just the same. He had a score of murders against him, you know, besides this, the last and worst of all. And speaking of murders, let me tell you of something that happened to me in Utah in '59." But though my driver galloped away all night with his everlasting adventures, I heard nothing but the last words of Seymour's little wife, and for the next week I lived over in memory the thrilling story of how she met him.

* * * * *

A month later, while lunching at Menger's in San Antonio, with General Armstrong, the then efficient chief of all the stage lines north of the Brazos, I happened to think of my quandom friend, the driver.

"A queer character, General," I remarked, "that driver of yours at Santa Fe. Johnson I think is his name, Ben Johnson. A most remarkable fellow. Seemed to have picked up a deal of information for a man of his sphere. Uses good language you know; has many original ideas; rude sort of eloquence, pathos, and all that sort of thing, you know. And besides, he is a most wonderful raconteur.

"Yes," said the General, musingly, "and the biggest liar this side of the Rocky Mountains. If Johnson ever told you anything for a fact, you can bet ten dollars to a cent that it isn't so. Why, that unprincipled scamp lays awake nights studying out yarns to beguile travelers on the box. Do you know, Carl, he once told me a cold-blooded fiction about a woman and a dog that—"

"Pass the wine, General," I faltered; "never mind the woman and the dog; I dare say I have heard it before. What time do we leave for Concho?—*Washington Capital.*

—The Children's Society of Philadelphia is about to attempt to have enforced an old State law which forbids the employment, in factories, of children less than thirteen years of age, and which imposes a penalty for working children, between thirteen and sixteen years old, more than nine callendar months of the year. The same law provides that children more than thirteen and less than sixteen years old shall attend school for three consecutive months each year. The penalties prescribed are not light ones.

—At a recent examination for clerical positions in the Treasury Department at Washington, one of the applicants, in replying to the inquiry of how far the sun was from the earth, answered: "The sun is not so far away that I can not see to do my work if I am given the place I want."

—It is estimated that there are 70,000 dead laws on the statute books of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio, but the only way for a stranger to find out the live ones is to swing his hat on some street corner and yell out that he is from the headwaters of Fighting Creek.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Tight trousers are going out of fashion. They always did have a slim chance, and latterly the wearers' legs have had to combine for support.

—He—Good-by, Miss Smith, I'm sorry I have to leave so soon. She—I'm very sorry, too; but still, "parting is such sweet sorrow."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—The great question of the day at present is, how to wear a high all-round collar and still be able to sneeze hard without cutting your throat.—*Puck.*

—A cynical old bachelor thinks that women, as a class, should be called "maple sugar," because it is almost impossible to tell their age.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

—Be respectful to every one, no matter what his or her position may be in the world. Never, for instance, ask your washerwoman where she "hangs out."—*Earville Graphic.*

—Mrs. Sam Millidge, an Austin lady, was busy trying to make a pincushion of sawdust when the colored cook came to ask what she should cook for dinner. "Go away, and don't bother me now. My head is full of sawdust now, and I can't think of anything else."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A young lady was recently asked by her gallant what she considered the height of impudence. Looking archly at him, she said: "Spark a girl for three solid hours and never offer to kiss her." It is needless to add that he is not so impudent now.

—"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

—A Pittsburgh girl who had refused a good-looking telegraph repair man three times within six months gave as a reason that he was too much of a wanderer. That he roamed from pole to pole, from one climb to another, and if he did come home he'd be insulate that the neighbors would be sure to talk.

—The theory that photographs can not be taken at night was upset the other day when a thief was marched up to the bar in a justice's court-room. Judge—"What is the charge?" Officer—"Stealing." Judge—"Stealing what?" Officer—"Stealing photographs." Judge—"When did he steal them?" Officer—"Last night, your Honor." Judge—"I will discharge the prisoner, for I know that thousands of dollars have been wasted in the attempt to discover a process whereby pictures could be taken at night. The prisoner may go."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Large amounts of peanuts will be planted in Tennessee this year.

—A gentleman of Enterprise, Fla., has spread muslin under many of his orange trees, to collect the orange blossoms when they fall. He will make perfumery out of them.

—San Francisco claims to make more and better chocolate than any other place in the world. The ingredients are sugar from the Sandwich Islands, cocoa from Ecuador, and vanilla raised in California.

—Hearths are decorated with tiles in imitation of polished woods. Deep browns, reds and black represent maples, mahogany, cherry and walnut, the high glaze of the tile giving the exact effect of the polish of natural wood.

—A new idea is a contrivance for holding open the pages of a book which obstinately refuses to lie flat on a table, or to keep quiet on a music desk. It is made of wire twisted into a shape that resembles the confused snarl of a crab's locomotive machinery.

—The Earl of Ashburton has a collection of manuscripts which he values at $800,000. If he were to send them to a magazine editor he would probably discover to his dismay that they were not worth $20. Many an author who has valued his manuscripts at $100 has disposed of them at one cent a pound, after they had been "respectfully declined."—*Norristown Herald.*

—The staining of bricks red is effected by melting one ounce of glue in a gallon of water, then adding a piece of alum as large as an egg, one-hall pound of Venetian red, and one pound of Spanish brown; redness or darkness is increased by using more red or brown. For coloring black, heat the bricks and dip in fluid asphaltum, or in a hot mixture of linseed oil and asphalt.—*Chicago Journal.*

—According to *La Libertad*, of Mexico, Don Nicolas Zunigay Miranda of that city has invented an apparatus that it is claimed will give notice, several days in advance of the coming of an earthquake. Its indications, Senor Zuniga affirms, are so accurate that it will mark not only the day, but even the exact hour when the disturbance is to occur, and show what the degree of intensity of subterranean commotion will be.

—An enormous quantity of water passes through the roots of plants. An English experimenter has ascertained that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant, an average of 2,000 pounds of water is absorbed. At the French Agricultural Observatory of Montsouris it was found that in rich soil, 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every pound of grain produced; while in a very poor soil, 2,693 pounds passed through the wheat roots for each pound of grain.

—A Mr. Brooks, who lives about a mile north of Somerset, Pa., dug a well on his farm last fall, but the water had such an odor that he could not use it. Upon examination of the well a few days since he found it contained about ten feet of petroleum. In the same neighborhood petroleum is running in a small stream from a spring. About two years ago a Pennsylvania oil man examined the land in that section, and wanted to lease the farms for boring and inspection, but a number of farmers refused to lease their lands, and the matter was soon dropped, but now the oil excitement is on the rise.—*Chicago Times.*

Religious.

DON'T FORGET TO PRAY.

"It's hard to have you leave us, John,
They all are gone but you;
We're getting old and feeble, and
Our journey'll soon be through,
But since it is God's pleasure, John,
To guide you on your way,
Accept, my boy, this precious Book,
And don't forget to pray.

"This Book has been a treasure, John,
To father and to me;
As it has been to millions, and
To millions more will be.
In sickness, pain and sorrow, John,
'Twill shed a cheering ray;
Then let it be your constant guide,
And don't forget to pray.

"This world is full of wickedness,
Of luring snares, and sin;
And thousands, madly pressing on,
Are daily falling in.
But if you would escape them, John,
And keep the narrow way,
Oh, make God's Word your counselor,
And don't forget to pray.

"With yearning hearts we'll pray, dear John,
For your eternal weal,
As round the family altar we
At morn and evening kneel.
In spirit you may join us, John,
Though many miles away,
If in your heart this Word you hide,
And don't forget to pray.

"Good-bye! God bless and keep you, John!
Shall be our daily prayer;
And if we meet no more below,
God grant we may up there.
And we have this assurance, John,
To cheer us, that we may,
If we the Bible make our guide,
And don't forget to pray."

—*J. W. Childs, in N. Y. Observer.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

The *Inter Ocean* publishes the following synopsis of a recent sermon by Rev. J. H. Barrows, of Chicago:

"Be not deceived. God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, and he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—*Gal. vi., 7-8.*

Since that third epoch in creation, when God made the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind, the great law of sowing and reaping that which has been sowed has continued, and the Scriptures and human experience teach us that this is the material side of an universal law, as true in life and character as in the garden, the orchard and the corn-field. He who sows evil and hopes to reap good is mocking at God. But God cannot successfully be treated with contempt. Chance does not rule in the system of things under which we live. We are under a government of law and order. The farmer who plants corn in May will not gather sugar-cane from that seed in September. Nature is not a freakish mistress, but a wise and orderly mother. The reign of law, or, to speak more actually, the reign of God by law, is universal.

Our homes, and schools, and stores, and streets contain many who seem to imagine that they can sow idleness and dissipation and yet reap the substantial fruits of character and the enduring rewards of life. Human experience and the word of God do not encourage men to believe this doctrine. The late President Chadbourne, of Williams College, said of General Garfield that he remembered him as the student who never "flunked," and he recalled the story of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, who affirmed that that victory was won on the Eton play-ground. Lord Macauley said that, as a rule, the men who stand first in the English universities have been the men pre-eminent in the world of active life. That Liverpool lad who led his class in Eton and took the double-first degree in Oxford is the Prime Minister of England today and has long been

"The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of the world's desire."

The Commercial Club of this city has in its membership sixty of the leading business men of Chicago, representing firms that employ 48,000 persons. A member of this club told me that he had seen the great majority of these sixty men when they came to Chicago with scarcely a dollar in their pockets. Most of them are of New England Puritan stock—men who have no sympathy with the notion that dissoluteness, indolence and short-sighted extravagance in youth are to be the seeds of honor and prosperity in middle life.

Most of these men and most of Chicago's most prosperous citizens to-day have no sympathy with loose principles, and I have the conviction that the great majority of the sixty-four millionaires whose names were published the first of this year have regard to the Lord's word, and will be found listening to it on the Lord's day.

Young men are often disposed to act on the theory that the beginnings of evil are harmless: that it will not be dangerous for them just to sip a little draught of forbidden pleasure. O what multitudes are snared by a prurient curiosity! They want to "see life" in the great city, which means dabbling in corruption, poisoning the mind with impure sights and memories. A man can not take fire into his bosom and not be burned. The hospitals are filled with loathsome wretches who only began by indulging in impure desires. The vast army of drunkards all came from the immense ranks of the moderate drinkers. The insane asylums are filled with men who said: "One glass can never harm me." "There is no danger," many a young man says, "in occasionally visiting the saloons." The prisons are crowded with men who began with little thefts and dishonesties. God is not mocked.

We see men about us in political life who had by nature noble traits, generous enthusiasms, but who in the presence of temptation let down the bars of moral honor just a little, and are to-day moral bankrupts, the reproach of our city. If we can get young men to understand that the habits of mind and life which hold to-day are the forces which are to make the blessedness or ruin of twenty years from now, we give them the best part of their education. God's laws are not to be safely broken, and you should so respect the Divine earnestness and the Divine truthfulness as to live for the future, fearing, among other things, to transgress the laws of physical health by late hours, little sleep, intemperate eating, vicious pleasures, the indulgence of harmful luxuries, and a hundred other ways in which young people are storing up for middle life, if they ever reach it, the seeds of weakness, disease and death. Fearing God means that you are to understand that God's laws are not to be altered for the benefit of your sins, and that next year will not make up for the deficiencies and transgressions of to-day.

Few habits formed in childhood and youth are equally valuable with the habit of reading good books. It is the beginning of that culture which Matthew Arnold defines as knowing the best that has been thought and written. It is a mental employment which saves the mind from dissipation and the life from ennui, and often from vice. Carlyle says that his university course was chiefly valuable to him in that it taught him to read, to read wisely, with a disciplined mind, in several languages. And there is no surer sign of a bad education than an indisposition to become acquainted with some part of the world's intellectual treasure house. And there is nothing more perilous to young men than the habit of filling the mind with the scandal and crime which certain representatives of the industrious press scrape together from the four quarters of the globe.

There is no question of greater moment to the American people to-day than that of the reading which is put into the hands of the young. Let me furnish the books which make up the mental life of the rising generation and I will shape the national future. There is no excuse for not owning and reading good books to-day. They can be had at one-fifth their former price. No greater service can be rendered to the public and the home than to quicken a desire to possess and master some portion of the best literature. Whatever is printed on the mind of man is an autograph for eternity. The enduring results of our thoughts, habits, choices are found in our own souls. No man ever did a mean or indulged an impure meditation without feeling the effect of it in himself. We all see the results of physical disease in the persons of the sufferers. We can not look into the human soul as easily as into the human face.

But God does. He sees the effect of every sin in clear outline and dark coloring. There sinful pride, hardening into utter selfishness, has left its impression. There vanity and insincerity have defaced what was originally beautiful. There lust and anger have burned their black foot-marks into the white innocency of the soul; and this is the harvest of the flesh—moral deterioration, or, as the Scriptures call it, corruption, which in the New Testament is synonomous with death. A thing spoiled is a thing dead. A human soul dies when it is lost to virtue. There is many a man, increased in goods, fat and prosperous, a lord of creation, envied of fools, but who, having sown to the flesh, has reaped moral death, whose heart is pollution and whose touch is defilement. "My soul enter not thou into the secret of that man!"

Young men, I entreat you not to regard this world or the next as a grand lottery in which one is just as likely to draw prizes as another. Be not deceived. There is a wise and holy law-giver at work in human life, and whatsoever you sow, that very thing, and nothing else, you shall also reap. And the same principle which should discourage men from sowing to the flesh should encourage them to sow to the spirit. Every virtuous act confirms the habit of virtue. Every loving deed strengthens the capacity of love. Begin early in sowing to the spirit Let the good seed fall into the good ground of a heart not hardened by long years of misdoing. Welcome the dews of God's grace, and the harvest of your life shall not be the chaff which the wind driveth away, but the golden sheaves which, with great joy, shall be gathered into the storehouse of the Lord.

Gems of Thought.

—Bear your own misfortunes with half the resignation you bear other people's, and you will be happy all the time. It is so easy to tell other people how to be heroic, and so difficult to be courageous ourselves.—*Golden Rule.*

—He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure and the highest happiness hereafter.—*Colton.*

—William E. Dodge, in a letter written not long before his death, detailing to a friend some reminiscences of his eventful life, said: "The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Road was formed in my office in 1851, by my inviting some one hundred gentlemen to consider the project. My late father-in-law, Anson G. Phelps, made the first subscription and myself the second. I have been a director ever since. It has grown into vast proportion, but has been a strictly Sabbath-keeping road and greatly prosperous. I was pleased some years ago last summer, when in the office, to see a telegram reply just made by the President, Mr. Sloan, to a letter from a Methodist minister, asking that trains might be run on Sunday to a camp meeting some fifteen miles from Scranton. The reply was short, but to the point: "Our trains don't run on Sundays."

—Feeling is no true test of one's religious state; nor is it a safe guide in duty. One is not always most profited by church services, or by Bible reading, or by prayer, or by alms-giving, or by duty-doing of any sort, when he feels most in the mood of that particular service. He may, indeed, gain most when his duty-doing is most of an effort to him. "God," it is true, "loveth a *cheerful* giver;" but if a man can not give cheerfully, he had better give reluctantly than not give at all. And there is no way by which one is more likely to grow into a spirit of cheerful giving than by giving in spite of his feeling of reluctance to give. So of Bible reading, and of private devotions, and of public worship. One ought to feel it a privilege to have a share in these things; but the less he feels in this way, the larger is his need of taking a part in them in spite of his lack of right feeling. As Archbishop Trench has phrased it:

"When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say:
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst pray."

—*S. S. Times.*

Our Young Folks.

TOM'S SCHOOL-BOOKS.

One night, not long since, as I went to the closet,
A garment of Tom's in its place to deposit,
I heard such a queer noise upon one of the shelves,
Where his school-books all stood in a row by themselves,
That I paused at the door, as in I was walking,
And found, to my wonder, the school-books were talking.
Said one, with a sigh: "I am sure you remember
How nicely I looked a year since in September;
But now," it shrieked out, in the wildest of rages,
As it flung back its cover, "just look at my pages!
And how he could do it is really a mystery,
Maltreating like this a 'United States History.'"
Then a book by her side bowed low, as to please her,
And said: "I can sympathize; I am Tom's 'Cæsar.'
I'm nearly worn out, and he never translates me
Without saying roundly he 'perfectly hates me,'
And wishes that 'Cæsar had saved him the trouble
By writing in English.' I'm nearly bent double
By the tortures he gives me, the thumpings, the thwacks,
And by being slapped down upon little boys' backs.
I could not discern the year through one good omen,
And now I despair," said the noble old Roman.
Then said the Arithmetic, speaking quite grim:
"*My* interest isn't of interest to him.
He pays no regard to my Weights and my Measures,
My Cubes and Square-roots, and the rest of my treasures.
And myself and my comrade in arms, this good Slate,
If we choose, we, too, could a sad story relate."
Then the Reader, the Grammar, and all, testified
In the very same way. 'Twas a blow to my pride,
For Tom is my boy; but as soon as 'twas morning
I woke him, and told him this tale for a warning,
And he promised at once, when he heard of their pain,
That he never would treat them so rudely again.

—*Golden Days.*

BRAVE BETH.

"I wish that I lived in a little room at the top of ever so many flights of rickety stairs, and we didn't have anything to eat in the house, nor any fire, and no bed, only a heap of straw and rags in the corner, and I had a little brother who was very sick, and we didn't have but one old cloak between us," said little Nellie, as she closed the book which she had been intently reading.

"Why, petsie, that is rather a strange ideal of perfect happiness. What could have put such a wish as that into your head?"

"Because, auntie, then perhaps I could become a heroine. All the heroines of the stories are poor girls. There isn't much chance for little girls to do anything brave who have all they want, and good, kind mammas to keep their hair combed, and fix pretty dresses with nice little ruffles and ribbons."

"Don't you know, pet, that a great many years ago, a very wise man said: 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city?' So every time you keep back an untrue, or a cross, impatient word, you become a little heroine; and every time you sacrifice your own pleasure, ease or convenience for the sake of others, you have fought a great battle, and become a mighty conqueror over a strong enemy. But perhaps the reason so many little heroes and heroines of stories are poor, friendless children, is because it is so remarkable that without training and advantages they should exhibit such nobility of character. Let me tell you about a little girl who did not belong to this class, who was one of the grandest little heroines that I ever knew. Little Beth lived in a beautiful home on the bank of a river, and she had all the nice clothes, and books, and play-things that she wanted, and a kind father and mother who loved her dearly. Sometimes she thought that she was the happiest child in the world, except her little brother Rob, baby Rob, whom everybody loved on account of his sunny temper, cunning ways and sweet, lisping baby talk.

"When Rob was two years old, one summer afternoon, Beth came running home from school and went in search of him for their usual romp. Mamma was busy and said he was not with her, but had gone out into the garden a little while ago. So Beth went out into the garden, where she found his little wagon and his hat lying out under a tree, but she could see nothing of Rob. Then she ran down the garden walk, calling 'Rob! Rob! where are you baby Rob?' But no sweet little voice answered her. When she reached the farther end of the walk, she found that the gate which was always kept fastened had been carelessly left open. Passing through, her heart stood still at the sight before her. A little back of the house ran the railroad, with a long, high bridge over the river. Some planks had been laid along the middle of the bridge for the convenience of persons crossing on foot, and away out on this narrow walk, half way across the bridge, was baby Rob. In one hand he carried a little basket, and in the other a little stick which he was using for a cane. There he was trudging along, as unconscious of danger as if he had been walking across the nursery floor. It was no wonder that Beth's heart stood still, for that first glance had also shown her a train coming up the track—coming it seemed to her faster than train ever came before. And it was so near.

"Beth gave one scream, hoping that her mother might hear it, and then started down the track. It seemed as if her feet had wings. She knew that she had never run so fast before; but run as fast as she could, the train ran faster. She reaches the bridge and darts along the narrow walk. She knows that she is putting her own life in danger, but she does not hesitate; she does not even think that she is performing a heroic act, but only that her darling little brother is in great peril, and that she must save him if she can. Even baby Rob at last seems aware of his danger, as he notices the panting monster rushing down upon him. He turns and begins to run as fast as he can, and seeing Beth coming he reaches out his little arms to her and cries: 'Take Rob, Beth! Rob's 'fraid!' And Beth clasps him in her arms, and feels his soft little arms around her neck; but she also feels the bridge tremble beneath her. The engine has reached it. She knows that she can not reach the other end of the bridge with her burden; yet, even now, she might escape had she nothing to carry. But the thought of saving herself and leaving poor, helpless little Rob there to be crushed to death never entered her mind.

"She can almost feel the hot breath of the merciless giant. Think quick, little Beth, is there no way of escape? One way seems possible to her; she will try it. And running to the end of one of the ties, she loosens the little arms that cling around her neck, and, kissing the soft baby cheek, she says 'Good-bye, Rob!' and drops the little burden in the stream below. She hopes that some one will come and save him before he drowns. And now she will make a brave effort for her own life, so clasping her hands over one of the ties, she drops down with her body hanging over the stream. If she can only hang on this way till the train has passed she may yet be saved. But the sharp edges cut her wrists, and the tie trembles under the weight of the cars, and with the roaring in her ears, she grows faint and dizzy, and loosens her hold and drops into the water beneath.

"The engineer had at last seen the brave act of the little girl, and, as quick as possible, he stopped his train and went back to rescue the children. One man, throwing off his coat, swam in and easily brought baby Rob to shore, but it was some time before Beth's body was borne by strong arms to her father's house. For a long time loving ones worked over their unconscious forms to win them back to life. At length baby Rob opened his eyes, and, trying to lift up his weak little arms, cried: 'Take Rob, Beth! Rob's 'fraid.' And for weeks this cry rang in the mother's ears as she nursed the little sufferer through the delirium of fever. But Rob called in vain, for the loving arms which would so gladly [illegible] him were motionless forever. Little Beth was dead. They folded the poor bruised hands over the little brave heart, and covered them with flowers; and when they laid her under the maple in the quiet grave-yard, they wrote on her headstone: 'Our Beth. Aged ten.' 'Greater love hath no man than this, that one should lay down her life for her friends.'"—*Christian at Work.*

The Mail-Catcher.

When I saw the express train steaming over the track at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it would have been very hard for me to believe it had caught up and taken due possession of the mail-bag without even "slowing up," had I not long since been convinced that it was neither safe nor sensible to be incredulous with regard to the advances of science. It seemed impossible, but likewise have many other things fully proved, so I donned my hat and walked over to the railroad station.

"Do you mean to say," I asked the station-master, "that my letter deposited in the post-office half an hour ago, has gone in that train?"

"I do," replied the station-master, smilingly but firmly.

"Then please show me the lamp of Aladdin."

"We do not resort to magic," returned Mr. Oldham. "I am the slave of the ring myself, and merely carry the mail-bag to the post you see yonder beside those steps. After the mail-bag," he continued obligingly, "is locked, I strap it around the center, so that it resembles an hour-glass. Ascending the steps, I pull that hinged beam which now lies parallel with the upper part of the post over the top of the post, so as to be at right angles with the track. On the movable iron arm attached to it I hang the reversed bag by the heavy iron ring secured to the bottom of the bag. I then adjust the lower arm to meet the iron ring fastened to the real top of the bag. The bag will now, you understand, be parallel with the train. In order to keep it stretched 'taut,' I tie it to the lower arm by a slender cord which is snapped when the bag is caught; and as it is whirled away, *presto*, the lower arm falls back beside the post, and the hinged beam returns to the first position.

Thanking Mr. Oldham for his explanation, I resolved to be on the spot the next time the express was due, see the mail caught up, and then tell my young friends all about it. I carried my resolution into effect as far as being present was concerned. The train came, whisked by me, and took the mail-bag with it, but how? I rubbed my eyes in vain. The motion had been so instantaneous that I failed to gain an idea which I could reproduce. I therefore applied to the postal agent, requesting the privilege of a better insight into the working of this wonderful invention for saving time. Mr. Applegit kindly acceded to my request, so at the distance of nine miles from the point where my investigation began, I stood on the platform of a station where the express regularly condescends to make a "stop." My attention was called to two iron rods and a heavy iron lever folded closely back against the outside of the postal car. The gentleman within pulled and firmly held down the lever, causing the "elbow" rod, which is tapering and hooked, to immediately project outward. This rod was so exactly adjusted to the mail-bag waiting for it on a post four miles away, and to the bags on all the other posts before the train should make another "stop" and receive its mail from human hands, that it caught them by the middle and held them securely until Mr. Applegit removed them into the postal-car.

That was all! The contrivance is very simple, and the wonder lies in the conception that such a thing could be done while a train is moving at full speed. The thought originated, I am informed, in the busy brain of a lad of fourteen years.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Rev. Joseph Cook says that, under the sacredness of the betrothal tie, a Hindoo woman is lower than a slave if her spouse dies. It is different in this country. Here in this country she is lower than a slave as long as her spouse lives.

—The income the Pope could have from the Italian Government, if he choose to take the money, is $650,000.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. MAY 9. 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
"	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

MARION CITY, Ohio, was almost completely destroyed by fire on the fourth instant.

THE DesMoines, Iowa, saloons have closed rather than pay the $1,000 license levied by the city council.

CINCINNATI'S dramatic festival was a grand success in every particular, and they are talking of having another next year.

NEW ORLEANS has been selected as the place for the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition.

THE mass meeting held Monday, ratified the action of the meeting held on Saturday, and there can now be no question made as to the elligibility of the delegates when they go into the state convention on the 16th inst.

AN interview, says the Courier-Journal, with a gentleman who has traveled over a great portion of the state in the last few weeks reports a great change for the better in the small grain crops.

THE Cabinet has decided not to surrender Tynan, Walsh and Sheridan, unless England demands their surrender distinctly on the grounds that they have been guilty of murder or a conspiracy to murder, and disclaim that the offense was a political offense.

THE Court of Appeals has decided to consider Craft's case on the 15th inst., and if the decision of the lower court is affirmed, nothing further, unless it be a commutation of sentence from Governor Blackburn, will prevent the hanging, which is fixed for May 25th.

H. CLAY WHITE, a gentleman who has been over the state a great deal, says that the crowd of men that assembles in Burlington on County Court days, surpasses, in appearance, any other crowd that meets at any county seat in the state, except Paris, Bourbon county.

UPON investigation we learn that the Boone delegation is a unit for A. B. Smith for Lieutenant-Governor, while they are divided on the candidates for Register of the Land Office and Superintendent of Public Instruction. Corbett and Smith seem to be the leading candidates for the last two named offices.

PHIL B. THOMPSON, who killed Walter H. Davis, at Harrodsburg Junction, last week, has been indicted for willful murder, and the case was to have been called yesterday, at which time a date for the trial was to be fixed. Several of the ablest criminal lawyers of the state have volunteered their services on behalf of the defense. This will be one of the most noted trials in the history of the state.

An Estimate of the Wheat Crop.

Milwaukee, May 1—Tallmadge, the grain statistician, furnishes the following estimates of the probable wheat crop of 1883: Maine, 500,000 bushels; New Hampshire, 100,000; Vermont, 400,000; Massachusetts, 40,000; Connecticut, 60,000; New York, 12,000,000; New Jersey, 2,000,000; Pennsylvania, 20,000,000; Deleware, 1,500,000; Maryland, 8,000,000; Virginia, 8,000,000; North Carolina, 5,000,000; South Carolina, 2,000,000; Georgia, 3,000,000; Alabama, 2,000,000; Texas, 4,000,000; Arkansas, 2,000,000; Tennessee, 8,000,000; West Virginia, 4,000,000, Kentucky, 9,000,000; Ohio, 26,000,000; Michigan, 24,000,000; Indiana, 30,000,000: Illinois, 35,000,000; Wisconsin, 16,000,000; Minnesota, 32,000,000; Iowa, 22,000,000; Missouri, 23,000,000; Kansas, 23,000,000; Nebraska, 16,000,000; California, 26,000,000; Oregon, 18,000,000; Colorado, 2,000,000; the Territories, 20,000,000 bushels. Total, 275,700,000 bushels.

Democratic Primary.

At a meeting held in the court-house in Burlington, at 1 p. m., Saturday, May 5th, 1883, for the purpose of selecting and instructing delegates to the state convention which meets in Louisville on the 16th inst., B. K. Sleet was chosen chairman, and F. Riddell, secretary.

The object of the meeting was explained by the chairman, and on motion and second, L. C. Norman, Solon Early and W. L. Riddell were appointed a committee to select and report to the meeting the names of nine delegates to represent the county in the state convention.

The committee reported the following delegates and alternates, and the report was adopted:

Burlington—Dr. J. G. Furnish delegate and Hon. F. Riddell alternate.

Petersburg—J. Frank Grant delegate, Hon. G. W. Terrill alternate.

Bellevue and Carlton—Hon. J. A. Wilson delegate, Albert Corbin alternate.

Big Bone and Beaver—Lysander Howlet delegate, Dr. Samuel Adams alternate.

Verona—Dr. R. L. Finnell delegate, J. T. Roberts alternate.

Walton—Hon. Reuben Conner delegate, Dr. W. M. Laurey alternate.

Union—L. C. Norman delegate, R. L. Willis alternate.

Florence—Ben Stephens delegate, Wood Carpenter alternate.

Taylorport and Bullittsville—Hon. J. H. Walton delegate, Dr. J. C. Terrill alternate.

On motion of L. C. Norman the delegates were instructed to cast the vote of the county in the state convention for Hon. Thomas L. Jones for Governor, Fayett Hewitt for Auditor, P. W. Hardin for Attorney-General and J. W. Tate for Treasurer.

J. D. Gaines moved that the delegates be instructed to cast the vote of the county for A. B. Smith for Lieutenant-Governor. On motion of L. C. Norman the motion to instruct for Smith was laid on the table.

On motion of G. W. Terrill all democrats of this county, who attend the state convention were appointed delegates.

The meeting then adjourned.

B. K. SLEET, Chairman,
F. RIDDELL, Secretary.

The democrats of Boone county, in obedience to the call of the County Executive Committee, assembled at the court-house in Burlington, at 1 p. m., May 7, 1881. The meeting was called to order by Dr. J. G. Furnish, chairman of the committee, who stated the object of the meeting.

M. C. Norman was elected chairman of the meeting and F. Riddell, secretary.

On motion the minutes of the meeting held Saturday, the 5th inst., were read.

Dr. J. G. Furnish then offered the following resolution.

Resolved, 1. That this meeting does now ratify the action of the meeting of Saturday the 5th inst.

2. Believing it to be the voice of a large majority of the Democrats of this county, that the delegates selected by the meeting of Saturday should be instructed to cast the vote of this county, in the Louisville convention, for A. B. Smith for Lieutenant-Governor so long as his name is before the convention, and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination, and the delegates are now so instructed.

The first resolution was adopted, and F. Riddell moved to amend the second by inserting after the words "A. B. Smith for Lieutenant-Governor," the names of Z. F. Smith for Superintendent of Public Instruction and Thomas Corbett for Register of the Land Office. Elijah Parker moved to amend the amendment by inserting the name of J. D. Pickett in place of Z. F. Smith, which was refused, and on motion the meeting adjourned. M. C. NORMAN, Ch'm'n.

F. RIDDELL, Sect'y.

A CALL ON N. S. WALTON.

BURLINGTON, KY., May 7, 1883—The undersigned citizens and democratic voters of Boone county, reposing great confidence in the honesty and ability of our fellowcitizen, Nathan S. Walton, hereby request him to become a candidate to represent them in the Lower House of the next General Assembly:

J C Hankins, Benj. Rice, L B Terrill, Lewis Conner, J E Terrill, E E Uitz, Wm E Rouse, R R Uitz, C A Fowler, Noah Sebree, Wm O Kirtley, B R Gaines, Jos A Gaines, W B Corbin, Robert Bradford, J G Gaines L S Pope, John Smith, R S Crisler, E Cropper, J W Kennedy, Joe Reed, N B Stephens, G M Riley, J J Ryle, Cris Barlow, Edward Fowler, J H Lawell, Jonas Rouse, J A Davis, W A Goodridge, R Huey, Clinton Gaines, S M Adams, R A Brady, A Corbin, James Popham, B L Rice, T P Crisler, O Minor, Jacob Tanner, Lystra Aylor, M T Graves, J Frank Grant, A J Rouse, J Wood Riggs, Charles White, T J Porter, D M Snyder, J M Conner, Jasper Sullivan, Thos. Goodridge, James Rogers, J M Moody Feelden Rouse, Fred Pfalzgraf, H P Crisler, John Norris, C L Hensley, C W Riley, Joseph C Hensley, Joel C Clore, A J Douglas, William Sebree, Joseph Graves, William Clore, Robert B Reed, A D Riley, Cyrus Riddell.

IN the Lower Rio Grande section the people fear a yellow fever epidemic.

BELOW we give the instructed vote for the various state offices as compiled by Monday's Courier-Journal, from which it will be seen that the final result is very much mixed, as 373 votes are necessary to a choice.

For Governor—Jones, 187; Knott, 176; Owsley, 65; Jacobs, 72; Buckner, 108.

For Lieutenant-Governor—Allen, 74; Hindman, 90; Young, 78; Johnson, 12; Smith, 73; Griffith, 76.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—Edgar, 76; Pickett, 163; Smith, 56; Hayward, 41; Halsell, 20; Taylor, 31.

For Register of the Land Office—Sheldon, 87; Cecil, 93; Corbet, 127; Grant, 25; Boyd, 31.

Of the uninstructed vote 17 are conceded to Jones, besides he is has quite a number of delegates as a second choice.

STATE NEWS.

—Lead of fine quality has been discovered in Ballard county, near Wickliffe.

—The cost to Kentucky of the Neal and Craft murder trials amount to $44,965 85.

—The butchers of Frankfort intend raising the price of beef from 15 to 20 cents.

—In Ohio county, Joe and Caleb Wilson were perhaps fatally poisoned by eating polk root.

—John Berry Smith has found an ear of corn, each grain of which has a heart on each side.—Somerset Reporter.

—Wheat is assuming a great change for the better since the recent rains, and the warm weather.—Williamstown Courier.

—Mr. Geo. Williams, of the Providence neighborhood, has a mare 28 years old which is the mother of a young colt.—Milton Free Press.

—Princeton Banner: The wheat is improving every day. Fields which promised nothing three weeks ago now present a good appearance.

—Shelby Sentinel: The grass and grain crops are looking green, the fruit trees are blooming, and prospects are good for a bountiful yield.

—Tobacco plants in some localities are growing finely, but the fly has put in an appearance and—the trouble begins.—Robertson County Tribune.

—From the present outlook there will be more mule colts—and fine ones at that—in Owen in the next year than was ever before known.—Owen News.

—In Somerset, the trial of Merritt, the jury fixed his punishment at life in the penitentiary, where his father is now serving a like sentence for a like murder.

—Mr. Allen, of Augusta, who lost his life by an accident on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, was a member of the Knights of Honor, and his heirs will receive $5,000.

—The population of Covington is 32,000. The city council has granted 141 saloon licenses. This gives one saloon to every 229 inhabitants—old and young, male and female.—[Com.

—Colonel Bowman, State Commissioner of Agriculture, has arranged for the distribution of 40,000 silkworm eggs to parties in Kentucky who desires to make experiments in sericulture.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson has purchased a tract of 300 acres of land near New Iberia, La.

—Richmond, Va., now has a population of 70,684, being an increase of over 7,000 since 1880.

—Japan plums sell at thirty cents a quart in Jacksonville, Fla., and blackberries at forty cents a quart.

—The oil-mill at Yazoo City, Miss. has paid out to people living near that town $90,000 since last July.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis' estate of 500 acres at Brannon, Miss., is now mainly devoted to grapes and oranges.

—The editor of the Tolbotton (Ga) News last week ate ice cream made with the hailstones that fell in the vicinity.

—It is estimated that the vineyards of Arkansas were damaged twenty per cent. by the recent wind and hail-storm.

—Out of 100 negroe men in Oktibbeha county, Miss., who were asked who was President of the United States, not one could tell.

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

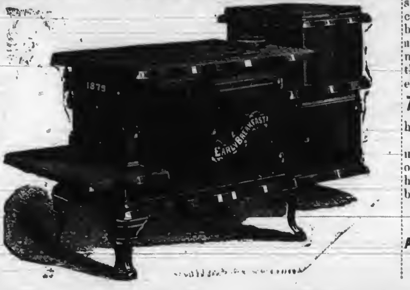
First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.



EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

Every Man His Own Boss.

How to Promote Personal Power—A New Radical Reformer.

"There is no provision in the Divine economy for political bosses!"

With a bang of his fist, and in the voice of a man who had made up his mind on the subject, Rev. James Chambers, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Harlem, recently opened his sermon with this announcement. He was right. The only boss authorized by the Book is mentioned in these words: "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Commonly, the better side of men is subject to the despotism of the worse side. Bad passions, bad humors, mean jealousies and base revenges are all bosses. One of the worst of bosses is bile. What is most depressing in philosophical or theological thought is due to it. Old General Debility is another tyrannical boss. He lashes men who are naturally good until they become unnaturally bad or miserably weak.

Concerning his deliverance from this bondage, Rev. S. P. Lewis, pastor of the Eighth Street Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was [illegible] from exhaustion and general debility. As an invigorant I used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC I never met with anything so effective. It is an elegant family medicine. I take a bottle in my valise when I go on my annual vacation."

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC neither intoxicates nor promotes a desire for strong drinks. The most pronounced temperance people use and praise it for this reason alone. It cures Malarial Fevers, Consumption, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood. Also weaknesses peculiar to women. Its action is prompt and pervasive. Test it once, and you will adopt it as a home remedy. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York.

FOR RENT.

About 25 acres of good grass, with plenty of running water, or will pasture stock. Enquire of W. S. ACRA, Burlington, Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle at once, as I will leave Burlington in a short time. By coming up and settling you will save expense. W. L. GEDGE.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Andrew Gleckin, deceased, will please come forward and settle. Those having claims against the estate will bring them forward well authenticated according to law, and they will be attended to.

N. B. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

I take this method of contradicting the report being circulated in this neighborhood that a note with my name and my father's attached has been presented or seen in Aurora in the hands of another, and I will give $20 reward for the arrest of any person presenting a note for any amount with our names attached.

I also notify those who are circulating false and slanderous reports in regard to me in this neighborhood, if their slanderous and vile tongues are not at once stopped, that I will prosecute them to the extent of the law. J. W. RICE, Bellevue, Ky

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises! Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL,

feb 28-3m Burlington, Ky.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-tf

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK,

Covington, Kentucky.

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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec 20-6m

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE,

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. ***Millions*** **testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.**

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

FLORENCE, - - KY.

NOTICE!

Just received a full and complete line of

DRY GOODS

of the finest selections, and the latest styles which will be sold exceedingly low. Also

NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
CROCERIES, &c.

Too numerous to mention. Almost everything that the people may want will be found in my Stock. No trouble to show goods, and orders filled promptly. Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

☞I feel exceedingly thankful to my friends and patrons for past favors and hoping you all will call again.

Truly Yours,

W. C. TANNER,

Florence, Ky.

CENTRAL

HOTEL,

BURLINGTON, KY.

MRS. MARY J. GREEN,

(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

SADDLES AND HARNESS AND

ALBERT M. ACRA,

BURLINGTON, KY.

HARNESS MAKER

—AND—

DEALER IN SADDLES

Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed. A full line of everything needed by farmers in the harness line.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

☞Give me a call. feb-14-83

—Shop over Rouse's Store.—

W. J. RICE,

CARPENTER & BUILDER,

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Is prepared Raise or Move

EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS

On Short Notice,

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

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(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.

A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

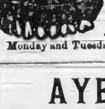
Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.



E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,

Rising Sun, Ind.

WITH

J. P. Ulrey.

Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

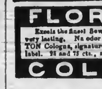
No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always* cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & Beautiful Floral Chromo Cards, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 2c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Excels the finest Sewar extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines

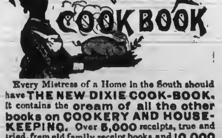
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 8 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

26.999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

W N. STAGE, Gen, Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky



THE "DIXIE" COOK BOOK

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSEKEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription, AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.

S. A. CLARKSON & CO., ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."

ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers

(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

Saturday was a lively day.

Are you done planting corn?

Done planting corn and been fishing.

Sheep-shearing is now the order of the day.

It is dry and dusty. A nice shower is needed.

Winter left its mark in many places on the road.

The most æsthetic thing in the way of a pet, is a pig.

Diamond Dyes to color Silk Goods, at W. E. Pipers'.

The late frost did not hurt the crop of English sparrows.

If you want to smoke a good cigar, get it at Dudley Rouse's.

We are going to write a book entitled "That garden of Ours."

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure at W. E. Piper's. 2t

Mr. Sam Hind and wife, went east on their wedding tour.

The record in the Mandamus suit has gone to the Superior Court.

The rain-crow made its debut in Burlington last Friday morning.

Thomas Hyne made the first delivery of wool at this place this season.

The weather clerk was in full sympathy with the farmers last week.

The weather the past week has encouraged vegetation considerably.

Albert M. Acra has moved into his new building where he looks happy.

The cool weather Saturday produced an uneasiness about the welfare of the fruit.

Ayer's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly safe, do not gripe, and are a splendid tonic.

Catterpillars are not so n[illegible] this spring. What few there are should be destroyed.

Wm. Sheehan and wife, of Independence, are among Mr. Dunlap's converts at that place.

W. F. McKim is remodeling his residence. Frank is one of the livliest men in this section.

A very large proportion of the corn crop of this county has been planted during the past month.

A Burlingtonite in a town without shade would be as uncomfortable as a fish in a pond without water.

James Conner and Ben Sleet have bought up a large quantity of wool, each buying on his "own hook."

The farmer who puts his land in extra good order before planting, has the work of raising a crop half done.

There are two or three cases of small-pox in Rising Sun, but no cases are near the business part of the city.

The candidates and their representatives commenced showing up in this part of the country last Thursday evening.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Rev. Dunlap has had over one hundred confessions at Independence. Probably a new church edifice will go up there.

Commissioners set off to Mrs. Mollie Kendall, last week, her dower in the lands owned by her husband, John A. Kendall, at his death.

Our butchers have trouble in securing beef cattle. It is just the time of year when the farmers are not particular about selling their cattle.

Don't know, but from the number of ladies who have been taking lessons in "cutting and fitting," the cost of making dresses in this town will come down a peg or two.

One day last week, Noah Delph found a very brilliant stone, and thinking it was a diamond, he took it to the city to have it inspected. We have not heard from Noah since.

This is the season of the year when the cook pineth, because a complete bill of fare is difficult to make up. Or, in other words, an assortment of rations is not to be had.

J. J. Berkshire, W. B. Adams and Dudley Rouse supplied Henry Clore with a lot of extra melon seed last Saturday, in lieu of which Henry will feast them in due time, on lucious melons.

Mrs. Tousey's sale of household and kitchen furniture was well attended last Saturday. A large amount of old fashioned, and most excellently preserved, furniture was sold, and brought good prices.

Mittie Acra has the cosiest harness shop in this part of the country, and as he has but one thing between him and the heavens, the RECORDER office, you know his earthly career is now through a valley of roses.

Six acres of the land where Noah Clore's house stands, near Burlington, many years since, was given Lewis Conner's father for his wedding coat. In those days land was cheap and fine coats expensive.

We heard that our local tragedian aired his spring suit, Sunday morning, and that it was so obnoxious to the equine sight that he had to consign it to the remote recess of his wardrobe early in the day.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Harry Piper was in town Tuesday.

Miss Fannie Rice has purchased a fine new organ.

Shelby Rich, of Kenton county, was in town Sunday.

H. Clay White, of Williamstown, attended court Monday.

Mr and Mrs Sim Terrill were the guests of Dr. Grant Sunday.

Mr. Isaac Bailey, near Florence, has been quite sick for several days.

Gus Ewing, of Covington, made Burlington a flying visit last Friday.

Last week we neglected to announce the arrival of Miss Julia Stephenson.

John L Conner and wife, of Erlanger, spent the day in Burlington Saturday.

Dr. B F Stephenson, of Visalia, Kenton county, was in Burlington last Saturday.

Miss Mary Light, of Covington, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Burlington.

Hon L C Norman, of Frankfort, attended the political meeting at this place Saturday.

Mrs. F. Riddell was visiting her sister, Mrs. Light, of Covington, the latter part of last week.

A. B. Smith, of Henry county, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, was in town last Friday.

Elder Dicken and wife, of Bellevue, were the guests of Mr. A G Winston and family, Sunday.

James M. Riddell and wife, of Williamstown, arrived last Saturday and remained over till Monday.

Col. Edgar, of Warren county, candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, was in town Saturday.

Another of James Westbay's talents developed itself last Saturday at Mrs. Tousey's sale—that of auctioneer.

Mrs. C. L. Latimer, who has been visiting at this place for several weeks, returned to her home in Missouri last Thursday.

E. W. Smith, of Chattanooga, was visiting his parents at this place the first of the week. Bud is well pleased with the South.

W H McClung, of Covington, passed through this place last Saturday, having spent several days among Boone county people.

Capt Geo W Terrill, J Frank Grant, and Solon Early, of Petersburg, were among Burlington's distinguished visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. Jane Riggs and daughter, of Covington, and Miss Nannie Cornelius, of Kenton, were visiting Mrs. Dempsey and family, Sunday.

Dr. Smith, son of Z. F. Smith, of Henry county, was in town Friday and Saturday, in the interest of his father's candidacy for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Diamond Dyes to color Carpet Rags, at W. E. Piper's.

On the Wing.

WARRENBURG, Mo., May 2d, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

Dear Sir:—We left home on Monday evening, and took the train at Lawrenceburg, for Cincinnati, Tuesday morning, in company with father, Henry Wingate and that prince of good fellows, J. Frank Grant.

As we went through in the night, will not say anything about the country we passed, except Western Illinois, which has a splendid prospect for a large crop of wheat.

The first town west of St. Louis is Webster, and from Webster to Jefferson City the land is very rough and stony. The railroad between those two places hugs the Missouri bank and none of the land between those two points, except the Missouri river bottoms, is worth anything for agricultural purposes. From Jefferson City to California, a station 25 miles farther west, the land gradually improves. California covers, perhaps, 30 to 40 acres of ground. It is located in Moniteau county. I forgot to mention how beautiful the water of the Osage river looked after traveling beside the muddy Missouri so long.

After leaving California, we passed through a lovely country of gentle rolling prairie. The wheat, oats and meadows look promising, and the majority of the farmers, from what I can see, are about through planting corn. Moniteau, Tipton and Otterville are in Moniteau county, which is a fine county, and are flourishing little villages. Sedalia, county seat of Pettis county, is quite a city, and business place, having a round-house, machine shops, marble works, several steam flouring mills, and many other branches of industry are being carried on within its corporation. The land, so far as I have seen, with but little exception, is simply lovely and is certainly productive. The wheat in Pettis gives promise of a heavy yield. We passed one field of wheat, containing 640 acres, which was about ten inches high. This brings us up to Warrensburg, Johnson county, Mo.

WALTON, WINGATE & Co.,

Diamond Dyes to color Woolen Goods at W. Piper's.

Lost—On the road between Burlington and Mrs. Kendall's, a log-chain, the finder will please return to James Westbay, Burlington.

One day last week we dined with James L. Riley, who is batching near Constance. Jim, with much grace and ease, presided at the table where Mrs. Riley should exercise her authority over the coffee-pot and chinaware. We counseled him to abandon his usurpation of authority, and he smole pleasant smiles that almost pursuaded us that his thoughts were in that channel. Jim knows how to entertain friends.

Diamond Dyes to color Cotton Goods at W. E. Piper's.

Local politics crowded out the court proceedings this week.

W. M. Conner had 20 or 30 head of cattle on the market here Monday.

The funeral of Mrs. W. H. Pope, will be preached by Elder Dicken at the Baptist church in Bellevue, next Sunday at 10 a. m.

Last Saturday Mr. James Hogan took his daughter, Mary, to the city, and had her eyes operated on. She was a little cross-eyed. The operation was performed in three minutes, and her eyes are now perfectly straight.

James A. Riddell had a double team of Hambletonians, sired by the Hambletonian he is handling, in town Monday, and which he did not hesitate pronouncing the best team ever hitched in Burlington. They were toppy.

From our sanctum window we gaze upon the busy farmer as he carefully tills the soil. The scene imbues us with industry, and we feel like casting aside our linen and rushing franticly to some large corn-field, where the hands are busy planting, and quietly takeour position—beneath some good shade tree.

The Burlington and Speedwell base-ball clubs tried conclusions on the grounds of the former last Saturday, The Speedwell team got off its feet in the first inning and was not able to recover during the game. The Burlington boys batted their opponents outrageously and the tallies made are too numerous to speak of. Below is the score:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Burlington	22	2	0	6	1	4	0	4	0	—39
Speedwells	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	— 3

Diamond Dyes to color Cashmere at W. E. Piper's.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Normansville.

BORN—To Wood Miller and wife, a son.
To Thos. Maloney and wife, a son.
To Lee Utz and wife, a son.
To Hampton Adams and wife, twin girls. [Is this all?—EDS.]

Miss Katie Kennedy was at home last week.

Mrs. Grigsby, who with her family, moved from this place to Texas about five years ago, is now visiting friends here, all of whom give her a cordial welcome.

Constance.

Road working has begun.

Most people in the neighborhood are done planting potatoes.

We think your Francesville correspondent worthy of congratulation.

After a long illness of spring fever, Geo. Brown and Jim Loder are able to be out.

The Dry Creek base-ball club has again organized, and will soon be ready to lick anything in the county.

It is thought that Davis Bros., will put an awning over their store porch.

Union.

Mrs. L. B. Stephens has just returned from Fairbanks, Fla., and reports heavy crops of oranges and banannas. Mr. S. will return about the first of June. He reports a great boom in Florida land. The report that he has sold his Boone farm and will move to Florida is not true, although he has offered said farm for sale.

Many of our citizens attended the closing of G. W. Dunlap's evangolistic work at Independance on Sunday last. There were 148 confessions, resulting from his month's labor, 29 of whom made the good confession Sunday night.

Plenty of onions and grass, lettuce and greens, jole and ginger-bread.

L. C. Norman and family came to Union Saturday.

All Union has led down to 5th street, and are now enquiring for combination horses.

Taylorport.

Mrs. Isaac Phelps is lying dangerously ill with hemorage of the lungs.

Bluford Berry has been confined to his bed for several days with affection of the lungs.

Miss Queen Grubbs has returned from her visit to Fairland, Ind., and reports a nice time.

Our boys organized a base-ball club last week, and will play the Bullittsville club at this place next Saturday.

Wm. Bettis is talking of moving to our city again. He is at present located at Stringtown.

Mrs. Lizzie Hinton and daughter, of St. Louis, are visiting their father and grandfather, Mr. Magnus Sederberg.

Those who are in the habit of patronizing the ferry when they cross the river will be rejoiced to learn that Mr. James Berry, who was for several years ferryman at this place, has return to his old position. No man that has had it since he left has given the satisfaction he has, and we hope he may retain it.

Petersburg.

Miss Stella Fisher, of Lawrenceburg, was the guest of Miss Georgie Comer last Sunday.

Henry North has gone to Rising Sun, to work on a farm.

Harry Newman, of Rising Sun, was the guest of S. C. Buchanan, last week.

John Bolen and Bill Casey who have been spending the winter in New Orleans, returned home last Wednesday, looking hale and hearty.

Mrs. Alice Wise, of Louisville, is visiting her many friends here.

The coal barge attached by the sheriff, and lying at the wharf here, was sold last Thursday for $300.

Mrs. Alta Jones, of Versailles, Ind., is visiting her parents at this place.

The Lawrenceburg base-ball club will cross bats with the Almonts at this place Saturday, the 12th inst. Game called at 2 p. m.

Scattersville.

Our roads are getting rough and dry.

Garden stuff is coming up nicely.

Most of our farmers are done planting corn.

Mr. John Roue has had lightning rods put on his house and barn. We did not learn who did the work—but we did see Charlie Fowler and John Huey looking around out here like they would like a job of that kind.

There is a good spring wagon on the road side, out here that has been there for two or three months, and we think the owner had better come and build a shed over it, as it will not be good for the wagon to stand out this summer. What say you Ras?

One of William Clore's calves died one day last week. Bad luck Billy.

Mr. J. S. Huey has moved to Bellevue to live with his father-in-law this summer. The neighborhood has lost a kind and obliging neighbor.

Noah Clore purchased a fine Alderny cow from O. P. Conner, for which he paid a fancy price.

There has been prayer meeting held all winter at the houses of John Mitchell and John Sebree every Thursday night. First at one house and then the other. We are glad to know of so much good being done in our neighborhood.

Hebron.

Mrs. Harrison Clore is in very poor health this spring.

Mr. T. P. Crisler, who has been visiting relatives in Missouri, has returned home well pleased with his trip.

J. C. Clore was at home last Saturday and Sunday, from Springfield, Ohio.

Last Sunday the remains of Mrs. Winners were taken from the vault at this place and interred in the family grave yard, near this place.

Mike Clore has sold his drug store at Bullittsville to Ben Stephens.

Our boys are all preparing to take in the excursion to Louisville, next Sunday.

Wm. L. Aylor will put in about 5 acres of tomatoes this season. Mr. Aylor is one of the finest tomato raisers in the county.

Jeff Snyder and Charles Clore will attend the Morse Telegraph school at Cincinnati this summer.

The Sunday-school organized a few Sundays since with 15 teachers and 77 scholars.

A gentleman, who now lives in this county, sawed a board 90 ft. long 28 inches wide and 2 inches thick which contained 420 ft. of lumber. This was done 56 years ago, by Adam Clore.

[Say! whose photograph was that you put in your communication?—EDS.]

Hamilton.

Capt. Garnett has almost completed his new store-house and dwelling, which will add much to the appearance of our village.

Mr. J. L. Johnson is recruiting his stock of dry goods and groceries, and also receiving a lot of nice tobacco which is bringing him fair prices on the market. J. L. is an energetic, pushing fellow.

Mr. H. A. Pitcher is superintending J. W. Kennedy's warehouse at Normansville.

Our school, under the able management of Miss Allie Carson, is progressing nicely with a good attendance. No one understands the art of teaching the young idea how to shoot better than Miss Allie.

Our turnpike is progressing slowly. By the 1st of October next, we expect to have turnpikes completed that will make Hamilton accessible from all points.

Local option is agitating the minds of our people at this time. The use and abuse of intoxicating drinks has been a curse and disgrace to this community for many years, and we propose to correct the evil next August.

Health of the neighborhood good, except madam rumor reports a couple near this place desperately love sick, with symptoms indicating a severe case of matrimonial fever attended with fatal results.

Babies all reported last week, and Mamas all mad about it and Papas cursing correspondents for their lack of intelligence and judgment in selecting items to report to interest the reading public.

North Bend.

Our school teacher, Miss Hallie Stephens, dismissed school Wednesday afternoon for the remainder of the week, to attend the dramatic festival.

Mr. Irwin Baisly anticipates raising an extensive crop of tobacco again this year. We wish him success in his undertaking.

Mr. Clinton Gaines is going to call the hands out to work the road as soon as his barn is completed.

Mr. Garnett Riley has finished his work as assessor, and has gone to farming.

Messrs. Riley and Gaines have almost finished planting corn.

Mrs. Clinton Gaines has completely eradicated the traces of the flood, by papering and painting her dwelling.

Miss Sallie Scott, of St. Louis, who has been visiting her uncle, June Baisly, will return home this week.

Our Mistress of the birch, says an unusual feat has been performed by her most advanced pupil, Miss Bettie Riley, who recited three hundred and ninety questions in U. S. History in two days. The questions were taken from the Normal Question book, and one question alone contained all the battles fought during the revolutionary war.

The LaBelle river has again returned to her proper channel, and from present indications promises to let the inhabitants of her valley glide along smoothly without the aid of skiffs and rafts.

Misses Bettie and Louie Riley spent Sunday with their friends, Miss Clara and Mr. Leslie Harrison.

Beaver Lick.

Spring is telling the farmers they are rather late, when really, it is spring herself who has been tardy.

Some corn was planted in this locality during the past week.

Aunt Eliza Ossman has added greatly to the beauty and comfort of her cozy dwelling, building a neat portico fronting the road leading out of Beaver to Verona.

C. J. Huston has finished his new barn. Beaver's enterprising citizens are going right ahead with useful improvements.

Everybody in Beaver has the measles.

Last Sabbath by special request of Mr. Jos. Rich, sen., Rev. Lafe Johnson delivered one of the most elaborate and exhaustive sermons ever listened to, at this place, on Immersion as the only baptism taught in the Bible. Mr. Johnson's knowledge on this this much noted subject, enables him to prove conclusively, without the aid of twisting words, that Immersion is the correct baptism.

Quite recently Rev. Geo. Frob, an able divine of the Methodist persuasion, delivered quite an interesting discourse on the subject of sprinkling, claiming it to be the mode of baptism used in the baptising of Christ by John the Baptist, an opinion upon which he and Mr. Johnson greatly differ. If some learned divine will come now and show us that pouring is the correct baptism, we will have to admit that that fact of One Baptism is a thing difficult to understand as explained by the various ministers of the different denominations.

Diamond Dyes to color feathers, at W. E. Piper's.

Diamond Dyes to color Ribbons at W. E. Piper's.

Elder Dicken preached at the Baptist church, this place, Sunday morning and evening. Miss Addie Crisler united with the church.

One day last week while Mr. Charlie Hughes was harrowing, his horses became frightened and upsetting the harrow, one of the horses was thrown back on it, injuring the animal considerably.

J. Frank Grant was searching the Acts of the legislature of an early day, Saturday, for the purpose of exhuming the act chartering the town of Petersburg. As in everything else he undertakes, he succeeded.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r,

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Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office opposite the Boon House.

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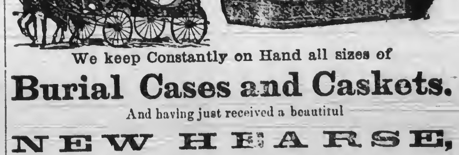

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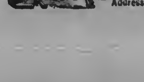

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NOW.

"Quand on est mort c'est pour long temps."

When I am lying pale and dead,
Come not, dear friends, around my bed
And pour your loss in deafened ears
And wash my heedless face with tears.
What thrill of hope or tenderness
Will beat beneath my burial dress?
What look of gratitude arise
And lift the lids of sightless eyes?
What loving voice escape those lips,
From which no speech or language slips?
Alas! I can not rouse and say:
"If ye lament me I will stay."
Speak while I hear, and while I long
To feel your love is true and strong,
While peace can soothe my troubled brow
Wait not to miss me; hold me now!

Set not your kisses on my check,
Nor on my mouth, too cold to speak;
And in your fruitless grief forbear
To shed their sweetness on my hair.
In life I long to feel their breath,
But what are kisses worth to Death?
Like blossoms dropped on ice and snow,
Like songs when howling tempests blow,
A wasted gift; a vain caress
That might have been a power to bless,
A longing answered all in vain,
A touch that Death must needs disdain,
That might a life with joy endow,
Oh! if you kiss me, kiss me now.

Remember not when I am gone
The deeds I did or would have done,
How much I loved, how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love;
Nor weep to think what loss is yours,
Since neither life nor love endures;
Say not with tears and cries and prayers:
"Would that we showed her tenderer cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now we weep with hopeless pain
And know will never come again."
Ah! breathe not then the useless vow;
But if you love me, love me now.

Nor, standing round my wintry grave,
Too late to serve me or to save,
Fling on it all you have to give:
"At last her follies we forgive!"
An angel might repel with scorn
Such speech of poor repentance born,
Might weep to see such Levite pride
Pass coldly by a coffin's side.
No! if within your hearts there be
A kind but slumbering thought of me,
A memory of the vanished past,
A hope of peace and love at last,
A speechless prayer, a silent sense
That sometimes speaks in my defense,
That says: "Our life is not too long,
And we perhaps, were sometimes wrong."
Ah! listen to that pleading voice
And bid a living heart rejoice.
If late remorse or grief allow
Forgiveness then, forgive me now.

—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Chicago Standard.*

MAHALA'S MISTAKE.

"Alice can not keep her eyes on her work."

"Poh!"

"Certain true!" and Helen sang mischievously: "'Last night a braw wooer cam up the lang glen, an' sair wi' his wooin' did he deere me, did he deere me.' But you need not look toward the 'lang glen' to-day, Allie. He won't come in the garish daylight."

"What nonsense is this?" asked Mamma Alston."

"Ask Alice, mamma," answered Helen. "His name and hers; where they met; what he said: what she said; and the result, like the game of consequences?"

"Alice, what is Helen talking about?"

"About a Mr. Harvey Hartington, I suppose. You remember, mamma, my going to the Sabbath-school Convention, at Perham, with papa? I sat in the singers' gallery, and I was listening with all my ears, when a gentleman at my side said: 'Pardon, Madame; but *can* you tell me the name of the speaker who has just finished his remarks?'

"Rev. Mr. Alston," I replied.

"Of what place, may I ask?"

"Cramwood, sir."

"He thanked me very politely, entered the name and address in his notebook, and then went on to praise papa to the skies. He said he had never heard so much said in a few words. That papa united the wit, wisdom, and eloquence of——. Oh! dear, I forget the names; but they were distinguished men, no doubt. After that, we chatted together quite awhile, for he was evidently a perfect gentleman. And then—and then—" Alice faltered and a bright color dyed her cheeks. "I thought we might never meet again, till last evening. He was at Mary's party and very polite again, and quite amazed to find I was Alice Alston, papa's daughter."

"Very polite," added Helen. "Oh! yes, *extremely* polite. Couldn't see any one in the room but our Alice."

Just here she was interrupted by the entrance of Aunt Becky Sharp, the village gossip.

"Land sakes, Miss Alston! Hev ye heerd the news?" she gasped, flinging wide her bonnet-strings and plying a palm-leaf fan vigorously.

"I don't know, Aunt Becky, what you mean. Is it that Mr. Beers is dead?"

"Biers? No; coffins nether. 'Taint dyin'; its marryin' that's goin' on. They dew say thet Mahaly's got a beau."

"Mahala Graves?"

"Jes' so, Mis Alston."

"Who is he?"

"Why, a swell kind of feller, loafin' raound here from Philadelfy. Say his name is Haitington—Harvey Haitington, Esq. Saounds real genteel, don't it? But, land sakes! like as not his true name is John Smith. I don't like his style. He's got acquainted with several gals mighty suddin'. Naow there's Mely Squires. She's ridin' in the cars, an' a very genteel fellercome an' sot by her. When she give the conductor her ticket, this feller said: 'I see, Madam, I see you are from Cramwood. I hev offen thought of goin' there, like a pilgrim to a shrine, to lay the offerin' of my hearty admiration at the altar.' Lor', I'm gettin' mixed tryin' to remember his swellin' words; but he talked abaout John Squires es if he was George Washington, Martin Luther, an' Christopher Columbus all in one, an' was quite dumbfounded when Mely said he was her brother. So he begged leave to call; an' he has kept on callin' till he faound aout John's invention didn't realize any great money, for all 'twas so smart, and then he quit. He met Nellie Waters close to her father's factory, an' said he'd come to Cramwood to pay his respects to the greatest manufacturer the world hed ever produced. 'Not in the extent of his work, but its *quality*'; an' he went on gassin' for ten or fifteen minutes, till Nellie begun to think she was the Princess Royal an' nothin' shorter.

He hung around her a spell; but her pa is sharp and shook him off. Naow he's heerd of Mahala's legacy, and likely 'nough thinks she's poorly, she's so thin, an' he's courtin' her like all possessed.

They say she hain't vases to hold the flaowers he sends, an' actilly got bilious tryin' to eat his French confectionery, she's jes' so savin'."

"Why don't you go and see her, Aunt Becky, and tell her what he is?"

"Why, massy on ye, I *did*; but not a word will she believe. Says he shown her 'his heart's core.' Ye know she always was kinder sentimental. It's my opinion the man don't own a heart."

At this point the door-bell tinkled, and Helen, who answered the summons, came back with a roguish smile on her face, and in her hand a large, handsome bouquet, with a tiny pink notelet attached, addressed to "Miss Alice Alston, with the compliments of H. H."

"Read it aout laoud Alice, do," urged Aunt Becky, as Alice bent with a flushed face over the paper.

Ere she could refuse, Helen caught the precious missive and read in a dramatic manner:

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET."

Roses for Alice,
The lily's pure chalice,
Shy little violets, lift up your heads,
Whisper a message,
That shall but presage
Somebody's plea, when hither he treads.
Tell her her wooer
Fain would bestrew her
Path with your blossoms robbed of the thorn;
Say to her beauty
Tribute is duty,
Win me her favor and banish her scorn."

"Wall, naaw, that's real pretty," said Aunt Becky, "only it kinder spiles it to think likely he's writ the very same to a dozen gals. Wonder if he writes Mahala poetry. Didn't know he'd tried his hand on your gal. Wall, she's faound him aout naow."

Alice, meanwhile, had fled from the room. She ran on into and through the garden, to the grove beyond, and there, in the depths of the wood, sat down to cool her heated cheeks, to still her fluttering heart; resolutely to reason away the glamour of enchantment which had encircled this Adonis; to call up her womanly pride and righteous indignation. A brief shower of girlish tears, and then she calmly recalled Aunt Becky's hateful story and decided what to do. An hour later she was on her way to Amelia's. Yes, it was true. Amelia had felt his fascinations; but she knew the whole story. Then to Nellie's.—Nellie denounced him in unmeasured terms. After a little hesitation, Alice directed her steps to Mahala's. Miss Mahala Graves was a lady of forty or forty-five years. She was very tall, very slim, and not very straight. Her wisp of hair was fastened behind, in a tight knot, the size of a large thimble. Her round eyes, prominent teeth, small nose, and receding chin were none of them types of beauty. Yet a warm and true heart beat beneath the plain exterior.

Her pride was in her house, which was very old (though in a state of excellent preservation), and in the many heirlooms which had gathered about her.

She greeted Alice with the utmost cordiality, and, after discussing the weather and the health of each member of the Alston family, Alice bent her head over a beautiful bouquet, saying: "What lovely flowers!"

"Yes," said Mahala. "Came this morning, *those* came last night, *these* yesterday morning, and those over there the day before. In the parlor are some beauties which came Friday and Saturday; and there are a great pile faded and thrown out the back door."

"I had a handsome bouquet sent in yesterday," said Alice, shyly.

"Eh?" queried Mahala, calmly. "From *him*, I'll be bou[illegible] thought likely. He's told me about you."

"Perhaps, too, you know about his acquaintance with Nellie Waters and Amelia Squires?"

"Oh! Alice, Alice, you can't believe all you hear. Yes, yes. I know all about it and I am perfectly satisfied. When the yearnings of one's heart are met, Alice, and the golden dreams of one's youth realized; when two hearts beat as one, Alice, no one can sunder them. You'll find it so yourself, my dear," and Mahala sighed affectedly and shook her head in a most significant way.

Then she took Alice over the house, showing her the various Mayflower relies and treasures of one sort and another, which it was her delight to display. Finally, in a burst of confidence, after numerous allusions to Cupid's arrows, Love's young dream (!), golden chains, she said: "The course of true love never did run smooth, you know. Nobody sympathizes with me. Nobody is glad I am happy. They say the cruelest things, but then—they don't know him and I do; and oh! Alice, we're going to put an end to this by being married two weeks from to-day."

Alice "hoped she might be happy."

Now she had begun, it seemed a great relief to tell some one all about it. So she began at the beginning, when he stopped at the gate ten days ago and begged a flower, and admired the old house, and asked leave to call next day and walk through the "ancestral halls" (so he called them). This Mahala declared made her "palpitate." She went on, and gave a detailed account of his brief, but vigorous wooing, until she brought it down to his kissing her under the "laylock" tree last evening, looking just like a "troubadour." This brought them to the wedding.

As Mahala truly said, this was her first wedding, and "might be her last," and, of course, she felt very solicitous that it should pass off well. Having neither kith nor kin of her own, and, in consequence of the unfortunate prejudice existing against *him*, it could not be brilliantly social. She was determined it should be unique. Now, would Alice please advise whether it were best to make it æsthetic or antique?

Alice was quite at a loss what to advise. Mahala had at first thought of aiming at æsthetic effect chiefly—of swathing her fragile form in creamy lace; not fashions in any vulgar shape; but merely wound about her, fold on fold, just disclosing her blushing face and destitute of ornament except a lily on her breast; but last evening she had discovered a rich yellow brocade dress, which would be elegant. She had also found an old bridal veil.

Therewith she took Alice to the attic to inspect these treasures. On the stairs she suddenly whirled round, and said: "Alice, you must be bridesmaid."

"Oh, no, never!"

"Oh, yes, you *must!*" said Mahala. "Think of poor me, without pa and ma and not a chick in the world belonging to me. I thought it all out last night, and I am determined I must have you, and Amelia Squires, and Nellie Waters, and then the mouth of scandal will be stopped."

She said it so earnestly that the refusal which was upon Alice's lips died away unsaid, and they passed on to the inspection of the bridal array. The brocade, with its leg-of-mutton sleeves and short waist, was sufficiently æsthetic and antique for any one, besides being really elegant. The veil (Alice secretly opined it was primarily an apron) was of sheerest muslin, elegantly embroidered.

Mahala proceed with exulting volubility to state that the groom would be splendidly arrayed in crimson velvet doublet (!), black velvet breeches, long silk stockings, low shoes, with silver buckles. She said, too, that he would furnish a suit similar, only of sky-blue, for Parson French, if he would wear it. What did Alice think?

Alice had to shut her eyes and bite her lips at the thought of Parson French, with his full figure and red hair, in such a rig.

She thought he would refuse the honor; but, when Alice saw Mahala's blank look of disappointment, she suggested a surplice and bands, as picturesque and entirely suitable.

At this Mahala brightened, and, taking her down stairs, showed her engagement ring, carefully wrapped in jeweler's cotton, in the china closet; also a pair of showy bracelets and a locket, with *his* portrait on one side, on the other, as Mahala explained, "Our hairs entwined—a symptom of our hearts."

And then Alice went home, feeling like one who has eaten too much of some oversweet dish.

That night quite an indignation meeting was held in Mr. Alston's study, and twenty-five of Mahala's truest friends entered upon a solemn compact to visit and remonstrate with her before the eventful day.

Accordingly, the bridal preparations were very much interrupted. First, Deacon Pratt, then Dr. Clough, then Captain Rogers, then Parson French, Mr. Alston, and a score more came dropping in, one after another, and the burden of each was: "Don't do it. If you do, secure your money; but, best of all, give it up."

Now, Mahala, like the mule and like many excellent people, could not be driven. The result was that, with many tears and lamentations over their prejudice, she was madly in love and more than ever bent on matrimony.

And now came the auspicious day. The first to arrive were two of the bridesmaids, Nellie and Amelia. Mahala had said she didn't care what any one wore so long as it was a little uncommon. She begged the favored three to wear something "æsthetic, antique, or symbolic." The latter idea seemed to strike two of the girls favorably. They talked of personating Night and Morning, or all three representing the graces, or Flora, Ceres and Pomona. Finally, they decided to choose what fancy and convenience dictated at the time. Nellie, accordingly, appeared in the character of fairy godmother, with scarlet bodice, striped skirt, opening over a black petticoat, high, pointed hat, and long wand. Amelia, in a modest suit of dove-colored cashmere, copied from a painting of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," presented a really beautiful "type of the Puritan maiden." Alice, the third bridesmaid, in her fear of too far outshining the bride, was positively shabby in an old muslin, with several darns in the skirt and an old ink-spot in the front breadth. Her curly hair she had pulled back so tight it made her eyes water. She was immediately summoned to the bride's bower.

"Alice, are there many in the parlor?"

"Quite a company, Mahala."

"Oh! Alice, I do so palpitate! I can never go through it before all them jaundiced eyes. Alice, there's nobody loves me but Brindle and old Major; and I am going to take you three girls and be married on the barn-floor."

"Why, Mahala Graves!"

"Why, yes, I'd rather be near Brindle and old Major, that I've driven nearly thir—a longer time than folks who hate *him* so."

It was in vain to expostulate. Helen Alston was installed at the piano, with instructions to keep the company good-natured and assure them the bride would soon appear.

Accordingly, Parson French; the fairy godmother; the Puritan maiden; Alice, in her shabby gown; and Mahala, buried in an old water-proof, hurried to the barn, and there, with her left hand on Brindle's side, opposite old Major's stall, Mahala "exchanged vows," as she phased it and became Mrs. Hartington. Then, leaning on her husband's arm, returned to the parlor, and received halting congratulations and most portentously dismal good wishes.

Then followed a repast of cold fowl, frozen pudding, charlotte ruse, cake, ice-cream, hot coffee, baked beans, brown bread, pumpkin-pie, stewed oysters, pan-dowdy and everything else.

And then came farewells, hack, trunk, satchels, a few flying slippers, and Mr. and Mrs. Hartington were off on their wedding-tour.

About six weeks later Alice was passing Mahala's old home at twilight. She saw a tall female form moving slowly and stealthily along from the woods toward Mahala's house. It seemed to go in; it looked like Mahala.

After that smoke was seen ascending from the chimney occasionally. A good many neighbors tried the doors, and rapped loud and long; yet no one gained admittance.

One evening Alice thought she would transplant a rose-bush Mahala had given her. She was busily employed in doing so, when she heard a sob, and then another and another. She was just outside the bed-room window, and through the closed blind could easily see that the window was opened.

"Mahala, let me come in and comfort you," she entreated.

And Mahala relented, and let her in (through the window), and sobbed out her pitiful story. Alice was sworn to secrecy and never betrayed her trust. But it was soon whispered round that the abandoned bride was no wife; that Hartington was already married. That friendly remonstrances had induced Mahala to retain her money, and that, foiled in obtaining that to which end he had tried every art, he had left her in disgust.

So "she took up the burden of life again, saying only: It might have been."

But now came another sensation, in the form of a large legal document, addressed to Mrs. Mahala Graves Hartington. In it she was informed, by a lawyer, that Hartington had, indeed, been previously married; that, foreseeing business failure, he had made over his property to his wife. That she had immediately fled to Europe and lived a life of freedom and pleasure. That dying, June 16th, almost immediately on her return to this country, she had left in their hands a will, giving her whole property to the future Mrs. Harvey Hartington, should such a person ever exist. That, since her death occurred at one a. m. and Mahala's marriage at three p. m. of the same day, there could be no doubt of its legality; and, finally, that a fortune of some fifteen thousand dollars awaited her pleasure.

Here was a turn of Fortune's wheel little expected.

Three years later, a stranger, visiting Cramwood, might have noticed a handsome mansion, built in the style of a Swiss chalet, a smooth lawn in front, a large garden in the rear.

Entering, he would find it handsomely and comfortably furnished; a trifle outre, perhaps, the æsthetic and antique overdone in spots.

Entering the dining-room, he might surprise a merry company. A young couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Squires *nee* Nellie Waters; Amelia, brimful of fun and vivacity; and Alice, sitting beside the young Andover student, "in whom her future lies."

A tempting supper is spread, and Mahala, in an elegant black silk, presides at the tray. The lord and master is absent, as, being a commercial traveler, is often the case. Mahala has shrewdly kept the property in her own hands, while indulging her love for the handsome scapegrace.

A letter is brought in by the servant, and Mahala, reading it with rapture, cries: "Now isn't this quite too awfully touching? My darling writes, when absent from me, that he should sign himself 'Heavy Heart out of town, instead of Harvey Hartington.' Quite a joke, almost a pun, and so tenderly touching." She wiped away a happy tear; but did not tell that he urged his "Precious Pet" to send fifty dollars by return mail.—*Mary W. Boardman, in N. Y. Independent.*

Considerations of Importance in Feeding.

A good feeder is not necessarily the man who, having an abundance in his crib, throws into the feeding-box according to the abundance on hand. To build up a living organism with success and without interruptions, hence with profit, is something different from what the average farm hand is capable of doing correctly. As regards economizing food, much, of course, depends upon the market value of this, yet not so much as might at first sight appear, because corn at a low price is quite likely to go hand in hand with low-priced beef. And when beef is low in price, no man can make much profit in feeding. This condition, it is true, may be better under this state of things than it would otherwise be, through the moderate prices on articles he is compelled to buy, as low-priced corn and meat are quite likely to be accompanied by moderate prices on some, if not all the necessaries of life.

One of the principal factors in the gain made by a fattening animal is comfort. Discomfort makes war upon the vital forces, and these being sustained only through nutrimen. consumed, it follows that the less the discomfort the less the waste of food. Hence, to reason that, as winter is over, animals can now be left without shelter that have heretofore had protection, is wrong from every point of view. The outer hide and hair, protected through the winter, will be doubly sensitive to cold and wet if exposed during storms in early April. Comfort is the criterion as to probable thrift, and any weather that a domestic animal can not remain out in without showing discomfort, it should not be exposed to.

Animals in the natural state—we refer to domestic animals having their freedom upon the farm—eat regularly and with a degree of moderation, hence are not liable to the repletion which comes to the feeding beast induced to eat immoderately. While artificial stimulants may, under certain conditions, and within certain limits, prove helpful, still we can not always be assured that no disorder will occur to interrupt nutrition. Artificial conditions, when brought to bear upon the living animal, so change it from accustomed influences that, so far as the fattening beast is concerned, it requires good management to insure that it will go through to the end of its short journey, the butcher's block, in good, healthy condition, and yield a profit.

All men who feed stock can not be expected to study physiology, though its principles are brought into requisition every day, and it is really as necessary that the living machine be understood, that they may conduct their business successfully, as that the engineer, to be an expert with the engine, be minutely acquainted with its every part. One of the lessons easily learned in every feeding lot is, that the chilling weather of early spring. tells upon exposed cattle more than the dry, frosty air of a cold winter. If shelter, dry bedding and painstaking care are required at one season more than another, that time is very likely to come in the early months of spring. The mercury may not run low, but the vitality of farm animals will go down in the scale more rapidly when the atmosphere is charged with a damp, depressing chill than when the mercury is well down below the freezing point and the air clear and dry.

While by analysis, and through experience in feeding, it has been often proved that corn leads all of the farm-grown grains in making flesh, still it is equally well-known that as the extreme cold disappears a mixture, made up of the lighter grains, shorts, and bran, with a little oil meal added, will bring better results than corn alone, though, chemically, it may be superior to the combined foods.

No man can feed successfully until he has learned to vary the food according to the condition of his animals, giving rest to the digestive organs as occasion calls. When in good condition it is safe to calculate that a fattening beast will bear a pound of grain per day for each hundred pounds of its own live weight. It will consume more than this in cold weather, because no inconsiderable amount is required to keep up a successful battle with the outside temperature. From early spring till grass comes, it shound be made a rule that the gain be more rapid than during the extreme cold of winter. That gain can be made if due care be taken. The conditions, in some important regards, will be more under control than heretofore during the winter.

There is a double inducement to exert great vigilance in adding to the daily gain, namely, (1) the gain in pounds at that time in the history of the beast when his weight upon the scales is approaching his highest value per pound; (2) the advantage of the increased fleshiness—ripeness—as an important factor in increasing the price of his weight per pound. Then, too, the manure—and no farm anywhere is so good that it does not need all the manure made upon it—is rich, hence valuable, in the ratio of the richness of the food given and its quantity. The matured bullock carries less away from the productive element in the soil than does the load of wheat or other grain sold off the farm, dollar for dollar of value. Yet he does carry something, in fact no inconsiderable amount of bone and flesh elements; but bear in mind that he leaves no inconsiderable substance behind him in the form of manure, while the grain and hay hauled off the farm leaves nothing—is a dead tax upon fertility. It is the fact that the steer provides for others of his kind to follow after him that gives stock-growing one of its most valuable features. That kind of husbandry that will bring the most dollars for the manual labor expended, at the same time taking the least substance from the soil, in view of the returns, is the sort that is each year receiving greater attention from the more intelligent class of farmers.—*Live Stock Journal.*

—During the past fifteen years the Baltimore *American* has been defendant in libel suits aggregating in damages over $2,000,000. The sum which the aggrieved parties have actually received reaches just $500.

The Language of Animals.

Those who have ever been much with animals are well aware that they all have a mode of expressing feeling to others of the same species. Who does not understand the language of the mother hen when she "informs" her brood that she has a tender morsel for them to eat, or when she warns them of impending danger, and who has not observed how quickly the little chicks understand the call or the warning? Wolves arrange attacks, hunting together in packs. They are all animated by the same thought, and therefore travel for hours to accomplish that of which each member of the enterprise has a rational understanding. Deer and buffalo act in concert in regard to hunting food or water. Perhaps the government of wild horses through signs which any horse in a band of hundreds instantly recognizes as an imperative command of one individual who prances up and down like one in authority, is about as perfect as anything in natural history. Birds and dogs are extremely sociable, enjoying the society of their kith and kin as much as country cousins when they visit city relatives. Rats and mice, too, and even insects, are supposed to have the faculty of communicating their wishes and opinions to each other. It is interesting to observe animals and to watch them and learn their ways of communicating—studying their language.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Boston Street-Car Incident.

The rule forbidding the stopping of street cars on Tremont street, between Boylston and Broomfield, at places other than street corners, gave rise to an amusing incident a day or two since. It was on a Highland car, which had but two occupants, one of whom was a young lady who was desirous of stopping at Mason street. As the car approached the corner she turned to signal the conductor, but that employe was in the act of kissing his hand to a young woman on the walk, and before his attention could be attracted, the car had passed the stopping-place, and the young lady sank resignedly into her seat and rode to West street. There the conductor rung to stop, and the pretty, but rather indignant, passenger stepped to the platform and, with a slight sparkle in her eye, said: "I am unselfish enough to walk a mile if you could give her a genuine kiss, but this is a little too much."—*Boston Herald.*

—James Kelly, a brakeman running out of East Portland, Oregon, a few days ago was seized with a fit of vomiting and threw up a live lizard fully two inches in length. The brakeman remarked that it was a comfort to know that it was not a "deadhead."

A BOY with a top tried to spin it,
But his hand got a thorn right in it,
The sport didn't spoil,
For St. Jacobs Oil,
Cured his hurt in less than a minit.

A red-haired clerk in Savannah,
Slipped on a piece of banana,
Great pain he endured,
But St. Jacobs Oil cured,
He now goes dancing with Hannah.

AN evil speaker differs from an evil doer only in the want of opportunity.—*Quintilian.*

SYDNEY SMITH being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. Still better *steps* to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are especially valuable to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

THE diamond is the stone for an engagement; but give us the old cobble-stone in a free fight.

Wrecked Manhood.

Victims of youthful indiscretions and pernicious practices, suffering from premature decay or old age, nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, loss of manly powers, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT is not a lucky word, this same impossible; no good comes to those who have it so often in their mouths.

To Consumptives,

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN Yazoo County, Miss., a cow died with hydrophobia from eating the hay on which a mad dog had been lying.

Another Life Saved.

J. Gray, Dadeville, Ala., writes us: I have been using your DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and I can say, of a truth, it is far superior to any other Lung preparation in the world. My mother was confined to her bed four weeks with a cough, and had every attention by as good physicians as there are in the country, and they all failed to effect a cure; but when I got one bottle of your DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, she began to mend right away. I can say in truth, that IT WAS THE MEANS OF SAVING HER LIFE. I knew of five cases that Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam has cured, and my mother is better now than she has been for twenty years.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, May 4, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 25	@ 6 25
HOGS—Common	6 25	@ 6 65
Good packers	7 15	@ 7 65
SHEEP	5 25	@ 6 00
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13¾	@ 1 15
No. 2 winter red	1 12	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	55¼	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	45	@
Rye—No. 2	65	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@12 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 75	@20 00
Lard—Steam	11¼	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 80	@ 4 15
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 23	@ 1 23¾
No. 1 white	1 16	@ 1 16½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	67¾	@ 69
Oats—mixed	50	@ 52
PORK—Mess	19 25	@19 60
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14	@ 1 14½
Corn—No. 2	55	@ 55½
Oats—No. 2	41½	@
Rye	60½	@
PORK—Mess	19 15	@19 20
LARD—Steam	11-60	@11-62½
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 20	@ 1 20¼
Corn—mixed	66¼	@ 66⅝
Oats—mixed	51	@ 53
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	54	@
Oats—mixed	46½	@ 47
PORK—Mess	19 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 14	@
CORN	54	@
OATS—mixed	41	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 5 60

A Burning or Gnawing Pain

Arising from vascular irritation of the stomach, spasmodic or gastralgic pains, and a sense of distension from flatulence or other causes, is immediately relieved by the use of GASTRINE. Sold by all druggists.

JOKE—After the Philadelphia method—in the *Press:* "The might of Britain just now appears to be mostly dynamite.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

TO AVOID colds, keep your mouth shut. "Most politicians are suffering from colds," says the Rochester (N. Y.) *Union*.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Take instanter. Don't neglect a cough. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

Our Citizens Desire no Notoriety, but Are Always Ready to Proclaim the Truth.

MRS. GEO. DAWLEY of 76 Knight street, Providence, R. I. relates to our reporter her experience with the wonderful curative properties of what is destined soon to be the standard and leading specific of the whole wide world, for kidney and liver diseases, etc. Mrs. D. says:

"Early last spring I was severely afflicted with torpidity of the kidneys and enlargement of the liver, and the kidney disease came upon me so fast and suddenly that before I was scarcely aware of the cause of my trouble I became badly bloated, and my body and limbs very much swollen, so that it was with great difficulty and severe pain that I was able to walk any. I became dreadfully troubled by being short-breathed, so that even a slight exertion or a little exercise would tire me almost to exhaustion, and I was so distressed when I retired nights that I could not sleep, and was very restless. One of my limbs especially had a very severe nervous pain, which always seemed to be more severe at night than at any other time, and would frequently ache so sharply as to arouse me from sleep. I was very nervous and uncomfortable all the time, and was being doctored, and taking all kinds of medicine for this complaint and that and the other, but all to no good purpose, until at about the time when I was tired out and somewhat disgusted and almost discouraged with medicines and doctors, a relative and highly-esteemed friend persuaded me try Hunt's Remedy. I began to take it a few days ago, and am happily disappointed by the result, for before I had used a bottle of it I began to feel relieved, and soon commenced to sleep splendidly. The severe nervous pains in my limb which I had to handle so tenderly do not appear any more, my headache and backache have disappeared, I feel well every way, and rest well at night. The swelling has disappeared from my body and limbs. I am now able to do my housework comfortably and easily. Hunt's Remedy has certainly done wonders for me.

MRS. GEO. DAWLEY."

Safe and Reliable.

A. W. BROWN, M. D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used Hunt's Remedy in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable medicine."

Hunt's Remedy is purely a vegetable compound, scientifically prepared by a first-class registered Pharmacist, and will surely cure all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, liver and urinary organs.—COM.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S FOR THE Lungs. BALSAM

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME IS COMING. Your Carpets must be Relaid. DO YOU want to save time, temper and backaches? The EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER and Tack Hammer combined will lay your Carpets with EASE. EVERYONE says, "Just the thing, we are delighted with it." For sale by THE HARDWARE TRADE generally. Circulars free. Sample by mail, post-paid, $1.00. Address R. W. MONTROSS, Sole Manufac'r, GALIEN, MICH.

HANDSOME GOLD WATCH. On receipt of $25 we will send a Gent's SOLID GOLD Stem-Winding Watch, and guarantee perfect satisfaction, or will refund the money. Send P. O. order or registered letter. T. MORTON & CO., 803 Broadway, New York.

25 PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 100

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR [illegible] Both young and old [illegible] the work. Will prove so for [illegible] Price per Package with directions sealed and postpaid 25 cents, 3 for 50 cts., stamps or silver. L. A. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agts, Palatine, Ill.

$65 A MONTH and board for TEACHERS Students, Young Men and Ladies, in a light pleasant Business, in your own county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 915 Arch St., Philadelphia.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circular free. J. S. BIRCH & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

Money! Patent soon expires, goods must be made now; 1,000 more men, women & children can make from $3 to $10 a day at home. Send 10c for material and begin work. Belmont M'f'g Co., Box 412, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

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AGENTS WANTED for the best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISH'G CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Survival of the Fittest.
A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED MILLIONS DURING 35 YEARS!
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.
A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND OF MAN AND BEAST!
THE OLDEST & BEST LINIMENT EVER MADE IN AMERICA.
SALES LARGER THAN EVER.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known for more than thirty-five years as the best of all Liniments, for Man and Beast. Its sales to-day are larger than ever. It cures when all others fail, and penetrates skin, tendon and muscle, to the very bone. Sold everywhere.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION THE LIFE.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

A Salvator for Invalids and the Aged. An Incomparable Aliment for the Growth and Protection of Infants and Children. A Superior Nutritive in Continued Fevers, and a Reliable Remedial Agent in all Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines.

THIS justly celebrated Dietetic Preparation is, in composition, principally the gluten derived from the WHITE WINTER FLINT WHEAT CEREAL, a solid extract, the invention of an eminent Chemist. It has not only been highly recommended but certified to by a large number of chemists and physicians—representing a very high degree of medical science—as the SAFEST, MOST ACCEPTABLE and RELIABLE FOOD for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN, and for Mothers lacking Sufficient Nourishment for their offspring. Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition—That which makes strong Bone and Muscle. That which makes good Flesh and Blood. That which is easy of Digestion—never constipating. That which is kind and friendly to the Brain, and that which acts as a preventive of those Intestinal Disorders incidental to Childhood.

And, while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in Food or Dessert more Creamy and Delicious, or more Nourishing and Strengthening as an aliment in Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia and General Debility, its Rare Medicinal Excellence in all Intestinal Diseases, especially in Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa and Cholera Infantum, HAS BEEN INCONTESTABLY PROVEN.

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—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

TEA CLUB ORDERS.

We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $15. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS, of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight Charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

St. PATRICK'S SALVE TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc., Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 93 Fulton Street, N. Y.

WANTED---AGENTS.
To buy and sell the WANLESS DETACHABLE and SELF-LOCKING PILLOW-SHAM HOLDER; the most DURABLE and SIMPLEST in the market. Sample to any address on receipt of $1.50. Over 1,000 sold in Cleveland. Lady Agents find it very saleable. For terms address KENDALL & CO., 186 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

PORTABLE Soda Fountains! Send for Catalogue. CHAPMAN & CO., Madison, Ind.

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All the world's news. Everything that interests men and women; good writing in every column; honest and fearless comment; absolute independence of partisan organizations, but unwavering loyalty to true Democratic principles. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages), by mail, 55c. a month, or $6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), $1.20 per year; WEEKLY (8 pages), $1 per year. I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, New York City.

WE SELL THE BEST $65 ORGAN in the world. Address MILLER ORGAN CO., Lebanon, Pa.

"MAUD S" HALTER cannot be slipped by any horse. Sent to any part of United States free, on receipt of $1. Special discounts to the trade. Send for price-list. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE & BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list *free*. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

A. N. K.—E. 924 18—83

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1883. NUMBER 29.

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A Scene at a Ferry.

Near the ferry, one winter day,
A woman old, and frail, and gray,
With pins and laces took her stand;
And stretching out a trembling hand
Unto the passing people spake:
"A penny—*for your Mother's sake!*"

"My Mother!" she had been for years
Beyond earth's cares, and joys, and tears;
Yet, in that windy, wintry hour,
The words had strange and subtle power
To stir fond memories, and make
Me help her—for my Mother's sake!

And then I watched the crowd to see
How many felt the homely plea;
Some heard it not; with faces bent
Toward the ferry, on they went;
But if 'twas heard it left a trace
Of thought or love on every face;

And made all pause. Men old and gray
Dropped her a penny on their way;
And happy mothers kindly stay'd
And made their children give her aid.
Ah! who can tell what memories wake
When giving for a Mother's sake!

Few cared to ask about her life,
To know that she had been a wife,
Had felt a mother's griefs and joys,
And nursed her share of girls and boys.
The cord she touched was one could start
Far deeper echoes in the heart.

Oh, "Mother!" sweetest, dearest word
By which the soul of man is stirred,
To it our love is never cold,
And never can we grow too old
Our better impulses to wake
In kindness, "for our Mother's sake!"

Ah, do not wait until her face
Has gone forever from its place
To do her memory this grace!
But *now*, while still her heart can know,
While lips can meet and faces glow,
Ere Death the sad regret can make,
Be kindly—"for your Mother's sake!"

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

NONE SO BLIND.

When Captain Thompson built a modest seaside dwelling he had no end of wife's sisters coming to stay with him. He liked it, or them—some of them. If only one would come at a time! He was getting too old to enjoy the stiff breeze such a company created. He preferred Bella. I prefer her myself. She may be twenty-six; a sensible, gracious woman. Where pretty sister's are, somebody's nice brothers will be. Older men and graver came to smoke with the Captain. One of them was a certain Royal McMillan, who, from a crude youth, had mellowed into a rare kind of man, they said who knew. The tide in his affairs that leads to fortune had not long been flood; but he took frequent periods of what more ambitious men would call spendthrift recreation. Being a homeless man, without ties, he was easily persuaded by merry-hearted Mrs. Thompson to stay with them awhile; then another while; then all the while he pleased. He was certainly a pillar of support where the girls were concerned, one to whom nothing was a trouble or a difficulty—a born man of affairs. The girls, admiring his stately figure, charming temper, and—the income—were inclined to love him, also; even the more, when he evidently detected this disposition and was amused by it. But at last, drawn off in other ways, they left him to himself, unless, when he now and then fell to the companionship of Bella, who chaperoned the parties when Mrs. Thompson did not go.

Well as they knew each other it was a rare occurrence to be walking, as they were a certain superb morning, on the hard sands, the long, green rollers breaking twenty feet away at their right, five miles before them of delightful footing, the lighthouse the goal. They were friendly enough to talk or not, as they pleased, and as Bella was the only one who had not sought or avoided him, he felt easy in her presence; so easy that, like his old jacket; he didn't think about it.

At first they talked of the West, and McMillan, who was sometimes retrospective, when he could get any one to listen, had been rather unmerciful in anecdotes of his boyhood, when he suddenly broke a long silence by saying:

"Is there anything more idiotic than the behavior of two people under the delusion called love? Look at the couple before us. They have forgotten we are behind; or, do they suppose they are acting like civilized people?"

"An old maid is idyllic," she said. "To me it is touching." But she suddenly gave a suppressed exclamation of contagious mirth, in which he joined.

"Is it anything particular, Miss Summers?"

"I was reminded of something."

"So was I; do you know I feel convicted by secret guilt. I suspect we have both been fools. If you will not laugh much, I should like to tell a kind of adventure of my own."

"I can sympathize to any extent in a romance."

"I suppose you will call it a romance. I wonder myself how it ever could have happened. It was at the Centennial. I had been lounging about the grounds all day—I delighted in the people—and was resting on a shady bench, when there appeared a remarkable pair—father and daughter, I concluded. They, too, sat down to rest. He was a distinguished-looking man, with white mustaches; she the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life. Your pretty sister Eve reminds me of her sometimes; but this was a creature divine. I sat and devoured her with my Western gaze, while her companion asked me some questions. And when she turned her eyes full on mine, as she did, presently, I went down—under the waters." He stopped.

"Go on," said she.

"May I have a cigar, Miss Summers?"

"I was going to suggest it."

"Well, I do not know how to go on without giving you the idea that she was too easily wooed. You Northern women are frosty and—perhaps you can not understand?"

"I do, perfectly."

"I was able to be of some service to her guardian and we were constantly together after that first day. He soon found out all about me, and he even left me with her for hours. I reached a desperate point that week."

"Did you not know her name?"

"The old gentleman gave me his card, and though I have it yet I have never been able to read that name. It was a foreign one, and scrawled abominably. I said something as near it as I could get and was never corrected. She took the card and wrote 'Sybylla;' and Sybylla I called her. I made a few attempts to find out about them; but our time was short, and she plainly told me she did not wish me to know who they were. I was to take the present and be patient. It was useless to love her, she said; she was bound by obligations she could not break. If I would be obedient, she would explain before we parted. So one day we left Monsieur sitting in the Spanish office, and with his consent went rambling off by ourselves.

"She was studying to be a singer. She had a voice that promised to be a fortune. Her step-father was educating her as a speculation, I think, and was taking care of her family. She had signed papers binding her to certain promises. Any consideration of love was a breach of contract. I must see it would distract her; for that reason I must know nothing about her. She was ambitious, and believed she had a magnificent future before her; and I believed it, too. When the goal was reached, she said, if I wished, she would send me word. I saw she was right; but I was human and miserable, and—how sweet and tender she was!"

"And is that the end?" asked Bella, who was thinking she must seem very old and aunt-like to this man, or he would never have confided so foolish an escapade.

"I have never seen her since."

"You are still expecting it?"

"I do not know what I expect. I have been to Europe three times. I have heard every debutante. She was seventeen, or so, and of the kind of beauty that might be of any age. The world would be ringing with her name if she were before it."

"You would know her again?"

"Know her!" he exclaimed, looking down at her. "How strange a question. Here is the hulk of an old boat, Miss Summers; you look flushed and tired. Will you sit down? I do not dare ask you what you think about this piece of foolishness."

"It is just that, isn't it?" Then he looked disappointed. "It is very pretty, you know." That was not what she wished to say, either, so she went on:

"She would be twenty-five or more if she is living."

"She isn't dead!" he exclaimed. "There was a promise about that. She has married, probably, some Prince or nobleman. I have about 500 photographs of the great ladies abroad; not one is she."

"She may have lost her voice; she may be poor with that family she told you of, and too proud, in such a case, to send you any message."

"That idea has never occurred to me; but I am rich now; I could assume any obligations."

"I hardly like to suggest it, for it may be a mistake, and cause annoyance," Bella began. She turned her head so he could not see her face very clearly. "But such a person I once knew about. She answers your description in some ways—the time, the age, the voice—but she was ill and lost it."

"Not married?"

"No; do not be so eager about it, Mr. McMillan; you are, indeed, a boy. It is only a suggestion that may lead to nothing, or worse, to disappointment. You know I have had a good deal of experience, and since you have told me the story you must have a little advice, too. She has probably changed in many ways—in face, you may be sure; for such beauty as you describe is all light and color, and goes. You are not the same, either. You have different tastes and opinions. Six years is a life time at that age. You were younger than your years then; you have made your fortune since. Don't you know Captain Thompson thinks there were never such pumpkin pies as his mother used to make; nor such ginger-bread, and do we not know he is unappreciatingly eating better every day of his life?" He did not seem to heed this wisdom much.

"I shall not be easy until this thing is settled one way or the other. I must see for myself. Will you give me this information?"

"When we reach the house," she answered.

"If you could do it now I might be able to leave to-night," he said.

She took the note-book he had opened and wrote a few lines in it. She knew that he would soon come to a blank wall in his search for the unknown.

"I was at the Centennial that month," she suggested, gently.

"Everybody was, I think," said he, looking out at sea.

Bella sighed. "A cigar is a great comfort, isn't it?" she remarked; but he did not hear her; his head was in his hands. She, perceiving he had forgotten her, let her eyes dwell on him. A light came into them, her cheeks glowed, the repressed, resigned look of a woman grieved passed away. She was again eighteen, and wildly indiscreet. But, yes, she would do the same again for just that happy week.

"Well," said he, presently, "shall we go on?"

When at length the straggling party reached the home piazza, McMillan said to Bella:

"I find I can make the six o'clock train, so I'll say good-by. If I have a guardian angel, that being must have inspired me to tell you my story."

"Perhaps it was your bad angel," said she sedately.

"You are not encouraging. Well, again good-by."

She saw him drive off with Captain Thompson, and then locked herself in her room, and wept all the tears she had been keeping back since she parted from him in the gardens of the Centennial.

Would you have told if you had been she?—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

—While the Virginia Court of Appeals was waiting for a case to be taken up the other day, Judge Lacy got off a joke at Judge Richardson, his associate on the bench, which set his honor off on such a violent laugh that he shook a rib out of joint and a doctor had to be called to correct the dislocation.

* * *

—This original composition was produced by a promising youth of Virginia. The subject was "Enterprise:" "Enterprise is a good thing. Columbus enterprised America. If Columbus hadn't done it we should be nowhere, for nobody knew anything about America but the Indians, and they wouldn't tell."

Old Maids.

You are so ready with words of encouragement and helpful sympathy for the weary, overburdened mothers, have you any kind words for another class?—for those who have somehow missed what seems so irksome to many who have it, the blessing of husband and children and home?—for those who at thirty or thirty-five find their youth a thing of the past and the dreaded term "old maid" beginning to fasten upon them? Patiently and lovingly have their best years been given to comfort a widowed father or mother, or in caring for young brothers or sisters. At last the aged parent goes to well-earned rest; the brothers and sisters no longer need her care, and the busy hands of the "old maid" of thirty-five are idle now. No one, not even one little child, depends on her for happiness. What can she do? What work will fill the empty hands and hungry heart? What would she not give for the clasping of little hands, for something, anything, to live for, to work for.

As "misery is said to love company," it might comfort our friend to know that "old maids" are not the only individuals that go through life hungry-hearted. If she will look over the circle of her friends and acquaintances she will find very few with whom she would be willing to change places. She will find many wives married but not mated, many mothers whose children are a source of as much pain and anxiety as of pleasure, and widows whose "crown of sorrow is remembering happier days." This will not lessen the "chill she must feel who warms herself at another's fireside," but it may enable her to bear it with greater fortitude. The best way of managing the stigma of being called "old maid" is to accept the designation heartily, in accordance with the facts, to make no secret of one's age, of one's preference for married life if it could be properly realized, and of the reasons which have compelled single life. These facts need not be obtruded, but when they are suggested their full recognition is the best policy.

It is true, no doubt, that most of those who live unmarried lose not only the greatest happiness but the best discipline of life in never losing the consciousness of self.

Love took up the harp of Life, smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the cord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

The blessedness of perfect marriage lies largely in the consciousness that the center of self is in the other and dearer half, and has passed to this center "in music"; or, to use a simile which is exactly in point, the two halves, like binary stars, revolve round a center common to both and common only to both. Each knows all the heart, all the thought, all the being of the other; as the soul and body are one, so the husband and wife are one, in an intimacy as sacred as it is pure and entire, and which in the Scriptures is compared to the relation between Christ and the Church.

Then in the mother-love there is the same or greater abnegation of self. The mother delights in giving her life to her child and for her child if need be, and this devotion, far from requiring an effort it is impossible for her to repress. "Can a mother forget her child?"

It is the want of this discipline and all that it implies, so pleasant to take that it seems to demand another name that prevents the majority of "old maids" from being lovable and lovely, that leaves them narrow and narrowing and "particular." The loving wife easily learns to overlook or make allowance for such faults as she may discover in her husband, and to cure them if they can be cured, not by direct attack, but by gentle and wisely-devised flank movements. She learns also to have her own faults corrected by a loving hand. The mother submits almost with pleasure to the pulling of her hair, the disarranging of her dress, by the dear little hands of her baby, to its "getting into things," and the strewing of its playthings along the floor, and even to the prints of its fingers on the window-pane. It could be wished in some cases that the "divine phrensy" of mother-love were in these matters less pronounced than it is. The single woman has little or none of this special kind of discipline.

"Not even one little child depends on her for happiness. What can she do? What work will fill the empty hands and hungry heart?" And yet orphan asylums are full to overflowing. Innumerable motherless waifs are floating about in society perishing for want of loving care. In such a world as this there is surely enough to *do* for all who would relieve sorrow and pain and bring joy to the anguished heart and light to the darkened soul. Wisely, indeed, has the "Mother Church" provided "vocations" for the women in her membership, and made it possible for her whose heart overflows with charity and the desire of doing good, but whose hands are empty, to associate herself with schemes of organized benevolence in fields that are always "white to the harvest." Some of our Protestant communion have followed this example, and the "Sisters of Mercy" are happy in their work. Lacking association of this kind, she who is really in earnest to bring happiness to herself by creating it in the hearts of others will find the way open as she advances.

* * *

—A Kentucky farmer announced just before his death that he had saved and hidden seven jugs of gold for his seven children, each jug containg $1,000. He, at the last moment, attempted to tell where the money was to be found, but expired before he could impart the information. Since that time a vigorous search has been maintained, but so far only two of the jugs, each one containing the specified amount of money, have been found—one in the smoke-house, the other in the stable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

* * *

—William H. Fisher, of Wooster, O., was found standing as immovable and as insensible as a statue the other night, on a Pittsburgh street. His frame was rigid, and his open eyes fixed and glassy. He was taken to a police station and recovered his senses in the morning, but the cause of his entrancement could not be ascertained. He had been in his statuesque position five hours when found.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—"Board wanted"—as the young lady said when she came to a mud-puddle in the side-walk.

—There is no power on earth that can make a good citizen of a man who does not work.—*New Orleans Philosopher.*

—"I believe," said one man, speaking of another, "that he would do anything—even eat succotash in a strange hotel."

—There appears to be no reason why the English should not now take kindly to that famous American ballad: "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave."—*Boston Post.*

—Aristocratic ma, chatting with aristocratic visitor, is interrupted by two little daughters running in: "Oh, ma! ma! we've just seen Uncle Jim! He's upon a wagon, hollerin' barl's!"

—A Piute Princess has just married her twentieth husband. A few enterprising Piute princesses would soon exterminate the male portion of the tribe, and save our Government considerable money.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Western paper has an elaborate article on "Some Causes of a Monetary Stringency." If there are any new causes we don't want to hear anything about them. The old causes are about all we care to wrestle with.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A gentleman who has been thinking of buying a hack, having visited a menagerie, comes home radiant with joy. "I'm going to buy one of them zebras," he says: "one of those rifled horses. They must carry much further than the ordinary sort!"

—A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions, and yet a man who suspected his wife was going to ask him where he was the night before [illegible] a position in that chair which seemed comfortable.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Latin in a drug store must come down. The green boy learning the druggist's trade has too good a chance to poison customers by mistake where everything is covered by a language he does not understand. Medicine should be taken in straight English.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A longshoreman entered a coffee and cake saloon in Barclay street on Friday, and, after eating a plate of fish cakes, called for "a cup ov coffee an' pace ov poi." "Vot kind uf py?" asked the German attendant. "Quinz poi." "Mintz?" "No, quinz, ye thick-headed Dutchman. Do I look loike a man that 'nd ate mate on Friday?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—No, gentle Cockney, the George Washington, of whom you seem to have heard for the first time, was never "a 'orse breeder." We have an indistinct recollection, however, that on one occasion he took a Bull by the horns and, as the Irishman said, "gave him a good baiting." George was rather a genius in that line, and if you will look the story up when you return to "Hold Hingland" you will find some reference to him in the British archives.—*Chicago Herald.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Some Swedish manufacturers of matches are proposing to set up a large factory in northern New York.

—Glass shingles are now being manufactured at Pittsburgh, which are said to be more durable and impervious to rain than slate or any other material.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner that the watch is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

—A German patent has just been taken out for the manufacture of bottles, etc., from cast iron, containing twelve per cent. of silicon, a compound which is said to resist action of the strongest acids.

—Dr. Quesneville stated before the Societe d'Hygiene that he had preserved water potable for more than three years by adding to it half a grain of salicylic acid for each quart. It is recommended for use in expeditions in warm climates.

—After a long consideration of means for stopping a ship suddenly when emergency requires, a German has adopted the principle of a recoil of a gun as the only feasible basis for experiment. He proposes to fasten on the front of the ship an immense cannon charged with some powerful explosive and ready to be fired by electricity at a moment's notice. He supposes that the recoil would exactly counterbalance the momentum of the ship, the armament, of course, being proportioned to the tonnage.

—In a letter to a friend in Berlin, Prof. Nordenskjold lately wrote as follows: "As for my expedition to Greenland, it is my intention, starting from Auleitsivikfjord on the west coast in sixty-eight degrees thirty minutes north latitude, to push into the interior. Relying on the fact that all the winds which reach the coast from the interior are dry and comparatively warm, I believe, contrary to the prevailing opinion, that the interior is free from ice. I further believe that, under the meteorological conditions now existing south of eighty degrees north latitude, ice-covered continents are a physical impossibility."

—The increasing scarcity of tallow of animal origin has attracted the attention of candle and soap manufacturers to a vegetable grease introduced into Europe toward 1848, and the use of which is steadily growing in France and England. The tallow tree is of Chinese origin; it grows also in the northwest of India, and has been introduced into South Carolina, where it has been cultivated for ten years. It produces a fruit the core of which is covered with a layer of thick tallow, and contains a yellowish aromatic oil, used in the same country as a heating agent. After the plucking, which takes place in July in the south and in October in the north of China, hot water is poured on them and the grease is skimmed off after getting cold with spoons, the tallow, molded into the form of bamboo canes, is directly brought into commerce.

Official Corruption in Cuba.

Official corruption is apparently rampant all through the Cuban civil service. Said a Cuban tax-payer to the writer recently: "It would be bad enough to have to pay the awful taxes we do, but it is doubly sickening to have to pay those taxes and know that an immense proportion is coolly pocketed by the Spanish officials." This same gentleman showed me a local tax bill for his house fully paid and receipted. He then pulled out two later unreceipted bills covering exactly the same period, but with "penalty" taxes—for delay—added. The conclusion was irresistible that the first tax had been stolen without entering it on the books at the Tax-office. I have heard, too, from the best authority, of a case where a planter who had gone up to pay taxes on a plantation sold for $300,000 had been invited by the officer to fix the amount at $150,000 and "divide" the tax on the balance. Indeed, it is perfectly amazing here to find how universally accepted is the notion of deep-seated and general official swindling. Some little incidents throw a side-light on the evil. For instance, the regular fee is twenty-five cents for getting a passport vised at Havana before leaving the island. Go to the Government office in the city and try the experiment of not offering an extra fee. You may wait one, two, three days before the passport is handed back. But offer a dollar, and "presto," the little instant of work is done and the document returned. If people here who ought to know—American residents and respectable Cubans—can be half believed, the degree of public swindling would be positively ludicrous, could crime ever be made funny. They aver that Cuban offices are regularly bartered in Spain to men who come over as civic pirates to prey on the island. I have heard of the case of one Customs officer who came from Spain after paying there $10,000 for his place. In two months, as the story goes, he was removed, that his position might be sold over again. "Never mind," said he, "in those two months I made $20,000." No doubt many of these stories are exaggerated or fictitious; but if every one of them was a lie, the undoubted and palpable fact that every one believes them seems enough to sap the confidence and energies of a sturdier race than is found in Cuba.

The vices of the Spanish office-holding class are reflected deeply on those lower orders with whom the stranger has to deal. Of all the places in the world prolific in petty swindles Havana takes the palm. The hucksters, money changers, hotel interpreters, and everybody of the genus cheat with a coolness and hardihood that smacks of genius, and, when detected, calmly lower their price, smiling as at a joke. They have easy scope for fraud in the currencies of the island, which are enough to puzzle more experienced brains than the tourist's. Paper money (depreciated in gold 50 per cent. and not a full legal tender), Spanish gold, Mexican and American coins, greenbacks, all circulate in most puzzling relations of value. Many of the paper bills and shinplasters are so faded, torn, and dirty that the wildest stretch of fancy is required to attribute to them value; while the complexities of foreign exchange caused by this hodge-podge of hybrid currencies are most curious and whimsical.—*Havana Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

Mrs. Caudle in Zuni.

K'ia-wu troubled herself much with her husband's actions. They usually slept along the opposite side of my little room. Night after night, hour after hour, I have heard her, in the peculiar sing-song tone of her race and sex, lecture the silent Governor. The darkness would grow deeper, the embers on the hearth fade to ashes, but the theme lost neither interest nor voice. It used sorely to provoke me; and in my own language, hopelessly striving to sleep, I would sometimes curse both the persistency of the Zuni Caudle and the silence of the matrimonial stoic. The voice would change but not cease. "Ho! the younger brother is thoughtful; to-morrow I will fix his bed better," it would say; and the Governor, filling the exclamation with the most perfect understanding of the situation, would ejaculate, "Humph!" but no more. Undisturbed, the current would then flow on until later, by considerable distance of the stars, the tone would die away. A moment of dead silence, then a cough from the Governor, followed by the bland inquiry:

"Is that all?"

"What more should I say, talkless?" the old woman would reply, in a most injured and ill-controlled tone.

"Well, then" (with a yawn), "let's go to sleep, old girl (*o' ka-si-ki*), for it is time, and the younger brother is restless." With which he would turn over, cough again, and lapse into silence, hopeless to the tongue-weary woman, as evinced by her long-continued, half-smothered sobs.—*Frank H. Cushing, in the Century.*

They Settled.

Two men were wrangling in front of the City Hall the other day, when one of them called out:

"I tell you I don't owe you no five dollars!"

"I say you do!"

"And I won't pay it!"

"Then I'll sue you!"

At this point a pedestrian halted and inquired of the one:

"Do you honestly owe him?"

"Not a penny, sir!"

"And will you sue him for five dollars?" he asked of the other.

"I will!"

"Give him seven dollars," continued the pedestrian to the debtor—"give him seven, and be glad to. If he sues he's sure of a verdict, and your expenses will reach at least ten dollars. Give him seven and be thankful that you are beating two lawyers, a justice and a constable, six jurymen and two witnesses out of their fees."

A satisfactory settlement was made on the spot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Boston paper speaks of having a reformed plumber in that city, and has thereby wrecked what little credit it had for veracity, forever.

Our Young Folks.

PUZZLED.

"Well—whose boy am I, anyway?—
I fell down cellar yesterday
And gave my head an awful bump
(If you had only seen the lump!);
And Mamma called me when I cried,
And hugged me close up to her side,
And said: 'I'll kiss and make it well,
Mamma's own Boy. How hard he fell!"

"When Papa took me out to play
Where all the men were making hay,
He put me on old Dobbin's back;
And when they gave the whip a crack,
And off he threw me, Papa said
(When I got up and rubbed my head
And shut my lips and winked my eyes):
'Papa's brave Boy. He never cries.'

"And when I go to Grandma's—well,
You'd be surprised if I could tell
Of all the pies and ginger-cakes
And doughnuts that she always makes,
And all the jam and tarts and such,
And *never* says: 'Don't take too much,'
'Because,' she says, 'he must enjoy
His visit, for he's Grandma's Boy.'

"And Grandpa says: 'I'll give him soon
A little pony for his own.
He'll learn to ride it well, I know,
Because he's Grandpa's Boy.' Ho! ho!
And plenty other people say:
'Well, how are you, my Boy, to-day?'
Now, can you tell me, if you try,
How many little boys *am I?*"

—*Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

HOW PAPER MONEY IS MADE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I have said to myself, over and over again, to-day, that I must write you and tell you about something which has interested me very much, and which I am sure will interest you. You will open your eyes a little, perhaps, when I tell you it is about how money is made; but I don't mean by that quite what your papa and business men mean when they talk about making money. What I really want to tell you is about the place where the handsome dollar and five dollar and ten-dollar bills are printed, and something about how it is done.

Yesterday I went through the immense building, which is a block in length, and is called the Treasury Department. It is owned by the United States. Here all the paper money is made for all the banks in the country—every dollar of United States money.

A guide showed me through the immense building, and I had an opportunity of seeing pretty much the whole process of making paper money. How much do you suppose is made thus in a day? I won't bother you with any figures, but if you could have as much as is made there in half an hour, you could live comfortably on it all your life, I venture to say. Almost a million of dollars of old, worn-out money is counted and destroyed there daily. Count a thousand, see how long that takes; then count eight hundred times as many, and you will get at about the number of dollars of worn-out money destroyed every day. Of course new bills are printed to supply the place of those worn out and destroyed.

When they are destroyed they are first counted by several persons, so that there can be no mistake, and the amounts marked. The money is then placed in a large receiver of iron which is nearly the shape of two tin pans with the edges shut together, only very much larger—six or seven feet in diameter. To this iron receiver there is a door which is locked with three locks, each lock requiring a different kind of key. Three men, who are appointed in accordance with law to witness the destruction of this money, have each one of the keys to this door. No one of the men can lend his key to either of the others or to any other person. So you see the door can't be opened without all three of the men are present. Now at the proper time of day these three men get together and each one takes his key and they unlock the three locks of the door, which is then opened. All this old money—so many hundreds of thousands of dollars—is then carefully placed in the receiver, the door is closed and the three men securely lock it. Water is then let in through a pipe and a machine inside beats and grinds all these hundreds of thousands of dollars into the finest pulp. When it is sufficiently ground it is taken out and used to make paper of. No one would suppose the wet pulp that comes out of the receiver had been money only an hour or two before.

A box stood near with perhaps six or eight bushels of pulp in it, which, I was told, was the amount destroyed the day before. You will notice the exceeding care which is taken in counting the money to be destroyed and in its destruction, so that none of the money intended to be destroyed shall be stolen or lost, and so again go into use as money.

Everything in regard to making the money appears to be conducted with the same care, so that it is hardly possible for one person to be dishonest, or even to make a mistake, without the dishonesty or mistake being discovered.

As I said before, new bills are printed to take the place of those destroyed, and also to supply money required to be used in the country. It would have been very interesting to you to have seen the new money made. If you will look very carefully indeed at a new bill, you will notice that it is made of a peculiar kind of paper—very different from newspaper or the paper which papa writes on. It is very tough. Perhaps papa can show you one other peculiarity which is very singular. Take a new bill and you will find in the paper itself something that looks like a fine kind of hair running through each bill in one particular place. Now, that paper is made just so in order that no one may be able to counterfeit the bills, for the Government takes care that no one shall ever get even a sheet of that paper. So if a bill hasn't got those hairs running through it in a particular place, we know at once it is worthless, or, as we call it, a "counterfeit" bill.

This paper is first made in large sheets, and every sheet that comes in to be printed is carefully counted, so that if a single sheet were stolen or lost the theft or loss would be promptly detected. When the paper comes in, in great packages of these large sheets, each sheet is carefully moistened so that it will take up the ink properly, and is then placed under a press, when a die or stamp of the most perfect workmanship makes an impression, of one color only, on one side. When it becomes dry it is moistened again, and is again placed under a press, and another impression of another color is made, and this process is repeated many times, till all the colors of both sides have been impressed. This printing is done in sheets, several bills being printed at once on one sheet. After this is done the sheets are dried and put under great pressure to take all wrinkles out and make them entirely smooth. The bills are then trimmed and separated by machinery, and numbered by a curious little machine that changes its number at every impression, thus: 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., so that no two bills of the same kind have the same number on them.

After the numbering the bills are ready to be counted (you see how careful they are to count the sheets and count the bills—oftener, indeed, than I have told you of—so as to avoid the possibility of a single dollar being lost or stolen among all the millions and millions of dollars of paper money that are printed), and after being counted they are placed in packages to be sent away through the country to the banks and sub-treasuries.

This was all new and strange to me. I had an excellent opportunity to observe it, as my pass permitted me to go among the workmen, and an efficient and very polite guide took great pains in explaining everything to me. But don't you think it must take a good deal of care to look after such an immense business of making money?

Very truly, your friend,
MAX HARKAWAY.

—*Christian Union.*

A Safe Rule.

Clinton Mills went into his mother's room with a light heart and a bright face.

"Mother," he said, "is it not a splendid day for a drive. I am going to tell John to get out my pony, and then I am going to take my cousin down to the beach. It will be great fun."

"Have you learned your lesson, Clinton?"

"O no; I forgot," said Clinton. "But what if I do not learn that stupid lesson just for once?"

"Your teacher complained of you yesterday, Clinton."

"Well, what if he did?" said Clinton, hastily. "This charming weather is too tempting. I can not stay in the house and fix my mind upon my book."

"But it was just the same in the winter."

"I know it. But then there was the coasting and skating; I could not resist them. It is no great matter if I do not get on very fast in my studies; my father is rich, and I shall have plenty of time to go to school."

"And so, because your father is rich you choose to be an idle, ignorant, useless man?" said his mother, sadly.

Clinton looked both grieved and vexed.

"Why, mother," he said, "how you do talk to me! You know that I do not choose to be such a man as that: I mean to be like my father, and to have every one respect me."

"Then you must begin to form such a character now," said his mother. "When your father was a boy he made this maxim a rule of his life: 'Duty before pleasure.' And however rich you may be you will never succeed in any useful pursuit unless you do the same thing. A baby can not learn to walk unless he uses his limbs, and a boy can not grow wise unless he uses his mind."

Clinton was a lad of sense, he saw that his mother was right. He took his book, threw himself face downward upon the carpet, and so applied himself to his task that he soon sprang to his feet, crying out:

"I know it now, every word of it."

"And there is plenty of time left for your drive," responded his mother, as joyfully. "You can now take your pleasure with a clear conscience."

"So I can," said Clinton. I am so glad that I did not go right off. Father's rule works pretty well, I find."

"Take it for yours, then," said Mrs. Mills. "Wherever you are, in whatever circumstances of life you may be placed, attend to duty before pleasure. Thus duties will not seem half so irksome and pleasure will be doubly sweet."—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Charmed Mouse.

Did you know that the little creatures were fond of music? Jennie Smith, a *Pansy* correspondent from Washington, tells of a mouse that made a perfect nuisance of itself in a friend's house.

Various ways were tried to get rid of mousie; but she was too smart for them all, and nibbled around in her small world in high glee over the fact that neither trap nor cat could catch her.

But alas for mousie! It happened with her, as with so many others in this world, pride got the better of prudence.

One fine evening the lady whom she nightly tormented with her sharp teeth had company—a gentleman who played the violin beautifully. As the friends sat enjoying the music, who should steal out of her room but a small mouse dressed in gray velvet.

She had sat with her bit of tail curled up about her, for some time, thinking the matter over. "Ah, but that is too lovely for anything!" she said to herself, as the soft, sweet strains from the violin stole in to her. "Why couldn't I slip out there where I could see as well as hear? I'd risk my being caught; I'm too quick motioned for anybody to hurt me. Now he is playing that lovely tune I've danced to so many times. Dear me! I can't stand that; I just know I can dance charmingly, and I'm so tired of hopping around in this dark room with nobody to see me. I'm going out this minute. I'm not in the least afraid of being caught." And out she went.

For a time all went merrily. Miss Mousie in her gray velvet under the shadow of a friendly rocking-chair skipped about to the sound of music in a way that she imagined was perfectly charming.

At last to her great delight she was discovered and exclaimed over. She came out from the shadow of the rocking-chair in order to give them all a better view. How should she know they were plotting her ruin? Too late she discovered it. Dizzy with dancing, and grown reckless with pride, she actually whirled herself between the feet of a man with a poker. And that was her last dance.—*Pansy.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. MAY 16 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	[illegible] "	40
"	[illegible] "	20
[illegible] "	[illegible] "	20
"	[illegible] "	10
"	[illegible] "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

RISING SUN has a bonded debt of $4,400.

THE governor makers meet in Louisville to-day at 12 m.

STATISTICS place the number of Baptist in the world at 2.500,000.]

MR. CONKLING is evidently preparing to see his party defeated in 1884.

THE Williamstown Courier and Falmouth Democrat can now sheath their swords, the nomination for State Senator has been made.

CONKLING has the sulks yet, and will do nothing calculated to unite the factions. He is apparently working in the opposite direction.

THE Mason county democratic convention held on the 5th inst., endorsed governor Blackburn's adminstration, being the only county in the State guilty of the act.

A VOTE will be taken on local option in the Hamilton or Big Bone voting precinct at the August election, and the anti-whisky party are very sanguine of success.

MR. KEENE, a Wall Street speculator, sold a picture the other day at a sacrifice of $8,000, and the report that he was weakening financially was soon being buzzed around.

THOMAS L. JONES had 206 instructed votes in the convention that nominated Gov. Blackburn four years ago, and to-day he goes into the convention with 208 instructed votes.

WALTON, Wingate & Co., don't forget the RECORDER while they are bobbing around out west. Bet they are having a jolly time dodging cyclones and killing rattlesnakes.

THE friends of Joseph C. Hughes, of Beaver, are, we understand, prevailing upon his becoming a candidate for representative. He is a practical man, and would make a good representative.

THE thrift of Boone county farmers will compare with that of any other county in the State. They are an industrious, frugal and hospital set of fellows, most of whom can show a healthy bank account.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $7 35@7 50; fair to good packers, at $6 10@7 35; fair to good light, $7 10@7 30; common, $6 10@6 75; culls, $5 00@6 10: stock hogs, $5 50@6 50.

THE second trial of the libel suit of James Francis Malloy against James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, resulted in a verdict of $2,500. Malloy got a verdict for $20,000 on the first trial.

THIS week we announce N. S Walton as a candidate for representative from Boone in the next legislature. Mr. Walton is too well known to need any introduction or praise on the part of the RECORDER.

GEN. GRANT'S mother, Hannah Simpson Grant, died suddenly on the 11th inst., at Jersey City, New Jersey, aged 84 years and 6 months. The remains were brought to Cincinnati and buried in Spring Grove cemetery.

THE Union and Big Bone turnpike company which commenced operation under the new turnpike law, was meeting with serious opposition, and to settle matters has decided to build the road by private subscription. One terminus of the road will be Richwood instead of Union. To this change there is no formidable opposition and the contract has been let, and the neighbors are at peace one with another.

THE cause of education is receiving more attention by the State press than at any time in the past, and the interest in that behalf seems to be reviving throughout the State. The people are becoming alarmed about the inadequacy of their school system, and want it renovated and the funds appropriated in a way that will produce more benefit than has been the case in the past.

GEN. BUCKNER'S chances for nomination for governor by the Louisville convention to-day are as good as those of either Jones or Knott. The followers of the last two named aspirants will very likely become intensely hostile, and when the contest is opened, and it is developed that the vote of the weaker can defeat the stronger by going over to another, it will be done; and Buckner occupies the best position of any of the weaker candidates, when the break comes.

ACCORDING to the Boston American Gazetteer, a paper published nearly a hundred years ago, in 1797, the annual receipts of Tobacco at Petersburg, Virginia, averaged, for ten years up to that date, considerably more than 20,000 hogsheads. Petersburg was a great milling centre at that time also, as, within a radius of a few miles, over 60,000 barrels of flour were annually produced It contained at that time a population of 2,828, nearly one-half of whom were slaves.

THE turnpike from Richwood to Big Bone will be a great benefit to the latter locality and especially to the springs, which, heretofore, have been almost inaccessible. With the pike connecting with the river at Hamilton there is no reason why the proper person can not make Big Bone Springs a popular resort for invalids. The medicinal qualities of the water are understood to be of the best, and with an energetic proprietor a new era will dawn upon Big Bone Springs as a health resort.

THE trial of Phil B. Thompson for the murder of Walter H. Davis, is being put through with a rapidity unusual in murder trials in this state. The defense is represented by Hon. D. W. Voorhees, Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, Gen. D. W. Lindsay, Col. R. P. Jacobs, Col. T. C. Bell and Col. Phil B. Thompson, sr. The prosecution is in the hands of Lient. Gov. J. E. Cantrill, Hon. W. C. Owens, Capt. Jerry R. Morton and Col. Geo. Denny. Thompson's Cincinnati witnesses testified to what it was claimed they would.

THE Governor pardoned James Siezmore, the other day, sent to the penitentiary from Clay county in 1880, for six years, charged with murder. On his trial he made no defense. His brother, a man with a large family, being the real criminal, he voluntarily took the odium and penalty on himself for the sake of his brother and his family. The brother dying a few days since, made a declaration of his guilt, and gave such unmistakable proof of the truth of his confession that the governor issued the pardon at once when the facts were made known to him.

SEVERAL of those who employed Finnell & McKee and R. C. Green to prosecute their appeals in the Court of Appeals on the supersedeas bonds executed in the bounty fund case, met Finnell & McKee here last Saturday for the purpose of settling their fee as attorneys. Before any conference was had it was evident that the matter would not be adjusted very readily. A meeting was held before noon, and the attorneys informed them that they claimed as a fee ten per cent. of the amount for which they were held by the judgment in the bounty fund case, and ten per cent. of the amount of interest that would have accrued at six per cent. on the judgments against them from the time the judgments were rendered in the circuit court up to the date of the opinion of the Court of Appeals in the appeals on the supersedeas bonds. This did not suit anybody but the attorneys, and the clients, believing they had not bound themselves for more than ten per cent. on the principal for which they were held, refused to shell out the ducats on these terms, and the meeting adjourned for dinner. When the meeting was called to order after dinner, it was soon demonstrated that a good dinner had not wrought any deviation from their morning's determination. To bring about a settlement, the attorneys agreed to take ten per cent. on the principal and five per cent. on the interest that would have accrued on the principal for the time above mentioned. Some of the clients accepted the proposition and settled; others took time to consider, while others say they will not pay any percent on the interest. And the curtain has not fallen on the last scene in the bounty fund case, yet.

THE fire that destroyed the two large lumber yards in the lower part of Cincinnati, Saturday night, was seen by many of our citizens. It lighted up our streets. The loss of property was very heavy.

STATE NEWS.

—Williamstown wants a street sprinkler.

—From almost every part of the state farmers report the destruction of tobacco plants by the bugs.

—Dealers are offering Fayette farmers $1 per bushel for their growing wheat crops, to be delivered at threshing time, and some are selling at that price, while others are holding in anticipation of a rise.

—The latest reports from the tobacco plant beds are to the effect that flies are devouring the plants even in canvassed beds in some sections, and fears are entertained of a scarcity of plants at setting time.—Owen News.

—It is said that fish in the Cumberland river are being killed to an alarming extent with dynamite. A slug of the stuff made to explode in the water will kill all the fish within several hundred yards of it. The persons then pick up and load their skiffs with what they need of the best and let the balance float away.

—Governor Blackburn has returned from an inspecting tour of the camps where convicts are employed, and expresses an opinion that the system of leasing out prisoners is pernicious. He discovered many abuses which he has tried to correct, and found many convicts sick, whom he released from duty by granting them pardons.—Yeoman.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—The Llano live-stock ranch, in McClennan county, Texas, contains 126,000 acres of land, and required two car-loads of wire to fence it.

—A Florida man has grown a radish that was over two feet long, eighteen inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen pounds; also a collard that measured four feet eight inches across the top.

—A negro man living near Griffin, Ga., went with the old members of his family to the field to work, and upon their return found his four-year old girl child, head foremost and dead in a common-sized bucket of water.

—The Ripley (Miss.) Sentinel says that common scrub cows which sold a few years ago in that vicinity at from $8 to $12, are now bringing $25 to $30, with the demand greater than the supply. Texas wants them.

—Capt. Z. M. Mitchell, of Greene, Ga., has a rooster only five months old weighing five and a half pounds; and a pullet from the same brood and of the same age, has laid two litters of eggs, and is now setting on them.

—Albany, (Ga.) special: Several Texans have been buying up cattle in the wire-grass region around here for several weeks for shipment to Fort Worth, Texas. It is said they have thus far procured about 4,000 head at an average of $7 50 per head.

—As an instance of the ingenuity which can be brought out by necessity, the Columbia, (La.) Herald cites the fact that Bob Butler, who is to be hanged on May 4, made a saw of the buckle on his pants, and constructed out of a splinter of wood a key with which he unlocked the chain that bound him to the floor.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Z T Bondurant, Plff
vs
Salathiel Beemen, &c. Defts } Notice of sale in Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 12 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit: On Gunpowder creek, bounded by the lands of C L Crisler, the late Jonathan Utz and others and contains 65 acres and 40 poles, being the same now occupied by Salathiel Beemon and generally known as the Piles Mill tract, and has upon it the finest mill seat in the county.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $1,437.58. Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

John P Scotts, Devisees, Plffs
vs
America Scott, &c. Defts. } Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 12 months at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Two houses and lots in Burlington, Boone county, Ky. The first house and lot were the homestead of the deceased, bounded on the North and East by Edward Fowler's lots, on the South by an alley which separates it from Jessie Kirkpatrick's property, on the West by Jefferson street.

The second house and lot is the east half of lots Nos. 3, 46 and 66 as represented on the plot of said town of Burlington, bounded thus: Beginning at the Southeast corner of lot No. 46 at the edge of Gallatin and Garrard streets; thence with the latter street Northwestwardly 210 1-2 feet to the Northwest corner of lot No. 46 at the edge of Garrard street and alley No. 5; thence along the edge of said alley Westwardly 105 feet; thence running parallel to the first line Southwestwardly 210 1-2 feet to the north line of Gallatin street; then eastwardly 105 ft. to the beginning, excepting therefrom the lot conveyed by the grantors to the trustees of the Universalist church at Burlington. See Deed Book 31, page 152.

The purchasers will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

FOR RENT.

About 25 acres of good grass, with plenty of running water, or will pasture stock. Enquire of W. S. ACRA, Burlington, Ky.

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

Every Man His Own Boss.

How to Promote Personal Power—A New Radical Reformer.

"There is no provision in the Divine economy for political bosses!"

With a bang of his fist, and in the voice of a man who had made up his mind on the subject, Rev. James Chambers, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Harlem, recently opened his sermon with this announcement. He was right. The only boss authorized by the Book is mentioned in these words: "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Commonly, the better side of men is subject to the despotism of the worse side. Bad passions, bad humors, mean jealousies and base revenges are all bosses. One of the worst of bosses is bile. What is most depressing in philosophical or theological thought is due to it. Old General Debility is another tyrannical boss. He lashes men who are naturally good until they become unnaturally bad or miserably weak.

Concerning his deliverance from this bondage, Rev. S. P. Lewis, pastor of the Eighth Street Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was suffering from exhaustion and general debility. As an invigorant I used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. I never met [illegible] ... so effective. It is an elegant family medicine. I take a bottle in my valise when I go on my annual vacation."

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC neither intoxicates nor promotes a desire for strong drinks. The most pronounced temperance people use and praise it for this reason alone. It cures Malarial Fevers, Consumption, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood. Also weaknesses peculiar to women. Its action is prompt and pervasive. Test it once, and you will adopt it as a home remedy. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

Lystra Aylor, adm'r. of Frances Helm, Plff.
vs
Ephreim Helm, Defts | Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April Term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment to wit:

Lying on the Mineola and Anderson Ferry Turnpike Road: Beginning at a Beech and an Elm tree and stake on the north corner of Mrs. Ann H. McNeal's land, thence with her line S 43¼ E 73 3-5 poles to a stone a corner between the lands of Mrs. Ann H. McNeal and J. H. Walton in the center of the Mineola and Anderson Ferry turnpike road; thence with the center of said road N 80¼ W 88 3-5 poles to a stone in the old line between Alonzo Gaines and Lewis Helm; thence with it S 47¼ W 51 poles to the beginning containing 11a, 2r, and 36 p.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Amount to be raised by sale, $972 01.
Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C

NOTICE.

I take this method of contradicting the report being circulated in this neighborhood that a note with my name and my father's attached has been presented or seen in Aurora in the hands of another, and I will give $20 reward for the arrest of any person presenting a note for any amount with our names attached.

I also notify those who are circulating false and slanderous reports in regard to me in this neighborhood, if their slanderous and vile tongues are not at once stopped, that I will prosecute them to the extent of the law. J. W. RICE, Bellevue, Ky

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green.
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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.
dec. 20-6m

HARNESS & SADDLES,
ALBERT M. ACRA,
—) BURLINGTON, KY.(—
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in
Saddles, Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.,

I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Reparing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
TRADE MARK.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '18.

FLORENCE, - - KY.

NOTICE!

Just received a full and complete line of
DRY GOODS
of the finest selections, and the latest styles which will be sold exceedingly low. Also
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES, &c.

Too numerous to mention. Almost everything that the people may want will be found in my Stock. No trouble to show goods, and orders filled promptly. Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ I feel exceedingly thankful to my friends and patrons for past favors and hoping you all will call again.

Truly Yours,
W. C. TANNER,
Florence, Ky.

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

CENTRAL
HOTEL,
BURLINGTON, KY.

MRS. MARY J. GREEN,
(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

W. J. RICE.
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
38-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

Op 1822 THE DENNISON. Re-opened April 26, 1883.
(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.

A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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READ!

Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs. PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & CO.,
Lock Box 488 Washington, D. C.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

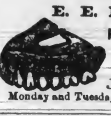
Bellevue—M. B Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Cemer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.



E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its [illegible] to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD."
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

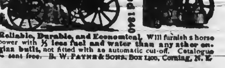
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles, $5.

FREE 25 USEFUL ARTICLES, & BEAUTIFUL FLORAL CHROMO CARDS, Size 5 x 8, and an illustrated Book, to all who send two 3c. stamps for postage and packing. Mention this paper. E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., NEW YORK.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.
Established 1840
Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1200, Corning, N. Y.



$1000 REWARD
For any machine hulling and cleaning as fast for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR Double Huller. It has made $100 often in ONE DAY
VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE. NEWARK MACHINE CO. NEWARK, O.
W. N. STAGE, Gen. Travelling Agt. Louisville, Ky

THE "DIXIE" COOK BOOK

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.

S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Local News.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Boone county, in Burlington, Ky., at 1 o'clock p. m., on Monday, June 4th, 1883. A full attendance is desired, as matters of importance are to be considered.

J. G. FURNISH, Chmn.

Read the new ads. in this issue.

"Fried" chickens are 30 cents a piece.

All signs failed in dry weather again.

Miss Fannie Rice's new organ is an Estey.

The cool weather checked the growth of vegetation.

J. M. Conner received a large lot of wool last week.

This town is well supplied with Jumbo literature.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure at W. E. Piper's. 2t

Mine host at the Boone House is papering and painting extensively.

F. Riddell has moved his law office to a room over Dudley Rouse's store.

BORN—On the 14th inst., to W. L. Gedge and wife, of Covington, a fine **girl.**

S. P. Brady, W. M. Rogers and John J. Rucker are supervisors of tax this year.

Don't say anything to W. H. Grant about his handsome present, a new pipe.

We always have a cold spell in the month of May, generally about the tenth.

Attorney Hughes has been going in on his muscles of late, cultivating his garden.

The painters' business is pretty lively hereabout this spring, and artisans of that class are in demand.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all blood diseases, eradicates every impurity, and renews the vital forces.

In some neighborhoods in this county tobacco p[illegible] are not doing well, and a scarcity of plants is feared.

Attorney Tolin had splendid luck hooking or slipping up on fish last week. He took some fine ones.

O. P. Conner sold a fine alderney cow for $80 the other day. Alderneys are the style now and style costs money

The ground got so dry and hard that some persons were compelled to suspend plowing and planting last week.

The four-legged town hog is a very unceremonious caller. It walketh in at any hour of the day without warning.

One beef killed in three weeks by the local butchers. Cattle are scarce and price of beef high—best cuts 15 cents per pound.

Good many sheep dying in this part of the country. The cause of such mortality among the woolly tribe cannot be accounted for.

A heavy locust bloom indicates a good crop year, say the observant, and according to this, good crops will be made this season.

J. O. Huey was in town the other day making trouble with the boys. He was inviting them to a road working over on 'opossum path.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

A gentleman representing a mercantile agency in an interior town in Ohio, was here, last week, informing himself as to the financial standing of Boone county people.

Saturday S. A. Palmer's shop caught fire in the roof, and when discovered had developed a healthy blaze which was extinguished with one or two buckets full of water. No alarm was given.

The Boone County Recorder says: "There are two or three cases of small-pox in Rising Sun, but no cases are near the business part of the city." Of course, when the B. C. R., finds out there was but one case, and none at all now, it will say so.—Rising Sun Recorder.

The commissions for the Justices of the Peace elect have been received by the County Clerk, and the County Judge requests us to say for the benefit of the Justices of the Peace and Constables elect that it is necessary that they shall come forward and qualify before the first of June next.

Two negroes in a small spring wagon, with the horse under a run, came down Jefferson street, Sunday, and in turning the corner at Washington street one of them was thrown overboard, and for about five minutes it seemed that he would journey through the valley. After being worked with for a while he was able to leave town.

A piece of paper thrown in the grate at Mrs. Dempsey's Sunday, about noon, went up the chimney, and falling upon the roof, set fire to the shingles. A timely discovery of the situation by Mrs. Dempsey, who was at the barn, saved the building from destruction. The alarm being given the bucket brigade was soon on hand, but the flames had been extinguished.

Ray Snyder and Joe Der, of Bullittsville, probably were the most successful tobacco raisers in the county last year. They cultivated about 12 acres of tobacco, produced [illegible] pounds per acre, and sold it at an average of $15 per 100 pounds. They gave one-half the crop as rent. They will cultivate the same land in tobacco again this year.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Gene Riley, of Union, graced our town with his presence, Sunday.

Elzie Harper and family, of Hebron, spent Sunday with Mr. Cowen and family.

Judge Geo. R. McKee and Gen. Jno. W. Finnell, of Covington, were in town Saturday.

John H. Kelley, of Elrod, Indiana, was in town last Saturday, looking hale and hearty.

Harry Piper, having enjoyed Burlington society for a few days, left for home last Friday.

Mason Minor and wife, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., were visiting his father's family Sunday.

Miss Nettie Gardner returned, Sunday, from a week's visit to Miss Kittie Riddell, near Hebron.

Alex Buckner and sister, Miss Sophia, of Kenton county, made Burlington a flying visit last Saturday.

Miss Annie Cowen returned, Saturday, from visiting her brother, Dr. L. C. Cowen, of Rabbit Hash.

O. T. Porter, our progressive friend, of Petersburg, was in town Saturday. He spent Sunday with R. W. Neel and sisters.

Hon. Richard Cooper, son of the lamented Robert Cooper, of Bullittsville, is among friends in this county, having arrived last Saturday.

On the Wing.

PAOLA, KAN., May 7th, 1884.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

From Warrensburg we went to Holden, where we spent a day with Mrs. Johnson, sister of J. J. Lillard, of Boone county, Ky. Leaving Holden we went to the Chicago of the west, Kansas city, which has from 80,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. Here we met with our friend and relative T. D. Walton, formerly of Boone county, Ky. He showed us about the city, and from the top of the hill above the Union depot is a grand view. The summit of the hill is 100 feet or more above the city, and from it you have a view of the city and all the railroads entering it. To appreciate the scene [illegible], view it for himself. We will only say it is sublime. We accompanied T. D. Walton to his home, Egerton, Johnson county, Kansas, 35 miles west of Kansas city, where we stopped until Monday morning. Mr. Walton is in the real estate business, and is doing well. Here we met Wm. Fisher, once a citizen of Petersburg, still following his old trade. He is now 81 years old, and enjoyes good health. We have visited Olathe, county seat of Johnson county, Kansas; and Spring Hill a station on the Kansas City and Fort Scott road. We have looked at a great many farms that are for sale. Paola, from where we write, has a population of about 4,000, and is the nicest laid out town we have seen. It is very dry here. Corn is up, is looking well and has been plowed. Wheat, oats and potatoes look well, and everybody is in good spirits.

WALTON, WINGATE & Co.

County Court.

Mrs. Catharine Tousey appointed adm'x., of the estate of Chas. Tousey.

Cy Crisler granted tavern license to keep hotel in Burlington.

W P Conyers granted tavern license to keep hotel in Walton.

E L Northcutt granted tavern license to keep hotel in Florence.

Vallorus Morse's will probated, time given Mary R Morse to qualify as Exr.

Mike Clore granted merchants liquor license for Hebron.

Ben Stephens, of Bullittsville, granted merchant's liquor license.

Viewers appointed to view the place where R D Brashler wants to erect a gate across the public road.

Benj. Lampton, Jr., released from paying poll-tax erroneously assessed.

Veiwers appointed to establish a passway for H C Berkshire—M S Rice, J H Lawell and Jonas Clore appointed viewers.

Henry Pfalzgraf released from payment of county levy in the future.

G T Gaines released from working on public road.

Real Estate Conveyances.

B F Bedinger to Griffith & Jackson, 1 acre at Richwood station—$3,800.

Geo. W Brown to John Peno, 1⅛ a, near Constance—$97,50

Fred Pfalzgraf to Jacob Foshag, lot in Gainsville—$500.

R K Conner to Rachael Anderson, 3r 22 p., near Richwood—$64.

J M Stephens to Jas A Hight, lot in Walton—$338.

S R McPherson to J C Kennedy, 1 a, 25 p, near Verona—$52.

W G Stansifer to R K Conner, 3 a, 16 poles near Union—$116 25.

Thos E Garrison, &c., to Jno S Mason about 1 a, near Union—$45.

Wesley Rice to Joshua Rice 133 a, on Middle Creek—$2,500.

Julia S Dinsmore to Jno E Walton, 117 a, on Middle Creek—$2,000.

Johnson Clore, &c., to Lystra Aylor, 112 a, near Hebron—$6,000.

Marcus Collins to Eva Zimmerman, ½ a, at Aurora Ferry—$180.

He Accepts the Call.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

You will please express my thanks to those who have manifested their esteem for me, in requesting me to become a candidate for the Legislature, and announce me a candidate, subject to the action of the democratic party, with that good, old, familiar promise, that "if elected, I will discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability."

N. S. WALTON.

Nice shower Monday, but not enough, and weather too cool.

The high sheriff, J. R Clutterbuck, was in town Monday.

M. S. Rouse and wife have a fine daughter at their house.

James Conner shipped about 3,500 pounds of wool yesterday.

Some of our correspondents are n too busy planting corn to communicate this week.

Mr. Cy Kelly, of Bellevue, who has been quite sick for some time is much better.

A fire broke out in Harrodsburg, Monday night, and consumed a large part of the city.

The supervisors of tax commenced their work Monday. They are holding forth in the court-house.

Cut-worms are slaying the corn. Uncle Church Clore and sons, and Asa Cason fear they will have to furrow out and plant over.

The game of ball at Bellevue, last Saturday, between the Burlington-Bellevue club and the Rabbit Hash club, resulted in favor of the former by a score of 26 to 7.

Tuesday, 20 nice two year-old mules, belonging to H. A. Hicks, of Richwood, went through town enroute to Aurora, where they were delivered to a Mr. McGuire, of that place, at $85 dollers per head.

Happy Jack says the reason he is a candidate for the legislature, is because Scott and Walton will lose their reputation if elected, while he cannot be injured in that respect. He wants some good old democrat to send him a bushel of seed potatoes.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Corn planting is over.

The sheep are all sheared.

T. A. Rouse says the fruit will be scarce if the caterpillars are not killed.

Miss Annie Cleyton is very sick with dumb ague.

Potatoes are coming up nicely in this section of the country.

Mrs. Arta Clore and husband, of Indiana, are visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Taylorport.

Harry Piper, the handsome operator, was in town Saturday to witness the game of ball.

Mr. Hugh Kennedy moved into his new residence last Thursday, and started a bakery. We wish him success.

Bluford Berry is very much improved in health, and is able to be out again.

Jas. Berry, Jr., and Chas. Quick have gone to Cincinnati to learn the carpenter's trade.

Our base-ball club played their first match game Saturday with the Bullittsville club, resulting in favor of the latter, by a score of 14 to 13.

Misses Ella Sederberg and Gussie Hinton were in town Saturday. Miss Hinton is the most attractive lady that has visited our city for quite a period.

Constance.

Business is brisk.

Mr. Jacob Hentborn, who has for some time been very low, is able to be out.

Dr. Murat has purchased a fine phaeton.

Jim Loder sold his horse to a Cincinnati man for $200. "Praise the Lord."

Davis Bros. will have to engage one more clerk, to keep the flies off the other two.

Sam Williams has gone to Cincinnati to learn the art of painting.

Joe Bryson has quit shoe making and gone to whitewashing.

The Dry Creek base-ball club has not lost a game this season.

The farmers are very busy at present.

Geo. Brown has sold a portion of the land that he bought of A. G. Winston, to Jno. Peno. Mr. Peno will erect a fine dwelling on it.

Scattersville.

Most of our farmers are done shearing sheep.

We enjoyed ourselves working the roads last week. We had a jolly crowd, and such a good boss.

Some one set fire to a heavy piece of stubble on Gunpowder one night last week, which caused a great deal of excitement.

Mr. James Acra let a fire get the start of him one day last week, while clearing new ground. In trying to extinguish the flames he was taken sick and the doctor had to be sent for.

Mr. Lewis Conner and a Mr. Beemon, of the Florence X-Roads, were down here last week, after seed corn.

Mr. Parsons has commenced moving his mill that he purchased of Dan Bedinger.

Mrs. Jurrey, of Scott county, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Owen Conner.

Plattsburg

Some corn up.

J. J. Loder, of Petersburg, is doing some nice painting in our burg.

Filmore Wingate sold all his tobacco to Lorillard, of New York.

More lightning rod men than enough in this vicinity, and they are all bummers.

W. H. Henseley has the finest piece of wheat in the river bottoms.

J. C. Hensley, who raises more willows than any men in the community, says that the bugs have entirely disappeared.

We get the mail here twice a week from Pete. We get 10 Recorders and about 15 weekly or weakly Enquirers.

Bro. Frob commenced a protracted meeting Monday night, and will continue over the fourth Sunday.

Noah Delph's diamond turned out to be a rock of no value at all.

Orlando Snyder has bought the James Shepherd farm near Petersburg. You can guess the rest.

Arthur Terrill, one of the cleverest little men in the world, was here Monday.

Col. Tom R. Lindsay, of Crittenden, Grant county, was here Thursday, and showed us a piece of silver money that was so old that the moss had growen on it. It is of a quarter denomination and was made in 1724, and is 159 years old.

Sid Gaines is home from Lexington, a full fledged book-keeper.

Jim Loder will go to Nebraska in the fall to take charge of a cattle ranch for his brother, who is a very extensive herder.

John Finn and Morgan Tolin have gone into the shrubbery business. Any person wanting ornamental trees of any kind will please give them a call.

Francesville.

After a protracted absence of nearly one week, we have again returned among those we love, and judging from the broad smiles on the countenances of those we have met since our arrival, they seem as delighted to see us as we are to get back. We regret that our occupation calls us from home so much, as we would much prefer remaining right here the few remaining years we have to live; but such is life. Disappointment is the inevitable fate of men, and we can but abide by the decree of fate.

We find everybody prospering and happy. Corn planting is done, and just now the farmer resteth from his labors.

Billy Hays is holding the strings over a pair of roan mares. His last purchase was from the sale and commission stable of Stephens, Gordon & Graddy, at Bullittsville, a new firm that has recently organized expressly to supply the home market. Billy says they are a responsible firm and fair traders.

The select school taught at this place by Miss Fellows, closed, last Tuesday, with imposing ceremonies. Declamations and recitations by the scholars constituted the programme. The pieces were good selections and were well rendered. All praise is given Miss Fellows.

The remains of old Mrs. Wilbolt were interred in the cemetery at this place last Sunday. Quite a large circle of friends were in attendance.

Mr. James Riley has started a branch store on wheels, at this place, due every Monday morning. Mr. Josh Masters is the gentlemanly clerk.

Mrs. Catharine Huron, has returned from Jessamine county, where she has been visiting her brother.

It snowed some Tuesday morning.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, May 1, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$530,678 11
Overdrafts		137 82
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		41,565 69
Due from other National banks		9,635 61
Due from State banks and bankers		4,961 86
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		3,180 48
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,208 59
Bills of other Banks		4,510 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		102 73
Specie		5,895 00
Legal tender notes		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$687,793 80

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		20,886 75
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	308,917 44	
Due to other National Banks	11,289 28	
Due to State Banks and bankers	500 23	320,707 05
Total		$687,793 80

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashire of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
L. C. STEPHENS, } Directors.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Sam'l. Delph's, adm'r, vs Noah Craven, &c. and Jas. H. Merick, &c., vs. Saml Delph's, adm'r, &c. } Consolidated cases. } Notice of sale in Equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment, to wit:

Being lot No. 4, in the division of the lands of Samuel Delph among his heirs, beginning at a stake a corner of lot No. 1; thence 64½ E 51 poles; thence S 24½ W 81 poles to a stone in the road; thence with the road N 84½ W 43½ poles to a stake; thence N 24½ W 48 poles: thence N 62½ E 36 poles to the beginning, containing 25 acres.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Lystra Aylor, &c. Plffs } Notice of
vs } sale in
W T Aylor, &c. Defts } equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m, or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction; to the highest bidder, on a credit of 9 months, at the court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

A house and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Ky., bounded thus: Beginning at a stone in the Bullittsville and Dry Creek Plank Road a corner with Mariah Clore; thence S 2 W 26½ poles to a stone in Mrs. Clore's line; thence E 6 poles; thence N 2 E 26½ poles to a corner in said road; thence with its center W 6 poles to the beginning, containing one acre.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Andrew Glackin, deceased, will please come forward and settle. Those having claims against the estate will bring them forward well authenticated according to law, and they will be attended to.

N. B. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John A. Marshall, deceased, will present them properly proven for payment as soon as possible, but before presenting the claim to me they must exhibit it to my attorney, F. Riddell, for examination.

HENRY ROSS, Adm'r.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW.
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office opposite the Boone House.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(*Office Over Postoffice*)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
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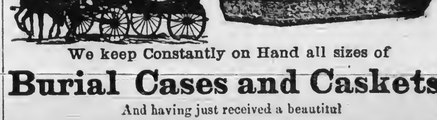

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THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, · KENTUCKY

Scandinavians in the United States.

The census of 1880 shows that there were then in the United States of America 440,262 persons born in the Scandinavian countries, of which 181,729 were born in Norway, 194,337 were born in Sweden, and 64,196 were born in Denmark.

As the immigration from Scandinavian countries has been very great in 1881 and 1882, it is a fair estimate that there are now in this country over 500,000 persons born in the Scandinavian countries.

By different counts it has been proven that children born in this country of Scandinavian parents number at least as many as their parents and others born in the Scandinavian countries and now living here; so it is not too much to say that the Scandinavian population in the United States now at least amounts to 1,000,000; or that every fiftieth person in the United States is either born in the Scandinavian countries, or is born in this country of Scandinavian parents, and, further, that every 100th person in this country was born in the Scandinavian countries.

Those born in the Scandinavian countries are divided among the States and Territories as follows:

	Norwegians.	*Swedes.*	*Danes.*
Alabama	24	119	69
Arkansas	33	211	96
California	1,765	4,209	2,748
Colorado	354	2,172	567
Connecticut	168	2,086	428
Delaware	6	71	36
Florida	79	231	259
Georgia	23	138	53
Illinois	16,970	42,412	6,029
Indiana	182	3,121	583
Iowa	21,586	17,559	6,901
Kansas	1,358	11,207	1,838
Kentucky	21	95	73
Louisiana	78	270	285
Maine	99	988	273
Maryland	108	177	128
Massachusetts	639	4,756	576
Michigan	3,520	9,412	3,513
Minnesota	62,521	39,176	6,071
Mississippi	56	392	99
Missouri	373	3,174	970
Nebraska	2,010	10,164	4,511
Nevada	119	317	350
New Hampshire	79	131	30
New Jersey	229	1,622	1,264
New York	2,185	11,164	3,145
North Carolina	10	24	58
Ohio	178	1,156	642
Oregon	574	983	385
Pennsylvania	381	7,575	945
Rhode Island	56	776	55
South Carolina	5	63	60
Tennessee	25	251	
Texas	880	1,293	489
Vermont	10	68	35
Virginia	29	49	60
West Virginia	3	21	38
Wisconsin	49,349	8,138	8,797
Arizona	45	106	151
Dakota	13,245	3,177	1,447
District of Columbia	19	5	45
Idaho	278	323	586
Montana	174	280	190
New Mexico	17	39	23
Utah	1,214	3,750	7,791
Washington	580	648	206
Wyoming	74	249	188
Total	181,729	194,337	64,196

The greatest number of Norwegian-born are to be found in: Minnesota, 62,521; Wisconsin, 49,349; Iowa, 21,586; Illinois, 16,970.

The population born in Sweden is largest in: Illinois, 42,415; Minnesota, 39,176; Iowa, 17,559; Kansas, 11,207; New York, 11,164; Nebraska, 10,174.

Of persons born in Denmark the number is largest in: Wisconsin, 8,797; Utah, 7,791; Iowa, 6,601; Minnesota, 6,071; Illinois, 6,029.

The cities which have the largest Scandinavian-born population are:

	Norwegians.	*Swedes.*	*Danes.*
Chicago	9,783	12,930	2,558
New York	733	3,194	1,090
Brooklyn	195	2,848	1,814
Milwaukee	1,025	179	229
Minneapolis	2,661	3,184	204
St. Paul	664	1,897	218

—*Fædrelandet og Emigranten.*

The Invention of Matches.

"Did I ever tell you what Charles Sumner once said to me about the manufacture of matches?" queried Lucius C. Allin, the veteran armory foreman. "It was about fifty years ago now, when I was in doubt whether it would pay to go into the business, and asked Mr. Sumner what he thought about it. He turned around quick as a flash and said: "Mr. Allin, how many pins do you suppose are made in a year?" I thought there must be a good many millions. 'And how many times,' he continued, 'is a pin used?' 'Perhaps twenty on an average,' I replied. 'Then at least twenty times as many matches will be needed as pins,' he concluded, 'and of course it will pay.' Now, did even Charles Sumner ever size up anything neater than that. I made matches several years, and, not only that, but I invented them. It was away back in the '30s, when I was a boy. I was always fooling with the ingredients, brimstone and the like, till finally I struck an idea. Then I went to work and made a few matches, rather crude, of course, and showed them to a few friends, but they didn't think it would amount to anything, and I didn't either, at first, so I minded nothing about it till 1834, I think it was, when a friend persuaded me to apply for a patent. It was quite a trip to Washington in those days, but in a few days I got word that a Chicopee man had filed a similar application a short time before mine arrived. I was satisfied that I could get the patent by fighting for it, but I didn't think then it would pay, and so I made an arrangement with the Chicopee man by which I was to offer no opposition to his getting the patent, but could have the privilege of manufacturing matches on my own hook. He got the patent and I went into the business. I had quite an establishment on Walnut street, hiring about thirty hands, mostly girls, and kept it till '37, the time of the great panic. The Chicopee man was a drunken peddler, and he went to Boston on a spree, and gambled the patent away to men who have made their fortunes out of it. I had sold matches all through the country, but there was a good deal of opposition to their manufacture. The papers said it was a bid for incendiarism, and many shopkeepers wouldn't sell them. The railroad had got as far as Worcester then, but they wouldn't carry matches, and I had to hire men to drive them through to Boston. There were some other matches in the market that would crack like a pistol when you lit them, and when we put some in a box and set them afire it sounded like a small cannonade. But my matches were like what we have now, and were the first ever made that I know of."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The National Health Society, London, has introduced a form of garment, made of mackintosh, to be worn by those people who are compelled to enter the apartments of persons suffering from contagious diseases. Used in conjunction with a medicated cotton respirator, it is said to be a protection against contagion.

—"What county do you represent, sir?" asked one individual of another in front of a saloon in St. Paul, Minn., one day last week. "I'm not a member of the Legislature," was the reply, "I'm only a private citizen on a drunk."

The Boylston Meteor.

The Associated Press dispatches the other day contained an account of the falling of a most remarkable meteor in the State of Texas at some place near Fort Worth. The preposterous story has not even the poor merit of being original. It is so exact a counterpart of the "Boylston meteor hoax," which people residing in Oswego twenty-two or three years ago will well remember, that there can be but little doubt that the originator of the Texas hoax has read or somehow heard of the Boylston affair.

The "Boylston meteor" business originated in the fertile brain of the late Chester Hull, Jr., who had a positive genius for "sells." He was born in this city, grew up here, and was the "local" on several papers at different periods, the *Times* included. It was a theory of his that it would not do to let the paper go to press without interesting local news. If something didn't turn up during the day, "Chet" always turned up something. He was at one time employed upon some of the Toronto and Hamilton papers, and it was said of him there by newspaper men that he would get more news out of fewer facts than any other "local" living.

It was while he was doing the local of the *Palladium* that he caused the meteor to fall in the town of Boylston. It was before telegraph wires penetrated every nook and corner of the country, and it was not long after the opening of the railroad from Rome to Watertown. The information came to "Chet" in a letter, describing the fall of the meteor, its great height, the extent of ground it covered, the distance it had sunk into the ground, and that it was still hot and steaming. It will thus be seen that the Texas story is too near a counterpart of "Chet's" to be accidental. The next day another letter came, after things had had time to cool off a little. The second letter deprecated the "exaggerated statements" sent out the day before, and proceeded to give exact measurements which had been made. As we remember it, the stone as measured was fifty or sixty feet above ground, and had probably sunk into the earth by the force with which it struck some fifteen or twenty feet, and was about as broad as it was high. It fell into an open field close by a piece of woods, and the angle at which the meteor approached the earth could be determined by the slope of the stubbs of the trees in its path, which it cut off as smooth as the work could have been done by a saw. Mr. Hull's account was copied all over the country, and the savants were greatly excited and started for Boylston in large numbers. Many of them had some difficulty in finding the locality of the town upon their maps. Ira D. Brown, who had lived in Oswego previously, was then "local" upon the Utica *Herald*. He knew just where it was; he had stumped it all through that region of Oswego County, and knew the very man on whose farm the meteor had fallen. He volunteered to pilot a lot of "scientific men" from the Dudley Observatory and other institutions to the very spot, and he was bound to give the world the first accurate description of the wonderful phenomenon through the columns of the *Herald*. The "scientists," led by Brown, took the Rome and Watertown Railroad to Sandy Creek station, now Lacona, where they hired a farmer with a "lumber wagon" to take what could "pile in." The others engaged a "buckboard." The distance from the station to the "meteor" was about twelve or thirteen miles over as rough and as muddy a road as can be found in Oswego or any other county, which had not been particularly improved by the rains and sleet of the November weather. How the "scientists" enjoyed their "overland ride" to and from the "meteor" can only be judged by the language they used after they returned to the station. It was said to have been more emphatic than "scientific." An "indignation meeting" was held in the fore part of the passenger coach, and the perpetrator of the "infamous hoax" was most emphatically denounced and held up to public execration.

The author of the Boylston meteor hoax, later in life, went to San Francisco, where he originated some of the most remarkable of "facts." Among other things he became an "our own correspondent" of the New York *Herald*, and wrote to that paper a most glowing account of a voyage made by a steamer from San Francisco to the then recent purchase of Alaska, describing its vast mineral resources and rich diamond mines, which greatly excited the public mind. Immediately after the publication of this letter, which was of course over an assumed name in the *Herald*, he came out in an article in the paper with which he was connected in San Francisco, and in most unmeasured terms denounced the *Herald* for publishing such a batch of most preposterous lies, and purposely misleading the public in relation to such a cold, sterile and worthless region of country as every schoolboy knew Alaska to be. "Chet" was never so happy as when putting somebody on a wrong scent, and when any of his victims came to his office to reprove him he was the most innocent of mortals, and was full of denunciations of those rascals who had "misled" him into making such statements, and he could not, for the life of him, understand "how people could lie so!"—*Oswego (N. Y.) Times and Express.*

American Eyes.

Generalizing about eyes is by no means an easy task, particularly in a city like New York, where the intermixture and intermarriage of races has obliterated or obscured all national types. A lady who assumes to be an authority on such questions avers that dark eyes predominate in this city in the ratio of seventy-five in every hundred, while twenty in every hundred possess blue eyes, and the remaining five eyes are of light gray or hazel. Black eyes, however, are less common than the majority of observers imagine, and it is not often that one encounters a pair of orbs that are absolutely black in all lights. Fifteen per hundred will probably cover the proportion, according to the authority just quoted, and at least ten of these may be relegated to the category of the small, heavy organ, as metallic in its luster as a globe of Pennsylvania coal, but with a dash of cunning in its depths sometimes that tends very decidedly to strengthen one's belief in Darwinism. There is a small black eye with a reddish luster beind it, as if smouldering embers flickered for a moment and then subsided, which must not be confounded with the preceding. The category is rare even in this city of mingled types, and as a rule the owner is a person not to be trifled with. Two notable types of black eyes remain to be mentioned. The first is large, well opened, full of lambent light, limpid, laughing. It dances with mirth, moistens with sympathy; is capable of carrying on a long conversation with all its shades and subtleties without the least assistance from the lips, and when shaded with the long, dark lashes that usually accompany it its glances are so magnetic and irresistible as to make one thank Heaven for its rarity. The next category is large, long cut, half-opened, liquid, sad, slumberous and solemn—the true eye, capable of such reveries of mysticism, such fanatic fires, as colder, Gothic natures can never understand. Tragedy lurks in such orbs as these, and happily for our staid social countenances they are not more than one in a hundred as compared with the mass. The variety of expression of which the eye is capable has been the pons asinorum of the second-rate novelist ever since fiction was invented. Even in the old Greek days the authors of the Milesian tales, of whose versification Bulwer made such a bungle, were troubled to find descriptive epithets. Homer could only describe the royal orbs of Juno by using the epithet of ox-eyed; the goddess had bovine eyes, with the large motion and liquid pupil. But what a range of adjectives second-class fiction has discovered—the second-class fiction of the English language in particular! Eyes sparkle, flash, burn, blaze, flame, yearn, languish, threaten, darkle, lighten; they are haughty, laughing, limpid, liquid, sad, slumberous, solemn, spiritual, dreamy, shadowy, velvety, and so on to the bottom of the column. It is remarkable how writers of the first order despise and discard this jargon. Dickens finally appreciated the finest shades of difference between eyes, but he wasted no adjectives, and when he wished to describe, as he occasionally did, he always employed some distinctive mode. He had observed the vindictive flicker the spot of red light that appears in the eyes of angry persons sometimes, and is due to the fact that the pupil dilates and the rays of light meet and form a blazing point just behind the crystalline lens. When such persons are excited vision grows indistinct and hazy; there is temporary astigmatism. Mr. Obenreizer had the faculty of drawing a vail over his eyes when he meditated evil. That is, he had acquired control over the muscles of the iris, and could contract the pupil until the window of the soul was closed.

Our English oculist's attention was arrested by the relatively large proportion of gray eyes in the United States, although it was what he half-expected to see as a consequence of the admixture of races. And this proportion he finds to be pretty evenly divided between the blue gray and the orange gray. Of course, in speaking of beautiful eyes the great mass of common orbs must be disregarded. They answer very well, no doubt, as things to see with, and thus serve a purpose; but, according to our English authority, no more than one pair of eyes in fifty in England, and not more than one pair in twenty in the United States should be considered at all in a dissertation on the subject. Among the remarkable types of beauty that he saw here he mentioned a woman with large, dark, Eastern eyes, a complexion as white and cold as ivory and abundant masses of flaxen hair turbaning a superb Greek head and Greek features.

In physical structure the American eye is rather less spherical than the European, the antero-posterio diameter exceeding the lateral measurement very considerably on the average. The frontal surface of such an eye is comparatively small, and, as a rule, this variation in the two diameters pretty accurately gauges advance in culture and physical type. The African races possess nearly globular eyes, and the Asiatic shares this peculiarity with the Ethiop. Hence the eyes of the more cultivated races appear smaller and less striking in their beauty than those that Mohammed put beneath the brows of his houris. As intellectual culture advances, gazelle-eyed sirens and ox-eyed Junos vanish from humanity, and if Americans, as a rule, have smaller eyes than the European races, at least they may extract a compliment from the fact, for as taste increases in the delicacy of its perceptions beauty is discovered not to consist in the large and striking, but in the finely molded. It was Mr. Beresford Hope who described Spanish beauty as a confused mixture of hair, complexion and eyes whose recollection follows you like a ghost. Happily such orbs are fast disappearing with the progress of intellectual culture. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Conceit of the Hungarians.

The regular Hungarians are the most intensely conceited men on earth on everything pertaining to their own nationality. They believe themselves to be the greatest people on the earth, the only people really worth saving, and this good opinion of themselves runs through everything. There are only 16,000,000 of them, and they are so surrounded as to make their complete absorption into other and stronger races only a matter of time. But they do not believe it. They hold themselves to be the most important factor in the Austrian system, and look upon the German as an inferior and the other nationalities making up the Empire as people hardly worth associating with. At their theaters the Bohemian is the standing joke, and, next to him, the German. The stupid fellow in their farces is always a German or Bohemian, the Sclav and Croation not being considered of enough importance to burlesque.

Their delicious pride and conceit compels them to hold to their semi-barbarous language. The Bohemian has humility enough to know that his dialect must give way to the German, but the Hungarian will none of it. He is a Hungarion, and proposes to live and die one. The Hungarian is the only language permitted in their schools, and Hungarian is the official language of the country. The members of their Parliament charge each other with corruption in the choicest Hungarian, and accuracy in speaking the language goes much farther than facts and figures.

They even aspire to a literature of their own, and they erect statues to poets who were never heard of outside of Pesth, and to statesmen whose counsels have had no more to do with the politics of the world than the vaporings of George Francis Train.

However, it all these things please them, and it is well. They are a simple, guileless sort of people, thriftless to a degree, generous to a fault, and delightful because of their qualities. Isolated from the rest of the world, their belief in themselves is very natural and not to be wondered at.—*D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.*

—The climatic conditions of Arizona are changing in a marked manner and the once arrid Territory, in consequence, is now blessed with considerable moisture. The gratifying change it attributes to the deflecting of electric currents by the railroads.

HOME AND FARM.

—It is estimated that $25,000,000 worth of small fruits are sold annually in the city of New York.

—A Culpepper (Va.) farmer three years ago bought a flock of sheep, for which he paid three hundred dollars. From that flock he has since realized $2,100, and has on his farm two hundred lambs.

—It is stated that half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook nearly as quickly as a young one, and does not injure the flavor. The vessel in which it is cooked should be of material that vinegar will not affect.

—It is a great improvement to bake apples in an earthen crock or jar with a cover on it. Put in a half-teacupful of water and bake in a hot oven for an hour, or until soft. The different varieties of the crab and other small apples are particularly fine baked in this way.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—It is reported that in one instance where a few tobacco plants grew in a field of cabbage and in another where a tobacco patch adjoined the cabbage-field, not a cabbage-worm could be found, in a neighborhood where during the previous three or four years not a sound head could be raised because the cabbage-worm was so destructive.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Clam Cakes: Make a batter of one egg, beaten light, with one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, and a little salt; beat well together and then stir in lightly three dozen clams that have been washed and drained, and drop in hot fat with a tablespoonful of batter, and one or two clams in each spoonful, fry brown and drain in a colander. Serve immediately.—*The Household.*

—A writer in the *Mirror and Farmer* would like to say to those who are troubled with "disorderly hens" (or those who will pluck eath other's feathers), if they will put as much salt in their warm food once a day as they would for themselves, they will have no further trouble; at least, that has been our experience. Having been troubled in the same way a year or two ago we were advised to try salt and did so with perfect success.

—Megrims is sometimes caused by organic disease of the brain, and when it can be traced to this cause a radical cure is out of the question. It, however, frequently occurs from temporary congestion of the blood vessels of the brain from a too tight-fitting collar, from checking too high, and from a damaged state of the digestive organs. Horses which are liable to be attacked with megrims should wear a wet sponge on top of the head in warm weather, and should not be compelled to wear a check-rein. Proper attention should also be given to the fitting of the collar. —*Chicago Tribune.*

—A suet pudding that is not too rich helps to make variety at the dinner table. Here is an excellent receipt: One cup of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, stoned and chopped, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt and one of soda; steam for three hours. This makes a large pudding, enough for a dozen people, and half the quantity may of course be used. If you have an old-fashioned cake tin with a spout in the center it is the very best kind of dish to steam this pudding in. Serve hot with sour or wine sauce. This pudding is good the second day after it is made, and seems even lighter after the second steaming than after the first.— *N. Y. Post.*

Farmers' Sons and Agricultural Colleges.

A great deal is being said about the sphere and usefulness of agricultural colleges. Prof. G. C. Caldwell argues that the fault is with the farmers, who take no interest in the matter, and that "ninety-nine hundredths of the farmers do not see any use for a course at one of these colleges, either for themselves or their children; * * and will neither go near the college nor send their sons there;" while Peter Henderson, in criticising the Professor's article, seems to carry the idea that an agricultural education fails to make a successful farmer, and for this reason farmers will not "walk up to the rack, fodder or no fodder."

It seems to me there is another feature which enters into the consideration of this subject. It has been said that agricultural schools are a failure, inasmuch as they educate boys *off of the farm*. If a medical school or law college turn out fifty graduates you naturally look upon that number as so many recruits to the ranks of the law or medicine; but if an agricultural college turns out fifty graduates you don't know what to expect. You may anticipate that five out of the fifty will go back on to the farm. Now, then, what is the matter? Where lies the trouble? There is a nut loose somewhere, and many persons are apt to say "this is the fault of the college."

I think that is laying the charge at the wrong man's door. The seeds of this growth were sown on the farm. No matter how much the man may like farming, and no matter how strong his desire that the son should continue on the old homestead and make a successful farmer, the chances are nine to one that the course which he has pursued with the boy has turned the latter's mind directly against the business and made him swear to himself, when he started off to college: "If you ever catch me on a farm after I'm my own boss I hope somebody will kick me across a ten-acre lot." The fault is in the home-life of the farmer—in the gradual and unconscious training (or, rather, lack of training,) which the boy has received from the time he was big enough to carry water to the field until he had to do a man's work. The alpha and omega of his instruction have been, "Work, my son, work." He has never been told that it is not simply work, but *intelligent work* which achieves the highest result; and without any distinct idea of the aim of life he has long since resolved that the aim of a boy should be to get off of the farm.

What is the remedy? Any suggestion of a remedy would require a long chapter, and I shall simply ask, does not this subject resolve itself into the old question, "How shall we keep the boys on the farm?"—*Clem Auldon, in Rural New Yorker.*

—A pair of Delaware lovers visited Wilmington recently to get married. They got the license, but while the bridegroom was waiting for the bride to slick up her hair, he went out and treated himself—in fact he treated himself about seven times—and when he returned the expectant bride wanted to comb his hair. They finally went home without being married, and now she says he has got to sign the pledge before the knot is tied.

—There are sixty thousand orange trees at Bay St. Louis, Miss.

It Got Too Hot.

Three or four years ago two residents of the same town in Michigan who had always been the warmest of friends, were nominated in opposition for the same office. They had a consultation, and agreed that while it was necessary that each should call the other a liar and a horse-thief and a thorough scoundrel, for the benefit of the public, their personal friendship should not be broken. Everything went all right until the canvass warmed up, and then one day as A. was abusing B. before a meeting, calling him a demagogue, trickster, hypocrite, liar and so forth, B. mounted the platform and whispered:

"Say, A., I want you to do me a great favor."

"Yes, of course—what is it?"

"My side of the house is kicking because I stand your abuse without a row. You must let me knock you down!"

"But I thought we were to be friends?"

"Certainly, but unless I exhibit a proper spirit you'll lay me out by 600 majority, and I know you don't want to send me to the political graveyard. Here I go!"

And he hauled off and knocked A. head over heels, and taking his place on the platform, observed:

"Gentlemen, the hydra-headed opposition must be crushed and the Union preserved if it takes every drop of blood in this country! Let freemen rally!"— *Detroit Free Press.*

One Cat on the Head of Another.

A relative of mine residing near the Blue Hills has developed a mania for cats. He is possessed of sixteen cats of all ages and sizes. Being on a visit to him last week and conversing with him in the kitchen, I heard a rattling of the latch of the door leading to the cellar. Supposing some one was in the cellar who wanted to get out and could not readily find the latch, I opened the door myself, and there sat a grave and sedate old cat on the landing, and standing on her head was a half-grown cat, steadying herself by the frame of the door with one paw and with the other striking the thumb piece of the latch with the evident intention of opening the door. Finding the door open, they gravely walked in and seated themselves in the family circle.

"Do these cats ever open the door in that way?' I asked in great astonishment.

"Oh, yes; we've left a pane of glass out in the cellar window, and when the cats are tired of staying outside they come up the cellar stairs and open the door for themselves; it saves us the trouble."

"Did you teach them to do it?"

"Oh, no; they found out the way themselves."—*Z. A. W., in Boston Transcript.*

The Little Busy Bee.

The bee has long been a type of the industrious worker, but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower-tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the 1-500th part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee must therefore be inserted into five hundred clover-tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover-tubes sucked by bees.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A thief snatched a tray of rings in a Buffalo jewelry store and darted out of the door, but the proprietor seized the seizer by the coat-tails and he suddenly sat down on the sidewalk just as if he had stepped on a banana peel. As there was no policeman on the other side of the street when the robbery was committed, of course the rascal escaped.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A reflective hunter in Georgia comes to the conclusion that the vital force brought into play by the killing of a wild turkey gobbler would, if properly exerted between the plow-handles, prepare 47½ acres of land for the cotton-planter.

—"C. P. Huntington, after drawing his check for nearly $3,000,000 to pay for a railroad, had enough left to provide a fine dinner for General Diaz, says the Utica *Herald*. Most people would have made sure of the dinner first.

—A Pennsylvania manufacturing company has bought all the liquor licenses within several miles of the establishment, and thinks it has solved the temperance problem for its employes.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mark Twain is the name of a Colorado mine. There should be millions in it.

An Elder was cramped with an ache,
St. Jacobs Oil did the pain slake;
He was so highly pleased,
That again he was greased,
And took a lot home to Salt Lake.

A soldier on guard at Fort Wayne,
Was suddenly stricken with pain,
He thought he was gone,
But when he rubbed on
St. Jacobs Oil, was all right again.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, May 11, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 25	@ 6 25
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 65
Good packers	6 75	@ 7 35
SHEEP	5 25	@ 6 00
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 16	@ 1 16¼
No. 2 winter red	1 13	@ 1 14
Corn—No. 2 mixed	55	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	40	@
Rye—No. 2	66	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@12 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 75	@
Lard—Steam	11⅛	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 85	@ 4 15
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 22	@
No. 1 white	1 16	@ 1 16¼
Corn—No. 2 mixed	64½	@ 66
Oats—mixed	49	@ 52
PORK—Mess	19 25	@19 60
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13¾	@ 1 14
Corn—No. 2	53⅛	@ 54¾
Oats—No. 2	40½	@ 41½
Rye	66	@
PORK—Mess	20 05	@ 20 10
LARD—Steam	11·90	@ 11·95
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 winter red	1 21	@ 1 21¼
Corn—mixed	66	@ 66½
Oats—mixed	50	@ 51
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	21 00	@
Lard—Refined	12½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9⅞	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	54	@
Oats—mixed	46½	@ 47
PORK—Mess	20 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 14	@
CORN	53½	@
OATS—mixed	42	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 00

THE motto for the stamping-clerk at the post-office—Whenever you see a head, hit it.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits.

WE always say that it was an apple which caused all the disturbance in the world of morals, but it was really a pair.— *N. Y. Herald.*

Gastrine

Relieves the unpleasant feeling one experiences on arising in the morning at sea. GASTRINE has been tried for sea-sickness, and found to be the only remedy. Sold by druggists.

LADIES, a piece of advice—never send your letters by male.—*Burlington Free Press.*

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

MILITARY men always find difficulty in keeping a crack company together.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ASK your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents. Price 25c.

A NEW book is entitled "A Look in Japan." It is probably a sequel to a Pekin, China.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LADIES, buy for your husbands, brothers and sons Chrolithion Collars and Cuffs and save trouble in washing.

A NEW YORK dude fell under a Broadway omnibus wheel the other day, and was completely sub-duded.—*Lowell Courier.*

WHY don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.

BUSINESS MAN: No; you can not sustain a high musical note merely by indorsing it.

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IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

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Is a reliable remedy for local skin diseases. Any physician acquainted with it will say so.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
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HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

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(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME IS COMING Your Carpets must be Relaid. DO YOU want to save time, temper and backache? The EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER and Tack Hammer combined will lay your carpets with ease. Everyone says, "Just the thing, we are delighted with it." For sale by THE HARDWARE TRADE generally. Circulars free. Sample by mail, post-paid, $1.00. Address R. W. MONTROSS, Sole Manufac'r, GALIEN MICH.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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Money! Patent soon expires, goods must be made now; 1,000 more men, women & children can make from $1 to $10 a day at home. Send 10c for material and begin work. Belmont M'f'g Co., Box 2112, Boston, Mass.

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80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 2 cts. by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

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In the inquiry—Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast?—this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

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OUR reporter relates the following remarkable experience of one of our most reliable and substantial merchants, Deacon Stephen G. Mason. Mr. Mason says that from 1869 to 1880 he suffered terribly from frequent very severe attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. The last attack in the winter of '79 and '80 was so severe as to render him unable to take a step in four months. His physicians thought that one side of him was paralyzed, and both knees became so stiff that he could not bend them. The doctors pronounced his case incurable, leaving him in a terrible condition. He was then induced to try Hunt's Remedy, by a medical friend who told him that his whole sickness and trouble arose from kidney disease, and convinced Mr. Mason that such was the case, and after taking it six weeks was entirely cured, and is now in such excellent physical condition that neither damp weather nor wet feet affect him disagreeably. Mr. Mason says that his cure is complete, as it is more than two years since he has had the disease. "I attribute my most remarkable cure solely to Hunt's Remedy, the infallible Kidney and Liver Medicine," says Mr. Mason.—*Providence Evening Press.*

The Best.

WILLIAM H. WILSON, M. D., Springfield, Effingham Co., Ga., says: "I prescribed Hunt's Remedy in a complicated case of dropsy which I had been treating for eight years, and I find Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for dropsy and the kidneys I have ever used."

Owe My Existence.

ABIGAIL S. COLES, of Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J., says: "Eighteen months ago I had dropsy around the heart. My physicians and friends despaired of my ever getting well. The first bottle of Hunt's Remedy gave me great relief. I feel I owe my very existence to Hunt's Remedy, and I am deeply thankful."

Aladdin's lamp wrought mighty things, but Hunt's Remedy works mightier. Try it.

PSALMS.

[REVISED]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye *invalids* of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all the people and put sickness and suffering *under* foot.

3. Be thou *not afraid* when your family is sick, or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and *Rheumatic* complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For all my life have I been plagued with *sickness* and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keepeth his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast [illegible], pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will *remove* them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick from female complaints, who desireth not health and useth Hop Bitters and is *made well*.

11. Let not neglect to use Hop Bitters bring on serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who *was nearly* dead and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and becometh well.

15. Cease from worrying about nervousness, general debility, and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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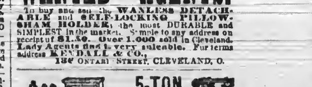
To buy and sell the WANLESS DETACHABLE and SELF-LOCKING PILLOW-SHAM HOLDER, the most DURABLE and SIMPLEST in the market. Sample to any address on receipt of $1.50. Over 1,000 sold in Cleveland. Lady Agents find it very saleable. For terms address KENDALL & CO., 136 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, O.



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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1883. NUMBER 30.

YOU.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's treasures, too,
Or choose from Heaven whatsoe'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor King in castle old or palace now,
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I;
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted I'd defy, nor fortune woo.
Having my wife, no jewel else I'd wear,
If she were you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How graced with every charm, how fond, how true;
E'en though perfection, she'd be naught to me,
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart,
In everything you think, or say, or do,
Than all the joys that Heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

—*H. A. F., in N. Y. Sun.*

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

"Louise," said Miss Harrison, pausing at the foot of the stairs on her way through the hall from the kitchen to the sitting-room. "Are you ready? I think I hear the sleigh-bells."

"Oh, aunty!" called back a girlish voice from a bedroom at the head of the stairs. "I haven't even *begun* to dress. Do come up and help me, please."

"My dear child! Why, I supposed you were ready long ago," said Miss Harrison, as she entered her niece's room. "What has been the matter?"

"I became so interested in that book," replied Louise, indicating with a nod a volume lying on the floor by the table, "that I forget all about the sleighing party," and as she spoke she caught a dress from one of the hooks in the closet, and threw it over he head.

"Stop, stop," said her aunt, "don't put on your dress until you change your skirt, Louise. I see that the ruffle has been torn almost all the way around."

"But I pinned it on again," said the girl.

"Why did you not sew it?"

"Oh, I hadn't time. Never mind, it won't show. I can't stop to find another skirt now."

"But surely you are going to arrange your hair, Louise," said Miss Harrison. "It is in a most untidy condition."

"I mussed it lying down on the sofa. But it will have to do as it is. I haven't time to fix it now," and Louise hastily buttoned her dress and tied a scarf about her neck. "I'll put my veil on and it won't show. Where's my ulster? Oh, there's the sleigh stopping at the door now," and she seized her hat and caught up a pair of gloves lying on the window sill.

"Louise, stop, my dear. "Don't run off half-dressed. Your shoes are not even buttoned, and the fingers of those gloves are all out. Where can I look for another pair?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," hurriedly answered the girl. "Never mind. I'll keep my hands in my muff," and tying her veil about her hat, she ran down stairs and out of the front door before her aunt could utter another word.

By the curbstone a large sleigh, drawn by four powerful horses, stood waiting. It was filled with happy-faced young people, and as Louise ran down the steps, a young man pushed aside the buffalo robes and sprang out to meet her, a general smile going round as he did so; for Harry Valiant's attentions to Miss Harrison's niece had been too marked during the past few weeks to escape notice, and had caused a good deal of gossip in Briartown.

Harry was a general favorite by virtue of his wealth, good looks and pleasant manners, and he had already acquired considerable reputation as a lawyer. So there was a large number of young ladies in Briartown who would willingly have exchanged places with Louise in his regard, and who thought it rather hard that his choice should have fallen upon one who was comparatively a stranger to them all. For Louise's home was in a large city several hundred miles distant, and she was visiting her aunt for the first time.

The sleighing party had been arranged by the young lawyer in Louise's honor, and it proved a very important event in her life; for, coming home in the moonlight, Harry asked and obtained her consent to become his wife, subject to the approval of her parents.

Miss Harrison was sitting up for her niece when at ten o'clock she came in, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Aunt Margaret," she said, throwing herself on a hassock at the lady's feet. "I am just the happiest girl in the world. Can't you guess why?"

"I think I can, Louise," said Miss Harrison, in a low voice. "My dear child, you are to be congratulated. Harry Valiant is one of the finest young men I have ever met."

"And you don't think father will object?"

"Why should he? I think he will be very much pleased that you have done so well. And you must try to make Harry happy, Louise."

"Oh, I shall, of course," said the girl, with a little laugh. "I will begin at once to copy after you, Aunt Margaret. You are as nearly perfect as any woman I know."

Her aunt smiled.

"I do not think Harry will find you unamiable or exacting," she said. "I only fear.—"

"That I will shock him by my careless habits," interrupted Louise. "Now, you know that was what you were going to say, Aunt Margaret."

"Something like that, my dear. Of course, when you marry you will live at home with Mrs. Valiant. Harry would never desert his widowed mother. And there is not a neater housekeeper in Briartown than she is. I don't think you could get a teaspoonful of dust if you poked in every crack and chink of her house."

"I shan't ask her to let me try," laughed Louise. "But, really, Auntie, I think you are inclined to exaggerate my untidiness a little. Surely it is not a crime to have one's shoes unbuttoned or a collar loose? The horrid pins never *will* stay."

"They would stay if you put them in properly, Louise," said Miss Harrison, gently. "But you don't seem to think neatness or order of the slightest importance."

"I haven't been brought up to give them much thought, that's a fact," said Louise. "At home everything is at sixes and sevens. Yet we all get on well enough. As mother says: 'What is the use of worrying about little things when we have minds to improve and cultivate?'"

Miss Harrison sighed.

"One need not neglect self-improvement while looking carefully after the ways of the household," she said. "But I must not keep you up any longer, my dear. It is time you were asleep. Go to bed now, and perhaps to-morrow I may be able to convince you that it will be well for you to have a little more regard for Heaven's first law when you become Harry Valiant's wife."

"I fear you will find me incorrigible, Aunt Margaret," said Louise, as she left the room. "'What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh,' you know."

A troubled look came upon Miss Harrison's face as the door closed upon the graceful figure of her niece.

"So pretty, so talented, so accomplished and so amiable," she murmured, "and yet I fear her one fault will bring her many a heartache in the future."

Miss Harrison accompanied her niece to Mrs. Valiant's to make a formal call, and Louise—thanks to her aunt's care—was so beautifully and neatly dressed that Mrs. Valiant, sharp as were her eyes to detect a flaw, had no fault to find, and was completely won by the young girl's charming manners and lovely face.

"I can congratulate you, Harry, with all my heart," she said to her son that evening. "I like Miss Louise so well that I hope you will soon bring her home to me."

"And you will like her still more when you know her better, mother," said the young man, much pleased by this praise of his betrothed. "She is wonderfully clever. Young as she is—only twenty, you know—she has already written several essays for scientific magazines, and helps her father continually in his law work."

"I think you have every reason for believing she will make you happy," said Mrs. Valiant as she bent over her son and kissed him tenderly. "But Harry—you know my hobby—is she neat? That is a virtue of great importance in my eyes, since you are to make your home with me."

"And in my eyes, too," said Harry, smiling. "The necessity of order and cleanliness has been so impressed upon me from my youth up, that a slovenly woman is my especial aversion. But I have never seen Louise otherwise than well and neatly dressed, mother."

"Miss Harrison is a model housekeeper, I know," said Mrs. Valiant, "and very probably Louise's home is as well kept."

"I will take notes for your special benefit when I pay her my first visit," said Harry, laughing.

Three days after her call upon Mrs. Valiant Louise was summoned home by the illness of her mother. Harry accompanied her some distance on her journey, and promised to visit her as soon as his business would permit him to do so. Meanwhile they were to correspond. Mr. Harrison having given by letter his free consent to their engagement.

* * * * * * *

It was a cold, rainy day in March. A very dismal, uncomfortable day, Louise Harrison thought as she sat in her bedroom and looked out on the muddy, wet street. Before her was a small table littered with writing materials, fancy work, patterns, and various odds and ends. But she was not working, for she had just received a letter from Harry in which he announced the pleasant news that he would be with her on to-morrow, and she could think of nothing else.

"I wonder what time he will call," she murmured, as she opened the letter for about the tenth time and scanned the closely-written pages. "I must have the parlor fixed up and tell Susan to build a fire in the grate."

At this moment the door opened and her father, a tall, handsome, but rather careworn-looking man, entered.

"Why, father, I supposed you had gone to your office long ago," said Louise, looking up in surprise.

"No; as usual breakfast was late, and I've been looking for the last hour for that bundle of newspapers I put on the shelf of the library closet a week ago. Some one has meddled with them, of course, and they are not to be found. Can't you make a search for them, Louise?"

"Certainly," answered Louise, with cheerful alacrity, "and if I find them I will bring them down to your office this afternoon. A walk will do me good, and I don't mind the rain at all."

"I want them as soon as possible," said Mr. Harrison. "They are of importance as reference in a case that I have coming up soon. Is that a letter from Mr. Valiant? and when are we to have the pleasure of seeing him?"

"To-morrow," answered Louise, blushing, "and I am sure you will like him, father."

"I hope so, my dear, for your sake. But will he like *you* if you appear before him in that wrapper? It strikes me that your toilette is calculated to shock any well-regulated young man out of all sentiment."

"How you love to tease, father," said Louise, laughing merrily. "You know very well that nothing would induce me to appear before Harry in such a state as this," and she glanced down at her dress, an old woollen wrapper, faded, worn, soiled, and bearing the marks of various ink stains. "I have a new blue dress to wear. Blue is his favorite color."

Mr. Harrison smiled and left the room, and Louise, only waiting to put Harry's letter safely away in the top drawer of her bureau, ran down stairs and into the library to search for the papers.

Never had her appearance been less attractive. It amply justified her father's remark, and would have given her aunt, could she have seen it, the heartache for a week. The soiled wrapper was minus a belt, and hung loosely about her; her hair, gathered in an untidy knot at the back of her head, was held in place by a broken comb, and a dilapidated ruche surrounded her slender neck. She wore no cuffs, no pin at her throat, and the braid which should have bound her dark petticoat trailed on the floor for nearly a yard behind her. A pair of black slippers, worn at the toes, and run down at the heels, completed her costume.

While searching in the library closet for the papers, she came across a book on a subject which had interested her deeply, and forgetting everything else, she threw herself into a chair which stood before the open grate fire and began to read.

So completely absorbed did she become that she did not mark how time was flying. Her slippers fell off, and her feet, clothed in dark stockings, sadly in need of darning, rested conspicuously on the fender. But she heeded nothing, had thought for nothing but the book which so fascinated her. She was unaware that the library door had opened, and that a young man stood upon the threshold, regarding her with eyes in which astonishment and disgust could be plainly read.

Nothing was lost to his view. The soiled, ink-stained wrapper, the untidy hair, the dilapidated ruche, the slipshod slippers and tattered hose made up the details of a costume such as he had never seen before, and which he fervently hoped he might never see again.

"Louise!"

"Harry!"

With a face suffused with blushes, Louise sprang to her feet, letting the book fall with a crash to the floor.

"I found that I could get off a day sooner than I supposed when I wrote you two days ago," said the young man, in a voice so stern that the girl scarcely recognized it as that of her lover, "and I did not telegraph, thinking to give you a surprise. I fear, however, that it is an unpleasant one for us both," and without another word, and unmindful of the look of entreaty in the eyes of his betrothed he turned on his heel and left the house.

Louise cried herself to sleep that night. She saw that there was but one course open to her to pursue. The next day she wrote to Harry, releasing him from his engagement.

His answer was to return to her all the letters she had written him.

She never saw him again, for her pride would not permit her to revisit Briartown, and run the risk of meeting him there, and she steadfastly declined the urgent invitations of her aunt, who would gladly have been instrumental in bringing the young couple together again.

Years have passed, and Louise Harrison is well known in the literary circles of her native city, and has many friends who both love and admire her. But she has never married, and the one bitter enemy of her life is that dark March day when her young lover gave her an unpleasant surprise.—*Florence B. Hallowell, in Chicago Standard.*

Slang Words and Phrases.

Just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees anything remarkbly good he calls it a "stunner;" the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "stand Sam." If he meets a savage-looking dog he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up;" never pays, but "stumps up;" never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up;" never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes anywhere or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes his tracks"—he "cuts his stick" or is "fired out." The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks he "spouts;" when he holds his peace he "shuts up;" when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small."—*Ex.*

How Almanacs Are Made.

In the course of the trial of John H Tice vs. Jacob S. Merrell, in the United States Court in St. Louis, there leaked out several bits of evidence of interest to those who believe almanac-makers are possessed of some occult science by which they are able to wrest from futurity its weather secrets. One Doran, a commercial traveler, testified that he had charge of Merrell's Almanac for 1877. "I made the forecasts from guess work and from old almanacs. For instance, I would put it, '1st to 3d, sunny weather; 4th and 5th, wet.' The forecast for April was a literal copy of that for April of the previous year. The same electrotype plate was used. September was taken from an almanac of 1875 or 1876, and the other months were guessed at. In the almanac, as it finally appeared, December was allowed only thirty days, and November was given thirty-one. I deny the authorship of that. It wasn't my blunder."

The defendant, Mr. Merrell, testified that he had given instructions to have the calculations, forecasts, etc., rewritten and made up from old almanacs, but not to use Prof. Tice's, as that was copyrighted.

"When I found that he had clipped the forecasts for April, 1877, from April, 1876, and was using identically the same thing, I didn't like it. I knew that the whole thing was a humbug, but I thought the printing of the old forecast was too barefaced."

—Recent excavations at Pompeii have uncovered the remains of a man with both hands resting on his stomach. This would seem to indicate that the early cucumber was not unknown to the ancients.

Religious.

TAKE COURAGE.

Be brave, O Heart, and fear not earthly shame,
Cringe not to men, but make thyself a name.

Take up thy cross, and walk erect through life,
Fight for the Truth, however fierce the strife.

Yield to no folly, crush thy tempting sin,
And heed no murmur of complaint within.

Bend meekly down to sorrow's chastening rod,
And chafe not at the wise decrees of God.

Slay thy most selfish and presumptuous will;
Whate'er thy burden, bear it, and be still.

Lift thy sad, doubting eyes to God above,
Know that His Name and Nature both are Love.

Love is the guardian of the gate of Heaven;
Through Love alone thy sins shall be forgiven.

But if thou hatest, even in a thought,
Apparent virtue will avail thee naught.

Love God, thy Maker; love thy fellow-men;
Love without stint; thou shalt not love in vain.

Rouse thee, O Heart! and do thy work in faith:
Love is the conqueror over sin and death.

And when thou'rt free to seek thy native skies
Thou shalt find Love the light of Paradise.

—*Youth's Companion.*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHURCH.

The following extracts are from a recent discourse by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, based on the passage in John xv., 15: "Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends."

The passage read as a text asks us to admit at least among competitive plans the religion and the morals and the machinery set in motion by Him who could say: "I call you no longer servants, but friends." When the word servant occurs it means friend, and friend means willing servant. Out of that personage came three influences—a religion, a system of morals and an active brotherhood. Combining, they constitute a *trinity* which might well rival any three graces outside of the Christian field. Look at these potentates.

Religion, the belief in a good and just and infinite God, and in an endless existence, a system of morals pointing out every path of duty and happiness, a brotherhood or church attending to the spread of these ideas through education and persuasion and all love—religion, morals, church—these agencies combine for the general welfare of mankind. The philosophy of a God and of a second life would alone seem an unequaled friend of the people. There are theories which accomplish much though they lie only upon the pages of books. Silently they work outward, and at last appear in the lives and characters of men. Thus the theory of a God and of man's immortality if separated from any priest or pew would seem full of the spreading, contagious energy. But when to such great ideas we add the force of a brotherhood whose aim is the actual persuasion of the millions, we have a combination which ought to be a friend indeed of humanity. To an unprejudiced mind such an array of idea and mediation ought to offer some charm as a scheme for helping the people.

That modern society is attempting to live independently of religion seems admitted to be more true than ever before. It is seeking some new solution of the enigma about the public weal. It will not admit for a moment that it has become reckless. It will maintain to the last that it is seeking its highest happiness. The conclusion must be that it is looking to other fields than those marked all over with the footsteps of the saints, not that the plurality is thus gazing right and left, but that a larger throng than ever before in Christian times is thus wandering seems not to be denied.

The recent sermons of Dr. Dix may have been colored too darkly, spoken as they were in the spirit of the Lenten season, but his words are worth weighing when he says: "Religion in Germany is fast dying out among the people; literature, art, science, politics, poetry, music, popular amusements attempt to fill the void. * * * The houses of God are empty. In Russia the outlook is one which baffles conjecture. * * * In France we watch with painful interest the unrolling of a programme of atheism." In England and in our own country the rector of Trinity finds almost as painful evidences that the public is departing from the old beaten and flowery paths of piety. Unable to say how much too dark the distinguished clergyman has painted the spiritual condition of our times, we need not hesitate to admit that the theory of Jesus and His organized brotherhood is not to even any small degree appreciated by the millions. They are following false friends and are crucifying as of old the truest and best.

Often blunders are made by the millions of minds just as by one mind. Greece put to death her best men. Thus afterward did Rome. France has beheaded her best patriots. Napoleon Bonaparte led a million soldiers into the snows and famine and death around Moscow. Thus great errors are made by nations and by multitudes as well as by some one heart, and if our age shall refuse or fail to see in Christianity its benefactor, that will be only one more sad fact in a long and fluctuating history. To many of us the present status of many men toward religion is only a mistake. It comes not from an improved logic nor from the discovery of better paths, but by way of an error as thoughtless as that which put to death Socrates or crucified Christ or beheaded the patriots of France or burned the Bishops in England. From either error or wickedness our age is making a bad estimate of all the forms of religion. It is allured by false leaders, and will terminate its steps in the ditch along with its blind guides.

It would seem that a moment's reflection would convince any open and free mind that the church is philosophically and historically the best friend of all who come into the world. Even infidels and atheists all agree in declaring that Christ never was surpassed or equaled as a friend of all mankind. Rousseau and Voltaire and Hume and Mill, and all other great names in the roll of unbelief, have paid willing tribute to this sympathy of Jesus. None can ever deny it, for it was not a little rivulet of affection hidden away in rocks where human foot never trod, but was an ocean with nations on its shores and the sun on its vast expanse. Issuing from such an origin, the church must not be a hater of the poor—an arch enemy of the people—for it is not easy to empty an institution of all its early teaching and spirit.

It is a common accusation made by the socialists that the houses of worship are built along the fashionable streets, and that the church bells are to call the rich to worship. The inflammatory speakers who pour such poison into the popular soul have not the reflection to perceive that the philosophy of God and of the divine origin of man has always created a taste and an industry which have transformed the beggar into a happy citizen. When the modern rational and kind Christianity lays the foundation of a town or city, that town reveals all the taste of an art, for there is an everlasting affiliation between religion and beauty. If an uprightness of life and conduct helps create beautiful homes out of the marsh or the forest or the prairie, the church has a right to stand upon the scene of its own triumph. If out of the high ideals of purity in part there comes the wide village street with its white cottages and with its long lines of maples or elms the spire of God's house should rise up and its bells ring in the midst of its own work of enchantment; in the large city the same poetic justice is repeated and the church stands among the homes it has rescued from barbarism by its estimate and direct lessons of life.

Most of the members of all religious societies are in the middle class, and from these come the pecuniary resources of the church, and in these repose its power and hope. Any one surveying the whole continent or the entire Christian world will perceive that that vast body of men wearing the name of Christ are in that middle condition which carries the most of human nobleness in all its forms. Those called aristocrats and monopolies are in the minority in the temples of praise just as they are out of it. The majority of those who compose the church membership are in the middle rank where flows and mellows the most of honor and charity. It is the homes of these which for the most part make up the scenes of prosperity and happiness and beauty around the church. Instead of being a reproach to Christianity it is its glory that beautifies the street where its temple stands as it beautifies the soul that contains its virtues. Yes, the churches rise along the best avenues in obedience to an everlasting justice. As the shops of the vendor of spirits and the resorts of gamblers and of the infamous are found amid the scenes of their destruction and look around upon the poverty and into the brazen faces they have created, so the house of prayer makes its own surroundings, and as the Raphael in his studio sat down each morning among his works of finished or unfinished beauty, here an angel, there a cherub face, there an ideal woman, there an outline of noble manhood, thus the genius of Christianity gathers around her the homes she has redeemed and sets up her altars near the faces she has made intelligent with thought and bright with her hopes.

In its power to assemble together the component parts of a great soul or a great age Christianity has not only no equal, but not even a rival. It can enlist the most allies into its service. It can use all learning and all taste. It can sanctify either poverty or riches. It can reveal the uses of adversity and of success. To the upright in heart it can make all things work together for good, and sorrow is only joy wearing a thick veil. The sadness of the tomb and the joyous beauty of spring meet in its delicate processes of fashioning the soul. It uses two worlds in its amazing process, making the winds of immortality blow to and fro, breathing health and hope to the shores of time. O, reckless multitude, asking for new guides in a world where there is a Guide forever, saying: "I call you not servants, but I call you friends," and where the truth of the words stand attested by the benevolence and self-denial of the Christian host, and by the new homes and new laws and new equality and new intellectual greatness which spring up wherever this new religion extends the wand of her enchantment. Oh, misguided millions, it is toward the mire of sin all irreligion is most able to lead! It does not contemplate such an ending, but history is no teacher if common people have not found their best condition to come from the life made upright by the laws of God, and made happier by the taste and fellowship and hopes of His temple.

Contradictions in the Bible.

Nothing is more common than to find apparent contradictions in the language of persons of veracity: and nothing is more usual than to find that those seeming discrepancies, when explained, afford fresh evidence of the truthfulness of those whose testimony has been impugned. Thus it is with the Bible. Its seeming discrepancies become fresh evidence of the truth. For example, the Lord said of the disobedient Jewish King, by the mouth of Jeremiah the prophet: "And Zedekiah, King of Judah, shall not escape out of the hand of the Chaldeans, but shall surely be delivered into the hand of the King of Babylon, and shall speak with him, mouth to mouth, and his eyes shall behold his eyes; and he shall lead Zedekiah to Babylon, and there shall he be until I visit him, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxxii. 45.) But when the Lord spoke by the Prophet Ezekiel of the captivity of Zedekiah, he said: "My net will I spread upon him, and he shall be taken in my snare; and I will bring him to Babylon, to the land of the Chaldeans; yet shall he not see it, though he shall die there." (Ezek. xii. 13.)

The Jewish historian, Josephus, informs us that the King regarded this threatening as self-contradictory. He was to die in Babylon, and yet he was not to see Babylon; and as he could not reconcile the two statements he disbelieved both. Josephus tells us that "the two prophets agreed that the city should be taken by force, and Zedekiah carried into captivity. Jeremiah said the King should convey him prisoner to Babylon; while Ezekiel predicted that he should not see that city. This apparent inconsistency in the prophecies led Zedekiah to doubt the truth of the whole, but it will hereafter be seen that he was mistaken in his conjecture." Josephus' Antiquities, book x., chap. x. —*Clark's Translation.*

When the prophecy was fulfilled all was plain. "The King of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes; he slew also all the Princes of Judah in Riblah. Then he put out the eyes of Zedekiah; and the King of Babylon bound him in chains, and carried him to Babylon, and put him in prison to the day of his death." (Jer. lii. 11.) The "self-contradiction" vanished when the guilty King reaped the harvest of sorrow for which he had sown the seeds of sin. He saw the King of Babylon, but he never saw the city; he was led thither as a blind captive, and there ended his days.—*Church Union.*

Choice Extracts.

—To get weak sermons, discourage your pastor. To get strong and joyful ones, encourage him.—*Interior.*

—The Church never gains by catering never so slightly to the vicious elements in society. Better be hated than courted by them, be they rich or poor. —*Golden Rule.*

—Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others; for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mold another in conformity to thy will.

—If you think it is right to differ from the times, and make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic, it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Exchange.*

—Americans do not lack feeling, but they are sadly wanting in the expression of it—in the little deferences, the tender courtesies, the free, ready signs of affection that make home so satisfying and contenting. To give to the white-haired father or mother not only respect but confidence, to tell the joke and secret to them first, to accord to them cordially the central place in the merry-making, seem trivial matters. Yet it matters much to them who at the end of life begin to think that they are useless and forgotten; and to question whether they shall be missed when they go out into the nearing night.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"What is the use? I have no influence, and can do nothing in the world." Are you sure of that, brother? Do you know that God uses words and examples of yours to effect more than you imagine? There goes the turbine with wheel far down under ground, blindly revolving in the dark. But the millwright, with his shafts and cranks and cogs and cams, leads off the power from it, and sets it spinning, weaving, winding, folding, in busy and lighted rooms far away. No more than the wheel knows of what it is accomplishing do you of what your quiet and seemingly obscure life is effecting. Work on in patient hope, till God's time comes for the revelation of all He has done through you!—*Chicago Advance.*

Our Young Folks.

MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD'S NEW HOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipping Bird
Came from the South to-day;
And this is what I saw them do,
And almost heard them say:

Their last year's house stood empty still—
'Twas in Crab Apple Row,
On Grape Vine corner, where the grapes
In autumn sweetest grow.

The house was only one year old—
Last spring they built it new;
But snow and rain all winter long
Had drenched it through and through.

And winds had rocked it back and forth,
And torn it on one side;
'Twas but a shabby little house
It can not be denied.

Still, if't were patched, as birds know how,
It might do one more year;
And Mr. Chipping Bird, I think,
Believed that this was clear.

Eying it round, and round, and round,
He hopped about the tree,
And chatted gayly to his wife,
As pleased as he could be.

"A little here and there," he said,
"'Twill be as good as new!
Upon my word, my dear, I think
That we can make it do!"

"Humph!" said the wife (at least she looked
As if that were the word)—
"I think you must have lost you head,
Dear Mr. Chipping Bird!

"To patch up such a shell as that
Is worse than building new;
I doubt if we could mend it so
'Twould last the summer throught!"

"My dear, you're wrong. 'Tis not so bad—
'Tis all your silly pride!
'Twill answer!" Mr. Chipping Bird
In shriller accents cried.

"Ha! Will it?" chirped the little wife,
And at the tree she flew,
And in a jiffy, with her feet,
She tore the house in two!

"Now let's see you mend that," she said,
"Smart Mr. Chipping Bird!"
And then she cocked her eye at him
And never spoke nor stirred.

Wise Mr. Chipping Bird, he laughed;
What better could be done?
And off they flew, and in an hour
The new house was begun!

—*St. Nicholas.*

A LECTURE ON MONEY.

After the audience had assembled in Barn Hall to listen to the sixth of the John Spicer course of lectures the speaker took his usual stand, bowed, and proceeded as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My subject is Money. Money is the best thing there is to get [applause], because when you have money you can get anything you want to. I mean if you are where it is or can send for it, and the one that owns is willing to sell and you have money enough. The ones that own taffy and other good things are willing to sell, and most always you are where they are or can send for them—I mean where the taffy and other good things are or can send for them—but you do not always have money enough. [No! Oh, no! from the audience.] Money is very hard to get. [Applause.] People do not give you money for nothing—I mean people that are not your father and mother, or your uncles and aunts, or your grandpa and grandma, or some kin to you. It is very hard to keep from spending money when you have any. [Applause.] The reason it is so hard to keep from spending money is because there are so many things people have to sell. ["That's it!" from the audience.] My father says Robinson Crusoe lived in a good place to keep money in. When you have a cent in your pocket you keep thinking about it and taking hold of it, and first thing you know you have bought something with it, and next thing you know you have eaten it all up. I mean eaten what you bought up.

Fellows try to get money in a good many ways. One way is to pick up old iron to sell to the man that buys it. Sometimes ashes barrels have nails in the ashes, and sometimes you can find nails and spikes and other old iron by crawling under places and around wharves. Another way is to sell bones to the one that buys bones, but I've forgot what he wants them for. Back yards are first-rate places to find bones in. Once I almost got bitten by a dog, trying to get a bone that dog buried up. Once my cousin Tom found most a whole dead horse's bones up in a pasture.

You can get money by keeping hens, if they lay. Red pepper is good for that. Once I sold a hen to another fellow, and while he went to get a basket, she laid. I did not know whether that was my egg or that other fellow's, and he did not know. My father said we must call a meeting of the hens and let them settle the matter. My mother said she knew a way better than that, and she broke the egg in a dish and stirred quite a lot of sugar up in it and gave us two spoons and we both ate it up.

Once I got sixty cents by selling a kitten. First my aunt bought her for sixty cents, but she scratched the baby, and she gave me ten cents to take her back. Then I sold her to my grandmother for ten cents, but she could not keep her from clawing the cushions and carpets, and she offered me ten cents to take her back, and I took her. Then I sold her for ten cents to a woman to catch mice, but she was too lazy to catch any and stole things to eat, and she said she would give me ten cents if I would take her back, and I did; and six times ten makes sixty.

I know a good many money stories that my father and my aunt and Tom and other people [illegible] girl about seven years old wanted to give her mother something for a birthday present, and a poor woman came along with some good holders to sell for ten cents, and the girl bought one, and one of the cents the girl paid her was an old one that wouldn't pass, and that girl knew it wouldn't pass! [Groans from the audience.] I know a big fellow that borrowed a cent of a little fellow ever so long ago and he's never paid him yet! [Groans, and cries of Name!] I shall not tell his name. He is not one of these here. One boy did two mean things. When he was sweeping out a school-house, he found a [illegible] and kept it private. And when a store-keeper gave him back a cent too much change, he spent the cent, when it wasn't his cent. Once there was a boy and he had a sister and they were both small children and they both had banks, and they heard about the great Michigan fire. That fire burnt up a great many people's houses, and barns, and cows, and horses, and clothes, and everything they had. This boy and girl heard about the Michigan children that had to go without stockings and shoes, and they took the money there was in their banks and wrapped it up in a piece of brown paper and got somebody to write on it: "To help buy shoes for the children that had theirs burnt up." And that money was sent to Michigan with grown people's money. [Applause.] Ever so many years ago, two girls, one named Susan, and one named Rebecca, were friends to one another, and Susan was going away somewhere to make a visit, and she gave the other girl, the one named Rebecca, a tin box with thirteen quarters of a dollar in it to keep for her. And while she was making the visit, her uncle came there and bought her very good clothes, and carried her somewhere to go to school, and she grew up and got married to a Captain of a vessel, and went to sea with him in that vessel. The girl that was named Rebecca took care of the thirteen quarters, and when she grew up and her husband died, and she could not get enough for her children to eat—five children—people said: "Why don't you spend the thirteen quarters you've kept so long?" She said: "I will not; they are not mine." When she was an old woman, then people said: "Oh, Susan will never come back! no use keeping the thirteen quarters any longer." And her grandchildren said: "Come, grandma, buy us something with the thirteen quarters!" She said: "They are not mine." One day a young man named Charlie came to that town to see the house his grandmother lived in when she was a small child. His grandmother used to be that Susan that never came back. She was not alive. Aunt Rebecca said to him: "Here is your grandmother's money—thirteen quarters—in your grandmother's tin box. I have kept them over sixty years; take them." Charlie said: "You have taken care of them over sixty years; keep them." She would not keep them, and he would not take them, and they sent them to the people that had their clothes burnt in that great Michigan fire. [Applause.]

My aunt says that sometimes money makes people do very mean things. She thinks we ought to spend some of our money, and keep some to give away. Here is a verse she made. She says it is not very good because she made it herself.

There was a mean fellow named Benny,
Who had many and many a penny,
But would not give anybody any.
He spent every one for his own self alone,
This stingy old fellow named Benny.

—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide-Awake.*

"For Fun."

Four boys were full of fun; they wanted to see the people get a tumble as they came out of church, so they stretched a rope across the sidewalk and hid behind the hedge to "have a good laugh."

Little Alice came running down the street; she had been carrying a basket of fruit and flowers to Auntie Comstock, who was ill; and the cheery words spoken by the invalid made the little girl very happy; so she came hopping and singing along, gay as any bird. The night was dark, the street-lamps dim and far apart. The little girl fell. The boys ran away!

After service the people found the rope; they found something else lying near, lying quite still, and bore it to the light—poor little Alice! It was long before she opened her eyes again: and then it was only to know she could not skip about any more, could never even sit in her cozy chair; but must lie on her couch all the years of her life. Just for fun!

Johnie and Charlie wanted a laugh. "Girls are such sillies, you know!" Johnie made a dough face and put it on Charlie, wrapped him in a sheet, and hid him behind the tall old clock on the stairs.

Dear little Mamie came down the long corridor hushing Dollie in her arms.

An awful groan and a flourish of white from out the shadows!—a shriek, a flying figure, and a fall! The boys had their fun, but Johnie has no sister now.

Some young men in college must "have a little fun you know," so they pinioned a companion and poured brandy down his throat. A few hours later this telegram went flashing over the wires into a peaceful home: "Come at once; your son is dead!

To-day those boys are wanderers over the face of the earth; behind them is a desolate home, an early grave—"all for fun!"

Five or six idle boys wanted a "jolly time," so they caught a little homeless dog, saturated its tangled and matted hair with kerosene, then applied a lighted match. In a moment the poor creature was in a blaze. With cries of agony it ran hither and thither—oh, how the boys laughed!—then rushed into the open barn and hid beneath the close-packed hay. In a moment all was ablaze, and before assistance could arrive, barn, house and the entire contents were destroyed. The boys had their fun; mamma and the little ones were left homeless.—*Humane Journal.*

—The dog is said to be a noble animal, sometimes. But it would be difficult to convince Frank McCormick and wife, of Pottsville, Pa. A few days ago their four-year old boy ran out in the yard to play. Getting into an adjoining yard, with childlike confidence he went forward to play with a large dog, chained. Although represented as docile, some mad freak took possession of the brute. He seized the child, dragged it into his kennel, and literally bit him to pieces, so that he died within a few minutes.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Felix L. Oswald says: "The true basis of National wealth is not gold, but wood. Forest destruction is the sin that has cost us our earthly Paradise. War, pestilence, storms, fanaticism and intemperance, together with all other mistakes and misfortunes, have not caused half as much permanent damage as that fatal crime against the fertility of our Mother Earth.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. MAY 23. 1883

Democratic Ticket.

For Governor.
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General,
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer.
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

For Superintendent of Instruction,
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette.

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

THEY have cyclones out west this spring that blow bung-holes out of barrels.

THE result of the last two State Conventions have caused pretty severe criticisms.

THE Northwestern States flatter themselves that they are going to have a good wheat crop.

IF Isaac Caldwell should ever pop his head up for a state office it will be ingloriously mashed.

THE speeches in the star-route trials consume from three to seven days each. The defendants may possibly be living when the trial ends.

WHEN Col. Jones was addressing the convention, the Chairman certainly wished that he could have been somewhere else. He undoubtedly looked muttonish.

THE last ballot taken for governor in the Louisville convention, gave Jones 9 2-5 votes majority, but owing to the corruption of the chairman the vote was not announced.

COL. A. R. CLARKE, of Pendleton county, has been nominated by the democrats of his district for re-election as state senator, beating Judge Simmons, of Williamstown, about 1,100 votes.

THE headquarters of the democratic state central committee has been changed from Louisville back to Frankfort, and J. Stoddard Johnston made chairman, all of which is a good change.

THE man who expects fairness and purity to prevail in large political conventions, is not familiar with the frailties of the human family, and especially with those that manage political conventions.

IN a very neat little speech before the convention, Col. Jones accepted the situation, and said: "I am too old a soldier to be disappointed or to repine over the result. It requires patience and philosophy to beat wrong."

ISAAC CALDWELL will never preside over another State Convention. His friends will be afraid to trust him, and his opponents will not dare to allow him to take the chair. If the charges against him are true, he is a whole electoral commission of himself.

THE wire-grassers cannot hereafter complain that the blue-grass country has all the State offices. The wire-grassers gobbled up the first two offices on the ticket this time. The nominee for Governor and Lieutenant Governor are from adjoining counties.

THE jury that tried Phil B. Thompson for killing Walter H. Davis was only an hour and twenty minutes making a verdict of acquittal. The verdict was received with a burst of applause on the part of Thompson's friends. He was acquitted on the grounds of emotional insanity.

HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, the next governor of Kentucky, was born August 29th, 1830, in Marion county, Kentucky. He received a fine literary education; studied law; settled in Missouri in 1850; was elected to the state legislature in 1858; in 1860 was elected attorney-general of that state; returned to Kentucky in 1862; was elected to congress in this state in 1867, and on the 17th day of April, 1883, was nominated for governor of Kentucky.

HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT is the nominee for governor; but he is not to blame for it. For ought we know he will make a good governor—as good as any of his competitors. He has been in public life for many years, and certainly has acquired a store of information that will be of great benefit to him in his new office.

So near yet so far—Col. Jones.

It's better than I expected.—P. Knott.

It's only 4 years between heats.—Gen. Buckner.

If at first you don't succeed; try, try again.—Judge Owsley.

If I can't be Governor of Kentucky I'll be Mayor of Louisville.—Jacobs.

CHORUS.—We'll gather at the river.— All the defeated candidates.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 17.—The Louisville Post prints the following editorial to-night:

"A Fraud—Jones Nominated—The Vote Not Announced—The Knott Men Buy—One Thousand Dollars a Vote or More if Necessary. The Hon. Proctor Knott is nominally nominated, after Col. Jones had secured a majority of the votes. There is every reason to believe the result was secured by money. We have the name of a reliable gentleman who was called from his seat in the convention and told that Mr. Roach and Mr. Atherton wanted to see him. He answered the call. Mr. Atherton and Mr. Roach then told him they would give $5,000 for four votes. The gentleman declined to have anything to do with such a transaction. Other offers were made to other parties. The proof is at hand. Who wants it? The Post was not in favor of Mr. Jones, but the Post is against practices which are calculated to divide and destroy the democratic party of Kentucky. We are going to the bottom of the matter. We are authorized by Col. Jones to say that his name was withdrawn without his knowledge or consent, and without any authority from him whatever. Colonel Jones is to-day the nominee of the convention.

The Post also prints the following interviews:

Mr. A. O. Robertson, of Pendleton county, one of the secretaries of the convention, was seen at the Galt House by a reporter of the Post and asked concerning the charges of fraud

"At the last call of the counties," he began, "the vote stood, Jones 373 3-5 and Knott 361 2-5. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, during which time there were repeated calls for the announcement of the result, over one hundred persons joining in it. Mr. Caldwell paid no attention to these cries, and did not call it. Finally the chairman of the Owen delegation, who was sitting near Caldwell got up and said he desired to change the vote of his county from Jones to Knott. Mr. Caldwell decided that the chairman had to vote his delegation, and the result was announced as you already know."

The Owen county case was the beginning of the wrangle. Previous to this the galleries and the floor of the convention had been crowded with a Louisville mob, who, by their yells, clearly showed that they were there in the interest of Knott. Men of this class crowded upon the stage, forcing the reporters from their tables, and surrounded the Chairman, who seemed glad to have so much backing at his elbows. Men who were not delegates or reporters held the stage and added to the confusion.

The Chairman of the Owen delegation was W. G. Revill, son-in-law of Dr. Gale, Superintendent of the Anchorage Insane Asylum. The vote of Owen had been cast and recorded, 8 for Knott and 5 for Jones. Dr. Gale went to Revill and spoke a few words, after which Revill announced that the county gave a solid vote for Knott. Colonel J. W. Bryan, of Kenton, says that in this time he went down near the stage and learned from the Secretary that the vote was ready to be announced. He asked that the vote be announced, to which Mr. Caldwell replied that he would hold the vote five hours, if it was necessary, until the result was settled. The Owen delegation then retired to consult.

From Judge O. B. Hallam I learned the following facts: "We retired to consult, and agreed that the vote should be cast eight for Knott and five for Jones. No sooner had we agreed than Revill rushed back into the convention, and the delegation, suspecting that Revill intended to go back and try and cast the vote for Knott, voted to depose him, and authorized me to cast the vote as agreed. When we returned we found him casting the vote that way, and we tried to get the Chair to allow us to vote as we had agreed; but you know he did not."

It was during the second effort to call the seventh ballot that Buckner was withdrawn, and there was a perfect stampede of Buckner votes to Jones. When it was certain that Jones would carry the convention the Chairman stopped the call and announced that there had been a great deal of noise and confusion the Secretary would begin again with the call of the counties. This gave the Knott men a chance to rally, and it was in trim that the Post charges that corrupt arrangements were made and then it was that the outside mob took practical possession of the convention.

There is but one expression here to-night, and that is that Jones was robbed of a nomination fairly earned and made. A prominent official of this county said to-night that he saw negotiations made for votes at $1,000 each, and saw a part of the money paid.—[Special to the Enquirer.

THE very best that can be said of Caldwell's action as chairman of the Louisville convention is, it was ignominious. He clearly demonstrated that fairness is not one of his attributes. He and Thomas J. Pettitt with all their intelligence, can not write a card that will disguise the fact that Jones was swindled out of the nomination for governor.

PROCTOR KNOTT is now among the senatorial possibilities.

PROGRAMME
—OF THE—
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION
—OF—
North Bend Association

TO BE HELD

AT SAND RUN CHURCH,

BOONE COUNTY, KY.

JULY 20th and 21st, 1883.

FRIDAY MORNING AT 10:30 A. M.

Introductory sermon.........W. H. Felix
Subject—*Early Conversion.*
Organization.
Adjourn for dinner.

AFTERNOON 1:30 P. M.

Essay.........................C. M. Roudebush
Subject—*Would Christ have approved of Sunday-Schools?*
Discussion by E. N. Dicken and J. A. Kirtley.
Essay.........................James Walker.
Subject—*The Difficulties of a Sunday-School Superintendent.*
Discussion by Jno. S. Huey and John Sebree.
Essay.........................J. H. Averill
Subject—*The relation of the Sunday-School to the Church.*
Discussion by J. V. Riley and W. H. Felix.

SATURDAY MORNING 9 A. M.

Essay.........................E. E. Utz.
Subject—*Man's Religious Necessities only met by the Teachings of the Scriptures.*
Essay.........................John Cropper
Discussion by A. L. Vickers and W. H. Felix.
Essay.........................Lee Utz.
Subject—*Sunday-School music.*
Discussion by N. S. Walton and E. N. Dicken.
Practical report from field by Superintendents.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, May. 18, 1883.

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50@	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	17 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	10 00
Good Stripping Lugs	12 00	16 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	28 00
Common Leaf	6	10 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 50	21 00
Good Med. Leaf	21	24 25
Good Br't Leaf	24 50	27 00
Fine Br't Leaf	28 00	31 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	12 00	16
Fine Lug Fillers	18	23
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 50	21
Good Med. Fil'rs	22	24
Good L'f Fillers	25 00	27 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	27 50	31 00

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, May 1, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$530,678 11
Overdrafts		137 32
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		41,565 69
Due from other National banks		9,635 61
Due from State banks and bankers		4,961 36
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		3,180 48
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,208 59
Bills of other Banks		4,510 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		102 73
Specie		5,895 00
Legal tender notes		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$687,793 80

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,280 00
Undivided profits		20,886 75
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	308,917 44	
Due to other National Banks	11,289 38	
Due to State Banks and bankers	500 23	320,707 05
Total		$687,793 80

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashire of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
L. C. STEPHENS, } Directors.

Farm for Sale.

A good farm containing 101 acres of land on the head waters of Middle Creek, Boone county, Ky., 2½ miles southwest of the county seat adjoining the lands of Alfred Cason and W. S. White, and known as the Thomas Neel farm, now occupied by R. W. Neel. This farm is well watered, well adapted for stock farm, and has all the necessary buildings in good repair. It has two good orchards, 2 barns on the premises! Title good. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned. R. W NEEL, Burlington, Ky.
feb 28-3m

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics. Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

Every Man His Own Boss.
How to Promote Personal Power—A New Radical Reformer.

"There is no provision in the Divine economy for political bosses!"

With a bang of his fist, and in the voice of a man who had made up his mind on the subject, Rev. James Chambers, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Harlem, recently opened his sermon with this announcement. He was right. The only boss authorized by the Book is mentioned in these words: "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Commonly, the better side of men is subject to the despotism of the worse side. Bad passions, bad humors, mean jealousies and base revenges are all bosses. One of the worst of bosses is bile. What is most depressing in philosophical or theological thought is due to it. Old General Debility is another tyrannical boss. He lashes men who are naturally good until they become unnaturally bad or miserably weak.

Concerning his deliverance from this bondage, Rev. S. P. Lewis, pastor of the Eighth Street Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was suffering from exhaustion and general debility. As an invigorant I used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. I never met with anything so effective. It is an elegant family medicine. I take a bottle in my valise when I go on my annual vacation."

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC neither intoxicates nor promotes a desire for strong drinks. The most pronounced temperance people use and praise it for this reason alone. It cures Malarial Fevers, Consumption, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood. Also weaknesses peculiar to women. Its action is prompt and pervasive. Test it once, and you will adopt it as a home remedy. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

Lystra Aylor, adm'r. of Frances Helm, Plff.
vs
Ephraim Helm, Defts
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April Term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment to wit:

Lying on the Mincola and Anderson Ferry Turnpike Road: Beginning at a Beech and an Elm tree and stake on the north corner of Mrs. Ann H. McNeal's land, thence with her line S 43½ E 73 3-5 poles to a stone a corner between the lands of Mrs. Ann H. McNeal and J. H. Walton in the center of the Mincola and Anderson Ferry turnpike road; thence with the center of said road N 80¼ W 88 3-5 poles to a stone in the old line between Alonzo Gaines and Lewis Helm; thence with it S 47¾ W 51 poles to the beginning containing 11a, 2r, and 36 p.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Amount to be raised by sale, $972 01. Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

John P Scotts. Devisees, Plffs
vs
America Scott, &c. Defts.
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 12 months at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Two houses and lots in Burlington, Boone county, Ky. The first house and lot were the homestead of the deceased, bounded on the North and East by Edward Fowler's lots, on the South by an alley which separates it from Jessie Kirkpatrick's property, on the West by Jefferson street.

The second house and lot is the east half of lots Nos. 3, 46 and 66 as represented on the plot of said town of Burlington, bounded thus: Beginning at the Southeast corner of lot No. 46 at the edge of Galiatin and Garrard streets; thence with the latter street Northwestwardly 210 1-2 feet to the Northwest corner of lot No. 45 at the edge of Garrard street and alley No. 5; thence along the edge of said alley Westwardly 105 feet; thence running parallel to the first line Southwestwardly 210 1-2 feet to the north line of Gallatin street; then eastwardly 105 ft. to the beginning, excepting therefrom the lot conveyed by the grantors to the trustees of the Universalist church at Burlington. See Deed Book 31, page 152.

The purchasers will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

NOTICE.

I take this method of contradicting the report being circulated in this neighborhood that a note with my name and my father's attached has been presented or seen in Aurora in the hands of another, and I will give $20 reward for the arrest of any person presenting a note for any amount with our names attached.

I also notify those who are circulating false and slanderous reports in regard to me in this neighborhood, if their slanderous and vile tongues are not at once stopped, that I will prosecute them to the extent of the law. J. W. RICE, Bellevue, Ky

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Andrew Glackin, deceased, will please come forward and settle. Those having claims against the estate will bring them forward well authenticated according to law, and they will be attended to.

N. B. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne,	M. C. Motch,	Sam Hind,	E. J. Hickey,	E. J. Green,
J. S. Matson,	J. H. Mersman,	A. R. Mullen,	L. H Dills,	F. P. Helm,
		L. C. Stephens.		

The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially solicited by this Bank.
dec. 20-6m

HARNESS & SADDLES,
ALBERT M. ACRA,
—) BURLINGTON, KY. (—
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in

Saddles. Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c,

I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Reparing Promptly Done. Give me a Call,

Dr.
CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

TRADE MARK.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, 1883

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonahtan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all.
25-3m

CENTRAL
HOTEL,

BURLINGTON, KY.

MRS. MARY J. GREEN,
(widow of the late R. C. Green,)

assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS On Short Notice,

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

38-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

Opened 1822 **THE DENNISON.** Re-opened April 26, 1883.

(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.

Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.

A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern **BATTLES.**
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK
READ!

Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs. PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & CO., Lock Box 438 Washington, D. C.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; **Books & Bibles** low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Local News.

There will be a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Boone county, in Burlington, Ky., at 1 o'clock p. m., on Monday, June 4th, 1883. A full attendance is desired, as matters of importance are to be considered.

J. G. FURNISH, Chmn.

Corn planting No. 2 has commenced.

Nice shower Friday morning.

Sheep all sheared and wool sold.

Strawberry festivals are in order now.

The locust bloom is the heaviest for years.

The Ivory soap is the best. For sale by Dudley Rouse.

A negro near town commenced planting tobacco last Sunday.

Union neighborhood was pretty badly blown up Saturday night.

Save money and buy your Drugs at D. C. Thorn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

J. M. Conner shipped a lot of wool from Bellevue last Friday night.

Several of our citizens went to the city this week to interview Jumbo.

Pure Paris Green, only 30 cents per pound, at D. C. Thorn's, Rising Sun, Ind

W. H. McClung, of Covington, was in town Saturday with his portable tin shop.

A job lot of french harps, at less than cost, at D. C. Thorn's drug store, Rising Sun, Ind.

The tobacco shops are not in operation. The weather is to dry for handling weed.

Our local lightning-rod men were enthusiastic in their efforts to sell rods last Monday.

The Burlington and Florence pike is in uncommonly good condition for travel this spring.

The political cyclone that struck [illegible] last week was very destructive to candidates.

An infant cyclone passed south of town Saturday night, blowing down trees and fencing.

Vitality, exhausted by overwork or disease, is surely restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Jonas and W. L. B. Rouse bought of Wm. Walton an eight months-old calf that weighed 800 pounds.

Col. Jones was the nominee of the Louisville convention for about half an hour—then he was Knott.

Uncle Elzie Bruce says he is clear of the musty bounty fund tax at last, having settled with the attorneys.

W. E. Huddleston, son-in-law of R. E. Bruce, this place, died at his home in Lawrenceburg, last Sunday.

The remains of John A. Kendall were moved from Highland cemetery and interred here last Saturday.

Squirrels are very gentle this spring—George Piper killed two the other day, if he didn't find them dead.

A fine shower visited this section last Saturday evening and continued over Monday. It was much needed.

LOST—A black sow—will weigh near 200. Information of her whererbouts thakfully received. SAM HALL.

O. P. Conrer has a very fine Jersey pig which is somewhat of a curiosity, in as much as it has five toes on one foot.

We had a right lively dash of snow here Monday afternoon. It gave a fellow visions of fresh spear-ribs and sausage.

I. G. Hamilton says he remained in the office of the Clerk of United States Court as long as his democracy would admit.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Next Sunday is Rev. C. C. Conner's regular appointment at this place, at which time he will deliver the last of his series of lectures.

Owen Minor, who lives near town on the Bellevue pike, had a stroke of paralysis last Thursday, since which time he has been very low.

Prof. Steinberger, of California and everywhere else, delivered a lecture to a very small audience in the Courthouse, Tuesday evening of last week.

At Richwood, last Thursday, we met Mr. Daniel Piatt. He has been in bad health for some time. He informed us that in next August he will be 82 years old.

The game of ball here, last Saturday, between the Burlington club and the Speedwell-Tanner Combination, resulted in a score of 53 to 4 in favor of the former.

We warn the farmers not to sign any contracts or notes for any stranger who is canvassing the county. The country is full of swindlers doing business on that scheme.

J. J. Berkshire says of the fruit crop: There will be very few damsons; about one-third of a crop of apples, and some pears. The apple bloom was much large than the crop indicated by it will be. Sorry to hear it.

S. G. Given, who has for several years been a very popular salesman in Chambers, Stevens & Co's., dry goods store, of Aurora, Ind., has accepted a position in Shillito's dry goods emporium in Cincinnati, where he will be glad to see all of his old friends.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Elijah Hogan, of Gallatin county, was in town Tuesday.

Capt. Finch was quite sick for several days last week.

Mrs. Minerva White returned from a visit to Missouri last week.

Mrs. Agness Fuguit, of Ghent, was the guest of Mrs Dr. Grant, Saturday.

D. D. Grant, of Florence, is in very bad health. A lung trouble is the cause.

Mr. John Hall and wife, of Covington, are the guests of W. E. Piper and family.

Mrs. F. P. Martin and Mrs. Lenox, of Ohio, are the guests of Judge Dills and wife.

Mrs. Kate Creager, of Loveland, Ohio, is visiting her parents, A. O. Hall and wife of this place.

Mrs. W. N. Jury, of Scott county, and Mrs. O. P. Conner, were the guests of Mrs. C. L. Crisler last Thursday.

B. M. Allen and J. N. Aylor, two prosperous farmers from the lower Gunpowder valley, were in town last Friday.

G. G. Hoover, of Florence, who has been confined to his room since February, we are glad to know is able to be out again.

Mr. Palmer requests us to say that the report that he is going to leave Burlington, is not so.

Some fields of wheat in the county now indicate a good yield, while a majority of the crop is very thin on the ground.

The ticket at the head of another column shows the result of the Louisville convention. Now, let's make its majority 75,000.

Barbed-wire fences have one redeeming quality. The hired-man does not stop to rest every time he has to climb them.

After services, last Sunday morning, at the Baptist church, the congregation repaired to Mrs. Dempsey's pond where Rev. Dicken baptized Misses Passons, Louisa Delph and Addie Crisler.

Last Saturday, Joe Hitter, one of the employes at the Boone House, fell out of the stable loft, running a snag into the fleshy part of his right leg, near the body. It left an ugly wound, which keeps Joe close to his room.

Portions of Missouri and Illinois were devastated by a cyclone last Saturday. Many lives were lost and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property was destroyed. There seems to be a tribe of cyclones traveling through the west this spring, and they are particularly lively and destructive.

Last Sunday a suit of clothes was presented Joe Wilson, the wandering pauper, by the boys of the town, who hired a negro man to take him to the creek, denude him and put him through a solution of soap and corn-cob. The Mountain Meadow massacre was out done.

We met Dr. S. S. Scott, candidate for representative, in Florence the other day, and he was complaining of being disabled in his right arm. It occurred to us that it is rather a bad time for the doctor to be afflicted in that particular member, as he will be expected to shake hands very freely for the next few months.

Last Friday C L Crisler, Feelding Crisler, W B Adams, W E Piper, F Riddell and T W Finch, equipped with a good seine, visited Laughery Island just above Bellevue, where they captured about 100 pounds of the finny tribe, the largest of which weighed about 16 pounds. This was the nicest supply of brain-food that has been brought to the town for some time.

Last Thursday business called J. R. Clutterbuck, sheriff; W. E. Vest, county surveyor and the writer to the Richwood neighborhood. Noon found the trio enjoying the hospitality of Mr. J. H Hughes and family, who occupy a beautifully located home in what is considered the garden spot of Boone county, where hospitality is dispensed in true Kentucky style.

The memory of the oldest inhabitant has been out done again by the freaks of the weather. When the snow commenced falling Monday afternoon, it was considered remarkable for the 21st of may, but when at 9 p. m. the snow was about two inches deep, it was considered more than remarkable. Had it not melted it would have been three or four inches deep. Vegetation was not materially injured.

Everett Walton returned from his western tour last week. His father bought 645 acres of land in Bates county, Missouri, about 4 miles southeast of Butler, for which he paid $25 an acre. The farm is well improved, has three good dwellings, an abundance of timber and a coal mine on it. A large crop is under cultivation, of which he gets one-half. Henry Wingate bougth a farm in same county on conditions that if he can sell his land here.

Saturday night, about nine o'clock the lightning struck Jack Tanner's residence, a two story building, about two miles southeast of Burlington, and setting it on fire it burned to the ground. Everything in the house, except 2 beds and bedsteads, 1 table, 1 safe and some chairs was consumed by the fire. The meat house which stood near the dwelling was also burned, but the meat and lard were saved. The loss is estimated at about $2,000, No Insurance. Mr. Tanner had just finished repairing his house, and in a few days would have had it roöfed. But one of the family was shocked.

Winter in the lap of spring.

Some time since a man named Hawkins, a resident of Lawrenceburg, Ind., abandoned his wife and sixteen year-old daughter, and took up with another woman. In order to make her support, his daughter went to Cincinnati and secured employment as a domestic, where she remained till her health failed her, when she returned to her father and requested him to allow her lodging at his house, when, like a cruel beast, he turned upon her and beat her unmercifully. On last Friday the inhuman father assaulted her the second time, and through the interference of neighbors was compelled to desist his cruel treatment. Being brutally treated and denied parental protection by her father was more than the poor girl could stand, and to end her troubles, she procured a dose of morphine, which she swallowed, and walked the streets till the sleep of death overtook her, when she sat down on the door step of a neighbor to die. Medical aid was summoned, but Susie Hawkins was beyond their skillful treatment, and she died in a few hours. The girl's death and cruel treatment by her father so incensed the people of the town, that Saturday night about 100 men took the brute out, stripped him, and then gave him a coat of tar and feathers. Having received his new suit, Hawkins was notified that if he did not leave the town within 24 hours, he would be visited by Judge Lynch and his men. The woman with whom he was living was also given 24 hours in which to shake the dust of Lawrenceburg from her feet.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Bullittsville.

Ben Stephens reports business very brisk demanding the attention of two clerks.

Lystra Aylor says the wheat will be short but good.

Clore & Snyder are busy prizing and hauling off tobacco.

Sheep are dying with a strange disease.

A S Gaines has shipped a large lot of wool this season.

John Moxley, of Vevay, Ind, has moved to this community.

Jamoson Aylor has the finest potatoes in this section.

Jerry Graves, of Saline county, Mo., is in this community. Thos. O. Graves of this place expects to make Saline county his future home.

The Almonts, of Petersburg were beaten at Bullittsville by that club Saturday 9 to 6. They will play the Speedwell-Tanner club at this place Saturday.

Scuttersville.

Sweet potatoes about all set out.

The farmers are most all very busy now on their tobacco ground, as the plants are growing very rapidly.

We hear a good deal of abuse heaped upon the little innocent mole for taking up so much corn.

John Rue has dug a cellar. He says he loves good cool milk. Mighty good, Johny.

Most of the houses in our neighborhood have been presented with new coats and new lightning rods this spring.

Mr. Editor, if you will come out here just once, and listen to "them thar" shot guns, you will think young squirrels are ripe.

J. O. Huey worked the roads through Huntsville last week.

Gardens are looking nice, and the prospects are that they will look better in the sweet by and by.

John Huey has become a resident of this vicinity. He is plowing for corn at present

Hamilton.

Well, well! It is hard to please everybody. Dr. J. A. Wood comes to the front, mad as any other old woman, and indignantly says: "Babies not all reported." His were not—not one of them. And as for the health of the neighborhood, he never was so busy.

Next comes Madam Rumor and says she never intended to convey the idea that there was anything alarming in the case of lovesickness. She knew the little fellow had retired from business and could not work; but it was so convenient and agreeable to watch and wait for the coming of his beloved teacher, and receive a vocal lesson preparatory to other lessons, and requires so little exertion.

H. A. Pitcher has just returned from a flying trip to Louisville, and says he was a little off, or he would not have gone this time; and if he fully recovers his senses that he will do so no more.

Capt. Garnett has moved into his new dwelling and store room, and thinks he is now above high water.

Mrs. J. W. Sanders and daughter, of West Virginia, are visiting Mr. D. L. Sanders, of Normansville.

Petersburg.

The Almonts loom up in their new suits.

Lawrenceburg was well represented here last Thursday.

Dr. W. H. Terrill is having his house repaired and an addition built to it.

Mrs Fraza, of Harrodsburg, Ky., is visiting her many friends here.

E. V. Newman, of Rising Sun, Ind., made us a flying visit last Thursday.

Mr. Will McWethy has moved his barber shop from Front street to Market str., next door to J. H. Snyder's grocery.

Morgan Davis, who is driving J. D. Norris' horses has three that can trot it in 2:40.

Billy Stott still wears the belt as the champion whitewasher.

Dr. I. H. McWethy has quit practicing medicine, and has hired to A. B. Holabird as captain of a corn boat.

Mr. Joe Wymond, of Aurora, was up to see the boys one day last week.

The Almonts will cross bats with the Aurora boys, here next Saturday. A good game is anticipated.

S. C. Buchanan visited Rising Sun one day last week.

The game between the Loan Stars, of Lawrenceburg, and the Almonts, May 12, resulted in a score of 19 to 14 in favor of the former.

J. Frank Grant, N. S. Walton and J. W. Berkshire, attended the convention at Louisville, last week.

Dr. Ed. Torrill and Jack Carson made a flying visit to Bellevue last week.

Hebron.

Cutworms are destroying the corn. Some farmers will have to plant the second time.

Elzie Harper is erecting a large barn.

The gardners were busy, last week, planting tomatoes and sweet potatoes. About an average crop of garden truck will be cultivated in this locality this year.

When completed J. W. Davis' residence will be the finest in town.

We see in your last issue Hebron was favored with a new correspondent.

The Hebron ball tossers beat Taylorport last Saturday 33 to 14. During the game Richard Gordon was badly hurt. These clubs meet at Hebron again Saturday.

The tobacco raisers are preparing their ground.

Wm. Clore and wife, of Warren county, Ill., are visiting friends and relatives in this community.

Bradford's harness shop and Conner & Clayton's hardware store have been re-painted.

Notwithstanding the dull times this place is made lively with croquet, base-ball, eucher, &c., J A Davis and Wm Clayton are the boss croquet players (in a horn); Chris Ernst and Hub Davis take the cake at eucher.

Mr. Kiser preached an interesting discourse on conversion last Sunday. He will preach here no more for a while. His place will be hard to fill

Beaver Lick.

Our farmers during the past two weeks have been enduring a seige of real old melancholy, brought on and kept up by the drought. Truck, however, is promising and a rain has never failed yet in this locality to reach us in time.

Thus far we have heard no expression of opposition to Mr. Nathan Walton, which is to say his chances to sail into the next General Assembly are just lovely. He is spoken of highly here by those who have been blest with an opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance.

George Noell, of Springfield, Ind., has been spending the past two weeks, with friends in and about Beaver. He left for home this week.

Sunday, May 13th, was a day of nice religious exercises at the Hughes Chapel. It was the day of their quarterly meeting, and Dr. Taylor, of Millersburg, was present with them. In the afternoon the Doctor delivered quite an interesting lecture on the manners, customs and peculiarities of the heathen Chinee. The Doctor spent five years in China, consequently is able to show them up as they really exist. He repeated the Lord's Prayer in the Shanghai dialect, by no means a trivial accomplishment for an American scholar.

Huxter Frich, one day last week, while coming from Southfork to Beaver stuck in a mud hole and broke his wagon. He pronounced a curse on this country that will ruin it if it is ever executed. We'll have to make better roads or do away with the huxter business entirely.

Mr. Ben O'Neal, of Verona, was among us last week.

Quite a number of our town folks have been and some are suffering still with the measles. The measles has been fearless, tackling everybody that had failed to have the old grudge.

Base-ball is becoming quite a fashionable game among us, and if the Burlington nine will visit the Big Bone grounds at an early date, they will learn something that will greatly benefit them.

Mr. Lee Conner, of Walton, is furnishing our people with fish. He comes regular every Saturday morning.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Coudt, Ky.

John A Kendall's Adm'r vs John A Kendall's heirs, &c,	Plff Defts	Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m, or thereabout (being county court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 9, 12 & 18 months equal installments, at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

An undivided one-half interest in 23 1-2 acres of land on the Dry Creek and Bullittsville turnpike, bounded by the lands of Jas A Riddell, Jas L Riley, the McNeal heirs and others. Also 153½ acres on the Burlington and East Bend road, bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs Lucy Rogers and Noah Clore, on the West by E A Hughes, on the South by the dower of Mrs Mary E Kendall, on the East by I. S Pope.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $4,104 63 Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Z T Bondurant, vs Salathiel Beemen, &c.	Plff Defts	Notice of sale in Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 12 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit: On Gunpowder creek, bounded by the lands of C L Crisler, the late Jonathan Utz and others and contains 65 acres and 40 poles, being the same now occupied by Salathiel Beemon and generally known as the Piles Mill tract, and has upon it the finest mill seat in the county.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $1,437-58. Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Sam'l. Delph's, adm'r, vs Noah Craven, &c. and Jss. H. Merick, &c., vs. Saml Delph's, adm'r, &c	Consolidated cases.	Notice of sale in Equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment, to wit:

Being lot No. 4, in the division of the lands of Samuel Delph among his heirs, beginning at a stake a corner of lot No. 1; thence 64¾ E 51 poles; thence S 24½ W 81 poles to a stone in the road; thence with the road N 34½ W 43½ poles to a stake; thence N 24½ W 43 poles: thence N 62½ E 36 poles to the beginning, containing 25 acres.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Lystra Aylor, &c. vs W T Aylor, &c.	Plffs Defts	Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction; to the highest bidder, on a credit of 9 months, at the court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

A house and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Ky., bounded thus: Beginning at a stone in the Bullittsville and Dry Creek Plank Road a corner with Mariah Clore; thence S 2 W 26½ poles to a stone in Mrs. Clore's line; thence E 6 poles; thence N 2 E 26½ poles to a corner in said road; thence with its center W 6 poles to the beginning, containing one acre.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
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Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Potersburg, Ky.
☞Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY.

Shoes, Shoes,
Mens' Brogans and Hand-Sewed Stich Downs.
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Boys Fine Dress Shoes & Brogans.
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Ladies' Fine Dress Shoes a Specialty.
Mens' Lace Plow Shoes at $1,25, $1,50 and $1 75.

The reliable brands of LAWRENCEBURG PATENT and FAMILY FLOUR all ways on hand. W. E. PIPER.

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RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS. HEBRON, KY.

$173.75 for a SQUARE or UPRIGHT ROSEWOOD PIANOFORTE, with Stool, Book and Music. ☞VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, - KENTUCKY

Stamp Collecting.

"Where did we get that quantity of stamps in the window? Why, it is only a sample of what we have inside," a stamp dealer said. "Look here," opening a large casse closely packed with stamps, "and at these," displaying a pile of albums more or less filled. "I'll tell you where we got them. We buy them from every civilized country in the world. Only this morning we got in a quantity of rare Belgian stamps, which cost us three thousand dollars. We have agents and correspondents in the capitals of every country, who are always on the lookout for anything rare in our line. Besides, we purchase large quantities from small collectors in the United States, many of whom make a fair living nosing about importing houses and begging the stamps from foreign letters."

"Do you have any customers?"

"I should say we do. Besides the large number of retail dealers throughout the United States to whom we sell, we have valuable customers in the army of stampcollectors which has sprung up of late. You would be surprised at the number of persons absorbed in the hobby. Stamp collecting is no longer a school-boy pastime. It has become the serious occupation of thousands of persons, the most of whom, as I find by experience, are far past their youthful days. You have no idea of the avidity with which they scrape together these odd-looking stamps, and the large prices they pay for them. I have heard of some who keep their stamp albums under double lock, and of others who even keep them under their pillows at night. Stamp collecting is the most alluring of hobbies. There are 6,500 different stamps known. The value of certain single stamps is equal to many a persons yearly income. A leading banker, whose residence is in Madison avenue, has an album of stamps worth at the lowest estimate $30,000. Another album, owned by a lady, is valued at $25,000. I could name several more, varying in value from $20,000 down to $5,000."

"What inducements have they to expend such large sums in intrinsically worthless articles?"

"Well, some are enthusiasts, and they collect stamps from pure love of the rare and curious. Just as many expend fortunes on rare manuscripts and works of art. Others, and I believe they compose the larger class, have more characteristically American views. They see the almighty dollar behind these tiny pictures, and they buy them up for the same reason that a keen Wall street man buys up stocks which he knows will bring profitable returns. From two to five years will double the value of nearly every one of these stamps, and these collectors know what they are doing when they invest largely in the article."

"Are corners in the stamp market possible?"

"Certainly; many collectors are at present buying up all the match-box and medicine revenue stamps which pass out of use in July. They hope in a few years to create a corner in the market and get them off their hands at immense prices. We sold a match-box stamp yesterday for $15."

"What collections have been sold at notably large prices?"

"There was one sold in London in 1876 for £8,000. Another sold in Paris last fall for 40,000 francs. We ourselves have sold several $5,000 collections. This may surprise you, but remember that some of these little stamps sell for more than $200. There is one of the old local stamps issued by the Brattleboro, Vt., Post-office in 1846. We would not sell it to-day for less than $200. We have many others of equal value. The stamps which are most in demand and bring the highest prices are the provisional stamps issued from 1844 to 1846 by the Postmasters of Baltimore, St. Louis and Brattleboro. Here is the Baltimore stamp—a simple frame of single lines enclosing a fac simile of the autograph of James Buchanan. The St. Louis stamp displays the arms of the State of Missouri, with 'St. Louis' and the large numeral of value above, and 'P. O.' below. The Brattleboro stamp consists of the autographic initials 'T. N. P.' in an octagon ground of vertical lines, with 'Brattleboro' above and 'P. O.' at the sides. Any of these can be sold for $200."

"It is said," the reporter remarked, "that many rare stamps have their birthplace in stamp factories in Chicago and other enterprising towns."

"That is not true. Stamp counterfeiting has been entirely broken up in the United States since we overturned one of the concerns in Philadelphia in 1876, and had the proprietor sentenced to State prison for twenty years. Besides, the stamp dealers are generally experts, and can no more be deceived by counterfeit stamps than the bank teller by counterfeit bank notes."

"When and where did this mania for stamp collecting begin?"

"It may be said to have originated in London in 1862 when Mount Brown, Esq., published the first list of postage stamps. Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, followed with a similar and more complete work in the same year. These works were widely read, excited much curiosity, and caused thousands to become stamp collectors. The mania went on increasing until at present I can safely say there are more than a million persons seriously devoted to collecting stamps."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Yankee Word After All.

The now just popular word dude, meaning an empty-headed, languid-mannered young swell who bangs his hair, proves to be no foreign importation, but, like many another expressive term, to be of good New England parentage. The word (pronounced in two syllables) has been used in the little town of Salem, N. H., for twenty years past, and, it is claimed, was coined there. It is common there to speak of a dapper young man as a "dude of a fellow," of a small animal as "a little dude," of a sweetheart as "my dude," and of an esthetic youth of the Wilde type as a dude. But how the word attained so sudden and widespread a notoriety puzzles Salem. Its revival in New York is credited to a disgusted Englishman, who remarked, after visiting a rich club, that the young men were all "dudes."—*Springfield Republican.*

—The world is indebted to science for the discovery that a double chord struck violently on a piano will kill a lizard. This is gratifying news, indeed; but what the world is suffering for is some kind of chord that will destroy the amateur piano pounder.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

Grass Farming.

The selection and cultivation of grasses is a feature in farming entitled to more attention than it receives in this country. In the dairying districts of Switzerland, where the production of choice milk, butter and cheese has been carefully cultivated for ages, cows are fed on nothing but grass the year round—green grass in the summer and hay in the winter. This would be considered very insufficient diet, the hay part of it, particularly, in this country. But the Swiss say our grass and hay both are inferior to theirs, and we can never hope to equal their dairy products, either in quantity or quality, till we improve their nutritive property. As long as we remain content with coarse grasses, deficient in the nutriment that animals require, we shall have to resort to what is called high feeding, with grain, bran and cake-meal, to secure the same quantity of meat, milk, butter and cheese that the Swiss animals yield on a simple diet of hay. The English speak disparagingly of our pasturage, and particularly of our hay, the best of which, they assert, would not command more than half price in an English market. Our best grasses are clover, blue grass and red-top; and, by common agreement, in the West the very best hay is timothy, which commands nearly double the price of any other in the markets. What is the explanation of the low esteem in which these favorite grasses and this favorite hay is held in Europe? Is our timothy really the indifferent hay that the English declare it to be, or are the English ignorant of its virtues? Lucerne, rye-grass and san foin are said to be the favorite pasture grasses and hay in England. American farmers know little about them, and that little is not favorable; and it may be, after all, that what are esteemed the best European grasses are not suited to our climate and soil, and our best grasses do not reveal their virtues when cultivated there.

The subject ought to receive careful attention and experiment. Our grass crop, green and in the form of hay, is the most valuable crop of the country, and, as it furnishes more than one-half of the subsistence to the one hundred and thirty million of domestic animals in the land, no pains ought to be spared to make it more valuable by improving the quality of it. It is generally held that land that is too wet for anything else is at least good enough for grass. But the truth is the grass grown on low, wet land is coarse, fibrous and nearly tasteless. Drainage is quite as important in grass culture as in grain raising, and there is little doubt that all our grasses, those for summer pasturage as well as those for hay, may be made sweeter and more nutritive by growing them in favorable positions and giving them careful cultivation. If the European grasses are really better than ours and can be raised in perfection on our soil, let us adopt them; if not, let us take the best varieties of our own native grasses in hand, and, by experimenting to find what they need, bring them to the greatest sweetness and richness they are capable of.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Mosquitoes vs. Malaria.

In a paper read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, February 10, 1883, Dr. A. F. A. King endeavored to sustain the thesis that malarial disease is produced by the bites of insects inoculating the body with malarial poison, the mosquito being considered in this country the most active agent.

Whatever value may be ascribed to mosquito bites as a cause of disease (and there are several very strong and, to our mind, fatal objections to the theory, and especially the fact that malaria prevails at seasons when no mosquitoes occur), it is interesting to observe how the properties and phenomena usually ascribed to malarial vapors become susceptible of explanation on the above insect theory, and how easily coincidences are made out. In the course of his remarks he presented the following series of twenty statements culled from leading medical authorities, in relation to malaria, and which, he maintained, are explicable on the mosquito theory.

1st. Malaria affects by preference low and moist localties. Such localities are the natural abode of mosquitoes.

2d. Malaria is seldom at a lower temperature than 60 deg. F.; neither are mosquitoes.

3d. The active agency of malaria is checked by a temperature of 32 deg. F. The same may be said of the mosquito.

4th. Malaria is most abundant and most virulent as we approach the equator and the seacoast. So, under specified conditions, are mosquitoes.

5th. Malaria has an affinity for dense foliage, which has the power of accumulating it, when lying in the course of winds blowing from malarious localities. Trees accumulate mosquitoes in the same manner.

6th. Forests and even woods have the power of obstructing malaria and of preventing its transmission under these circumstances. So of mosquitoes.

7th. By atmospheric currents, malaria may be transported to considerable distances, probably as far as five miles. Mosquitoes also.

8th. Malaria may be developed in previously healthy places by turning up the soil, as in making excavations for the foundations of houses, tracks for railroads and beds for canals. Such excavations when containing stagnant water may also serve as mosquito nurseries.

9th. In certain localities malaria seems to be attracted and absorbed by bodies of water lying in the course of such winds as waft it from miasmatic source. Such bodies of water may also arrest the passage of the mosquito, under certain circumstances, as in the absence of a strong wind to waft them over.

10th. Experience alone enables us to determine the presence or absence of malaria in any given locality. Conversely, the absence of the mosquito, it was claimed by Dr. King, appeared to prevent malarial disease.

11th. In proportion as countries previously malarious are cleared up and thickly settled, periodical fevers disappear. The consequent better drainage, disappearance of under-brush, and the more free-play of fly-catching birds may also contribute to lessen mosquitoes.

12th. Malaria usually keeps near the surface of the earth; it is said to "hug the ground." The same is true of mosquitoes.

13th. Malaria is most dangerous when the sun is down, and seems to be almost inert during the day. The mosquito is active at night, at rest by day.

14th. The danger of exposure to malaria after sunset is greatly increased by the person exposed sleeping in the night air. Persons while awake brush away mosquitoes; those asleep submit to being bitten.

15th. Of all human races the white is most sensitive to marsh fevers, and the black least so. The black man is less easily seen by the mosquito, and the odor and greasiness of his cutaneous secretions are assumed to be offensive to the insects.

16th. In malarial districts the use of fire, both indoors and to those who sleep out, affords a comparative security against malarial disease. Mosquitoes, attracted by the light, fly into fires and lamps at the cost of life.

17th. The air of cities in some way renders the malarial poison innocuous, for though a malarial disease may be raging outside, it does not penetrate far into the interior. Mosquitoes also, during their nocturnal flight, will be arrested by the houses, fences, lamps and fires of the suburbs, so as to be prevented from penetrating far into the interior of cities.

18th. Malarial diseases are most prevalent toward the latter part of the summer, and in the autumn. Mosquitoes are more plentiful during those seasons.

19th. Malaria is arrested not only by trees, but by walls, fences, hills, rows of houses, canvas curtains, gauze veils, mosquito nets, etc. So are mosquitoes.

20th. Malaria spares no age, but it affects infants much less frequently than adults. Infants, however, from the care with which they are housed and covered with gauze to keep off house flies, and also shielded from mosquito bites.—*Scientific American.*

Various Skirts.

A very full effect is given to the skirts of foulard, China crape, or nuns' veiling dresses not merely by the long loose plaits that form the entire skirt, or that appear in clusters wherever the drapery does not conceal the lower skirt, but also in a new and simpler way by a single deep gathered flounce that begins just below the short and bouffant drapery that surrounds the hips, but does not extend far below them. This flounce falls straight and full to the foot, with perhaps a border, embroidery, or lace on its lowest edge. It must be remembered that under all this appearance of a straight round skirt such as was worn a generation ago there is a closely gored narrow skirt well faced with crinoline to make it a substantial foundation skirt, and finished with a silk plaiting outside and a muslin and lace balayeuse plaiting inside. This silk foundation is now often of a color in contrast to that which covers it, or else to match the basque and drapery in preference to the lower skirt; thus a red silk foundation skirt is under a changeable green and red silk in which green predominates, and an ecru silk foundation is under a maroon silk skirt that has ecru cashmere draperies. Simple and stylish silk skirts of checked silks, the plain Surahs, and the striped Surahs fall full from the waist over the foundation skirt, and descend below the knees, where they are gathered to the foundation to form two flounces, lapping, each about six inches deep. These straight flounces have the lower edges faced with silk that does not appear outside, and many of the flounces of thin summer silks are lined throughout with thin crinoline lawn in the old-fashioned way, and are then faced with silk as just noted. The little plaiting at the foot of foundation skirts seems to be a necessity for supporting the flabby flounces of soft silks and cashmeres; even dresses of Chambery and of linen lawn have a silk skirt and plaiting underneath, with utter disregard of the question how they are to be laundried. The box-plaited skirts with the plaits sewed together at the top are allowed to fall in flowing plaits below the knee.

One of the prettiest simple "footings" for the skirt of a dress, either silk or wool, is three knife-plaitings, each a finger deep when finished, placed to lap so deeply that only an inch of the lower flounces is visible after the top one is stitched on by machine an inch below the top, leaving an erect heading of an inch-wide frill. Another stylish finish for the foot of a silk skirt is one bias gathered ruffle of silk six inches deep after the edges are turned up. This is gathered an inch below the edge, and a row of lace or of embroidery three inches deep is gathered with it and falls on the silk flounce amid its fullness. This is handsome when made of black ottoman or gros grain with French lace gathered upon it, or of white moire with black French or Spanish lace, or of Havana brown silk or satin with ecru embroidered batiste lightly gathered upon it. For more elaborate dresses of black silk, or of white silk, or muslin, French lace is used in three lapping flounces, or else there is a deep lambrequin flounce of wide lace made by arranging broad double box plaits of the lace, and putting a gathered festoon of the lace between each box plait. This festoon is merely the lace flounce gathered at the top and sewed on in a deep curve. Sometimes a square bow of satin is set on top of each box plait, and in other cases it is placed on the curved part.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Proper Use of Wives.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the beds, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to see the needle-work and bed-making; or put a broom in her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts his arm around her, feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The fortifications of Strasburg are just completed. The construction of the first series of outer forts was begun in 1872, and that of the circumvalation of the city in 1876.

—Wilmington, N. C., for the first time since the war, is free from bonded debt, and its six per cent. bonds are in demand at par by investors.

HOME AND FARM.

—Scalded milk given to calves constantly often produces bad results.

—Look at your horse's feet every night and see that there is no stone between the hoof and shoe.

—Ginger Pudding: Five eggs, two cups of sugar, two cups of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, ginger and allspice to taste. Bake in a pan or steam in a mold or pan.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Very young ducklings are tender at first, and should be neither allowed to go into cold water nor be exposed to chilling winds, while they are under twenty days old. Such exposures cause cramps, and they often die suddenly from these assaults.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The *American Agriculturist* is friendly to the crow. It says: "Don't kill the crows. A few years ago we had a chance to watch the operations of an assemblage of crows on a grub-infested lawn. Their skill in finding and dislodging the grub should have been witnessed by all opponents of the crow."

—The several kinds of pond lilies can be easily grown in almost any pond in which there is a bottom of rich mud. They are beautiful flowers, several of them have a most delightful odor, and their presence on the farm or in the house will prove a source of great pleasure, inexpensive and lasting.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Tomato Soup: To one pint of canned tomatoes, or four large raw ones cut up fine, add one quart of boiling water and let them boil till done; then add nearly a teaspoonful of soda; when it foams up add one pint of sweet milk, pepper, and a plenty of butter or one cup of sweet cream instead of the butter, a few crackers rolled fine, and serve.—*The Household.*

—Kerosene oil may be used for destroying insects on plants by taking a tablespoonful of oil and mixing it with half a cupful of milk and then diluting the mixture with two gallons of water. Apply the liquid with a syringe, and afterward rinse with clear water. This substance is death to plant insects, and we have never heard of its injuring the most delicate plants when used as here directed.

—When mixed with hay and other dry feed, parsnips are valuable for horses and cows, the feeding being commenced gradually, as with roots generally. They possess an important advantage over other roots, in that the crop may be safely left in the ground all winter, as freezing does not injure them when they thaw out in the ground, and thus the labor of late autumn harvesting is avoided.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A supply of roots for stock feeding purposes next winter should be taken into consideration now. It is not necessary to vary the food of cattle as much as that intended for man, but reason and experience show that a change is very desirable. The bulk of our stock are kept on a dry feed during winters, consisting of hay, corn stalks or straw, with occasionally a little grain. Every animal tires of the same kind of food if fed for a long time. Roots furnish the best substance for a change. In all parts of the country some kind of roots can be raised for stock to good advantage.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Garden in a Cornfield.

The old-fashioned kitchen garden, fenced in, surrounded with current bushes and berry plants which often spread far out toward the center, with a few bushes of peonies and here and there a rosebush and a clump of hollyhocks, where possibly the plow might be used with a good deal of turning and tugging, but more likely the spade with still harder work, belongs to a by-gone age, and savors more of penance than of profit. Nowadays, with the perfect implements for planting and cultivating, gardening may be made easy. If there is no better spot, one corner of the cornfield may be taken, and all of the seeds be planted in rows, thickly or thinly, according to their habit of growing. Let the rows extend across the field, and if too long make part of them corn or potatoes. The ground need only be well prepared, as for corn, and made fine with the harrow and marked with a corn-marker. For the fine seeds like lettuce, onions, etc., the garden rake may be used to smooth the surface along the rows.

When these seeds come up, scrape the earth and weeds away on each side from the young plants with a light touch of the hoe, and leave the row clean. The plants will then be seen distinctly; although small, and the cultivator will mellow the ground between the rows and destroy the weeds, and its occasional use will do most of the garden work. A little hand weeding may be required in the row, if the ground is weedy, otherwise the gardening may be done with a horse and cultivator. Cucumbers, melons, beets and everything may be planted after the marker and be covered with the hoe or the garden rake. One man in a day can plant seeds enough for a bountiful supply for a large family. Vegetables and plants raised in this way will grow faster than in a garden and mature sooner. A row or two may be left for the later planting of radishes and winter cabbage, and meanwhile the cultivator will keep the ground clean and mellow.

When July comes the open spaces between the rows of onions and lettuce, and where vacant spots have been made, may be strewn with turnip seed and raked over, and so all of the ground will be utilized. The pea-rows, later in the season, and where the early potatoes grew, may also be converted into a turnip patch. A few extra loads of manure—the best rotted—plowed under where the garden is to go, will make stronger growth; and the quicker most vegetables grow the better the quality. The first of June the radishes may be put in and they will be crisp and tender. A little wood ashes and hen manure, mixed together and worked into the soil, will give vegetables a rapid start. Hen manure and plaster is also a superior fertilizer, but not quite so active as the other. Plenty of vegetables are a blessing to a housewife, and help wonderfully to surround the farmer's table with good cheer.—*F. D. Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Charles Resh, who has been an inmate of the alms-house at Lancaster, Pa., for twelve years, having obtained a pension, was recently removing his goods in order to go to housekeeping with his wife and child. He put a cook stove on the elevator, and the moment he added his own weight to the load the rope broke and he was instantly killed by the fall. The Coroner's Jury discovered that the rope had been cut with a knife by some of the inmates.

—At Fort Calgary, Montana, coal-oil is worth five dollars per gallon and flour fifteen dollars per hundred pounds.

Spare the Sparrow.

In the summer, writes a friend of the sparrow in the Boston *Transcript*, the robins eat my cherries, but I am willing to divide with them; they also eat my strawberries, but I have not once discovered the sparrow in mischief. They are pleasant, friendly little birds, who stay with us in the winter when our native birds abandon us. They are easily tamed. One cold winter, when I was ill and confined to my room, I gave them crumbs every morning; they soon became so tame that if I left my window open they would come in. I have sometimes seen twenty at a time on a table in the middle of the room. They formed quite a friendship for my canary bird, and one friendly little fellow used to drop seed into the canary's mouth, and the canary returned the compliment. If I happened to be late with my crumbs they pecked at my window until I came. Other birds came to look, but only the sparrow could be induced to enter the room. They came every day, and by their engaging way did much to make life pleasanter. Nowhere in the world are there more birds than in Germany and Switzerland. The law protects them. In any little grove or large garden you will hear the warbling of hundreds of birds of many kinds. Where we have hundreds of sparrows they have millions and yet the other birds seem to hold their own very well. In England when a cold storm comes the papers remind the people to "feed the sparrows." Mr. Brewer, the eminent ornothologist, was instrumental in introducing them into this country, after a careful consideration of the whole subject. Not the sparrow, but man, is driving away our native birds.

—England has $10,000,000,000 invested abroad.

A TOURIST leaning out of a nook,
Fell on his head near a brook,
The hurt he received,
St. Jacobs Oil relieved,
And he says it cured "like a book."

Great oaks from little acorns spring,
Great aches the little toe-corns bring;
But for every corn
That ever was born,
St. Jacobs Oil is just the thing.

THE Hindoos of Madras recently had a procession in honor of seven umbrellas that were to be presented to an idol god at Terrapety. His idolship is evidently preparing for a long reign.—*Boston Post.*

Our Grandmothers

taught their daughters that a "stitch in time saves nine." A pill in time saves not only nine, but ofttimes an incalculable amount of suffering as well. An occasional dose of Dr. Pierce's Pellets (Little Sugar-coated Pills), to cleanse the stomach and bowels, not only prevents diseases but often breaks up sudden attacks, when taken in time. By druggists.

DURING the winter we feel that we can hold our own pretty well as an average liar, but now that the circus bill is beginning to adorn the wall we feel our utter insignificance.—*Evansville Argus.*

How to Shorten Life.

The receipt is simple. You have only to take a violent cold, and neglect it. Abernethy, the great English surgeon, asked a lady who told him she only had a cough: "What would you have? The Plague?" Beware of "only coughs." The worst cases can, however, be cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. In Whooping Cough and Croup it immediately allays irritation, and is sure to prevent a fatal termination of the disease. Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

IF a book-binder "rips and tears" he should be "bound over."—*Gouverneur (N. Y.) Herald.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nervine, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that affect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The back-ache, and "dragging-down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

"WHY does a kiss raise the spirits?" "Because it's the cream of ta-ta."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats, and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

A GOOD watch is known by its works. It may be real good without having a pretty face.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, May 18, 1883.			
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 50	@	3 75
Choice butchers	5 25	@	6 00
HOGS—Common	6 00	@	6 70
Good packers	6 90	@	7 35
SHEEP	4 75	@	5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 17	@	1 18
No. 2 winter red	1 13	@	1 14
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54¾	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	45	@	
Rye—No. 2	65	@	65½
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@	12 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@	9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 50	@	
Lard—Steam	11-30	@	
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@	32
Prime Creamery	25	@	28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@	2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 85	@	4 15
Good to choice	4 60	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 23¼	@	1 24
No. 1 white	1 16	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	64¾	@	66½
Oats—mixed	49	@	52
PORK—Mess	19 25	@	19 60
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13	@	1 13½
Corn—No. 2	55¼	@	
Oats—No. 2	41¼	@	41⅜
Rye	65	@	
PORK—Mess	19 40	@	19 45
LARD—Steam	11-90	@	11-95
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 12	@	6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 20	@	1 20¼
Corn—mixed	65	@	65¼
Oats—mixed	50	@	51
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	21 00	@	
Lard—Refined	12½	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
COTTON—Middling	9¾	@	
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10	@	1 12
Corn—mixed	54½	@	
Oats—mixed	46	@	
PORK—Mess	20 00	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 11	@	
CORN	54	@	
OATS—mixed	42	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	4 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	5 60

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

1868—Gastrine.—1883.

This remedy for dyspepsia has been on sale since 1868, and is known and recognised by physicians and druggists. It is now offered in a new wrapper, bearing the signature of "The Gastrine Manufacturing Co."

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Permanently beautifies your complexion. Think, Ladies! Hill's hair and whisker dye, 50 cents.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Personal!

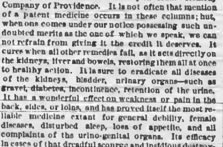
THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Hunt's Remedy—Its Many Merits.

THERE are no diseases more prevalent, with, perhaps, the exception of Consumption, in this country than the kidney and liver complaints; and to find a remedy that would effectually relieve them has long been the aim of many afflicted sufferers. Whether our habits as a people are conducive to these diseases, or whether they may result from the peculiarity of our climate, is beyond our comprehension, and is of little value since an efficacious remedy can be had; but of one thing we are sure, that the long-afflicted public will hail with joy the specific which has again and again proved its ability to effectually cope with and eradicate these diseases. The name of this medicine is Hunt's Remedy, and it is manufactured by the Hunt's Remedy Company of Providence. It is not often that mention of a patent medicine occurs in these columns; but, when one comes under our notice possessing such undoubted merits as the one of which we speak, we can not refrain from giving it the credit it deserves. It cures when all other remedies fail, as it acts directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, restoring them all at once to healthy action. It is sure to eradicate all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary organs—such as gravel, diabetes, incontinence, retention of the urine. It has a wonderful effect on weakness or pain in the back, sides, or loins, and has proved itself the most reliable medicine extant for general debility, female diseases, disturbed sleep, loss of appetite, and all complaints of the urino-genital organs. Its efficacy in cases of that dreadful scourge and insidious destroyer, Bright's disease of the kidneys, has been remarkable; and, if its merits rested on its success in coping with that disease alone, it would be worthy of high rank as a public benefactor. In all diseases of the liver—as billousness, headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach and costiveness—it quickly induces that organ to healthy action, and removes the causes at the same time. It is purely vegetable in composition, being entirely free from all mercurial or mineral poisons, and possesses rare virtues as a remedy for heart disease and rheumatism. We have neither time nor space to do this medicine full justice; but the public can obtain full particulars in the shape of pamphlets and circulars by addressing Hunt's Remedy Company, Providence, R. I.—*Scientific Times.*



"DRINK FAIR, BETSEY, WOTEVER YOU DO."
—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

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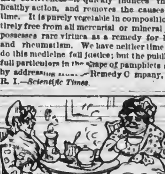
We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $15. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS, of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight Charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS



There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

HANDSOME GOLD WATCH. On receipt of $25 we will send a Gent's SOLID GOLD Stem-Winding Watch, and guarantee perfect satisfaction, or will refund the money. Send P. O. order or registered letter. T. MORTON & CO., 203 Broadway, New York.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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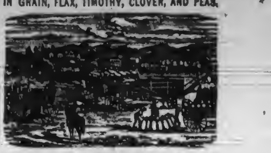
The good and staunch old stand-by, MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, has done more to assuage pain, relieve suffering, and save the lives of men and beasts than all other liniments put together. Why? Because the Mustang penetrates through skin and flesh to the very bone, driving out all pain and soreness and morbid secretions, and restoring the afflicted part to sound and supple health.

AGITATOR
What Farmers & Threshermen say about the Agitator. Manufactured by
J. I. CASE T. M. CO. RACINE, WIS
"Don't Change it." "Perfect as it is."
IN GRAIN, FLAX, TIMOTHY, CLOVER, AND PEAS.



PORTABLE (8, 10, 12 and 16 Horse)
TRACTION (8, 10, and 12 Horse,)
STRAW-BURNING (Portable only, 8, 10, 12, 16 Horse)
And 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 25 and 30 Horse
SKID ENGINES!
We make the most Practical Straw-Burning Engine in the World.
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Do you live near Timber? If so, buy our
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Take it to the timber. SAVE HAULING Logs to the Mill. 5,000 TO 10,000 FEET PER DAY.
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PILLS

Has been so frequently and satisfactorily proven that it seems almost superfluous to say anything more in their favor. The immense and constantly increasing demand for them, both in this and foreign countries, is the best evidence of their value. Their sale to-day in the United States is far greater than any other cathartic medicine. This demand is not spasmodic, it is regular and steady. It is not of to-day or yesterday, it is an increase that has been steadily growing for the last thirty-five years. What are the reasons for this great and growing demand?

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills contain no mercury, and yet they act with wonderful effect upon the liver. They cleanse the stomach and bowels of all irritating matter, which, if allowed to remain, poisons the blood, and brings on Malaria, Chills and Fever, and many other diseases. They give health and strength to the digestive organs. They create appetite and give vigor to the whole system. They are in fact the medicine of all others which should be taken in times like the present, when malarial and other epidemics are raging, as they prepare the system to resist attacks of disease of every character.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills are sold by all druggists at 25c. per box, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, in English or German, is sent free to all. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—AGENTS.
To buy and sell the WANLESS DETACHABLE and SELF-LOCKING PILLOW-SHAM HOLDER; the most DURABLE and SIMPLEST in the market. Sample to any address on receipt of $1.50. Over 1,000 sold in Cleveland. Lady Agents find it very saleable. For terms address KENDALL & CO., 136 ONTARIO STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

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Soda Fountains!
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Double It! To present all the news in readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall, are the two great purposes of THE SUN. It is a newspaper for everybody, a friend to everybody, barring the rogues and frauds. Subscription: DAILY (4 pages), by mail, 55c. a month, or $6.50 a year; SUNDAY (8 pages), $1.20 per year; WEEKLY (8 pages), $1 per year.
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PECK'S COMPENDIUM OF FUN
Has a Joke in every paragraph, and a laugh in every line. Contains the escapades of PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA, and all the master-pieces of the greatest humorist of the day. A Literary Marvel. 100 Illustrations. Price, by mail, $2.75. AGENTS WANTED. Terms and Laughable Illustrated Circular free, or to save time, send 50 cents for outfit and secure choice of territory.
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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

WE SELL THE BEST $65 ORGAN in the world. Address MILLER ORGAN CO., Lebanon, Pa.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR
Forces luxuriant Mustache, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. Both young and old supplied everywhere. 1 or 3 Pkgs does the work. Will prove it or forfeit. Price per package with directions sealed and postpaid 25 cents. 3 for 50 cts., stamps or silver. L. A. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Agts. Palatine, Ill.

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

XX.—NOTICE.—XX.
AS BLUE FLANNEL GARMENTS
Of Inferior Quality of Goods
are sold as the "genuine Middlesex," which are not made by that mill, The Middlesex Company, in order to protect their customers and the public, give notice that hereafter all Clothing made from THE MIDDLESEX STANDARD INDIGO BLUE FLANNELS AND YACHT CLOTHS, sold by all leading clothiers, must bear the "SILK HANGERS," furnished by the Selling Agents to all parties ordering the goods.
WENDELL, FAY & CO.,
SELLING AGENTS, MIDDLESEX COMPANY,
86 and 88 Worth St., New York; 37 Franklin St., Boston; 214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

"MAUD S" HALTER cannot be slipped by any horse. Sent to any part of United States free, on receipt of $1. Special discounts to the trade. Send for price-list. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE & BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

A. N. K.—E. 926 20-83

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1883. NUMBER 31.

PITH AND POINT.

—There is one search that is never unsuccessful—namely, the search for trouble.

—Mrs. Partington, dear old lady, says that there are very few people nowadays who suffer from "suggestion of the brain."

—The phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

—"Any fule kin kick agin circumstances," says Uncle Mose, "but it am de wise man who conquers misfortune an' spits on his hands to tackle advarsity."

—A clergyman asked some children: "Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'who art in Heaven,' since God is everywhere?" A little drummer boy answered, "Because it's headquarters."—*N. Y. News.*

—"What a bore Jenins is?" exclaimed Connery; "just met him, and he talked about that confounded horse of his for half an hour, and I couldn't get a word in edgeways about my new dog."—*Boston Transcript.*

—An Easy Job.—Robinson (after a long whist bout at the club): "It's awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper) "Oh, I shan't say much, you know. 'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—*Continental Magazine.*

—An unfortunate, who was climbing the steps of the scaffold upon which he was about to be executed, slipped and fell headforemost, but was caught before reaching the ground. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "but that was a narrow escape. I might have been killed."—*Washington Critic.*

—"Oh, my dear, noble, generous husband!" murmurs the fond wife, "how grand you are! I only wish I could be you for just one day!" "Why, dearest?" asks the unsuspecting man. "Because, then I [illegible] new bonnet for my loving little wife!" replies the designing creature.—*Cleveland Herald.*

—It is said a bill is to be introduced in the Legislature, looking to an amendment of the State Constitution, giving the dude the right to vote at constable elections. The dude, it must be confessed, does resemble a human being somewhat, but not enough to bestow upon him the rights of citizenship to that extent.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Very cur'ous, very cur'ous," muttered Farmer Furrow, as he stumbled into the house late one evening, after attending a protracted meeting at the grocery. "What's curious, John?" asked his patient wife, who was waiting for him. "Why, old 'oman, 's I 's comin' 'long, I heerd a dog howl s' much like a man that I cud most tell what it said. Whatteryer think 'bout it, old lady?" "I think you tarried too long at the whine, John," said his helpmeet, as she gave him a hoost that sent him sprawling over the woodb —*N. Y. Advertiser.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The experiment is being made in Massachusetts of raising ivory hickory trees for the purpose of disposing of them for hoop-poles.

—A new industry in Japan is said to be that of lacquering plaster so as to resemble marble. On a basis of clay this lacquer work is especially novel and effective.

—A letter from St. John's, N. F., says that this season's sealing voyage will be one of the best for many years, the number of seals taken being estimated at 450,000, valued at $1,500,000. —*N. Y. Herald.*

—A Brooklyn (N.Y.) man is reported to have obtained an interest in a discovery by which common vegetable fibers can be converted into a substitute for wool. The discovery was made by a German chemist.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A process by which planks can be manufactured from straw has been perfected, and in Chicago a building six-stories high, and occupying an entire block, is being erected for the new industry. The board is manufactured by converting straw pulp into thin paper-like sheets, which are passed through a bath containing certain chemicals in solution. They are subjected to enormous pressure, and finally to a thorough drying process.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Captain Holstein, of the Danish Army, has invented, for the use of infantry soldiers, a shield, which, though weighing but seven pounds, is bullet-proof and handy. It is of steel, twenty inches long by eighteen broad. Two spikes at the bottom enable the soldier to fix it firmly in the ground, and a hollow at the top can be used as a rest for his rifle. The experiments that were made with the shield at Copenhagen a short time ago were deemed highly satisfactory, but will be repeated on a larger scale before the Danish Government decides as to its adoption for the army.

—Albany has the only celluloid billiard ball factory in the world. It already does a large business, and the owners are confident that in a little time their product will drive the ivory article quite out of the market. The inventor has another composition called bonisiliate which is even better, and it is said that balls made of it are often mistaken for ivory by experts, while the cost is much less and there is no shrinking and change of shape. The factory works from twenty to twenty-five men, and has a capacity of three hundred to four hundred balls a day.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal*

—The Women's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia is composed of a number of wealthy and philanthropic women of that city who desire to introduce and encourage this industry among American women and girls. They are glad to furnish all needful information concerning the business or application, and will supply eggs at about five dollars an ounce—the ounce containing 40,000 eggs. In former years a good deal of disappointment resulted from the attempt to grow silk in this country. Recent experiments have in many cases met with better success.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Process of Stone-Cutting.

"There is a perfect specimen of the lapidist's art," said J. W. Beath, as he handed across the counter a fine specimen of the cairngorm.

"Observe," he continued, "the number of facets on that stone. There are three hundred in all, and each one is perfectly true in shape. This stone weighs nearly two ounces, and yet so truly is it cut, the oval shapes so geometrically perfect, that it will stand on its pivot, which is not so large as a pin's head," and, suiting action to word, the lapidist deftly placed the stone on a sheet of glass, and, the center of gravitation falling within its pin-head base, it remained nicely balanced on its lower point or pivot.

"Will you tell me how the transformation of the opaque, muddy-looking stone in the rough to the sparkling gem is effected?" asked the visitor.

"The rough gem goes through three processes before it is ready for the jeweler's window. First, a piece of the stone must be cut off as nearly as possible the size required. The saw used in doing this is a circular piece of sheet-iron, without teeth, set in a wood-worker's saw, and operated by a foot-treadle. Two men stand at this saw, each having a foot upon the treadle. One man holds the stone to be cut tightly against the edge of the saw, while the other, using a feather dipped in oil, applies diamond dust to the edge of the saw. The saw being made of very ductile metal, the tiny particles of diamond become imbedded in it, and, acting as cutting points, soon wear through the hardest stone. Now the piece cut off passes to the cutting table. Here is a wheel strapped through the center that revolves parallel to the top of the table. The stone to be cut is fastened to a stick about six inches long with cement. The lapidist takes the stick in his right hand, steadies his hand on a wooden rest, which is adjusted to the right of the wheel, and holds the stone firmly to the wheel until one facet is ground down. To the wheel, I should add, is applied diamond dust and water. The table and upper facets of the stone are cut this way, and the stone is then removed from and re-adjusted to the stick before the lapidist cuts the under side collets and remaining facets.

"The manipulation of the stone in the third, or polishing, process, is identical with that of the cutting. The wheel, however, is composed mainly of tin, and tripoli and rottenstone are used in the polishing. If you will look closely at a small diamond or crystal, and notice the number of facets, their equality of size and harmony of form, you will be able to get an idea of the skill, care and long practice called for by the work.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Taken for the Colonel.

Colonel Fitz Wallace O'Donovan was, certainly, a handsome-looking man, and he knew it, and his wife knew it. He was a lion in society. He was a leader of fashion. He introduced the "O'Donovan Cravat," and the "Fitz Wallace Shoulder-Brace;" and at the club they compounded the "O'Donovan Cocktail," and the "Fitz Wallace Julep." His wife introduced equally sounding fashions into female use.

In the town, also—and making his way into just such circles as pleased him—was the publisher and editor of the "Daily Sledge-Hammer"—plain Wallace Donovan. Somebody—one of the uneducated—once asked Mrs. O'D. if her husband and the editor were in any way related to one another. The great lady looked upon her questioner in pitying surprise.

"Related? What! with the O'Donovan! My dear Madam, the O'Donovans are descended directly from the O'Donovans of Tara's Hall! Those simple Donovans are nobodies."

And that settled it.

On a certain evening one of the nabobs gave a big party; and the O'Donovans were there, large as life. Late in the evening, after he had got his paper to press, Wallace Donovan looked in, and made himself at home. By and by a lady, in his presence, remarked upon the appearance of the Colonel, who had just passed them.

"I declare!" she said, with considerable animation, "Colonel O'Donovan is a handsome man!"

"And would you believe it?" returned the editor, laughingly—"I have been taken for him twice."

Mrs. O'D. chanced to be standing directly at his elbow at the moment, and overheard.

"*You*—*you* taken for my husband?" she cried, with cutting disdain. "What an idea! *You* taken for the O'Donovan!"

"Do not misunderstand me, Madam," returned the literary man with a polite bow. "You force me to explain. It was not the similarity of personal appearance that to the error to which I alluded; but the similarity of our names. That simple thing was the occasion of my being twice arrested by the sheriff, for debt! However—no great damage was done. I very quickly convinced him of his error, and put him on the right track! I wish you a good evening, Madam."

It was said that the irate lady tried to persuade her husband to call the man out! But the O'D. was too wise to burn his fingers in an editorial fire, even had the courage been his.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, was asked by a friend while here if he had ever viewed Niagara Falls from the Canadian side. He replied in his broad accent: "No, sir; I've too much respect for my neck to indulge in any such curiosity. As the Queen keeps such a sharp eye on me, a view from the Falls on that side would doubtless insure the prospect of another fall which might not prove so enjoyable to me."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The shutting out of American hog products from Germany is evidently intended to stimulate and protect stock raising in that empire. German farmers are enabled to raise their own hogs when freed from the competition of America. It may work some hardship upon the laboring classes there, but the farmers are made happy.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Moving of the McFingals.

Silas McFingal and Mrs. Silas McFingal have been keeping house in the vicinity of the writer's residence during the last year. For some reason Mr. McFingal decided to move last week. We do not mean that last week was a movable festival, like Shrove Tuesday or Easter Sunday, and that Mr. McFingal tried to move it. It was not last week but himself and his wife and other household goods that McFingal decided on moving. This English language of ours is calculated to misrepresent what one means to say. There is too much of it.

Why McFingal wanted to move we can not say. We do not know. Probably the landlord would not fix the pump or wait for the rent, or was otherwise disobliging and unaccommodating. The first intimation that we had of the moving of our neighbors was a violent and phenomenal discharge from their back windows of empty pickle jars, vacant sardine boxes and hard-boiled ham bones that had accumulated on the premises during its occupancy by the McFingals. Then Mr. McFingal, with his head tied up in a napkin, a streak of soot down the side of his nose and some tomato sauce on his pants, came over to borrow a broom and a screw-driver from us. McFingal is of domestic habits. He is not the kind of husband who stays away from home when furniture is being moved and carpets are being pulled up. He labored from the rising of the sun until noon, with cobwebs in his his hair and his mouth full of tacks, packing trunks, lifting down pictures with a broom handle, kicking the dog out of the pantry and pulling plaster off the wall in vain efforts to unscrew a hat rack from a corner. Harmony reigned throughout the humble McFingal abode until Silas accidentally knocked The Model Housekeeper (vol. II) off a top shelf and broke a three-dollar lamp. After that, for some time, the proceedings were not so harmonious. Mrs. McFingal said some bitter things about the natural clumsiness of the male portion of the human race, and the everlasting stupidity of that fraction of it that she has the misfortune to be connubially related to.

Some beer, crackers and sausage, procured from the grocery by Mr. McFingal, restored harmony to the household, and amid the debris of dismantled furniture they partook of a frugal meal. It was a stormy day, however, in the McFingal family. The furniture wagon ran over the dog's tail, and when McFingal expostulated with the driver of the wagon, a bundle of bed slats and a roll of stair carpeting hit him on the back of the neck. It was almost dark before all the furniture was out of the old house. Then for an hour McFingal, with a lantern in one hand, a piece of water pipe in the other, and the dog at his heels, pursued his cow all over the Eighth Ward in a vain effort to induce her to migrate to the new premises.

The cow disappeared in the gathering gloom, and the McFingals retired to their new home, where Mrs. McFingal, on an impromptu bed on the top of a bureau, and Mr. McFingal on the floor, rested after the arduous toil of the day.

They both swear that they will not again move for twenty-seven years at least. And they are delighted with their new house, but of course before a year they will have discovered many defects in it; the roof will leak, there will be rats in the cellar, or the walls will be damp; anyhow, they will not stay more than a year. That is usually how it is. Just now, however, the McFingals are delighted, and having got the furniture in order they sit all day on a sofa with smiles on their faces, waiting for the neighbors to call—neighbors that they will not be on speaking terms with before the May moon wanes. The country is swarming with movers of the McFingals class just at present.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Disagreeable Job Quickly Completed.

"Clara, dearest," began Mark Frankton, "often has the question which I am about to ask you trembled upon my lips."

"What is it, Mark?" exclaimed Clara, a feeling of undefined terror taking possession of her as she gazed into his unblanched face.

"Clara," continued Mark, taking her hand in his and fondling it in a reassuring manner. "Clara, I love you—pray don't be alarmed—I would have you with me always; that is to say, will you be mine?"

"And do you love me truly and disinterestedly, Mark?"

"Yes, Clara, as the world goes. I would be happy, and I believe you are the woman who will make me happy."

"But this is so sudden, Mark," murmured Clara, bending her head to hide her blushes.

"I know it is sudden. I didn't think of it myself till a day or two ago. But the fact is I have come to the conclusion that I might as well get married. I want somebody to keep house for me and do my washing, ironing and mending. I won't say that you are the only girl I ever loved, but as you appear to think a good deal of me it is natural that I should think a good deal of you."

"Yes, Mark."

"And I don't suppose it will cost much more; if it does, you know, you will be only too glad to take in washing or dressmaking or something of that sort to eke out our income."

"O, Mark! you know I love you, and I can not resist your eloquent appeal. Yes, I will be yours forever."

"Very kind of you, Clara; really, I am much obliged to you. You have saved me a deal of trouble. If you had refused me I should have been obliged to ask some other girl. I had half a dozen in mind, but now that it is settled I shan't bother to call on any of them."

"You don't know how happy I am to hear you speak thus, dear Mark. It shall be my aim to watch over your happiness day and night. Henceforth I live only for you."

"Yes, Clara, that's what I want. Now that we have settled that question I'll be going, as I promised Tom Badger I'd come over and play a game of pool with him this evening. Good night."

"Good night, Mark."

Our Young Folks.

THE ELEPHANT SOLDIER.

Long, long ago, on India's plains,
There raged a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
His part to act in the affray;
And on his back, above all heads,
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,
Which shook its colors to the air.
Proudly the mahout rode and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there,
Till "Halt!" he cried; and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed,
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slain was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the conflict grew!
Yet patiently old Hero stood
Amidst it all, the while his feet
Were stained, alas! with human blood.
His ears were strained to catch the voice
Which only could his steps command,
Nor would he turn when men grew weak,
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft;
The fleeing soldiers saw it. "Lo!
We are not conquered yet," they cried,
And rallying, closed upon the foe.
Then turned the tide of conquest, and
The royal ensign waved at last
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
Of him whose sole command he knew—
Waited, nor moved one ponderous foot,
To his own Captain's orders true.
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
Poor Hero "halted." Bribe nor threat
Could stir him from the spot. And on
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived one hundred miles away;
"The mahout's son! fetch him!" they cried;
"His voice the creature will obey."
He came, the little orphaned lad,
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master's son
Had been the "little driver," too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long, wistful glance around,
Old Hero's march began again.
Onward he went. The trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead;
And then about his master's son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed
A soldier's honored grave had found.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Young People.*

IDLE WORDS.

"Yes, we had a most magnificent time at the sociable. All the people were perfectly delightful and the music was charming and the decorations just too lovely for anything! The room was frightfully hot, though—I was fairly melted."

"Yes, the room was rather warm," remarked Lucy.

"And I got tired to death before it was over, things dragged so dreadfully. I thought that Glee Club would surely go on singing all night. And what an awfully shrill voice Janet Granby has!—it really deafened me. Don't you think that dress of hers is horrid—with flounces piled on by the dozen?"

"I thought it had only seven."

"The salt must have got into the ice-cream, did you notice? There was enough in the saucerful I ate to freeze a whole freezer full. Wasn't that a splendid bouquet they threw to Susy Merton! So big it almost covered her up."

"Indeed!" quietly exclaimed grandfather, who was sitting near. "I should like to have seen it. I have heard of the wonderful things florists construct nowadays with cut flowers, but I had no idea they made them so large as that."

"As what, grandfather?" asked Mabel, pausing before launching into another stream of talk, she having, as was usual with her, forgotten her trifling words almost as soon as uttered.

"It must have been—well, you did not give the dimensions, my dear, but I should guess it could not have been less than four or five feet in diameter."

"*What* diameter, grandfather."

"Why, the diameter of that bouquet."

"*What* bouquet?" Mabel looked bewildered.

"The one you have been telling about."

"*I* never told of a bouquet four or five feet in diameter, grandfather. You must be dreaming, sir. I never saw such a thing in my life."

"Then the lady you spoke of must be very small, dear."

"What lady, grandfather?"

"The lady whose bouquet almost covered her up."

"Oh-h-h!" Mabel burst into a hearty laugh. "Why, grandfather, that's just my way of talking. Of course I did not mean that she had a bouquet as large as that."

"Then why did you say so, Mabel?"

"Oh, well—mamma does scold me most outrageously for it. She says I exaggerate things horribly, but what harm does it do?"

"I am sorry to hear that of your mother," said the old gentleman, gravely. "I had always supposed that her behavior was far within the limits of decency and propriety."

"My mother! Grandfather, you are very queer to-day! What *do* you mean?"

"Look in the dictionary for the definition of things done in an outrageous manner, dear. I am only taking you at your word. But I am afraid, Mabel, that your health will suffer from the effects of eating so much salt."

"I hav'n't been eating salt, grandfather."

"I understood you to say your ice-cream contained enough salt to freeze a whole freezer full."

"Oh, now, grandfather, you are a most fearful critic."

"I shall try not to be alarming. How did you manage to reduce yourself to a solid condition so soon after being melted?"

"Oh, I only meant that the room was so roasting hot."

"It must have been quite a dangerous place—you were attacked with deafness, too, you say?—you seem to be recovering from it."

"But you know I didn't mean any such thing."

"Then why did you say it, dear? Was it true?"

"Why—it wasn't so, of course."

"If it was not true, what was it?"

Mabel looked as if this was a soberer view of the matter than she wished to take.

"Did you really think the Glee Club would sing all night?"

"No, sir."

"Then, when you said you thought so did you tell the truth? If not, what did you tell?" The tears came into Mabel's eyes.

"Grandfather, do you think I would tell an untruth?"

"No, dear, not intentionally, but, Mabel"—he laid his hand tenderly on her head—"I want you to think how many things you have said in the last fifteen minutes which are simply *not true.* I want to caution you earnestly against indulging in this habit of loose, thoughtless speech. I am sorry to hear so many young people giving way to it. It is vulgar, it is foolish—and if not wicked, its direct tendency is to wickedness, for remember, what is not true is false. And even where careless expression does not involve disregard of truth it may be well to reflect that it is heard by the Lord, who has assured us that 'for every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account in the day of judgment.'"—*Sydney Dayre, in Chicago Standard.*

Doing Things Thoroughly.

Laura came into the disorderly sitting-room, put a sweeping-cap on her head, and began listlessly drawing a broom over the dirty carpet. In a few moments a goodly pile of dirt was swept out the door, when she took a duster and looked around, quite puzzled where to begin.

"I wish I'd never been to Aunt Sarah's," she said, dropping down on the lounge with a more discontented look than before. "It's all very well for her to talk about keeping things in order, but her children seem different from ours. Just look here."

It was rather discouraging. On one chair lay some crusts of bread and molasses; on another a torn picture-book and some paints over which the glass of water used with them had been spilt. On the table mother's over-filled work-basket was running over, some spools of thread tangled among broken toys. The ashes [illegible] grate were widely scattered, and every corner seemed to have its separate litter.

"Who sweeps a room well, does God's service." Something like this Laura had heard said while at her aunt's house.

"I don't believe God has much to do with such a room as this," she said, fretfully, to herself. "And it don't make much difference how it's swept, I'm sure." But her eye noted rather uneasily the untouched corners, and the dusty patch under the table which her lazy broom had not reached. Aunt Sarah's cheery watchword: "Thorough, my dears, thorough," seemed to sound in her ears as she remembered how she had come home with a firm determination to institute a better order of things.

"I'll try it, anyway." She dusted and carried out every movable article of furniture, sprang to her broom again, and this time wielded it with an energy which left little chance of peace to the seldom-disturbed dust. And into the fire went many a fragment of broken playthings that would surely never be missed. Aunt Sarah believed in a judicious keeping down of worthless trash.

The dirt being gathered this time in a dust-pan and sent after the trash, Laura straightened and dusted the pictures, then the curtains. Books not needed were carried away, the others piled neatly in order. Newspapers were sorted, and those not to be saved taken to the kitchen for kindling. A basket was found for the toys, and the rubber shoes and a slate which had lain under the lounge were put away in the closet. There was not time for a thorough cleaning of finger-marked windows, but a quick rub with some soft paper brightened them amazingly. Then she washed up the oil-cloth before the grate, and when the furniture was back in place sat down with the work-basket, glad of a rest.

"I do think it's the most hopeless snarl I ever saw, but I'll try what 'thorough' will do here." A number of pieces for chance mending were rolled into a bundle, the thread untangled as far as it could be, wound and fastened. Needles were placed in the needle-book and buttons in a box by themselves. A jumping-jack and tin horse on wheels was rescued from a woeful entanglement in a skein of darning yarn, which was wound up and laid with the stockings, mated ready for mending. Almost everything went back into the basket which had been there before, but it was not half full.

Lastly Laura went to the parlor and brought out a gay-colored tidy for the large chair and a worsted mat for a vase, which she hastily filled with flowers. "I'm not going to keep all the pretty things out of sight," she said, "and I'm going to have a cretonne cover for this old lounge. It won't cost much and will lighten up the room."

Even baby gave a crow of delight as he came into the room on mother's arm; then scrambled down and laughed aloud as he crept toward his tin horse, which had been lost for a week. And mother looked around the room with a brighter smile than Laura had seen on her face for many a day.

"Oh, my daughter—have your little hands done all this? Why, I didn't know the old carpet could look so fresh, and what a cheery-looking, pleasant room it is after all. What a precious comfort you are, my darling!"

Laura looked around the tidy room with great satisfaction.

"I've been over every inch of it, mother. How pleasant it is to feel that you've done a thing thoroughly."

Try it girls. Try what satisfaction there is in bringing order and sweetness out of confusion. Try what a joy there is in lightening mother's cares and in making dear faces brighter because the dear home is brighter. And be sure that the Master who has said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," will tenderly bless even a smaller service, conscientiously and heartily performed, than that of a "room well swept."—*N. Y. Observer.*

—Princess Louise says she was very much pleased with Boston, and the Bostonians are so proud over it that they think of building a wall around the city and charging an admission fee.—*Philadelphia News.*

Religious.

REST.

Oft, like the Psalmist, do we cry:
Oh that a dove's swift wing had I;
Where evil could no more molest,
I'd fly away and be at rest.

But what if, with a stronger wing,
Evil were ever following?
And what if pain and grief and care
Should haunt and hurt me even there?

What but the grave can give release?
The wicked there from troubling cease;
Its quietness is manifest,
And there the weary are at rest.

Can rest no other where be found?
Mine ear has caught a winsome sound:
"O, heavy-laden, come to Me,
I only will give rest to thee."

I know the voice of Him I love—
The Friend of all other friends above—
I come to Him; so ends my quest.
Return, my soul, unto thy rest!

Didst Thou not make me for Thine own?
Light in Thy light to see alone,
And restless evermore to be,
Till I should find my rest in Thee?

Thine easy yoke, O Christ, I take,
Thyself my true yokefellow make.
I ask no more; supremely blest,
Mine is at length the perfect rest.

My home, my hope, my heart above,
Light, life and rest to me Thy love;
What more than this, in Thee to live,
Have I to ask, hast Thou to give?

—*A. R. Thompson, D. D., in S. S. Times.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

May 27—Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus..........Acts 13: 1-12
June 3—At Antioch.....Acts 13:13-16 and 43-52
June 10—At Iconium and Lystra Acts 14: 1-18
June 17—End of the First Missionary Journey..........Acts 14:19-28
June 25—Review.

"It Is Beautiful."

How often the wish of the Syrian prophet as he stood on the top of Peor has been echoed by human hearts! But the coveted "death of the righteous" receives its chief significance from a *righteous life* that precedes it. The "edifying" deathbed of Louis XIV, of France, after his mean and immoral career, impresses one more as a successful theatrical performance than as the closing scene of a sincere Christian experience. No such unhappy suspicion hung over the dying hours and utterances of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and no such contradiction mars her biography or the beauty of its end. Hers was a lovely Christian life, and its close fulfilled the Scriptural promises. A severe cold in the summer of 1861 soon developed into a threatening illness, which confined her to her bed, in her home in Florence from whose "Casa Guidi Windows" she had so often looked with wisely wondrous eyes. She rallied, however, and on the sixth day an intimate female friend who had visited her went away with no suspicion of what was so soon to be the terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother "good-night," cheered by her oft-repeated "I am better, dear; much better."

Only one watched her breathing through the night—her husband, who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night void of suffering to her. As the morning approached, and two hours previous to the fatal moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy, and, though not apparently conscious of the coming of death, she gave her husband all those many words of love whose value death has made priceless.

Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet-husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure until the drooping form grew chill, and froze his heart's blood. At half-past four on the morning of the 29th of June Elizabeth Barrett Browning passed away.

Her last words were: "It is beautiful!"

God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proofs to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words: "it is beautiful!" The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

Mrs. Hemans wrote hopefully and beautifully of the crowning hours of a Christian life. In her last days she said: "I feel like Mary, sitting at the feet of my Saviour, and learning of Him to be meek and lowly." No pen, she said, could describe the visions of blessedness that rose upon her spiritual sight.

Like Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning wrote confidently of life's harvest days. In connection with this anecdote, how like a prophecy is her poem: "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

"Beautiful!" Yet only those who, after hard struggles, climb to the high summits of an unselfish and pure-hearted life, see at last these beautiful prospects. Not all good people have such disclosures here, even at the last, but to every one who does his duty to God, day by day, the prospect of the future life is beautiful.—*Youth's Companion.*

Discount and Compensation.

One of the most vexing problems connected with human life is the inequality existing in the earthly lots of men; and the more we study the subject the more manifest is the fact that this is one of the most prolific sources of discontent. But the great difficulty is that we are misled by appearances, and put utterly false estimates on the apparent advantages of others, while we depreciate our own. If we could only be wise enough to take right views of our relations and resources, we might find comfort in the discovery that things are much more impartially balanced than we are accustomed to think, that there is much less inequality than we generally imagine, and that, therefore, we have no good reason to be dissatisfied with God's appointments.

As we come to know the facts in each case, we learn that the advantages and disadvantages of different individuals are very evenly balanced; and, generally speaking, whatever drawbacks are to be recognized in the outward condition of some men, it is not difficult to discover that they are not without some compensation. And, on the other hand, whatever pre-eminent advantages any one may boast, there is sure to be somewhere a subtraction from the sum total of his comforts. In this view we see that a truthful estimate can only be reached by an impartial and careful estimate of the different circumstances of individuals.

Subjected to this test, there can be no doubt we would be reluctant to accept the lot of those we are often tempted to envy, and, in the majority of cases, with all the circumstances necessary to form the basis of an honest judgment, we should be forced to see an illustration of the truth of that Scripture: "God hath set the one over against the other."

Connected with the humblest earthly lot there is an infinite sum of blessings that we are too prone to overlook, and overrating fictitious distinctions, and giving undue importance to incidental advantages, we are in constant danger of losing sight of all the richest gifts of Heaven and of yielding to the temptation to murmur against the allotments of Providence. But if, in any case, our miseries are more than our mercies, we should not forget that they have their uses, and that it becomes us to make them serve the high end for which they are appointed. Such experiences are for our discipline, and because we may thus make our troubles and disappointments and afflictions ministries to our moral advantage, we may well count them among our best ministries, esteeming the benefit to be derived from them a full compensation for their cost.—*Baptist Weekly.*

"No Thanks for Your Labor."

How often persons seek to dissuade others from a course of well-doing by the remark: "You will get no thanks for your labors"—and how many persons, when looking over the toils of long years, feel a secret pang as they think how little their kindly efforts are appreciated.

But the work of the servant of God is not done to win the thanks [illegible] he labors with a higher aim; he has a grander object in view; he is a servant, not of men, but of God; and the work he does is not for the hope of earthly praise or earthly pay, but for the glory of God and the honor of his Heavenly Master.

He who labors to secure the thanks of men will find himself doomed to perpetual disappointment. He lives in an unthankful world; his labor is a thankless task, and he will often become discouraged, and perhaps abandon his undertakings. On the other hand, he who labors to please the Lord and has only the glory of God in view, will find the blessing of the Divine approval resting upon him during his pilgrimage, and at the end he will receive from the Master a gracious welcome and a great reward.

Let us purpose in our hearts to do right, thanks or no thanks, and not be turned away from our fidelity to God and our efforts to benefit man by any ingratitude or neglect which we may experience. A coming day will right all wrongs, and in that day the neglected and despised servants of God shall know of a truth that their labor was not in vain in the Lord.

Listen to the words of the great Teacher: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." (Luke vi, 31-35.)—*Church Union.*

"Rejoice with Them that Do Rejoice."

The word sympathy, signifying originally, as its derivation shows, "feeling with" another, referred of course to a harmony of feeling in sorrow and in joy. As too generally used it refers only to the feeling called out toward those in affliction. This use of the word is expressive. We are commanded "to weep with them that weep"—how easy, comparatively, is this Christian duty! To visit the afflicted, to succor the poor, to console the bereaved—are they hard tasks?

But "to rejoice with them that do rejoice"—to see our old neighbor with no higher endowments than our own, obtain honor, position, fame—to see the wealth and luxury we would gladly possess gained by others, to see the goal reached by those who started in life's race more heavily freighted than ourselves, while we still plod the dusty road, then to frame our lips to speech of kindness and congratulation, is hard, to teach our hearts content and cheerfulness, harder yet.

"To rejoice with them that do rejoice"—who can do this truly and unfeignedly before the Searcher of hearts—surely he is not far from the Kingdom.—*[illegible] Rule.*

Effective Christian Work.

"What is to become of the multitudes that throng our city streets, many of them no better than heathens?" Such was the question of a friend the other day as we were walking together. And the remark was added, in substance, that in some aspects of the matter their case looked very hopeless. This is true. The mass of evil, seen at least from some points of view, seems so immense, and those who are laboring to overcome it are so few, that it is easy to be discouraged. And yet there is another side to the matter. We can see that progress has been made. There is more doing in our great city to relieve and uplift and Christianize the great masses than ever before. And these labors are not in vain. But whatever may be the case as regards the matter in general, this at least is true, that each of us as individuals can do something to let the light in on this darkness. Without waiting much to see what others are doing, we can exert our own personal influence. How much of the darkness we may scatter only eternity will reveal.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Proprietors.

BURLINGON, KY. MAY 30. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
	"	40
	"	20
"	"	20
"	"	10
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Democratic Ticket.

For Governor.
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General,
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer,
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette.

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

IN Alabama low lands the cotton crops has been materially damaged by the cold weather this spring.

COMMISSIONER Bowman says that the wheat crop of the State will be about eighty per cent of the average yield.

GEN. BEAUREGARD thinks the negroes are decreasing in the South, while crime among them has increased.

EX-SECRETARY Bristow indorses Walter Evans' appointment as commissioner of the internal revenue. He thinks he is the right man in the right place.

AN examination of the cash vault of the Treasury, the first for ten years, shows an excess of only three cents in a package of fractional currency, and an excess of one cent on the interest-teller's cash. The cash has been found exactly correct in every division examined.

THE republicans nominated their state ticket last week, which now reads: T. Z. Morrow, of Pulaski, for governor; Speed S. Fry, of Boyle, for lieutenant governor; L. C. Garrigus, of Logan, for attorney general; T. R. Hawthorne, of Campbell, for auditor; Edward Farley, of McCracken, for treasurer; Jas. P. Pinkerton, of Carter, for superintendent of public instruction; J. W. Asbury, of Harrison, for register of the land office. The gentleman to whom the land office business was assigned is a colored preacher.

FRIDAY night a mob visited the Mount Sterling jail for the purpose of taking out and lynching three prisoners confined therein and awaiting the action of the grand jury then in session. The jail was guarded and a fire was opened on the mob which was soon repelled, two of its members being badly wounded and left by their fleeing comrades. One of the wounded men was the sheriff of Menifee county, from where the prisoners were sent. None of the guards were hurt, but the jail windows were riddled with bullets.

CRAFT did not hang last Friday as per appointment of Judge Brown. Taking the case to the Court of Appeals gave him another lease on life, and when the performance will come off is now very uncertain. The extention of time is not unsatisfactory to him, and he only smiles to think how he has, thus far, baffled the law, which has so long been seeking vindication. By the time he mounts the gallows many will have forgotten the offense with which he is charged, and have to ask for what he is being hanged.

THAT the interest in the cause of education is on the increase in this county, is manifested by the number of good school-houses that now dot the county. Ten years since, as a class, the school-houses were the poorest buildings in the county, and they were an index to the manner of schools taught therein. The progress in all branches of business is marked by the facilities for its prosecution, and the advancement made in education in the same manner. Every step made for the encouragement of good schools is one that redounds to the wellfare of our State, which has been pointed at by the finger of scorn for many years, by those of her sisters more blessed with schools.

TWELVE out of the thirteen delegates from Owen county to the Louisville convention publish a card in which they say as follows:

"After Gen. Buckner had been withdrawn, it was unanimously agreed on suggestion of Mr. Botts, a supporter of Knott, that in consideration of the Jones delegation who were in a majority, withdrawing their claim to cast the vote in proportion to strength, and giving Knott 8 votes and Jones 5, that the Knott delegation would waive any claim to have the vote cast solid for Knott, and the vote was accordingly so cast, and that when the Chairman afterwards proposed to change the vote solid for Knott, and the county retired for consultation, it was agreed, only two delegates dissenting, that the vote should not be changed, but stand as it was 8 to 5, and that the delegation never did unanimously agree that the vote should be changed, but several were protesting loudly when the vote was changed."

IT appears the question as to who is the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor is not yet settled by considerable, that it will be taken by friends of Col. Jones to the two State Committees for settlement. The withdrawal of Col. Jones' name amounts to nothing, as it was done on the supposition that Owen county had changed its five votes from Jones to Knott, while in the consulting room which was not the case, as it was there agreed that the vote should stand as voted. But Revel, of the Knott faction, rushed out of the room and to the side of the Chairman and had the Secretary (also a Knott man) to announce that Owen cast her whole thirteen votes for Knott, which was done, and when the Chairman of that delegation arrived at his position on the floor to make the true report, he was drowned out by noise and confusion and the Chairman would not recognize him. Hence the appeal to the State Committees. Judge Lindsay, of Frankfort, late of the Court of Appeals, says no court on earth can justly decide other than Col. Jones was the nominee of the party of the State for Governor. So the question is yet open.—Newport Journal.

PALOUSE CITY, W. T. May 8, 1883,
To the Editors of the Recorder:

I think that I can not occupy my time better than by giving my friends and acquaintances a little sketch of our great Palouse county.

We are now having some rain, but to one just coming to this country, he would think it nothing more than a drizzle. We have a good deal of that kind of weather in the fall and spring.

The winter here has been pleasant except four or five days were very cold. The oldest settlers say it was the coldest weather they ever experienced in Washington Territory. In the five days excepted the thermometers indicated from 18 to 42 degrees below zero. In cold weather we have no cold winds blowing—the coldest weather here does not seem as cold as I have seen it in Kentucky.

Spring opens here the first of March and the weather is pleasant until the first of April, when we have a wet spell, which lasted, this spring, for three weeks; but the farmers continued their work as though it was not raining.

This country produces grain of all kinds, except corn, which can not be raised successfully. All kinds of vegetables grow as near perfection here as anywhere. Fruit of hardy varieties grows well here.

The Territory is filling up very rapidly. Emigrants by the hundreds are coming from Missouri, Iowa and Kansas. In fact, every state, and nearly every county in the states, is represented here; but it seems that John Chinaman will have the largest representation.

In a couple of years there will be no lands to be taken up. All that is now deeded is advancing in price having gone up about one-third since I arrived here.

Should any of my old friends and acquaintances ask me questions, I will answer them truthfully as I view them. HENRY UTZ.

STATE-NEWS.

--At New Liberty two negro boys were fooling with a pistol, and one was shot and instantly killed.

—The boiler in a Spencer county saw mill exploded last Saturday and killed the owner.

—Perry Wherritt, of Cynthiana, died last Wednesday. With the exception of four years he had been county clerk since 1850.

—A portion of the roof of the Southern Exposition building at Louisville fell and injured several of the workmen.

—Geo. Neal, col., on trial in Lexington for killing a white man in Fayette county last fall, was acquitted on the grounds of self-defense.

—The jailer at Owinsville, Bath county, went into the jail to put the prisoners in their cells, when two of them overpowered him, took the keys from him, unlocked the jail door and made their escape.

Sixty Thousand
DOLLAR STOCK
TO SELECT YOUR GOODS FROM
At COLTER'S
MAMMOTH
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Rising Sun, Ind.

GRAND SPECIAL BARGAINS
Just Placed on our counters!

We received a message three days since from our New York buyer that he had just shipped us a case of All Wool Cassimere Clothing at fifty cents on the dollar, from a party that was obliged to raise money at once, and

TO-DAY, MAY 17th,

they have arrived, and true enough they are a snap. The first comers are first served. No. 3859 is 13 All Wool Suits, for ages 9 to 12, at $3 55. No. 3728 is 16 Fine Cassimere Suits, medium light, ages 8 to 12, at $4 45. No. 2661 is 18 Medium Light Colored Suits, strictly all wool, ages 13 to 17, at $4 75. No. 3858 is 11 Light Wool Suits, ages 13 to 16, at $4 60. Lot No. 5525 is [illegible] Snow-Flake Suits, ages 13 to 17 $5 40.

These Suits are made and trimmed equal to any merchant tailor's work, and are actually just one-half of the manufacturers' wholesale price. There will be no deviation in prices. The price for each number will be as above stated—no more, no less. If you will copy the numbers you can see what the goods will cost you as well as we can tell you. We could get double this price for these Suits, but we want to let the people know by experience that when we get a bargain we give our customers the benefit of it.

☛ All other departments are chucked full of goods, and are for sale, and at prices to insure immediate sale. Fresh goods are ordered nearly every business day in the year.

Our Millinery Department
Looms up with all the novelties that can be selected from all the Eastern Markets.

Special Bargains in Parasols,
Black Satin lined with Silk, all colors at $1 90, $2 50, $3 up to $5.
Extra such in Black Satin lined with all Silk lace at $3 25 and up.
Best Serge parasols at 88 cents and up.

Our Stock is truly a Mammoth one, and customers will find almost everything they want right under one roof.

We offer great drives in Dress Goods, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Black and Colored Dress Silks, Summer Silks, &c. Black and Colored Buntings at 12½c to 60 cents Lawns at 5c to 20 cents.

Special Prices on Muslins. Standard Prints and good at 5c, choice 6c.

Boots, Shoes and Hats
a specialty, as well as all other goods. Stock to large to give particulars.

Our Sales in 1882 were over $64,000, and we are giving all Inducements possible to sell $70,000 in 1883.

Ladies' Hoops 25, 40, 50 cents and up.
Fancy Hankerchiefs at 6 1-4c. worth 12c & up
Custom Kid Shoes at $1, lower and higher.
Mens' Fine Boots $2 00 to $4 00.
Over 20,000 Suits to select from at $3 to $22.
10,000 pair hoes at 5 cents to 75 cents.
Corsets at 50c, 65c, 75c, $1 and $1 25.
Men's harvest hats 10 and 15c, reduced from 25c.

Very Truly Yours
Wm. COLTER,
RISING SUN, IND.

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

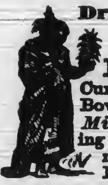
You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE
has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by
W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.



TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the [illegible] medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:—

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

REPORT OF HE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, May 1, 1883.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts		$530,678 11
Overdrafts		137 32
U.S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		41,565 69
Due from other National banks		9,635 61
Due from State banks and bankers		4,961 36
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		3,180 48
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,208 59
Bills of other Banks		4,510 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		102 78
Specie		5,895 00
Legal tender notes		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$687,798 80
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		20,886 75
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	308,917 44	
Due to other National Banks	11,289 38	
Due to State Banks and bankers	500 23	320,707 05
Total		$687,798 80

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashire of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
L. C. STEPHENS, } Directors.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
BURLINGTON, KY.
MRS. MARY J. GREEN,
(widow of the late R. C. Green,)
assisted by F. P. Walton, will continue the Private Entertainment and Stable branches of the business at the above stand.

First-class accommodations will be furnished throughout, and no pains will be spared to make the Central a desirable stopping place.

We thank you for your liberal patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a
BRICK DWELLING
of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county. Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.
C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

LUMBER.
Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.
—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Erlanger Hotel.
JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.
First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

Opened 1822 THE DENNISON. Re-opened April 26, 1883.
(At U. S. Custom House,) Cincinnati, Ohio.
Best of attendance, Beds and Food without display. Incandescent Electric Lights. Heated by Steam, Hot and Cold Water, Hydraulic Elevator, All-night Service. Double fire escapes with balconies and Iron ladders. BOARD from $2 per day.
A. GUNNISON, Proprietor.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 210 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK
READ!
Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs. PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & CO., Lock Box 488 Washington, D. C.

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:
"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.
W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED.
All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. $1 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1350, Corning, N. Y.

26.999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.
W. N. STAGK, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSEKEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.
S. A. CLARKSON & CO., ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 Colleaa St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce JAMES CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Let the people bear in mind,
That better goods they cannot find.
Yea! not in all the land,
Than W. E. Piper has on hand,

Chicken food at W. E. Piper's.

Green pickers traverse the country in all directions.

Garden "sas" has done very little growing to date.

Some say the cold weather destroyed the crop of cutworms.

The crop of dog-fennel will be large in Burlington this season.

James M. Conner handled 12,000 pounds of wool this spring.

The clerk has commenced making the sheriff's tax book for 1883.

Mrs. Laura Martin's baby was quite sick for several days last week.

Save money and buy your Drugs at D. C. Thorn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

W. T. Smith, an observant farmer, says that the corn is snow burnt.

Uncle Church Clore's tally sheet says 56 snows have fallen since last fall.

The colored folks inaugurate the picnic season at Viola Park next Saturday.

The new Constables and Justices of the Peace will go on duty in a few days

Robert Rice, our industrious meat dispenser, is nursing a sprained ankle.

Pure Paris Green, only 30 cents per pound, at D. C. Thorn's, Rising Sun, Ind

The Commissioner will make several sales of real estate next County Court day.

The rain and the sunshine divided time Sunday, the sun getting slightly the best of the divide.

We have in this impression a very nice letter from a Boone county man in Washington Territory.

The County Clerk took a run out in the country the other day to take acknowledgment of deeds.

Joe Wilson has taken lodging in the poor-house, again. The authorities can not get him anchored there.

The weather, last week, was too much for Jumbo, and he did not appear in the ring at Cincinnati.

The colored folks of Florence give a daylight and moonlight pic-nic for the benefit of their school, Saturday.

Why wear out with continual coughing at night, when Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve, soothe, and cure?

Last week a case error destroyed a name, and it was Mrs. Duguit instead of Mrs. Fuguit visiting Dr. Grant's.

Jack Tanner knows how to expedite matters. Since his house was burned he has erected another and moved in.

The Walton neighborhood was visited by a wind and hail storm Sunday. Hail fell to the depth of half an inch.

The snow, last week, chilled a great many sheep to death, where they were not put under shelter during the night.

Our local lightning protectors have been especially active the past week, having more work than they could do.

Howard & Kirtley say if they can find Scattersville, they can get plenty of squirrels, but they cannot locate the ville.

The farmers have been very busy for the last few days. Those having ground to break have been afforded the opportunity.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Our local tobacco merchants have no hand the larger part of the best tobacco in their last purchases. They have worked off the lower grades.

The $20,000 damage suit of Patrick Keough vs. J. J. Dulaney, in the Kenton Circuit Court, was decided last Friday in favor of the defendant.

Fine sport is anticipated at the Latonia trotting course. The races commences there on the 9th of next month. The society is very much flattered.

That mild-eyed friend of ours, who descended from the Emerald Isle, contemplates investing in real estate in Indiana, on Goose creek, near Featherville.

Be it said to the praise of Boone county, that the jail has been empty nine-tenths of the time for the last two years. This kind of praise does not pay the jailer anything though.

Elihu Alden, of Petersburg and clerk of the Steamer Minnie No. 2, and Miss Carrie Caldwell, of Aurora, were married last week. Elihu and his bride have the best wishes of the RECORDER.

Attorney Tolin brought to town, the other day, a hen egg which was somewhat of a curiosity. It was a very large egg with a soft shell, and when broken, was found to contain a yolk and white besides a smaller egg on which was a hard shell.

Within the last month, J. M. Barlow, who lives between here and Union, has lost 80 head of 150-pound stock hogs, with cholera. His neighbors, Early Rouse and Noah Barlow, have the cholera among their hogs.

Our patrons manifest their appreciations of the RECORDER by their desire to get it as soon as printed. When we go to press before night, they flock to the office in numbers and receive their papers from the press. It is our earnest desire that they shall continue to appreciate our efforts.

Elijah Howard and W. O. Kirtley, passed through town last Thursday, armed with their breech loaders, enroute to J. J. Weaver's, where they expected to enjoy themselves shooting squirrels. They are both good shots and when they draw a bead on an article of game it has to tumble to their racket.

The candidates for the legislature, being very quite and modest men, the probabilities are the race will be conducted in the most peacable and amicable manner. Neither of the gentlemen are desirous of cultivating stump oratory to excess, and will trust in a great measure, to the intelligence of the people to choose between them.

The following shows the kind of weather had on the 22d of May in each of the years below given, as shown by J. W. Kirkpatrick's diary, which he keeps carefully:

1858, pleasant; '62, pleasant; '64, warm; '65, pleasant; '66, nice day; '67, cold day; '68, nice day, rain in evening; '69, nice day; '73, pleasant; '74, very nice day; '75, nice day with hard rain in the evening; 77, nice day but windy; '78, warm; '79, cool; 81, hot; '82, rain in the morning; '83, name it and take it.

Some time since our druggist gave a customer a bottle of pills, on the label of which he put the figures 3—5—'82, which is the druggists' mode of dating prescriptions. The customer mistook the date for the directions, and before retiring at night he took three of the pills, and in the morning he took five. When the time came to take third dose he noticed the 82, when he put the bottle in his pocket and came back to the store and said to the clerk: "I took 3 of these pills, and then I took the 5, but I be d—d if I can take the 82."

The following Justices of the Peace have executed bonds under their last election:

E. H. Baker, Burlington, with F. M. Howlett security; F. M. Howlett, Hamilton, with E. H. Baker security; T. F. Curley, Walton, with D. M. Bagby security; M. B. Green, Bellevue, with R. H. Brashier security; A. G. McConnell, Carlton, with B. H. Ryle security; B. H. Ryle, Carlton, with A. G. McConnell security; T. H. Sutton, Bellevue, with D. G. Rice security; L. A. Loder, Petersburg, with F. P. Walton security.

Mr. Thomas Underhill, who resides about two miles south of town on Gunpowder, is 73 years old, and was born and raised in Boone county. He remembers when the north part of the county was a dense forest, and where the town of Hebron now stands was a crab orchard. Mr. Underhill's sight has never failed him, and to-day he can take his rifle and go to the woods and kill as many squirrels as any of the young men in this section. He is very agile and has a fondness for athletic sports, and last Saturday he accompanied a base-ball club of his neighborhood to Bullittsville to witness a match game, which he enjoyed very much.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the items for this column.]

Allen Martin was in town Sunday and Monday.

Lafe Wilkie, of Covington, was in town Sunday.

Miss Sallie Hind, of Walton, is the guest of Mrs. L. H. Dills.

Gardner Palmer, of Lawrenceburg, spent Sunday in Burlington.

Mrs. Lettie Jett, of Frankfort, is visiting T. W. Finch and family

Mr. Wm. Glen, of Cincinnati, spent Sunday with his aunt at this place.

Joe Birkle and family, of Bellevue, were visiting in this neighborhood Sunday.

Mrs. J. R. Clutterbuck, wife of Sheriff Clutterbuck, has been quite sick for several days.

Milton Vauter and family, of North Madison, are the guests of Noah Sebree and family.

W. E. Price, of Eminence, was visiting his friends and relatives at Florence, the first of the week.

Dr. L. H. Platt and wife, of Bellevue, were the guests of his mother, Mrs. Platt, last Thursday.

Esquire Loder, of Petersburg, came to town last Saturday, and qualified as a Justice of the Peace.

T. C. S. Ryle, a thrifty farmer from East Bend, was in town Thursday, and made this office a pleasant call.

Prof. I. J. Daughters, of Hebron, took in the "capital" the other day, and while here made the RECORDER a brief visit.

S C Johnson and W M Rogers, of Walton, were in town Tuesday. Mr Johnson qualified as Justice of the Peace.

Miss Rosa Dempsey returned, Saturday, from Cedarville, Ohio, where she has been attending school since last October.

H. P. Stephens, of Union, with a pair of rubber boots on, bounced into town Thursday on business, and disposing of the business, and having gased with the boys awhile, bounced home again.

Mrs. Tousey and daughter, Miss Julia, left for Visalia, Kenton county, where they will make their future home. They resided here many years, and the citizens hated to see them take their final departure.

That garden of ours looks like it has the jaundice.

Read Mrs. D. G. Rabb's two advertisements in this issue.

J. F. Blythe caught a fine lot of fish in Gunpowder, Monday.

In East Bend they have a large acreage of potatoes and a mint of bugs.

R. L. Newman, of Frogtown vicinity, was delivering tobacco here Tuesday.

A job lot of french harps, at less than cost, at D. C. Thorn's drug store, Rising Sun, Ind.

We are having a prolonged tobacco season, and those having plants are busy putting them out.

We stop the press to announce the arrival of the Hon. Harry Monroe Piper, of Cleves, Ohio.

N. S. Walton, his wife and mother, started Monday evening to Illinois, to attend his aunt's funeral.

Our local harness maker is selling his goods lower than you can get the same articles anywhere else.

A swarm of bees coming from one of T. W. Finch's hives, Tuesday about noon, stirred up the town. Small boys, dirt, clubs and a shot gun were instrumental in pursuading them not to leave. Charles Saxton chaged them.

A second attack has been made on the Mount Sterling jail, and the governor has been called upon for troops to protect the jail from an attack of a mob of 500 men from Menifee county. A company of state guards have been ordered to report to Judge Robert Riddell, at Mount Sterling. There are 11 men in the jail that the mob wants to hang. They were sent there from Menifee, and are doubtless a pretty hard set of fellows.

A. Q. Baker writes us from Trimble county, that they are all well and well satisfied. He is done planting corn, has one acre in watermelons, one acre in potatoes and a good garden, and will plant 2 or 3 acres of tobacco. The prospects for fruit in Trimble are only tolerably good—their will be about one-fourth of a crop of peaches, that being the principal fruit. Quilla is now in the banner democratic county of the State, where he will inhale democracy till his political anatomy will be so permeated with it, that in a few years the party will adopt him. Of course the RECORDER will be his weekly visitor.

Base Ball.

Bullittsville, May 26.—Bullittsville, 12; Speedwell, 17.

Hebron, May 26.—Hebron, 17; Taylorport, 6.

Petersburg, May 26.—Almonts, 14; Aurora, 20.

The Burlington club will play with the Aurora club at that place, Saturday, June 2d.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Constance.

Base-ball is still the game around here. Sho-fly, is the cry of Loder and Brown. Harry Piper, of Cleves, Ohio, was in town last week.

During the late cold spell, hcucumbers were mostly killed.

The prospect for fruit is pretty good.

Several of Jumbo's friends were disappointed last week.

Francesville.

May 25.—DIED.—Near this place on last Sunday, of consumption, Mrs. Amanda Smiley, wife of Samuel Smiley. Her remains were placed in the vault at Bulettsburg.

Mrs. Sarah Scothorn is confined to her bed with acute rheumatism.

Soap-making, whitewashing and house-cleaning are the order of the day; and ever since I was a little boy, I have been glad when house-cleaning time comes around, just to have the pleasure of taking down the stovepipes, cleaning them out and putting them up again, whitewashing the ceilings overhead and dusting the carpets, etc. A man that never has any of this to do is certainly deprived of many sweets of this life.

I see, Mr. Editor, that you contemplate writing a book entitled "That Garden of Ours." For one, I am anxious for something of that kind to come out, as I have a garden which I am cultivating under the directions of "What Horace Greely Knew About Framing," and what I know (and that's not a few), and with your experience in book form, I think I would have the mystery pretty well solved, and by putting all this knowledge together, I think by another year, I can run my farm on a scientific plan, and do away with so much weeding and hoeing. Please send me a copy of your book as soon as published.

Winter still lingers in the lap of spring. Last Monday we had a beautiful snow, making it quite unpleasant for our moonlight hops and strawberry festivals; but then the novelty of the thing afforded great pleasure to those who had their linen suits.

Spring chickens begin to wear a melancholy look, as they are aware that some great calamity will soon overtake them.

Scattersville.

Corn is looking very badly since the snow storm last week.

Tobacco plants are growing very slowly at this writing, although some of our farmers have commenced setting out.

Our gardens stood the last snow a great deal better than people thought at the time it made its appearance.

William Rue, of Gunpowder, is very low at this writing with fever. Dr. Furnish is waiting on him.

John Rue is feeding a small bunch of hogs, and they are about ready for market. Look out, you hog men!

What a pity! Someone has come and hauled our spring wagon off, and never said thank you to any body. Aunt Susan says she misses it very much.

On the 21st inst., court assembled in the temple of justice (Owen Conner's barn) at this place, J. O. Huey, J. J. Weaver and Wm. Adams presiding. The only case for trial was between Noah Utz and Wm. Day. The witnesses not being in attendance court adjourned till next day, when it again met and disposed of all the business on the docket. When the case was taken up O. P. Conner was called upon, and expounded, most ably, the law applicable to and governing arbitrations. Owen's speech to the court was in good style, and made plain the duties of the judges, who are men of good judgment and business capacity. When your reporter left, the court had not delivered its opinion. At noon the court adjourned and stopped with Mr. Conner where they were entertained in the best manner.

Petersburg.

Miss Pauline Berkshire spent last Saturday and Sunday at home.

Solon Early and Sam Raridon have the contracts for plastering four houses at Lawrenceburg.

Eds., just come down and take a glass of soda water with us. We have a new fountain at Buchanan's drug store.

Mrs. Mary Walton's three months school closed here last Friday.

From the general appearance of things, one of the Aurora captains will soon carry off one of our Petersburg girls

W. T. Stott, of white washing notoriety, is driving the quill on the Str. Minnie, in place of Capt. Alden, who is off on his wedding tour.

A little family trouble arose between Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, last Friday night, and Mr. Hoffman thinking he could not live with her in peace, they agreed to divide the furniture and separate. So Martin Gisler, Dr. Ed Terrill and F. M. Cox were called in to make the division. Mr. Gisler acted as lawyer for Mrs. Hoffman, Dr. Ed Terrill for Mr. H. and F. M. Cox as clerk. An agreement was drawn up by the clerk and signed by Mr. and Mrs. H. that the things should be divided and they be recognized no more as man and wife. She wished to be called by her former name Mrs. Paul, and the court agreed.

Our genial little friend, Capt. Elihu Alden, after living a single life for sometime, was married, last Thursday, May 24th, in Covington, at the residence of Rev. Briny's to Miss Cora Caldwell, of Aurora, Ind. After the ceremonies they were congratulated by a few friends, after which they took the boat for the sunny south, to be gone several days. They were accompanied by Misses Lou Wheeler and Kate Grandy, of Aurora, and Mr. Chas. Schramm, of this place. They have our best wishes through their journey of life. Charley, let Elihu be an example Go thou and do likewise. [Good advice Charley, why don't you accept?—EDS.]

Beaver Lick.

The past week, although rather cool for the season, was productive of great good for the farmers. We had one of the longest, nicest, gentlest rains that has visited this vicinity for many seasons. Everything is putting forth with promising vigor, lending hope for an abundant harvest.

Several of our fast farmars set out tobacco during the past week; they report it doing well up to date.

Considerable complaint is coming from the farmers in regard to the color the "beautiful snow" gave our corn. Quite a number of acres of good corn in this locality had to be furrowed out and replanted, the snow killing the first planting.

Mrs. Ambros Hoard has been quite ill during the past week, but is some better at this writing. We have had considerable sickness here this spring, but, happily, none of a serious type.

Many of our folks are straightening up to take in the Latonia races. This is owing to a sad derelict on the part of the North Kentucky Agricultural Association in failing to have their fair ground in condition. They should build and be ready for next season. It would bring lots of money and fine stock into Boone.

Everybody, I believe, down here will support the nominee for governor, but a great many who have read the papers rather think "it might have been" different if the northern delegation had acted more cautiously when an opportunity urged itself upon them; but they say "maybe Knott". The entire ticket is pronounced entirely foreign, as respects this end, but at the same time considered tolerably good.

Mrs. Frances Noell has improved the looks of her cozy cottage with a new plank fance.

Mr. Ed Seniour's saw mill near Beaver, is doing a big thing in the lumber line. Mr. Ed understands the business.

Base-ball and checkers still hold the idle minded from becoming entirely oblivious of the inviting cornfields lying contigious. Labor is dreadful where amusement, twice as laborious, is looked on with eminent content. BILL LLOYD.

L B Stephens has returned from Florida, highly delighted.

Every Man His Own Boss.

How to Promote Personal Power—A New Radical Reformer.

"There is no provision in the Divine economy for political bosses!"

With a bang of his fist, and in the voice of a man who had made up his mind on the subject, Rev. James Chambers, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Harlem, recently opened his sermon with this announcement. He was right. The only boss authorized by the Book is mentioned in these words: "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Commonly, the better side of men is subject to the despotism of the worse side. Bad passions, bad humors, mean jealousies and base revenges are all bosses. One of the worst of bosses is bile. What is most depressing in philosophical or theological thought is due to it. Old General Debility is another tyrannical boss. He lashes men who are naturally good until they become unnaturally bad or miserably weak.

Concerning his deliverance from this bondage, Rev. S. P. Lewis, pastor of the Eighth Street Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was suffering from exhaustion and general debility. As an invigorant I used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC I never met with anything so effective. It is an elegant family medicine. I take a bottle in my valise when I go on my annual vacation."

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC neither intoxicates nor promotes a desire for strong drinks. The most pronounced temperance people use and praise it for this reason alone. It cures Malarial Fevers, Consumption, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood. Also weaknesses peculiar to women. Its action is prompt and pervasive. Test it once, and you will adopt it as a home remedy. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York.

FOR SALE.

Very low, for cash—A quantity of new and second hand honey boxes, glass sides, two and four pounds. Also American and Langstroth bee hives—will sell very cheap, to any one taking the lot.

MRS. D. G. RABB, Rising Sun, Ind.

FOR RENT.

One half mile above Rising Sun, Ind., a very desirable residence of seven rooms, out buildings, pasture, garden and fruit adjoining. Some farming land—or the farm of 130 acres can be rented with it. Good school in town. Enquire by mail, or at the place, Maple Grove. Mrs. D. G. RABB, Rising Sun, Ind.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Coudt, Ky.

John A Kendall's Adm'r vs John A Kendall's heirs, &c,	Plff Defts	Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will on Monday, the 4th day of June 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m, or thereabout (being county court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 9, 12 & 18 months equal installments, at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

An undivided one-half interest in 23 1-2 acres of land on the Dry Creek and Bullittsville turnpike, bounded by the lands of Jas A Riddell, Jas L Biley, the McNeal heirs and others. Also 153½ acres on the Burlington and East Bend road, bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs Lucy Rogers and Noah Clore, on the West by E A Hughes, on the South by the dower of Mrs Mary E Kendall, on the East by I. S Pope.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale $4,104 63 Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. I. RIDDELL, M C B C C

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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(*Office Over Postoffice*)
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Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

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LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
☞Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky. | J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY, JNO. M. MOODY.

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FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
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A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
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(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES.)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

DRUGS & MEDICINES
I have nearly filled up my stock of
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & PATENT MEDICINES.
I also have Dye Stuffs, Sewing Machine Oil, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Baking Powder in bulk so I can sell any quantity. I will add in a short time a nice line of
Stationary, Fancy and Toilet
—Articles. Also have a fine line of—
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
I will keep Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical use, but will sell only on the Prescription of a Physician. Asking your patronage I remain,
Respectfully, S. C. BUCHANAN, Petersburg, Ky.
☞Third door from the corner, in Mr. Bradly's building.
N. B.—PRESCRIPTIONS, FAMILY AND PRIVATE RECIPES A SPECIALTY.

HARNESS & SADDLES,

ALBERT M. ACRA,
—) BURLINGTON, KY. (—
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in
Saddles, Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.,
I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Reparing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
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James S. Wayne, J. S. Matson, M. C. Motch, J. H. Mersman, Sam Hind, A. R. Mullen, L. C. Stephens, E. J. Hickey, L. H Dills, E. J. Green, F. P. Helm.
The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
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FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., HEBRON, KY.

AT EVENTIDE.

If sometime, when the day was wearing late,
And stars were coming in the darkening sky,
As once for you I might in rapture wait,
And feel your presence surely drawing nigh;

Could I but hear your quick and happy feet
Come up the pebbled pathway as of yore,
And hasten with a beating heart to meet
And welcome you before you reached the door,

And draw you in beside the household fire,
And sit beside you, looking in your eyes;
To read within them, as the flame burned higher
The love that answering love alone descries—

I think—but no! the past is far away;
Its dear and mournful memory is mine;
And in the gladness where you walk to-day
I would not have you know that I repine.

For if again you sat beside me here,
Your eyes would read the lines made deep by pain,
And see the cheeks whose youthful bloom was dear,
Like flowers grown pallid in autumnal rain.

And I, perhaps, should fear to meet those eyes
That in the light of Heaven had grown so clear,
Lest in their love should be a sad surprise
At what had worn my soul from year to year.

I will not let my longing soul grow wild
With useless visions of what may not be;
While in the glory, radiant, undefiled,
You stand and stretch your angel hands to me.

—*Amelia D. Alden, in the Continent.*

MARKED ON THE HEELS.

The Stubborn Yankee Baby that Caused a Commotion in London and Paris.

In the pretty walk, bordered by bright flowers and low, overhanging shrubbery, which lies back of the Albert Memorial, in Kensington Gardens, London, Jonas sat on a green bench, with his baby on his knee. A few nurses were pushing baby carriages about in different parts of the walk, and there were children playing not far away. It was drawing toward the close of the afternoon, and Jonas was thinking it was nearly time to go home, when Pomona came running to him from the gorgeous monument, which she had been carefully inspecting.

"Jone," she cried, "do you know I've been lookin' at all them great men that's standin' round the bottom of the monnyment, an' though there's over a hundred of 'em, I'm sure, I can't find a American among 'em! There's poets, an' artists, an' leadin' men, scraped up from all parts, an' not one of our illustrious dead. What d'ye think of that?"

"I can't believe it," said Jonas. "If we go home with a tale like that we'll hear the recruiting-drum from Newark to Texas, and ten to one, I'll be drafted."

"You needn't be makin' fun," said Pomona; "you come an' see for yourself. Perhaps you kin find jus' one American, an' then I'll go home satisfied."

"All right," said Jonas.

And, putting the child on the bench, he told her he'd be back in a minute, and hurried after Pomona to give a hasty look for the American.

Corinne, the offspring of Jonas and Pomona, had some peculiarities. One of these was that she was accustomed to stay where she was put. Ever since she was old enough to be carried about, she had been carried about by one parent or the other; and, as it was frequently necessary to set her down, she had learned to sit and wait until she was taken up again. She was now nearly two years old, very strong and active, and of an intellect which had already begun to tower. She could walk very well, but Jonas took such delight in carrying her that he seldom appeared to recognize her ability to use her legs. She could also talk, but how much her parents did not know. She was a taciturn child, and preferred to keep her thoughts to herself, and, although she sometimes astonished us all by imitating remarks she had heard, she frequently declined to repeat the simplest words that had been taught her.

Corinne remained on the bench about a minute after her father had left her, and then, contrary to her usual custom, she determined to leave the place where she had been put. Turning over on her stomach, after the manner of babies, she lowered her feet to the ground. Having obtained a foothold, she turned herself about and proceeded, with sturdy steps, to a baby carriage near by which had attracted her attention. This carriage, which was unattended, contained a baby somewhat smaller and younger than Corinne, who sat up and gazed with youthful interest at the visitor who stood by the side of her vehicle. Corinne examined with a critical eye the carriage and its occupant. She looked at the soft pillow at the baby's back, and regarded with admiration the afghan, crocheted in gay colors, which was spread over its lap, and the spacious gig-top which shielded it from the sun. She stooped down and looked at the wheels, and stood up and gazed at the blue eyes and canary hair of the little occupant. Then in quiet but decided tones Corinne said:

"Dit out!"

The other baby looked at her, but made no movement to obey. After waiting a few moments, an expression of stern severity spreading itself the while over her countenance, Corinne reached over and put her arms around the fair-haired child. Then, with all her weight and strength, she threw herself backward and downward. The other baby, being light, was thus drawn bodily out of its carriage, and Corinne sat heavily upon the ground, her new acquaintance sprawling in her lap. Notwithstanding that she bore the brunt of the fall upon the gravel, Corinne uttered no cry; but, disengaging herself from her incumbrance, she rose to her feet. The other baby imitated her, and Corinne, taking her by the hand, led her to the bench where she herself had been left.

"Dit up!" said Corinne.

This, however, the other baby was unable to do; but she stood quite still, evidently greatly interested in the proceedings. Corinne left her and walked to the little carriage, into which she proceeded to climb. After some extraordinary exertions, during which her fat legs were thrust through the spokes of the wheels and ruthlessly drawn out again, she tumbled in. Arranging herself as comfortably as she knew how. She drew the gay afghan over her, leaned back upon the soft pillow, gazed up at the sheltering gig-top, and resigned herself to luxurious bliss. At the supreme moment, the nurse who had had charge of the carriage and its occupant came hurrying around a corner of the path. She had been taking leave of some of her nurse-maid friends, and had staid longer than she had intended. It was necessary for her to take a suitable leave of these ladies, for that night she was going on a journey. She had been told to take the baby out for an airing, and to bring it back early. Now, to her surprise, the afternoon had nearly gone, and hurrying to the little carriage she seized the handle at the back and rapidly pushed it home, without stopping to look beneath the overhanging gig-top, or the green bench, with which her somewhat weary soul had no concern. If anything could add to Corrine's ecstatic delight, it was this charming motion. Closing her eyes contentedly, she dropped asleep.

The baby with canary hair looked at the receding nurse and carriage with widening eyes and reddening cheeks. Then, opening her mouth, she uttered the cry of the deserted; but the panic-stricken nurse did not hear her, and, if she had, what were the cries of other children to her? Her only business was to get home quickly with her young charge.

About five minutes after these events Jonas and Pomona came hurrying along the path. They, too, had stayed away much longer than they intended, and had suddenly given up their search for the American, whom they had hoped to find in high relief upon the base of the Albert Memorial. Stepping quickly to the child, who still stood sobbing by the bench, Jonas exclaimed: "You poor itty—!"

And then he stopped suddenly. Pomona also stood for a second, and then she made a dash at the child, and snatched it up. Gazing sharply at its tear-smeared countenance, she exclaimed: "What's this?"

The baby did not seem able to explain what it was, and only answered by a tearful sob. Jonas did not say a word; but, with the lithe quickness of a dog after a rat, he began to search behind and under benches, in the bushes, on the grass, here, there, and everywhere.

About nine o'clock that evening, Pomona came to us with tears in her eyes, and the canary-haired baby in her arms, and told us that Corinne was lost. They had searched everywhere; they had gone to the police; telegrams had been sent to every section; they had done everything that could be done, but had found no trace of the child.

"If I hadn't this," sobbed Pomona, holding out the child, "I believe I'd go wild. It isn't that she can take the place of my dear baby, but by a-keepin' hold of her I believe we'll get on the track of Corinne."

We were both much affected by this news, and Euphemia joined Pomona in her tears.

"Jonas is scourin' the town yet," said Pomona. "He'll never give up till he drops. But I felt you ought to know, and I couldn't keep this little thing in the night air no longer. If it's got a mother, she's bound to want to see it before long; an' if ever I ketch sight of her, she don't git away from me till I have my child."

"It is a very extraordinary case," I said. "Children are often stolen, but it is seldom we hear of one being taken and another left in its place, especially when the children are of different ages and totally unlike."

"That's so," said Pomona. "At first, I thought that Corinne had been changed off for a p'incess, or something like that, but nobody couldn't make anybody believe that my big, black-haired baby was this white-an-yaller thing."

"Can't you find any mark on her clothes," asked Euphemia, "by which you could discover her parentage? If there are no initials, perhaps you can find a coronet or a coat of arms."

"No," said Pomona, "there ain't nothin'. I've looked careful. But there's great comfort to think that Corinne's well stamped."

"Stamped!" we exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see," answered Pomona, "When Jone an' I was goin' to bring our baby over here among so many million people, we thought there might be danger of its gittin' lost or mislaid, though we never really believed any such thing would happen, or we wouldn't have come. An' so we agreed to mark her, for I've often read about babies bein' stole an' kept two or three years, an' when found bein' so changed their own mothers didn't know 'em. Jone said we'd better tattoo Corinne, for them marks would always be there, but I wouldn't agree to have the little creature's skin stuck with needles, not even after Jone said we might give her chloryform; so we agreed to stamp initials on her with Perkins' Indelible Dab. It is intended to mark sheep, but it don't hurt, and it don't never come off. We put the letters on the back of her heels, where they wouldn't show, for she's never to go barefoot, an' where they'd be easy got at if we wanted to find 'em. We put R. G. on one heel for the name of the place, and J. P. on the other heel for Jonas an' me. If, twenty years from now," said Pomona, her tears welling out afresh, "I should see a young woman with eyes like Corinne's, an' that I felt was her, a-walkin' up to the bridal altar, with all the white flowers, an' the floatin' veils, an' the crowds in the church, an' the music playin', an' the minister all ready, I'd jist jerk that young woman into the vestry-room, an' have off her shoes an' stockin's in no time. An' if she had R. G. on one heel and J. P. on the other, that bridegroom could go home alone."

We confidently assured Pomona that with such means of identification, and the united action of ourselves and the police, the child would surely be found, and we accompanied her to her lodgings, in a house not far from our own.

When the nurse reached home with the little carriage it was almost dark, and snatching up the child, she ran to the nursery without meeting anyone. The child felt heavy, but she was in such a hurry she scarcely noticed that. She put it upon the bed, and then lighting the gas she unwrapped the afghan, in which the little creature was now almost entirely enveloped. When she saw the face, and the black hair, from which the cap had fallen off, she was nearly frightened to death, but fortunately for herself, she did not scream. She was rather a stupid woman, with but few ideas, but she could not fail to see that some one had taken her charge, and put this child in its place. Her first impulse was to run back to the gardens, but she felt certain that her baby had been carried off; and besides, she could not, without discovery, leave the child here or take it with her, and while she stood in dumb horror, her mistress sent for her. The lady was just going out to dinner, and told the nurse that, as they were all to start for the continent by the tidal train which left at 10 o'clock that night, she must be ready with the baby, well wrapped up for the journey. The half-stupefied woman had no words or courage with which to declare, at this moment, the true state of the case. She said nothing, and went back to the nursery, and sat there in dumb consternation, and without sense enough to make a plan of any kind. The strange child awoke and began to cry, and then the nurse mechanically fed it, and it went to sleep again. When the summons came to her to prepare for the journey, in cowardly haste she wrapped the baby, so carefully covering its head that she scarcely gave it a chance to breathe; and she and the lady's waiting-maid were sent in a cab to the Victoria Station. The lady was traveling with a party of friends, and the nurse and the waiting-maid were placed in the adjoining compartment of the railway-carriage. On the six hours' channel passage from Newhaven to Dieppe, the lady was extremely sick, and reached France in such a condition that she had to be almost carried on shore. It had been her intention to stop a few days at this fashionable watering-place, but she declared that she must go straight to Paris, where she could be properly attended to, and, moreover, that she never wanted to see the sea again. When she had been placed in the train for Paris she sent for the nurse, and feebly asked how the baby was, and if it had been seasick. On being told that it was all right, and had not shown a sign of illness, she expressed her gratification, and lay back among her rugs.

The nurse and the waiting-maid traveled together, as before, but the latter, wearied by her night's attendance on her mistress, slept all the way from Dieppe to Paris. When they reached that city, they went into the waiting-room until a carriage could be procured for them, and there the nurse, placing the baby on a seat, asked her companion to take care of it for a few minutes. She then went out of the station door, and disappeared into Paris.

In this way the brunt of the terrible disclosure, which came very soon, was thrown upon the waiting-maid. No one, however, attached any blame to her; of course, the absconding nurse had carried away the fair-haired child. The waiting-maid had been separated from her during the passage from the train to the station, and it was supposed that in this way an exchange of babies had been easily made by her and her confederates. When the mother knew of her loss, her grief was so violent that for a time her life was in danger. All Paris was searched by the police and her friends, but no traces could be found of the wicked nurse and the fair-haired child. Money, which, of course, was considered the object of the inhuman crime, was freely offered, but to no avail. No one imagined for an instant that the exchange was made before the party reached Paris. It seemed plain enough that the crime was committed when the woman fled.

Corinne, who had been placed in the charge of a servant until it was determined what to do with her, was not at all satisfied with the new state of affairs, and loudly demanded her papa and mamma, behaving for a time in a very turbulent way. In a few days the lady recovered her strength, and asked to see this child. The initials upon Corinne's heels had been discovered, and, when she was told of these, the lady examined them closely.

"The people who left this child," she exclaimed, "do not intend to lose her! They know where she is, and they will keep a watch upon her, and when they get a chance they will take her. I, too, will keep a watch upon her, and when they come for her I shall see them."

Her use of words soon showed Corinne to be of English parentage, and it was generally supposed that she had been stolen from some travelers, and had been used at the station as a means of giving time to the nurse to get away with the other child.

In accord with her resolution, the grief-stricken lady put Corinne in the charge of a trusty woman, and, moreover, scarcely ever allowed her to be out of her sight.

It was suggested that advertisement be made for the parents of a child marked with R. G. and J. P. But to this the lady decidedly objected.

"If her parents find her," she said, "they will take her away, and I want to keep her till the thieves come for her. I have lost my child, and as this one is the only clew I shall ever have to her, I intend to keep it. When I have found my child it will be time enough to restore this one."

Thus selfish is maternal love.

Pomona bore up better under the loss than did Jonas. Neither of them gave up the search for a day; but Jonas, haggard and worn, wandered aimlessly about the city, visiting every place into which he imagined a child might have wandered, or might have been taken, searching even to the crypt in the Guildhall and the Tower of London. Pomona's mind worked quite as actively as her husband's body. She took great care of "Little Kensington," as she called the strange child, from the place where she had been found; and therefore could not go about as Jonas did. After days and nights of ceaseless supposition, she had come to the conclusion that Corinne had been stolen by opera singers.

"I suppose you never knew it," she said to us, "for I took pains not to let it disturb you, but that child has notes in her voice about two stories higher than any operer prymer donner that I ever heard, an' I've heard lots of 'em, for I used to go into the top gallery of the operer as often as into the theayter; an' if any operer singer ever heard them high notes of Corinne's—an' there was times when she'd let 'em out without the least bit of a notice—it's them that's took her."

"But, my poor Pomona," said Euphemia, "you don't suppose that little child could be of any use to an opera singer; at least, not for years and years."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Pomona; "she was none too young. Sopranners is like mocking-birds; they've got to be took young."

No arguments could shake Pomona's belief in this theory. And she daily lamented the fact that there was no opera in London at that time that she might go to the performances and see if there was any one on the stage who looked mean enough to steal a child.

"If she was there," said Pomona, "I'd know it. She'd feel the scorn of a mother's eye on her, an' her guilty heart would make her forget her part."

Pomona frequently went into Kensington Gardens, and laid traps for opera singers who might be sojourning in London. She would take Little Kensington into the gardens, and placing her carefully in the corner of a bench would retire to a short distance and pretend to be absorbed in a book, while her sharp eyes kept up the watch for a long-haired tenor or a beautifully-dressed soprano, who should suddenly rush out from the bushes and seize the child.

"I wouldn't make no fuss if they was to come out," she said. "Little Kensington would go under my arm, not theirn, an' I'd walk calmly with 'em to their home. Then I'd say: 'Give me my child, an' take yourn, which, though she probably hasn't got no voice, is a lot too good for you; an' may the house hurl stools at you the next time you appear, is the limit of a mother's curse.'"

But, alas for Pomona, no opera singers ever showed themselves.

These days of our stay in London were not pleasant. We went about little, and enjoyed nothing. At last Pomona came to us, her face pale but determined.

"It's no use," she said, "for us to keep you here no longer, when I know you've got through with the place and want to go on, an' we'll go, too, for I don't believe my child's in London. She's been took away, an' we might as well look for her in one place as another. The perlice tells us that if she's found here they'll know it fust, an' *they'll* telegraph to us wherever we is; an' if it wasn't for nuthin' else, it would be a mercy to git Jone out of this place. He goes about like a cat after her drowned kittens. It's a-bringin' out them chills of hisn, an' the next thing it'll kill him. I can't make him believe in the findin' of Corinne as firm as I do, but I know as long as Perkins' Indelible Dab holds out (an' there's no rubbin' nor washin' it off) I'll git my child."

I admitted, but not with Pomona's hopefulness, that the child might be found as easily in Paris as here.

"And we've seen everything about London," said Euphemia, "except Windsor Castle. I did want, and still want, to see just how the Queen keeps house, and perhaps get some ideas which might be useful; but her Majesty is away now, and, although they say that's the time to go there, it is not the time for me. You'll not find me going about inspecting domestic arrangements when the lady of the house is away."

So we packed up and went to Paris, taking Little Kensington along. Notwithstanding our great sympathy with Corinne's parents, Euphemia and myself could not help becoming somewhat resigned to the affliction which had befallen them, and we found ourselves obliged to enjoy the trip very much. Euphemia became greatly excited and exhilarated as we entered Paris. For weeks I knew she had been pining for this city. As she stepped from the train she seemed to breathe a new air, and her eyes sparkled as she knew by the prattle and cries about her that she was really in France.

We were not rich tourists, and we all took lodgings in a small hotel to which we had been recommended. It was in the Latin Quarter, near the river, and opposite the vast palace of the Louvre, into whose labyrinth of picture galleries Euphemia and I were eager to plunge.

But first we all went to the office of the American Consul and consulted with him in regard to the proper measures to be taken for searching for the little Corinne in Paris. After that, for some days, Jonas and Pomona spent all their time, and Euphemia and I part of ours, in looking for the child.

In spite of the attractions of the city, our sojourn in Paris was not satisfactory. Apart from the family trouble which oppressed us, it rained nearly all the time. We were told that in order to see Paris at its best we should come in the spring. In the month of May it was charming. Then everybody would be out-of-doors and we would see a whole city enjoying life. As we wished to enjoy life without waiting for the spring, we determined to move southward and visit during the winter those parts of Europe which then lay under blue skies and a warm sun. It was impossible, at present, for Pomona and Jonas to enjoy life anywhere, and they would remain in Paris, and then, if they did not find their child in a reasonable time, they would join us. Neither of them understood French, but this did not trouble them in the slightest. Early in their Paris wanderings they had met with a boy who had once lived in New York, and they had taken him into pay as an interpreter. He charged them a franc and a half a day, and I am sure they got their money's worth.

But before we left Paris we determined to go to the Grand Opera, which we had not yet visited, and Euphemia proposed that we should take Pomona with us. The poor girl was looking wretched and woe-begone, and needed to have her mind diverted from her trouble. Jonas, at the best of times, could not be persuaded to any amusement of this sort, but Pomona agreed to go. We had no idea of dressing for the boxes, and we took good front seats in the upper circle where we could see the whole interior of the splendid house. As soon as the performance commenced the old dramatic fire began to burn in Pomona. Her eyes sparkled as they had not done for many a day, and she really looked like her own bright self. The opera was "Le Prophete," and as none of us had ever seen anything produced on so magnificent a scale, we were greatly interested, especially in the act which opens with that wonderful winter scene in the forest, with hundreds of people scattered about under the great trees, with horses and sleighs and the frozen river in the background where the skaters came gliding on. The grouping was picturesque and artistic; the scale of the scene was immense; there was a vast concourse of people on the stage; the dances were beautiful; the merry skaters graceful; the music was inspiring.

Suddenly, above the voices of the chorus, above the drums and bass strings of the orchestra, above the highest notes of the sopranos, above the great chandelier itself, came two notes distinct and plain, and the words to which they were set, were:

"Ma-ma!"

Like a shot Pomona was on her feet. With arms outspread and her whole figure dilating until she seemed twice as large as usual, I thought she was about to spring over the balcony into the house below. I clutched her, and Euphemia and I, both upon our feet, followed her gaze and saw upon the stage a little girl in gay array, and upturned face. It was the lost Corinne.

Without a word, Pomona made a sudden turn, sprang up the steps behind her, and out upon the lobby, Euphemia and I close behind her. Around and down the steps we swept from lobby to lobby, amazing the cloak-keepers and attendants, but stopping for nothing; down the grand staircase like an avalanche, almost into the arms of the astonished military sentinels, who, startled from their soldier-like propriety, sprang, muskets in hand, toward us. It was only then that I was able to speak to Pomona, and breathlessly ask her where she was going.

"To the stage door!" she cried, making a motion to hurl to the ground the soldier before her. But there was no need to go to any stage door. In a moment there rushed along the corridor a lady dressed apparently in all the colors of the rainbow, and bearing in her arms a child. There was a quick swoop, and in another moment Pomona had the child. But clinging to its garments, the lady cried in excellent English, but with some foreign tinge:

"Where is my child you stole?"

"Stole your grandmother!" briefly ejaculated Pomona. And then, in grand forgetfulness of everything but her great joy, she folded her arms around her child, and, standing like a statue of motherly content, she seemed, in our eyes, to rise to the regions of the caryatides and the ceiling frescoes. Not another word she spoke, and amid the confusion of questions and exclamations, and the wild demands of the lady, Euphemia and I contrived to make her understand the true state of the case, and that her child was probably at our lodgings. Then there were great exclamations and quick commands; and, directly, four of us were in a carriage whirling to our hotel. All the way, Pomona sat silent with her child clasped tightly, while Euphemia and I kept up an earnest but unsatisfactory conversation with the lady; for, as to this strange affair, we could tell each other but little. We learned from the lady, who was an assistant soprano at the Grand Opera, how Corinne came to her in Paris, and how she had always kept her with her, even dressing her up, and taking her on the stage in that great act where as many men, women and children as possible were brought upon the scene. When she heard the cry of Corinne she knew the child had seen its mother, and then, whether the opera went on or not, it mattered not to her.

When the carriage stopped, the three women sprang out at once, and how they all got through the door, I can not tell. There was such a tremendous ring at the gate of the court that the old concierge, who opened it by pulling a wire in his little den somewhere in the rear, must have been dreadfully startled in his sleep. We rushed through the court and up the stairs past our apartments to Pomona's room; and there in the open doorway stood Jonas, his coat off, his sandy hair in wild confusion, his face radiant, and in his hands Little Kensington in her night-gown.

"I knew by the row on the stairs you'd brought her home," he exclaimed, as Little Kensington was snatched from him and Corinne was put into his arms.

We left Jonas and Pomona to their wild delight, and I accompanied the equally happy lady to the opera-house, where I took occasion to reclaim the wraps which we had left behind in our sudden flight.

When the police of Paris were told to give up the search for an absconding nurse accompanied by a child, and, and to look for one without such incumbrance, they found her. From this woman was obtained much of the story I have told, and a good deal more was drawn out, little by little, from Corinne, who took especial pleasure in telling, in brief sentences, how she had ousted the lazy baby from the carriage, and how she had scratched her own legs in getting in.

"What I'm proud of," said Pomona, "is that she did it all herself. It wasn't none of your common stealin's an' findin's; an' it aint everywhere you'll see a child that kin git itself lost back of Prince Albert's monnyment an' git itself found at the operer in Paris, an' attend to both ends of the case itself. An' after all, them two high notes of hern was more good than Perkins' Indelible Dab."—*Frank R. Stockton, in Century Magazine.*

Fashion Notes.

Ribbons grow more and more gorgeous, and no color seems too brilliant to be used by itself or in combination with several others, as a trimming for bonnet or dress.

Tailor-made costumes in tweed, pepper-and-salt mixtures, cheviots, in heather mixtures, mottled cloths and undefined stripes and plaids are selling in large quantities for fatigue costumes.

Very pretty bonnets for spring wear are in the Kate Greenaway shape, the brim formed of flat ruffles of cream lace and the crown of dark velvet, which is sometimes replaced by interlacing ottoman ribbons an inch and a half in width, one strand being of cream and the other of a contrasting color.

Ribbon trimmings were never worn in greater profusion or showed greater variety of material, coloring and design. The most expensive of these are hand-painted, broad silk or satin sashes, with groups of flowers, Cupids' heads, mosses, ferns and swinging garlands of strawberries and vines, painted on the ends. These sashes make an elegant finish to a child's or young lady's toilet.

The daintiest and most convenient of spring trifles are the new "manchons," or muffs, matching the costume and trimmed with velvet, lace, flowers, or, prettiest of all, with small birds. A little concealed pocket in the muff affords a hiding-place for card-case, handkerchief, purse or vinaigrette. The latest fancy is to attach these manchons to a tiny gold or silver chatelaine, which is fastened by a clasp to the belt.

The most fashionable of the white toilets worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose-color, blue or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, tea-rose, shrimp pink, and the like, and a leading toilet will be one of white nuns' veiling or vigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimmings of pale primrose yellow, with primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chatelaine of amber beads.

It is whispered that the glory of the cropped heads of hair is departed, and the brown "nimbus" or flaxen halo of little rings of hair coiled into "Marguerites" or "Montagnes" all over the head by the magic of bandoline is to be supplanted by the hair drawn up to the top of the head and coiled there like a wavy coronet, leaving the nape of the neck *en evidence* again. This will certainly be a change; but how the tresses which have so long been trained downward to form this "glory" are to be made long enough to reach the top of the head is a mystery to be solved only by the crafty hairdresser, who is generally equal to any emergency in his "profession." The girls who have clung to their tresses, affecting the little Grecian door-knockers throughout it all, certainly have their reward now; for while the unfortunate owners of cropped locks are undergoing all the torments of a new growth, their sisters of the long locks will be coroneted and crowned with an abundant wreath of hair which is to be accepted as "all their own."

A dress of Worth's designing has the train of the skirt disposed in a tea-rose-colored brocade, with tiny shell plaitings of plain tea-rose satin around the foot of the dress. The petticoat is of moss-green velvet, bordered at the lower edge with a magnificent applique embroidery of beads and ornamentation resembling jewels in emerald and pink tints, the emeralds forming leaves, and the pink beads composing roses and half-open buds. The bodice is in old cuirass shape, and at the sides of the "casement" opening is set a Medici collar, narrow here, and widening to a depth of six inches as it encircles the back of the neck. This collar is completely covered with the beaded embroidery. The sleeves are merely straps of satin, also glistening with the bead-work, and finished with a fall of rose point lace.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—New York exports thousands of baby carriages to Europe, and American manufacturers make carriages for the future crowned heads, now peacefully trundled along like any other babies.

—The difference between a rope-walker and a bookkeeper is that a rope-walker takes a trial balance before he begins business and the bookkeeper afterward.

Sunlight Not White, but Blue.

Since the time of Newton it has been assumed that all the radiations of the sun were to be found in the spectrum, and that these reunited make white light. There is also a tacit assumption that white light is pure sunlight. Some of the early experiments at Allegheny have been mentioned which showed that the light as we receive it has been somewhat altered by the sun's atmosphere. The change is an absorption of rays from the blue end of the spectrum. It follows that our sunlight is more red and less blue, and far less intense, than it would be if the solar atmosphere did not intervene. But we are concerned with something nearer home. Our own atmosphere repeats the performance, strangles many rays at the blue end of the spectrum, and comparatively few at the red end. What does this mean? Let us shake hands with our friend who wears green goggles. We, too, have all our lives seen things in a false light. If we could place ourselves outside our atmosphere—say, on the moon—we should find that sunlight is not white; that the sun itself is really blue. To the inhabitants of "other worlds than ours" the sun may be a bluer star than Vega.

—A Santa Fe paper says: "Lorenzita, the belle of Cochita, walked into this city behind a burro with her father, yesterday, a distance of sixty miles, did her shopping, and started on her return at four o'clock. She is the handsomest Pueblo maiden in all this section, and is particularly noted for her modesty and good nature."

A stand fell down with a crash,
A number of men it did mash,
But the entire ten
Were soon well again—
St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth,
Went crazy one night with a tooth,
He rubbed the gum boil,
With St. Jacobs Oil,
It cured him, and this is the truth.

"SURELY, you've not washed this morning, Tommy?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late last night that I didn't think I required it."—*London Punch.*

"Golden Medical Discovery"
for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

"STORIED urn and animated bust"—Telling a lie for one dollar and getting drunk on the proceeds.

RHEUMATISM, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often cured by Brown's Iron Bitters."

BITTER reflection by an industrious and frugal mendicant: "Here I am—I've been a beggar for twenty years, and I ain't rich yet."—*Paris Wit.*

"Best of All."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My family has used your "Favorite Prescription" and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for female complaint. I recommend it to all my customers.
G. S. WATERMAN, Druggist, Baltimore, Md.

"YOUR presents are better than your company," exclaimed a young lady who had been receiving handsome gifts from an obnoxious lover.

JOPLIN, MO.—Dr. J. B. Morgan says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

A WELL-KNOWN litterateur and humorist modestly says that his chief literary acquirements are the books he has borrowed and never returned.

The Bilious,

Dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked a teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy, and he was immediately awarded a prize.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. J. L. Myers says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

GREEN apples will soon be here; but, in the meantime, the small boy can continue playing with the toy pistol.

DR. EVERETT, Cooper Plains, Steuben Co., N. Y., mentions two cases of Scrofula and Erysipelas in which Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup effected a cure, and says: "I think it one of the best purifiers of the day. It has met with perfect success in every case where I have used it."

A BURGLAR being asked by a magistrate his occupation, facetiously replied: "A house-cleaner, your Honor."

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Coming on at uncertain intervals; shortness of breath, and a sort of dry cough are not unfrequent symptoms of dyspepsia, and tend to confirm melancholy impressions. Gastrine, remedy for indigestion, gives instant relief.

I WAS TROUBLED with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times and had discharges from my ears, besides being unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health. C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa. See advertisement.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. *Sold only in boxes at 25 cts. a box.*

THE MARKETS.

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LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 50	@ 3 75
Choice butchers	5 25	@ 6 25
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 70
Good packers	6 90	@ 7 35
SHEEP	4 75	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 15	@ 1 16
No. 2 winter red	1 14	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56¼	@ 56½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	45	@
Rye—No. 2	62	@ 62¼
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@12 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 25	@
Lard—Steam	11-20	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 85	@ 4 15
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20	@ 1 20¼
No. 1 white	1 13	@ 1 15¼
Corn—No. 2 mixed	65¼	@ 66¾
Oats—mixed	48½	@ 52
PORK—Mess	20 00	@20 10
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13¼	@
Corn—No. 2	56½	@ 56¼
Oats—No. 2	41½	@
Rye	62½	@ 63
PORK—Mess	19 10	@ 19 15
LARD—Steam	11-90	@ 11-95
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 12	@ 5 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 19¼	@ 1 19¾
Corn—mixed	65	@ 65¼
Oats—mixed	53	@ 55
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 75	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¼	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	53	@ 54
Oats—mixed	45	@
PORK—Mess	20 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 10	@
CORN	53¼	@
OATS—mixed	42	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	3 75	@ 4 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 5 60

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Is used in Hospitals as a disinfecting agent. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

REDDING'S Russia Salve has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

CELLULOID Collars and Cuffs, while thoroughly waterproof, feel as soft as velvet around the neck and wrists.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

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THE GREAT GERMAN
REMEDY
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Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
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Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
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Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
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ELY'S CREAM BALM
POSITIVELY CURES CATARRH COLDS IN THE HEAD
HAY-FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.
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There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and anti-febrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
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"MAUD S" HALTER cannot be slipped by any horse. Sent to any part of United States free, on receipt of $1. Special discounts to the trade. Send for price-list. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE & BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1883. NUMBER 32.

PITH AND POINT.

—A bread famine is threatened in Vienna. This comes of scattering the Vienna bakeries all over the inhabitable globe.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—So Gould has retired upon $100,000,000. Some men with that amount of money would sit up all night.—*Boston Transcript.*

—An amateur poetess anxiously wails: "Oh, where can I find rest?" Get a position as saleswoman in a store that doesn't advertise, darling.—N. Y. *Commercial.*

—A man sitting in the back room of a saloon playing euchre breathes about eighteen times per minute. A female voice suddenly falls upon his ear and his respiration jumps to forty-nine quicker'n scat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Did you ever think what you would do if you had Vanderbilt's income?—*Norristown Register.* Well, no; but we have often wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had our income.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A new song is entitled "Brother's Hair was Cut by Mother." It is a companion piece to that soul-stirring hymn called "Father's Pants Will Soon be Brother's," "Leaning on my Brother's Breath," "Sister's Teeth are Plugged with Zinc," and the other familiar family ballads.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Gentleman—"You ask me for a small gift and do not even take off your hat from your head. Is that any way to act?" Beggar—"Excuse me, most honorable sir. I dare not do it, for yonder stands a policeman. If he should see me take my hat off it will occur to him at once that I am a beggar and he will arrest me. At present, as we are now, he merely supposes that we are two old acquaintances having a friendly chat."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—"I say, Jim, what are you doing there with those cards?" observed a gentleman to his colored gardener. "I is doin' some tricks." "Give me a little evidence of your ability," said the gentleman. Thereupon the colored man shuffled up the cards in true magician style and performed some very clever work with them. The gentleman dropped a quarter into the man's hand and said to him: "Jim, you are quite a juggler." "Oh, no, massa, I am only a negro man, sir."—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

—"What time does the State Road train leave?" asked a lady of a railroad man. "Two forty-five," was the ready reply. "Well, I declare," she said, with a puzzled look covering her face. "Atlanta is the strangest place I ever saw about giving information." "Why so?" asked the railroad man. "Because, just now I asked a gentleman what hour the train left, and he said a quarter to three, and now you say two forty-five; I can't understand it to save my life." The man walked off leaving her to study out the problem.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Longfellow copper mines at Clifton, Arizona, employ over 1,000 Mexicans and Chinamen.

—Jefferson Davis' estate of five hundred acres at Brannon, Miss., is now mainly devoted to grapes and oranges.

—Three factories in the United States consume nearly two million eggs a year in making a peculiar kind of paper used by photographers.

—Mr. Walsh, a Mississippian, has invented and patented an ingenious quilting frame, by which the work can readily be done by any sewing-machine. —*Detroit Post.*

—The Commissioner of Agriculture has arranged for the distribution of forty thousand silk-worm eggs to parties in Kentucky who desire to make experiments in sericulture.

—A Canadian has invented a method of putting glass in sash without the employment of putty. Every family man who has ever tried to get old putty out of a sash in order to put in a new pane, will rise up and call the Canadian "blessed."—*Philadelphia News.*

—An interesting feature at a recent county exhibition in Great Britain was an iron watch, which has been turned out by Messrs. Crowther Bros. & Co., in Kidderminster, for the purpose of showing the extraordinary malleability of their metal. The watch is said to be very perfect in every respect.

—It will be but a short time until you can have your picture taken free of cost. A German has invented a safe with an attachment that on being touched flares an electric light on the scene, and at the same instant uncovers a prepared plate, on which the burglar's photograph is taken, while an alarm is sounded. It will be a "safe cure" for burglars.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Sam Collier, the veteran pugilist, is about to apply for a patent for a swimming machine. It is called "Collier's Improved Automatic Swimmer." Small screw propellers are placed on each foot, and they are revolved by the wearer kicking out vigorously. Mr. Collier has experimented in a bath-tub with great success, and when the weather is warmer he will give exhibitions in the Delaware River.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The taste for frogs' legs is now spreading rapidly in this country, after a long period of comparative stagnation. One of the largest dealers in the country, a Boston man, has set a hundred expert frog-catchers at work in the New England States, and estimates that the demand this summer will be double that of last year. An experiment in breeding bullfrogs in England is about to be made and a considerable supply of spawn will be sent over for that purpose next month.—*Boston Post.*

—There is a curious clock in the cathedral at Lubeck, Germany. On the end of the hour-hand there is a little clock which keeps exact time with the large clock. This little timepiece of course goes round and round the larger dial, and reminds one of a "wheel within a wheel." In a Swiss museum there is a watch that is only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. It is inserted in the top of an old-fashioned pencil-case such as our grandmothers used to possess. Its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month.

Does Good Work Pay?

Properly considered, this question admits of but one answer, and yet there are advocates of "cheap" work and excuses of slighted jobs among our manufacturers; men who claim that close competition and close bargaining are circumstances which permit, if they do not exact, passable rather than excellent work. A business run among the shops and factories in the same line of production, in the same or adjacent localities, where each shop has equal or similar facilities, shows that no two of them will furnish the same estimates of the same job. Indeed, in some instances, the difference in the terms is quite surprising when it is considered that the materials and the methods and facilities of working them are the same. Under these circumstances the only possible means of lowering price is by slighting work, sure to be detected sooner or later, to the injury of the maker's reputation and the ultimate loss of the cream of his business. This is particularly true of the manufacture of tools and machinery; in either case poor workmanship is certain to reveal itself. And when a tool gives out in the using, or a machine breaks down, the user and owner does not console himself with the consideration that he "got it cheap," but he execrates the maker as heartily as though he had paid the highest market price; and he goes no more to the low-priced manufacturer, neither does he recommend his productions.

The manufacturer who "puts the work" into his tools and machinery is building up for himself a cumulative extending reputation for excellence of product that is far more valuable than a reputation for low prices only. In fact, the price of a piece of work is not absolutely high nor low; it bears a relation to its cost of production. A high-priced article may be cheaper than a low-priced one, and should be if the proper relation between price and value is preserved. In fact, high prices do not repel so many would-be customers as first-class workmanship attracts.

The truth of this could be attested by the success of a firm whose productions have a reputation extending far beyond the limits of this country. Their specialty is the manufacture of machine tools, and within less than twenty-five years has grown from a shop of four employes to an establishment of more than seven hundred hands. At the beginning the tools made by this company bore a high price, and as compared with most others in the same line of manufacture the prices have always been high. Yet the fact of the building up of a large business from insignificant beginnings proves that the high prices have not offset the benefits arising from good work. And that has been the main object for which this company have striven from the first. No job ever went out from this establishment "scrimped" in workmanship because of an error in contracting too low. "Better lose dollars than reputation," has been the principle of the company. They have always used the best materials, employed the best skill, exacted the finest work, and aimed at producing superior tools. For years their name has been synonymous with the highest possible excellence in their line, and their tools are regarded as standards of comparison. Substantial prosperity has kept pace with constant improvements, and it is much more the result of producing first-class work than of shrewd business management or fortunate contracts.

This single case, taken as an example for illustration, is not an isolated and peculiar one. There are producers by manufacture in this country and others whose name is a guarantee of excellence, a protection to purchasers and users, and an evidence of the prosperity almost certain to follow earnest, honest endeavor to do good work.—*Scientific American.*

The Summer Tourist.

The season is almost here when the summer tourist makes his periodical visit to the rural districts. It is not generally known whence he comes or whither he goes. He springs up at the first approach of warm weather, even as the mushroom rears its stately head after an April shower. He resembles the mushroom in another peculiar—he is generally about as soft. He is one of those persons who is too poor to go to a fashionable watering-place, and too proud to stay at home. You can easily distinguish him from other animals, such as tax collectors and book agents, by his personal appearance. He wears a linen ulster cut demi-train and held in place by a diagonal equator of the same material. He will also usually wear a pair of green goggles and carry a formidable looking grip-sack in his hand. He wears the goggles because he started out with the intention of finding everybody green, and it is easy to do this when looking through green glasses. He will engage board of some unsophisticated farmer for ten dollars per month, and growl because he does not get fifty dollars' worth of attention. Beside all this he will expect the privilege of flirting with the farmer's daughter, and should she refuse, he considers that he has been shamefully treated. Flirt he must and will with some one, if it is only the hired girl. You are expected to religiously believe all the yarns he may choose to tell concerning city life, and even encourage him occasionally to make them a little more unreasonable. He will curse the country, and you must enjoy it with as keen relish as if you were swallowing sugar-coated pills on the half-shell, and even lay aside your religious scruples once in a while and help him curse it. The food never suits him. He is as fastidious as a stall-fed cow, and one would judge from his conversation that he was raised on the livers of birds of paradise and the distilled essence of roses. The truth probably is that he boards at a fifteen cent lunch stand and picks his teeth in front of a popular hotel. Sometimes the summer boarder is a woman. Then it is that you can realize something of the nature of that country where ice-cream is unknown. Such is the summer boarder. You never like him so well as when you see him leave. Let us pray that we may never be afflicted with him at least not the average summer boarder.—*Waynesboro (Ga.) Herald.*

A Prisoner's Plea.

Death sentence was passed on Saturday last upon three men—Martin Joseph, a negro, who killed two men; Tu-al-is-to, an Indian, and William H. Finck. They were sentenced to hang on the 29th of June. Finck is a quadroon, with decided Italian features, and a man of unusual intelligence. As was expected by many, Finck, when asked by the Judge if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, arose, calm and collected, and said in a distinct and rather musical voice:

"May it please the Court: I know not which weighs the heaviest upon me—wonder or grief. Both weigh heavily upon me. I must first call to mind the occasion which I am called upon to make my appearance before the Court to-day. This to me is most solemn and serious. It is as the sadness of death itself—death which in a brief while will come to me with sickle and terror. Alas! alas! for such unlucky stars that beamed at my birth. But I am not possessed of that obstinate stubbornness characteristic of one who is about to have sentence of death passed upon him, or, more generally speaking, a hardened criminal. Being truly sensible of the singular and serious position in which I am placed, I can not help but shudder, and must say that these are the saddest moments of my life.

"Death is the destiny of all men; and being a debt of nature which must be paid, I do not fear to meet it in its natural form. But I shudder—I fear—the best of us do so, to die a disgraceful and ignominious death. I do not make this talk as an effort to save my life. It is an effort to seek justice, and to save the reputation of my family, whose honor is dearer to me than my life. For what is life? It is but a vapor; it appears but a little while and then it vanisheth away. It is but a spark struck out of nothingness and expires in darkness. Nay, it is but a flash out of darkness, soon again to return. As the old Saxon imagination pictured it, it is, 'like the swift flight of a bird from the night without, through a lighted chamber filled with guests, heated with the breath of passion, back into the cold night again.' The strange uncertainty of life is but a mock theme of pathos. No description can touch all the sorrowful tenderness which death in me excites, now becomes so tragic and so bitter. Oh! ignominy! thou art bitterer to me than the gall which Socrates drank. It is not death I fear—it is the form of death—its ignominy and the shame of the gallows. Under my present circumstances I can not but fill my mind with the gloomy images of death, and to torment the present by apprehensions of the future.

"But religion does not countenance any such morbid anxiety. She comes bearing in her hands the flowers of hope, and, like the angel which she is, whispers of the crucified Christ, 'He is risen.' The star of hope that first beamed upon men like me shone from the murderer's dying faith, as he hung from the cross, a companion in death with Christ, and that same star of hope scatters its rays in my heart. Yet I find it hard to banish the dread events from me. Yet why so? I have always been honest, and stand guiltless to-day of the crimes for which I am about to be sentenced. I stand here and boldly say, and with a clear conscience, that I did not kill those two men. If I speak falsely, miserable or happy souls, whoever you are, make your appearance upon the threshold of this room and cry out, 'Thou liest!' And to you [addressing the Judge] whose duty it is to be tender as well as just, I ask all clemency you can give. And now, farewell, earth, made wet with tears and blood, farewell; and to my enemies, farewell. Time's brief work in the face of eternity, a ray of celestial joy falls upon me and takes away every fear, and I now know how easy it is to die."

Thus ended the most eloquent plea ever made by any prisoner at this court. The effect on the Judge and audience was marked. The prisoner was impassioned in his utterance, and was more than ever pathetic and touching.—*Fort Smith special.*

Comfort in Politics.

"There is very little comfort to be extracted from politics," said a distinguished United States Senator the other evening. "You are harassed from one year's end to another by office-hunters, and you have to leg it through the departments and scheme continually to slip some hungry constituent into a $1,200 clerkship. I have done things for my friends during my term in the United States Senate, I would never think of doing for myself. I have asked favors, nay begged for them almost, of men from whom I would not ask the slightest consideration for myself.

"And, what does it all amount to? When you do succeed in getting a place for somebody a hundred others who were after the same thing, and expected you to get it for them, become bitterly incensed, and the chances are they will be your enemies for the rest of your life. When you have gone the limit, and obtained all the offices it is possible for one man to secure, what a little crumb it is compared to the great loaf that is expected. There is nothing in politics to attract a man with sense enough to earn a living outside. Get a place for a friend, and hundreds of fellows who do not care a nickel for you will chorus: 'There it is. I told you he was a hog; always keeping everything worth having among a ring of time-serving friends. What does he care for the boys?' On the other hand, if you find a place for 'one of the boys,' your friends kick, and say that a man who will not stand by those who stand by him is no good, and they will go back on you. Where you make one friend you are certain to make a hundred enemies. I am heartily sick of the whole business. I may be fool enough to stand for re-election, but don't think I shall be."—*National Republican.*

—"Again the cat." Vincent Morgan, who inhabited a solitary hut at the head of Grizzly gulch, near Helena, Montana, was recently awakened by the vigorous clawing of his faithful tabby just in time to escape through the window from his blazing domicile. The cat went with him.—*Detroit Post.*

Religious.

CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE.

"Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—*I Cor. 15: 58.*

Go when the skies are brightest,
And smoothest is the road;
Go where the fields are whitest,
And gather sheaves for God.
To cheerful toil inviting,
O, what a blest employ,
When, all our powers exciting,
God's service is our joy.

Go when the way is dreary,
And fears the bosom thrill,
When heart and steps grow weary,
God guides and guards thee still.
O, dally not with seasons,
The weakness nor the pain;
Ask not the Savior's reasons—
Ye cannot toil in vain.

What though thy foes are strongest,
And cruel be their rage,
Thy day of conflict longest,
And none thy wounds assuage?
Though fainting now, and bleeding,
Doubt not thy strength and shield;
The Savior still is leading,
And all thy foes shall yield.

O blest, Divine assurance!
Our weary toil and tears
But sweeten faith's endurance—
A day of triumph nears,
When Christ, His trophies bringing,
Will call from pain and strife,
And we, victorious, singing,
Receive the Crown of Life!

—*N. Y. Examiner.*

MORAL TRAINING THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

Rev. Arthur Little, of the New England Congregational Church, Chicago, on a recent Sunday preached on the subject: "A Trained Moral Nature Necessary to Full-Grown Manhood," taking for his text the following:

But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.—*Hebrews v. 14.*

The following extracts are taken from the reverend gentleman's discourse:

Quite enough inclined are we to put our trust in trained intellect. Indeed, there are localities where culture is enthroned as God and worshiped. If we fail as a people it will not be for lack of knowledge.

This is, indeed, an era when manual training-schools are becoming popular and felt to be a necessity. The right hand is learning a cunning in all workmanship it never knew before. There is no department in business that does not demand skill and is not willing to pay for skill. If we are to have mechanics, we expect to train them. If we are to have book-keepers and accountants, we expect to train them. If we are to have architects, engineers, millers, railroad officials, detectives, salesmen, teachers, musicians, orators, lawyers, doctors, we expect to train them. The question which I am concerned to ask is: Whether we are not in danger of forgetting that one may be a mechanic, artisan, soldier, editor, doctor, publicist, orator, etc., without being a man—whether our fondness for specialties may not make our training one-sided and defective. The thought I would emphasize is that the whole man must be exercised and trained, or there can be no valuable, reliable manhood. The man who is morally robust is greatly wanted just now here in Chicago. Moral rectitude compensates for many deficiencies elsewhere.

We could perhaps get along for awhile without any more smart men—keen, adroit men—with whom success is everything and honor nothing, provided we could increase the number of thoroughly reliable, trustworthy men, with whom it would be safe to leave the books, or the banks, or the public treasury, or the home for a few hours—men who would have some slight preference as to the character of the clients whom, as attorneys, they defend—men who would be willing to wait until the perfume of the orange blossoms has departed, before asking for a divorce—men who would enjoy money honestly obtained, better than ill-gotten gains. Such men are possible. The moral nature can be trained. We may have a race of moral gymnasts. The eye is not more responsive to the light, the lungs to pure air, the ear to music, than an incipient moral nature to appropriate training. It will either slumber or grow abnormally, unless it be trained. The demand for the hour is "stalwarts"—not in politics but in righteousness.

The ethical faculty can be trained to alertness, to reliability in its pronouncements, to swift and unerring decisions, to clear discernment of things that differ.

How? By use—the way almost everything comes. "Those who by reason of use have their 'senses' exercised to discern both good and evil." That word "use" is Aristotle's favorite word and signifies habit—the result of long and careful exercise—gymnastic activity. It is fatal to suppose that the moral nature does not need as constant and careful training as the physical or mental. We may put it down as a certainty that a neglected moral nature will be a distorted, misleading moral nature whose end will be blindness, blundering, disaster, death. It is by long usage of the senses, until a habit is formed, that they are exercised to discern both good and evil.

Habits form early. Therefore the work of moral training must begin very young and be continued with utmost assiduity and faithfulness. Nothing else deserves to be called training except the steady, firm handling of the child from the first moments of dawning consciousness through all the years of pupilage. The danger is that the lower nature—the unruly masses—will early get the ascendency. That is the trouble with the children of our time. They have either been neglected or pampered and indulged until the attesting and protesting voice of conscience is silenced and the appetites and desires have the place of supremacy. It almost surely forbodes evil when there is a rapid unfolding of any of the other powers either of the body or mind in advance of the moral and spiritual. The moral sense ought to be exercising itself as soon, at least, as any other. This was the supreme glory of the training in the Christian homes of New England. Duty was the first, middle and last word heard by the child. "I ought" and "I ought not" were very familiar phrases. Attempts were made to quicken the conscience at the expense of the feelings. This was a mistake. The New England parent would have been wiser if he had given more play to the emotions, made more frequent appeals to the affections, striven to create a more genial and sunny atmosphere in the home. But duty was the watchword and "usefulness" the end in life. Conscience was supreme over the feelings, emotions, appetites and passions. But now children have what they want—what is pleasant for the hour. The moral development does not keep pace with the physical, the social, the intellectual. It is dwarfed. The other parts of the wondrous child nature are too rapidly pushed towards maturity. If it is ever good to smoke, it isn't good for boys to smoke; but they want to, and so they do. If it is ever right to drink, it is certainly not right for children to drink; but they want to, and so they do. If it is ever right to keep late hours, it isn't right for children to do it but they want to, and so they do. If it is ever good [illegible] to the the[illegible] is not a very [illegible] place for children; but they want to go, and so they do. They do not like to be curbed, held in, restrained, exercised in moral gymnastics. They chafe under it. Hence the juvenile crime. Hence the great mass of men who have almost no moral nature to which an appeal can be made—men to whom it signifies nothing to tell them "they ought." Their reply is: "We don't feel like it"—"We don't want to." Hence, under powerful temptation they fail, unable to bear the strain. Hence, when a religious life is or seems to be superinduced upon the former life, there is no basis, no substratum to build upon, no moral fiber, and the zealous laborer for souls violates the laws of God and man by forming an unhallowed alliance with a convert.

Doubtless a well disciplined ethical nature is not Christianity, but it is a splendid foundation upon which to build—a toneless, fiberless nature touched and suffused with a momentary gush of religious sunshine is a dangerous character.

This training means that children shall be taken young, very young, and exercise like a gymnast, in right-choosing, in self-restraint, in obedience to all rightful authorities, in self-surrender, in keeping the body under, in silencing the clamors of appetite, in flinging out an imperious "No" to the demands of passion, in self-content, in stoutly refusing to do any most pleasant or desirable thing unless it is right.

Only so can one get a sense of self-mastery. Only so can one be a man. Only so can one secure a robust, trustworthy moral nature—ethical habit—that will be his unfailing friend and stand him in good stead amid the heavy and frequent assaults of temptation. We are living in an era of cyclonic temptations, in whose awful swirl men go down. They think for the moment that there is something easier and better than to do right. We legislate in the interests of morality and find that nobody is interested to be moral or thinks it worth while. We attempt moral reforms, and find no moral sense in those who need reform, and not much in the reformers. There is a kind of quid pro quo, will-it-pay morality. "Is it safe, and will it hurt nobody."

The need of this hour is a voice crying in the wilderness and summoning men back to first principles, and reminding them of some well-nigh forgotten primal truths of their being. Training-schools in ethics—moral gymnasia with God as the law-giver, the Bible the code, and Christ the inspiring and vitalizing agent in the work. Drilling-schools to evoke, marshal, equip and bring to the line of battle the slumbering moral forces so aggressive, so bristling with resistance to evil that Satan shall be deterred from making any most subtle and insidious proposals.

For what purpose this training? "To discern both good and evil." This is the reason for a well-developed moral faculty. This is the purpose and end of the training. Good and evil abound. The problem of life is to choose the one and avoid the other. In order to do this we must know the difference between them, and, in order to know the difference between them, we must have the discerning mind and heart. These are the product of careful training. It is believed that the primary reference in the text is to good and evil doctrine. How much we need our senses exercised, the moral habit formed, so that we may do this. Was there ever a time when there was greater need of clear thinking and clear discernment with respect to doctrine? For false prophets and teachers are abroad in the world. Almost everything is challenged and doubted. It is a time to know what and why we believe, to discriminate between things that differ.

Arnold, of Rugby, once said that he had seen boys enough who loved God. He wanted to see one who hated the Devil. We want boys and men who can both recognize and hate the Devil—the devil of greed, of impurity, of dishonesty, of slander, of deceit, of Sabbath-breaking, of intemperance, of infidelity, of atheism—under whatsoever plausible and insinuating disguise he may come. May God grant us a clarified and trained vision that we may discern both good and evil, and obtain grace to choose and love the one and refuse and hate the other.

Dr. Withrow on False Professors.

It is a big thing to be a Christian. Yet there are false professors of religion. Remember, however, that counterfeiters work in gold, not in copper. They find their greatest success in the highest denominations of coin or notes, not in pennies. It is because true religion is so intrinsically valuable that it is counterfeited. It was always so. All sects suffer, but the proportion is not so large as when Judas lived. Not one in twelve now is a fraud. There are some black sheep in every flock, and [illegible] is shown to be divine to carry so many loads and yet live. There are more faithful wives than there are unfaithful ones. Infidels admit that "churches die hard." Many true men are falsely charged, though some who are of Israel are shown to be not Israelites indeed. In 1800, but one in seventeen was an Evangelical communicant; now, one in five in our land is the proportion. Trade sales in New York furnish one of the best tests of the tastes of this reading generation. I examined the list at a recent large sale, and found in a long catalogue but two books, the aim of which was openly anti-Christian. Is not this an evidence of the comparative strength of Christianity in our community?—*Church Union.*

Gems of Thought.

—If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.—*Cotton.*

—All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature.—*Montaigne.*

—Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.—*Rochester.*

—The truest view of life has always seemed to me to be that which shows that we are here not to enjoy, but to learn.—*Roberson.*

—Science has no faith-begetting power: therefore a Christian faith should not rest upon scholastic wisdom, but on the power of God renewing the heart.—*Heubner.*

—It never pays to be afraid of a shadow, and yet nine-tenths of the wear and tear of life comes from trouble that is not here but is simply shadowed by some passing event.—*Golden Rule.*

—Look not mournfully into the past, it can not come back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

—No one is loyal to the truth, to himself, to his God, or is worthy of Heaven, who has not faith enough, pluck enough, patience enough, to endure, without fainting, apparent defeat and delayed rewards.—*Morning Star.*

—"No man liveth to himself." "Out of all lives, actual and possible, each one of us appropriates continually into his own. This is a world of hints only, out of which every soul seizes to itself what it needs."

—When you lie down, close your eyes with a short prayer, commit yourself into the hands of your faithful Creator; and, when you have done, trust Him with yourself, as you must do when you are dying.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor relates that an eminent citizen of Brooklyn, while a passenger on a British steamship, overheard a conversation concerning the Eastern question between two English officers who have served the Queen in the East, in which one of them expressed the opinion, not knowing that he was speaking within hearing of a citizen of the United States, that "American missionaries and American schools are doing more than all of us to solve the Eastern problem."

—A good lady employed a Deacon of one of our Baptist Churches to do some carpenter's work which amounted to quite a large sum of money; and she said, when speaking of the job: "I would just as soon hear Deacon ——— pray now as I would have done before he did that work for me." That's it! We want Deacons and all other members of our churches to do in all business relations just that which is right. We believe in a practical religion. Spurgeon asked a young girl, who served as a domestic in one of his families, when she presented herself for membership in his church, what evidence she could give of having become a Christian, and she meekly answered: "I now sweep under the mats." And the renowned preacher said it was good evidence, and we agree with him. Real religion leads one to do work thoroughly.—*Watchman.*

Our Young Folks.

THE HOME FAIRY.

There's a funny little fairy
On his rounds by night and day,
And he goes about his e[illegible] and
In a very funny way.
Such a tiny wand, so starry,
Bears he in his tiny hand,
And he visits every mansion,
Every cottage in the land.

Then he looks up in our faces,
With a quaint and quizzing bye,
When he finds them dark and frowning,
Off he goes without good-pye,
But if sunny smiles and dimples
Meet his glance, to work he goes,
And before a body knows it,
Pop! He jumps astride our nose.

To our ears he creeps and whispers
Many sweet and lovely things.
In our eyes he scatters sunshine
From his pretty diamond wings.
Then he smooths away our wrinkles
With the dazzling wand he bears,
While he sings a song, so cheery,
That he lightens all our cares.

Oh, his task is never ended
Till the world in slumber lies!
Even then we dream so sweetly,
With his sunshine in our eyes.
Has he met you on his journey?
Listen while his name I tell:
He's the merry sprite "Good Nature,"
And I hope you know him well.

—*George Cooper, in Golden Days.*

A BRAVE BOY.

Joe and I are great friends. I do not know how our friendship came about, nor, indeed, do I know just when we first became acquainted. We were both newsboys, he a little one of a dozen years, and I of "twenty summers," as the story-books say. He sold newspapers and I helped to write the reports that go into them, of fires and parties and sermons and circuses and all of the queer things that happen in this queer world of ours.

Joe and I often met. He was an active little fellow, and seemed to be everywhere with his bundle of papers, always calling at the top of his sturdy little voice: "Mornin' papers! *Inter Ocean, Times, Tribune* and *News!*" He sold them all, and though he had his regular "beat" and regular customers at certain hours of the day, he seemed to find a great many odds and ends of time, when he could dart off and sell a few extra copies around the depots or in front of the hotels when people were coming down in the omnibuses and carriages for the early morning trains. What first attracted me to him I do not exactly know. There were dozens of newsboys on the streets who seemed to be as energetic as he, and numbers who were better looking; for, truth to tell, Joe is far from handsome. But his big gray eyes were so bright and happy, and he had such a jaunty, pretty way of doffing his hat that one quite forgot that it was ragged, or that the eyes which shone forth so bravely were almost the only handsome feature of the rugged, boyish face. As I said, we met often. I became one of Joe's regular customers and was much laughed at for "carrying coals into Newcastle," as I came into our newspaper office every day with a bundle of dailies under my arm. Joe sold the evening papers, too, and, on my recommendation, applied for and got the task of bringing up the extra papers which were desired by the men in our office. They all had a kind word for him when he came in of an evening, but Joe was loyal to me, and though our acquaintance did not for a long time progress much beyond our "good-morning" and "good-night," I came to feel a sort of proprietorship in the boy. I fell to saving up my odd pennies in an unusually economical way. Joe's thin coat and worn breeches appealed to my self-denial in an unaccustomed way, but a way that I am sure was good for me. It is always good for any human heart to feel care for another's welfare, and I am not sure it is not a sign of growth when we begin to love to do for other people. But be sure I did not think much of all this at that time. I helped Joe because I liked him. I wheedled him into the tailor's after some coaxing, and on Christmas day I gave him a fine new suit. He was very much pleased, but to my great surprise resolutely refused to take the clothes as a gift.

"You must tell me how much they cost," said he, "and let me pay the money back to you as soon as I can. I need the clothes, and I would have bought them myself, only I had to give all the money I had saved to—" He stopped short with his face as red as fire.

"To whom, Joe?" I said, kindly.

He burst into tears and put his head down on my table, for we were alone in my office at the time.

He cried for about a minute, big sobs which shook him all over. "There, sir," said he, suddenly straightening up, "I won't be a baby any more. Don't remember crying before since I really was a baby," and he brushed his sleeve across his face. "Well, I won't bother you any more to-day," said he, "and I know you'll let me pay for them, sir?" half inquiringly.

"Why, yes, if you want to, but don't be in a hurry. Next year will do nicely. The whole suit was only ten dollars, any way."

"Ten dollars! O, dear!" and Joe's faced looked for a minute as though it would not be very hard work to burst into tears again.

"Indeed, I can't afford it," he began, when I interrupted, taking him by the collar and shaking him around.

"Now stop your nonsense, you young scamp! I'll give you till you're twenty-one to pay me the money, and I'm not afraid to prophesy that you'll be rich enough to make me quantities of presents before that time, and I'll take them fast enough. I won't make any such silly fuss, I promise you."

So Joe took the clothes and went away, leaving me to wonder a little about his life and his history. He had always been very reticent, and someway I had always hesitated about asking him. He seemed to command the same delicacy of treatment that one usually exercises only toward an older man.

Not long after I saw Joe in his home. It was a bitter winter night, and I was sent by my office over into one of the poorest wards of the city to inquire into the particulars of a case of wife-beating which had been reported at police headquarters as one of peculiar severity:

To my surprise, in answer to my rap the door was opened by Joe. He seized my hand and drew me inside.

"O, I thought you would come," he cried. "What can we do for her?" and with Joe still leading me, I went into the miserable room where his poor mother was lying. I had never seen any one die, but I knew she was dying. Joe seemed to realize it, too, for the first time, as he looked at her, and springing forward with a heart-broken cry, he knelt down beside her. She smiled and patted his hand.

"God will be good to my son," were her last words. I telephoned for another man to come and gather the facts necessary to be published, and I devoted myself to Joe. A doctor who had been sent for arrived soon after I did, but it was too late. He sent for a woman to prepare the poor woman for burial, and when it was all over, Joe went with me to my home.

That little newspaper paragraph next morning, glanced at by thousands of eyes, unnoticed by thousands more, was the record of a brave boy's work for two long years. The paragraph only said something about the drunken brute who had finally beat his wife to death and would probably receive life imprisonment, and ended with the sentence: "The family had been supported by the twelve-year-old son, who sold newspapers for a living."

The brave boy had borne his burden and his disgrace all alone, and had never told even me, his best friend, of his life and trials. If I were not writing a true story, I might tell you that we made up a purse for Joe; but we did nothing of the kind. We only encouraged him to work on, and as fast as he showed himself worthy, a better position was given him. Last year he announced that he had saved up money, and was going to leave us for school, and on examination he proved to be ready for the last year of high school. Now, at eighteen, he is studying in his first year at college, and is just as always—a brave, independent boy, strong in all the qualities which go to make up a pure, earnest and successful man.—*Royal Road.*

The Working Tools of Insects.

I wonder if you know that the smallest insects you see about you have tools given them to do their work with. There is a little fly called a saw-fly, because it has a saw to work with. It is really a very much nicer saw than you could make, if you were ever so old.

The fly uses it to make places where the eggs will be safe. What is more strange, it has a sort of home-made glue, which fastens them where they are laid.

Some insects have cutting instruments that work just as your scissors do. The poppy-bee is one of them, whose work is wonderful. The bee has a boring tool, too. Its nest is usually made in old wood. This borer cleans out the nest ready for use. When all is ready the insect cuts out pieces of leaves to line the nest and to make the cells. These linings are cut in the shape of the cells. You would be surprised to see the care taken to have every piece of just the right size, so that it will fit. When they are fitted, the pieces are nicely fastened together and put into the nest.—*Our Little Ones.*

Mystery of Minerals.

It is painfully evident to the most advanced scientists that, in the multitude of theories, and in the best light that the slowly accumulated wisdom of centuries has thrown upon the question, our real knowledge of the character and formation of minerals is very limited and uncertain. Wonderful progress has been made during the last half century in regard to some of the constituent elements of the most common metals and the methods of fitting them up for utility, but the great problem of their creation and union with other primary elements is still a hidden mystery. Metallurgists have discovered something of the effects of oxygen, and of hydrogen gas and its intimate and almost inseparable affinity with iron, but the real facts are hidden behind a veil that never has been penetrated.

Iron is generally understood to be a synonym for solidity and enduring permanence, yet science now proves that pure iron is nearly as unstable as water, and exists only as a curiosity in the laboratory. Some chemists claim that hydrogen is itself a metal, and it may be yet shown that many of the so-called pure metals, now supposed to be simple elements, are in reality compounds which science may be able to separate, perhaps almost into endless divisions. Alumina has recently come into notice, and a wide field, in view of its inexhaustible resources, opens up and stretches out beyond our grasp into the future. By its discovery our common clay is to be the mother of a mineral whose usefulness in the future can not now be measured.

It may be found that the great oceans of air and water are the prolific mines from which the miners of the future will draw their supplies of mineral to satisfy the demand of their day and generation. It is already well proved that the atmosphere, the water of the ocean, the planets and comets, contain a perceptible quantity of mineral matter.

From a general harmony of the manifest workings of Nature, it would not be strange if it should be discovered that the vast variety of mineral substances now known, and the perhaps greater variety to be revealed, can be traced back to a common primal center, and it will be shown that the infinite varieties of form and character are but different manifestations, under special circumstances, of the same great force driven out into modified expression. Our increasing knowledge of the imponderable force, electricity, will throw much light into the hidden mysteries of the metallic world, and by its sun-like torch we may be enabled to follow with reverent steps, from the dim threshold of our present knowledge, the footprints of mineral creation to the cradle of its existence.—*Mining Review.*

—The eight railroad lines having their termini in Boston have carried over forty million passengers the past year, with only eight fatal accidents.—*Boston Post.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JUNE 6, 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
"	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
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Democratic Ticket.

For Governor.
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General.
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer.
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

Superintendent of Public Instruction,
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

WE have a Florida letter which will appear in our next issue.

THE colored folks national convention will meet in Louisville in September.

THERE has always been a seedtime and a harvest in this country, and we are not prepared to believe that this season will be an exception.

THE county Democratic Executive Committee adjourned its meeting until next court day, at which time all members of the committee are expected to be present.

MRS. WALTER DAVIS, backed by her husband's relatives, will institute a suit for damages against Phil Thompson for the purpose of vindicating her husband's character.

WE conversed with many farmers, Monday, and they agreed that wheat will make about half a crop; and that the 1883 crop of tobacco will not be as large as the 1882 crop, but they think the quality will be better.

THE candidates for the legislature made brief speeches in the court-house Monday. There was no issue between them, and they simply introduced themselves to the public as men seeking their suffrage.

MOST discouraging accounts concerning the crops in different sections of Virginia are being received in consequence of the protracted drouth. Cotton is coming up badly, tobacco plants are small, and in some instances are drying up in patches. In the peanut section many farmers have been compelled to replant in consequence of the seed planted becoming rotten.

Gen. Buckner still has the mare on which he rode through the war at his home in Hart county. She is now about twenty-five years old.—Glasgow Times.

Dr. S. S. Scott, one of the candidates for the legislature in this county, has the mare that served him in the army, and she is about twenty-five years old. Don't know whether the doctor will canvass the county on her or not.

THE trial of United States Marshal Strobach, at Montgomery, Ala., is causing much bad blood. Judge Riley swore that he would not believe one Franklin, a witness for the prosecution, on oath, and a fight resulted; and Wilson, a United States Money Receiver, and one Weigand a special agent from Washington, had a fist fight in which Wilson's teeth were knocked out. The Court keeps itself ready for any emergency.

THE master commissioner made sales of land in the following suits, Monday: Frances Helm's admr. vs. Ephraim Helm, 11 acres, 2 roods and 35 [illegible] A. G. Win[illegible], $778; Samuel Delph's admr. vs. Noah Craven, &c., 25 acres near Burlington, to F. Riddell, $600; John P. Scott's devisees vs. America Scott &c., house and lot in Burlington to S. P. Brady, $1,225, and house and lot in Burlington to C. W. Saxton, $900; Z. T. Bondurant vs. Salathiel Beemon, &c., 65 acres on Gunpowder creek, to Z. T. Bondurant, $1,375; Lystra Aylor &c. vs. W. T. Aylor, &c., house and lot in Hebron, $560; John A. Kendall's admr. vs. John A. Kendall's heirs, &c., an undivided ½ interest in 23½ on the Bullettsville and Dry Creek turnpike, to C. O. Utz, $800, and 37 acres near Burlington, to Noah Clore, $1,119 25.

MRS. PHIL B. THOMPSON has been interviewed, and, of course, she contradicts everything reflecting on her conduct at the St. Clair Hotel.

1816 is remembered as "the year without a summer." In the Northern States April went out in snow and ice. In May ice formed an inch thick. In June ice and snow. Almost everything green was killed. Farmers replanted, ploughing with overcoats on. In July heavy frost. Corn killed. In the New England and Middle States very little corn ripened. No fruit. Flour $13 a barrel in New York.

A WRITER in the Lebanon Standard says: "A few friends were at Mr. Knott's headquarters when he received the tally sheet of the last ballot, according to which it appeared that Col. Jones had 91-5 votes majority. After conversing a few moments with his friends, he arose and said: 'I must go to the convention and make a speech, of course, to tender thanks to my friends and promise a hearty endorsement and support to Col. Jones.'"

THERE has already been a heart-rending disaster on the East River bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn, and which was opened to the public about ten days ago. It seems that crowds moving in opposite directions met on the bridge at the head of the steps leading to one of the approaches, when a jam resulted, several persons being crushed to death and many others badly injured. The bridge company may have the pleasure of defending some heavy damage suits.

STATE NEWS.

—Louisville claims to be free of visiting thieves.

—A negro was convicted of rape in Lexington last week, and his punishment fixed at death.

—Col. Ike Wingate, of Franklin county, has sold his crop of white Burley tobacco for $20 48 per 100.

—A sorry white man was fined $21 for attempting to hug a respectable colored woman on the streets of Cloverport.

—Simpson county has a "muley scrub" cow that gives seven gallons of milk a day, according to the Franklin Favorite.

—James Warner a highly respected citizen of Bath county, suicided by cutting his throat from ear to ear with a pen-knife. Cause—father objected to his marriage.

—150 sheep were killed in one neighborhood in Logan county. One man fastened his sheep up in a barn but the dogs scratched under and killed thirty of them.

—According to the Maysville Republican, 'Squire Beasley, of Aberdeen, Ohio, has all he can do, when the weather is good, in marrying escaping Kentucky couples.

—At Shiloh Church in Hopkins county the body of Mrs. Mary Shanks was exhumed in the presence of a hundred witnesses to prove that her husband had not sold her body to the physicians.—[Muhlenburg Echo.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—It cost $70 to raise 334 bushels of rice at a point in South Carolina, which sold for $340 in Charleston. Net proceeds $270.

—It is found at the South that land planted in cotton, after a vegetable crop, produces a bale to the acre, where only one bale to three acres was the rule.

—Near Lake City, Fla., is a dead pine, which is broken off at a distance of sixty feet from the ground. In the top of this tall stump grows a huckleberry bush.

—A discharged stable boy at Corsicana attempted to burn the stables at the race-track. A pile of hay was saturated with kerosene and then fired, but died out before any serious damage was done.

—The shipping of cattle from West Florida to Texas has not proved successful. Maj. Hines, of Marianna, lost one out of every six head shipped, and that before the arrival of the shipment in New Orleans. The cattle do not seem hardy enough to stand any rough usage.

STATE POLITICS.

—It is said that Oscar Turner will be a candidate for United States Senator.

—J. A. Moore wants to represent [illegible] and Livingston counties in the next legislature.

Judge William Weddington is the democratic nominee to represent Elliott and Carter counties in the next legislature.

—Peter Lyles, of Graves county, bolts the convention, and says he will be a candidate for the legislature until the August polls close.

Ex-Gov. McCreary and Ex-Gov. Thos. P. Porter are mentioned as probable candidates to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Buckner.

—The republican state papers "point with pride" to the nomination of an ex-Confederate by the late convention at Lexington. One county, in casting its vote, said: "Here are twelve votes for the prodigal son."

Sixty Thousand
DOLLAR STOCK
TO SELECT YOUR GOODS FROM
At COLTER'S
MAMMOTH
CHEAP CASH STORE,
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GRAND SPECIAL BARGAINS
Just Placed on our counters!

We received a message three days since from our New York buyer that he had just shipped us a case of All Wool Cassimere Clothing at fifty cents on the dollar, from a party that was obliged to raise money at once, and

TO-DAY, MAY 17th,

they have arrived, and true enough they are a snap. The first comers are first served. No. 3859 is 13 All Wool Suits, for ages 9 to 12, at $3 55. No. 3728 is 16 Fine Cassimere Suits, medium light, ages 8 to 12, at $4 45. No. 2661 is 18 Medium Light Colored Suits, strictly all wool, ages 13 to 17, at $4 75. No. 3858 is 11 Light Wool Suits, ages 13 to 16, at $4 60. Lot No. 5525 is 8 Dark Snow-Flake Suits, ages 13 to 17 $5 40.

These Suits are made and trimmed equal to any merchant tailor's work, and are actually just one-half of the manufacturers' wholesale price. There will be no deviation in prices. The price for each number will be as above stated—no more, no less. If you will copy the numbers you can see what the goods will cost you as well as we can tell you. We could get double this price for these Suits, but we want to let the people know by experience that when we get a bargain we give our customers the benefit of it.

☞ All other departments are chucked full of goods, and are for sale, and at prices to insure immediate sale. Fresh goods are ordered nearly every business day in the year.

Our Millinery Department

Looms up with all the novelties that can be selected from all the Eastern Markets.

Special Bargains in Parasols,

Black Satin lined with Silk, all colors at $1 90, $2 50, $3 up to $5.
Extra such in Black Satin lined with all Silk lace at $3 25 and up.
Best Serge parasols at 38 cents and up.

Our Stock is truly a Mammoth one, and customers will find almost everything they want right under one roof.

We offer great drives in Dress Goods, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Black and Colored Dress Silks, Summer Silks, &c. Black and Colored Buntings at 12½c to 60 cents Lawns at 5c to 20 cents.

Special Prices on Muslins. Standard Prints and good at 5c, choice 6c.

Boots, Shoes and Hats
a specialty, as well as all other goods. Stock to large to give particulars.

Our Sales in 1882 were over $64,000, and we are giving all Inducements possible to sell $70,000 in 1883.

Ladies' Hoops 25, 40, 50 cents and up.
Fancy Hankerchiefs at 6 1-4c. worth 12c & up
Custom Kid Shoes at $1, lower and higher.
Mens' Fine Boots $2 00 to $4 00.
Over 20,000 Suits to select from at $3 to $22.
10,000 pair hoes at 5 cents to 75 cents.
Corsets at 50c, 65c, 75c, $1 and $1 25.
Men's harvest hats 10 and 15c, reduced from 25c.

Very Truly Yours
Wm. COLTER,
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540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

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Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
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All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
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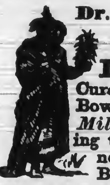


TRADE MARK,

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, May 1, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$530,678 11
Overdrafts		137 32
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		41,565 69
Due from other National banks		9,635 61
Due from State banks and bankers		4,961 86
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		3,180 48
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,208 59
Bills of other Banks		4,510 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		102 73
Specie		5,895 00
Legal tender notes		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$687,793 80

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		1,200 00
Undivided profits		20,886 75
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	308,917 44	
Due to other National Banks	11,289 38	
Due to State Banks and bankers	500 23	320,707 05
Total		$687,793 80

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashire of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY, }
M. C. MOTCH, } Directors.
L. C. STEPHENS, }

Farm for Sale.

75 acres of land on Gunpowder Creek, being part of the Jonathan Utz farm, is now offered for sale On this land there are a

BRICK DWELLING

of 6 rooms—a large cellar, and all necessary out buildings; and a good Orchard. For terms, enquire of Mack Aylor, on the premises; C. O. Utz, Constance, Boone county, Ky., or F. Riddell at Burlington, Ky.

C. O. UTZ,
MACK AYLOR.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK
READ!

Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs. PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & CO., Lock Box 488 Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE.

Very low, for cash—A quantity of new and second hand honey boxes, glass sides, two and four pounds. Also American and Langstreth bee hives—will sell very cheap, to any one taking the lot.

MRS. D. G. RABB, Rising Sun, Ind.

FOR RENT.

One half mile above Rising Sun, Ind., a very desirable residence of seven rooms, out buildings, pasture, garden and fruit adjoining. Some farming land—or the farm of 180 acres can be rented with it. Good school in town. Enquire by mail, or at the place, Maple Grove. Mrs. D. G. RABB, Rising Sun, Ind.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
83-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

Rev. Father Wilds'
EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen:

Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

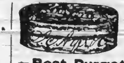
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility,* and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.



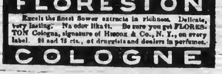
AYER'S
CATHARTIC
PILLS
—Best Purgative Medicine—
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.


3 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

$1000 REWARD
For any machine hulling and cleaning as for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR

Double Huller. It has made $100 often in ONE DAY

VICTOR
ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE
NEWARK MACHINE CO.
NEWARK, O.

W. N. STAGE, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.
S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles works of character; great variety; low in price, selling fast, needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

No complaint for want of a tobacco season so far this year.

Mrs. Acra, an aged benificiary at the poor-house, died last week.

Our county attorney and county clerk took in the city last Saturday.

Save money and buy your Drugs at D. C. Thorn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Blackberries will be abundant if the weather is favorable from now on.

Pure Paris Green, only 30 cents per pound, at D. C. Thorn's, Rising Sun, Ind

Rev. Dicken was too unwell, last Sunday, to fill his appointment at this place.

Mrs. Nellie Woolford, aged 83, died last Saturday in the Big Bone neighborhood.

Dr. I. R. McKenzie has bought a residence, No. 2,621 Caroline street, St. Louis.

Capt. Terrill attended the opening of the Globe Tobacco House in the city, last week.

A job lot of french harps, at less than cost, at D. C. Thorn's drug store, Rising Sun, Ind.

DIED—April 15th, 1883, of congestion of the lungs, in the 41st year of his age, Henry Ewalt.

The horse handled by Charles Westby, and which was very lame last week has gotten well.

Several new justices of the peace have been installed lately, and they all hold courts this month.

On the Republican state ticket there are a federal soldier, a confederate soldier and a negro.

Elder Vaughter and family, of Rising Sun, spent the day, Saturday, with F. Riddell and wife.

Rheumatism and catarrh, caused by poor or corrupt blood, are cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Universalist church at this place has employed Rev. C. C. Conner as its pastor for another year.

Elder E. Stephens will preach, the Lord willing, at Florence X-Roads, Sunday, June 2nd, at 3:30 p. m.

There were basket meetings at Bullittsville Christian church and Bullitsburg Baptist church last Sunday.

J. W. Kennedy, of Normansville, has received 450,000 pounds of tobacco this season, of which he has 250,000 now on hand.

Geo. Hurchart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., deal in handsome tombstones and monuments. John Beall, of Hebron is their agent.

Dame Rumor is whispering it around that one of Burlington's handsome young gents is not to tarry long in this world as a single man.

Charles Hughes has embarked in the lightning-rod business, having purchased Kenton county, where he will handle the Chambers rod. We wish you well, Charles.

The Boone county Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting at Mt. Pleasant grange hall, the 3d Friday, June 15. The master of the State Grange has been invited and is expected.

Wells, Richardson & Co's., celebrated Diamond Dyes for coloring dresses, coats, cloaks, scarfs, hoods, yarn, stockings, carpet-rags, ribbons, feathers, &c., for sale at Dudley Rouse's.

Mr. Tilden R. Selmes, lawyer, and from Dacota, and Miss Martha M. Flandreau, will be married, Thursday, at the residence of the bride's aunt, Miss Julia S. Dinsmore, of Bellevue.

The County Court met, Monday, and took under consideration the building of the Woolper bridge. They decided that public travel was not sufficient to require a bridge at the point desired.

The Warsaw Independent, of last week, says: "Thomas Clore, of Boone county, was here Wednesday for the purpose of purchasing horses. He failed to buy any on account of the high prices asked."

One day last week John B. Winston found, on the W. T. Winston farm, a Spanish silver coin 162 years old. Not long since he found a very old coin in the same field, about 20 feet from where he found the last one.

The Woolper Turnpike Company is making a strong effort to rebuild its bridges and otherwise repair the road. Be it said to the credit of the company that it is making a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

O. P. Tanner will certainly be admitted to a seat along side of Venner and Tice as a weather prognosticator, since he prophecied that it would rain seven Sundays in succession, and has hit it four Sundays out of the seven.

Some time since the colored folks put in circulation a subscription paper soliciting aid to purchase a bell for their tabernacle, and being successful will, in a few days, receive the much desired and longed-for piece of church furniture.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on busines or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mr. William Walton has returned from the west.

Mr. Lane, a Cincinnati attorney, was in town Friday.

Stephen G. Gaines, of Louisville, was in town Monday.

Uncle Church Clore is somewhat under the weather.

Judge Flandreau, of Minnesota, was in town Monday.

Judge M. L. Roberts, of Covington, attended court Monday.

W. L. Gedge and Owen Ashbrook, of Covington, were in town Monday.

W. M. Rouse and J. O. Griffith, two of Beaver's most distinguished citizens, were in town last Friday.

Mrs. Camby, widow of Gen. Camby, who was killed by the Indians four or five years since, is boarding at the Central Hotel, this place.

Judge N. E. Hawes, Capt. Finch and Mr. Owen Minor, all very aged gentlemen who have been quite sick of late, we are glad to report, much improved.

We saw our estimable young friend, Richard Gordon, of Francesville, in town Sunday. He is the gallant captain of a base-ball nine, and, of course, his negotiations were in that direction. [We don't know which way his "negotiations" were directed, but when last seen by us he was going toward Petersburg.—DEVIL].

Weather is warm enough now.

A couple of communications came in too late for this issue.

F. W. Grant has been at the point of death for several days.

THERE is a very large crop of white clover and the busy little bee improveth every shining hour.

Saturday morning our harness-maker wanted some leather from the city, and he went and got it and returned by 12 o'clock.

THE sheriff is now in possession of his tax-book for 1884, and he does not care how soon you rack up and pay your taxes.

John Stansifer, who killed young Neel, son of Price Neel, some time since, and who has been [illegible] for some time, returned last week, surrendered himself, and was tried in the Grant Circuit Court last Saturday, and his punishment assessed at nine years in the penitentiary.

MASONIC.—The brethren of North Bend Lodge, No. 540, F. & A. M., are notified to attend on next regular meeting, 2d Saturday in June, as business of importance will be before the Lodge. Brethren, you will please take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

G. M. RILEY, Sect'y.

Those that have been anxious to learn the cause of the May cold spell will be greatly relieved by the following explanation, which we find in an exchange, which says; "It was caused by the simultaneous and generally accelerated disolution of the congellation in the hyperboreal regions, caused by the contiguity of the sollostial period."

At a fishing tournament on Woolper, last Friday, John Berkshire carried of the prize. F. Riddell came in a good second after a series of misfortunes in which he lost several scores. Boone and Doll Rogers withdrew about noon, and Sam and Grant Hensley and Whit Jarrell took up their lines about the same time. The fishing was agin' the wind.

The Burlington base-ball club visited Aurora last Saturday and played a match game with the Aurora club. Up to the 5 inning the score stood 8 to 2 in favor of the Burlington club. In the 5th inning three of the Burlingtons were taken sick very suddenly, and allowed their opponents to score six runs. The seventh inning was played, but rather than to play with their men in that condition, they gave the game to the Aurora club, the score standing as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7—	T
Burlington	2	4	0	2	2	0	0—	10
Aurora	0	0	2	0	6	1	1—	10

The boys say they never met a nicer set of men than the Aurora boys, and that they are perfect gentlemen.

Petersburg, June 2—The Hebron club visited this place Saturday for the purpose of mopping up the Almonts, but when the game was over the mop was 7 to 6 in favor or the Almonts.

Bullittsuille, June 2.—Bullittsville, 6; Taylorport, 9.

County Court.

H C Berkshire vs R O Ryle—a writ ad quad dannum granted.

S C Buchanan granted druggist liquor license.

S W Tolin reported that he had collected of Freiburg & Workum $119 40 tax on whisky for the years 1881 and 1882. He was allowed 25 per cent. commission, and the balance was paid over to the receiver of the poor-house.

L H Dills and T L Swetnam were allowed $6 for coffin for pauper.

H Bannister, E H Baker and Oscar Gaines were appointed a committee to ascertain cost of moving old frame poor house, and the propriety of selling a portion of the poor farm.

The viewers filed their report on R H Brashier's proposition to erect gate across public road.

To the teachers of the county of Boone: As the time is approaching when the programme for the Institute should be arranged, and wishing to give each teacher his preference of subjects, as far as possible, I should be glad to hear from any of you soon.

The May draft for the payment of teachers was filed with the Auditor for payment May 21st., since which time I have heard nothing from it. Address all communications to

D. M. SNYDER, Grant,
Boone Co., Ky.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Constance.

Another new sidewalk in town.

Sam Williams, of Cincinnati, was home on a visit last week.

Since our last Mrs. Bills, a citizen, of Stringtown, passed from among the living

We would like to know what the trouble is between the Hebron and Burlington base-ball club.

The continued rain has kept many farmers about here from planting corn.

The picnic given by Spence Reeves at Parlor Grove, on Friday, June 1st, was immense. Everybody appeared to enjoy themselves.

Verona.

Many of our farmers are done setting tobacco, while others have no plants large enough......Corn came up badly......Not much wheat, but good prospects for plenty of fruit......John Kennedy has purchased a steam mill which will locate near here. James Craven has an abcess on his neck.... Mr. L. Dwyer has been confined to his bed for some time with the rheumatism, but is now able to be up......Charlie Craven is out after a week's illness......Miss Frankie Poland is teaching a three monts school at Owl College......Mr. Davenport has sold over 18,000 sweet potato plants. ....A number of our lads are trying to learn telegraphy. We wish them success.

Hamilton.

Miss Allie Carson's school closed last Friday with an examination, basket dinner, declamations, select readings and compositions. The scholars acquitted themselves with honor and credit to their teacher, and satisfactorily to parents.

For the first of June there is more tobacco set than ever before in this section.

Corn and gardens suffered some from snow and cold weather, and the farmers are not much encouraged with present prospects.

G. B. Johnson has moved into the cottage occupied by B. W. Adams last season, and rejoices in being the parent of a handsome daughter of whom he is very jealous, and will make it very sultry for young gentlemen who pay their special attention for—well, say for 15 years.

An April-fool—J. W. Kennedy attending May court on the last day of April.

Florence X-Roads.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Rhoda Crigler, wife of Aaron F. Crigler, of this place had a stroke of paralysis and survived but a few hours. Her funeral was preached in the Hebron Lutheran church of which she was a member, last Sunday by Elders Wagner, of Springfield, Ohio, and Douglas of this place. The remains were placed in the Hebron vault. The family has the sympathy of the entire community.

An election for school trustees was held here last Saturday, at which time there was but one vote cast for a district taxation.

Last week one of our colored [illegible] a streak of paying business, letting sportsmen shoot at his nickle hat at 58 cents for four shots.

The Plattsburg correspondent of the Commonwealth has riled one of our boys, Uncle James Barlow, by falsly reporting that he was married last Sunday week.

North Bend.

News in this locality scarce.

The farmers are about through planting their corn over.

W. P. Cropper has had his entire crop to plant over.

W. O. Kirtley had about 15 acres of potatoes to furrow out and plant in corn.

Capt. I. S. Balsly has about 20 acres of tobacco set, and will set 15 or 20 acres more.

Potatoes look fine. Wheat will not be over 50 per cent. Barley no better.

The weather permitting farmers will get their work well along this week.

Plenty of water in the river and more coming.

Mrs. Clarrasy Balsly, a former citizen of this neighborhood and for many years a resident of Clay county, Mo., is expected here this week on a visit to her son, Col. J. S. Balsly.

Measles paid this neighborhood a visit, slighting none.

Union.

Miss Lulie Crouch, for some time the guest of Mrs. James Huey, has returned to her home in Gallatin county.

Mrs. J. A. Huey is quite ill.

L. B. Stephens has returned from Fla.

Union now has two Sunday-schools, one held in the Presbyterian church, the other in the Baptist church.

Miss Lillie Rouse's school has closed.

Miss Anna Riley was immersed Sunday, and thus Old Sardis is growing in numbers and extending its usefulness.

A heavy rain fell here on Sunday night, washing some lands considerably.

Corn and crops are recovering rapidly from the injury done by the late snow.

Union will soon add to the list of benedicts, two young men. May this army have many recruits.

Hebron.

The farmers of this locality are busy plowing corn.

The public school taught by Miss Ada Wilhoit, closed last Saturday.

Mrs. Betsy Rouse has been quite sick for several days.

Mr. Steve Gaines, of Louisville, is visiting relatives and friends in this community.

Chas. Clore was at home from Cincinnati, last Saturday and Sunday.

In memory of Mamie K., daughter of J. W. and Isabelle Davis, died April 6, '83.

This earth has no charms,
For one so sweet
As my dear darling was.
She has gone above
Where Angels meet.
In that bright and heavenly home.

She has one sister
That has gone before,
To greet her when she comes.
And in that bright
And heavenly home,
They meet to part no more.

MAMMA.

Bullittsville.

Bullittsville is still flourishing with a prospect of some new improvements in the near future.

The old baptist church, at this place, is now undergoing repair. A protracted meeting of three days duration began there on Friday, June the 1st., conducted by Elder Thompson, of Ohio.

Mr. Samuel Manning, the accommodating stage driver from this place to Covington, contemplates putting a new bus on his line in a short time. On and after the 11th inst., he will change the time. He will then go on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. This will be quite a convenience for this place, thereby giving us daily communication with the city.

Base-ball is the all absorbing topic of the day here and our boys were badly picked up on their soft mop (as some of them termed it) Saturday week. Boys, you have our sympathy, and we hope you wont get any more such mops. Dr. Jonas has not made his appearance since the game Don't be discouraged, doctor, better times are coming. Jeff says he thought so all the time. Jerry makes a good umpire.

The Sunday-school at this place is in a flourishing condition, with J. A. Davis as superintendent.

Charley Basly reports business good, especially in canned goods.

G. W. Gaines thinks he has the best trotting colt of the age.

JUMBO.

Waterloo.

D. M. Snyder is doing a good business selling dry goods and groceries.

Health of the neighborhood generally good.

Some of the farmers have to plant their corn the second time.

The tobacco raisers are preparing their ground.

Tobacco plants are doing well in this neighborhood.

Wheat is coming out beyond expectation.

Oats have been cut a little short by the cool, dry weather.

We are glad to know that the people of this part are awakening up to the cause of education. The vote on the question of tax was taken in districts Nos. 6 & 7, and carried in the former.

L. Clore claims to have the cheapest conductors of the electric fluid, while H. P. Marshall claims superiority, in that he has three ground connections. He is protected against cyclones as well as lightning. Paid for by the foot.

The road leading from here to Bellevue is receiving the work of 42 hands and several teams, under the superintendence of L. I. Snyder.

Some of our supervisors are complaining of having no money. By the way, is it not the business of the County Attorney to look into this matter and know the reasons.

Attorney Tolin will have to come again in the way of curiosities, Joshua Rice having produced two perfect eggs, one within the other.

Florence.

Bob Wilhoit is down with dropsy.

The sportsman's corner is quite a lively place. If you want to hear the latest news in regard to hunting, fishing, prize fighting, base-ball, &c., stop a few minutes at sportsman's corner when in town, sign of the striped pole.

The lady that draws Charles Schramm will beat all of your Louosiana State Lottery draws.

Mr. Editor, that Francesville correspondent of your's is a very sweet talking woman, and we think she would make a very good stepmother.

Young squirrels drowned in butter seem to be a fashionable dish in this locality.

Charley Lodge and Mr. Riggs, the operator at Erlanger, visited Lockland, O., last week.

Earnest Yager will find it more difficult to splice punkins for the Mabley show, than he did parsnips for the Florence fair.

Esq. G. M. Bedinger, our gentlemanly tobacco dealer, seems to be very popular among the farmers of this part of the county. In fact with everybody else who knows him.

If we had a few more postmasters at this place don't think we would get any mail at all. We got three Recorders in a bunch last week, that accounts for the delay.

Tickets to all the sporting circles can be had from John Meeks and Sport O'Hearn, at the sportsman's corner, Florence, Ky.

Measles and pneumonia have prevailed to a considerable extent in this locality. Dr. Ben Duleney battled manfully and very sucessfully with both ravages.

Mrs. Nancy Swetnam has, for several months past, been suffering from a complication of diseases which seems very difficult to conquer.

If madam rumor be authority there will be a wedding or two to report ere long.

The short nights have not taken effect on the dancers as yet. Saturday night week, Frank Shater entertained his young friends with a cotillion party, and to the sweet strains of Prof. B. Hymer's band, the dance led the merry ones far away into the realms of undreamed of joy. There were specimens of all the different styles of dancing, from the graceful quadrille, the fancy schottisch and whirling waltz, to the ground-hog walk, the raccoon pace and wild turkey jump.

Mr. Legrand Hoffman and family, have moved from our midst to Livingston county, where they will make their future home. Charley Seniour could not bear to witness the departure of his fair young lassie, Miss Laura, but summoned all his grit and followed her to her new home, and a few weeks ago they were united in hymen's tender bond. May their journey down life's rugged steeps be one of happiness, and their troubles be but few.

Blue Grass Lake, Kenton County.

Where the bull frog croaketh and the whippoor-will willeth.

Corn to be replanted.

Short fruit crop.

Blackberries promising.

The hail storm came very near ruining that old Bach's bouquet, last Sunday.

Quite a number of Hungarians are working as section hands on the C. S. R. R. They seem to be fund of the finger tussle when full of bug juice.

John Conrad, commonly called Bud, has bought the Lafe Wilkie farm.

Pete Highhouse got a two story mug put on him at the St. John's picnic.

Mr. Moses Rice, the old reliable, of Boone, has been doing some surveying in Kenton this spring.

Any person having stock hogs or cattle for sale would do well to advertise in the RECORDER.

Old Uncle Bill Sawyers says the Commonwealth is the best paper in the State; we guess he has never seen the RECORDER.

We are sorry that Jones did Knott get the nomination at the Louisville convention.

Beans and corn badly damaged by the late frost.

There is much talk of a station being located here, but as the "wind work" has just fairly begun, there is no knowing when the other will commence.

Mrs. Susan Rice is visiting relatives at Jones' station, Ohio.

Albert Rice can boast of the brightest little three-year-old boy in Kenton county.

Jink Blythe is the kingfisherman of the town.

W. T. Smith united with the Mount Pleasant Church Saturday and was baptized Sunday.

Every Man His Own Boss.

How to Promote Personal Power—A New Radical Reformer.

"There is no provision in the Divine economy for political bosses!"

With a bang of his fist, and in the voice of a man who had made up his mind on the subject, Rev. James Chambers, of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Harlem, recently opened his sermon with this announcement. He was right. The only boss authorized by the Book is mentioned in these words: "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

Commonly, the better side of men is subject to the despotism of the worse side. Bad passions, bad humors, mean jealousies and base revenges are all bosses. One of the worst of bosses is bile. What is most depressing in philosophical or theological thought is due to it. Old General Debility is another tyrannical boss. He lashes men who are naturally good until they become unnaturally bad or miserably weak.

Concerning his deliverance from this bondage, Rev. S. P. Lewis, pastor of the Eighth Street Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was suffering from exhaustion and general debility. As an invigorant I used PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. I never met with anything so effective. It is an elegant family medicine. I take a bottle in my valise when I go on my annual vacation."

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC neither intoxicates nor promotes a desire for strong drinks. The most pronounced temperance people use and praise it for this reason alone. It cures Malarial Fevers, Consumption, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Blood. Also weaknesses peculiar to women. Its action is prompt and pervasive. Test it once, and you will adopt it as a home remedy. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. H. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

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J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES.
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora. Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky. | J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
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DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

HARNESS & SADDLES,

ALBERT M. ACRA,
—) BURLINGTON, KY. (—
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in
Saddles, Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.,
I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to turnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Reparing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO L. SANDFORD, er
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, J. S. Matson, M. C. Motch, J. H. Mersman, Sam Hind, A. R. Mullen, E. J. Hickey, L. H Dills, E. J. Green, F. P. Helm, L. C. Stephens.
The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets,
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, - KENTUCKY

A HYPER-SUPER-SENSITIVE MAN.

He was good, he was brave, still was sadly afraid
That women prized only his rental;
Yet blest devotion he sought in a maid,
For the goose was, you see, sentimental.
But she was so charming, so winning, and sweet,
The daintiest girl in the city!
Such a plain, quiet fellow could never compete
With his rivals both handsome and witty.

His love with his fears cruel warfare long waged,
When one eve, in the course of his wooing,
He forgot to be frightened, proposed, was engaged,
Ere either knew what they were doing.
Two hours swiftly passed, a dream without break,
In soft words that won't bear repeating,
And then as he rose, his departure to take,
Both were struck with the "sense of the meeting."

He turned in pretense of inspecting some toy,
But twinged with a sharp melancholy;
"To imagine my life could be crowned with such joy;
Oh, worse than a fool in my folly!
'Tis my wealth that she nets, while my heart she beguiles;
Such a jewel demands a rich setting,
And her rapturous smiles are but feminine wiles,
As I'll find when too late for regretting."

And meanwhile she stood there adoring his back,
And felt her poor heart beating faster
At thought of her freedom now gone all to rack,
At the touch of her destiny's master.
A quick flash of feeling gave warning of tears,
But to weep would, she thought, be atrocious;
So she doubled her fists to fight down her tears,
Assuming a frown quite ferocious.

Her kittenish caper he plainly beheld,
In the pier glass beside him reflected;
Making faces at him! So his last hopes were foiled.
"Thank Heaven, her deceit I've detected!"
Too hurt for reproaching, he hurriedly left,
And a letter availed to discover,
That an accident, hapless, her life had bereft
Of her super-sensitive lover.

She answered the idiot whose heart she had "wrecked,"
That since he had failed to believe her,
So suspicious a man she could never respect,
Then took to her bed with a fever.
He sailed with a spirit so heavy it near
Had sunk the ship in midocean;
But returned; they were married early last year,
And forgot is their courtship's commotion.

—*St. Louis Republican.*

A HOUSE-HUNTER'S REPRIEVE.

"Yes," said mamma, "you'd better tell the Doctor, Betty, that we have concluded not to take his house for another year. It is a great blow to me, Betty. My pecuniary arrangements with the Doctor have been very advantageous, and strict economy in domestic matters is highly important with us just now. The little money we had when your papa died is sadly diminished; Fred's education has cost so much, and it is so expensive to dress and educate Blanche suitably to her style and beauty. I had hoped—I was almost certain—"

Here mamma began to cry. I felt very sorry for her. She suffered in her way as much as she made me suffer in mine.

"We'll get another house, mamma," I said, hoping to ward off the topic that I knew mamma was dying to talk about; but nothing would do.

"It's not the house I'm dissatisfied with," said my poor mother; "it's Dr. Steele, the owner of it, of whom I have cause to complain."

"I think you have misunderstood the Doctor's old-fashioned politeness, mamma. It is always, perhaps, too pointed."

"Altogether too pointed, so far as your sister is concerned," said mamma. "He as much as told me he was in love with her down at the beach last summer. Don't you remember the day he invited us all to go, and was so vexed because you would not leave the house with the new servants that he talked about it all the way down in the train, and appeared to be very sorry that your domestic duties were so engrossing? You must acknowledge, Betty, that he has been very kind to you."

"I do acknowledge it, very gratefully, indeed, mamma."

"And then," continued mamma, "he got Fred that situation in the bank. Why, no man could have been more pronounced in his attentions to the family of the young lady he professed to admire, and straws show which way the wind blows; but it would not be so humiliating if he had not come right out and told me that he cared for her. A man has no right—a man in his position—to lead a mother to believe that he is about to propose for her daughter's hand, and then seem to forget all that he has said. I remember his very words, Betty. Your sister had started down to the water's edge, and the Doctor sat upon the seat beside me, following her with his eyes and poking his cane into the sand. 'Madam,' said he, speaking very deliberately, as a man does when he has made up his mind, 'I must tell you that I had a motive in asking you and your daughters to share my holiday at the beach. I am very much interested in your daughter.' And here Blanche came strolling back again, looking so lovely that I thought the best thing I could do would be to leave them together. I made an excuse to go back to the hotel, and supposed that when I returned all would be settled, but from that day to this he has never opened the subject again either to Blanche or to me. Your sister is young and thoughtless, and accepts his attentions as she does those of everybody by whom she is admired; but a parent is bound to look at the matter in a more serious light."

"Blanche don't care a fig for him, mamma," I said.

"She would try to care for him if he offered himself," said mamma. "She has owned to me that she might be brought to view the matter in a favorable light."

"Oh, mamma," I said, jumping off my chair in a heat of mortification and impatience, "do let's get out of his house as soon as we can! I'll tell him we're going to move, and go out house-hunting this very day."

"Yes, do, Betty," said my mother; "and watch him when you tell him—see if he is surprised and vexed. And, Betty, my child, you have such a plain, old-fashioned way, you seem so much older than you really are, and the Doctor and you have always been such good friends, he may confide to you."

"Excuse me, mamma," I said, running to the door. "I'm sure I hear the vegetable man, and I must see about luncheon before I go."

Away I ran down the stairs as fast as I could go, and rapped upon the door of the Doctor's study.

He opened the door, and already had his hat in his hand and his overcoat on his arm. He put both of them aside, and with gentle cordiality bade me come over to the open fire.

"For the air is chill, Miss Betty," he said, "though we are getting on toward April. I believe—"

"Yes," I said, and rushed immediately into the subject in hand. "I will not detain you, Doctor. I must tell you that mamma has concluded to move. I am going out house-hunting to-day."

Mamma ought to have been there, for if ever surprise amounting to consternation was depicted anywhere, it was painted on the Doctor's face at that moment.

"House-hunting!" he cried. "What the—the deuce would you do such an insane thing as that for? Move! What does your mother want now? Papering? painting? kalsoming? a hanging garden on the roof? a calcium-light in the hall? a steam calliope in the parlor? Tell me what she wants, and if it's possible to accomplish it with the aid of Aladdin's lamp it shall be done."

How could I say that she wanted him to marry my sister Blanche? It made me burn from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet to remember the conversation between mamma and me.

"You are very generous, Doctor," I said, "but my mother wants to move. Don't you know that women are changeable sometimes and get tired of the one place?"

"And the one party?" he rejoined—"the one old fossil who began to hope he might settle down to certain surroundings and be happy? Are you one of those women, Miss Betty? Do you want to leave your landlord?"

I knew that it was nothing but a generous pity for my condition of mind and body that made him look upon me with such sweet compassion. He threw his gloves aside, and took both my hands in his own. That was his unfortunate manner, his all too friendly way, so easily misunderstood, as I tried to persuade my mother. If it had been my beautiful sister instead of my plain little self, it might have been thought that the consummation to mamma's ambition was about to be reached.

"You look already so tired!" he said. "Sit down here in this easy-chair, and tell me what I can do to save you from the awful fate of a house-hunter. Did you ever hear of Mynheer Von Ghlan, who ever morning said: 'I am the richest merchant in Rotterdam?' He came to grief, my dear little woman, from too much walking. Haven't you cares enough upon your poor little shoulders? If your mother will move, why don't she go herself upon this hunt that she desires?"

"My mother is never quite well," I said.

"And your sister?" he said.

"That would never do," I replied, quickly; "she is too—" and here I hesitated.

"Too beautiful," he said, with a wry grimace.

"Yes," I exclaimed, resolving to make one little struggle in mamma's behalf. "Don't you think that my sister is beautiful, Dr. Steele?"

"Yes," he said, with all the vehemence that could be required of him: "too beautiful altogether. I wish she was as ugly as a stone fence."

A red flame leaped into his dark cheek. He was certainly agitated by some unwonted emotion. I thought perhaps he loved her, but distrusted his fate because of her beauty and her youth. Who could tell? The moment passed while I hesitated, not knowing just what to say in mamma's behalf. If I only could have gained courage to ask him what was the motive that he spoke of to mamma upon that day at the beach; but how could I? It was impossible. I got upon my feet. He picked up his gloves and followed me out into the hall.

"You must persuade your mother to abandon this idea of moving, he said, gently.

"Oh, please, no!" I exclaimed. "I can not, Doctor. We must go."

"I can not force you to stay," he said, coldly; then turned to his man John, who watched his horse outside. "Go get a bill," he said, "and put it upon the house."

"To let?" said John, with curious surprise.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "No—for sale. I'll sell everything out," he added, "and go to the de—desert of Sahara." Then he leaped into his buggy and drove away, leaving me to ponder over the wretched frustrations of this miserable world.

Dr. Steele had lived twenty years at least in this dear old house, for he had often said that he came there when a boy of fifteen, and he could not be far from forty now. He was the only child of a widowed mother who had idolized him. When she had died, two years before, the doctor had put an advertisement in the paper that, I well remember, seemed very attractive to mamma. Our arrangements with him were, indeed, very satisfactory. He was generous to a fault, simple in his tastes, punctual in his habits. From a boarder he had become a friend, almost a benefactor. Had it not been for the beauty of Blanche, or the ambition of my mother, or the extreme warmth of the Doctor's politeness, or perhaps a tenderer sentiment of his that he scarcely dared nourish for so young and beautiful a creature as Blanche—had it not been for one or all of these, we might have lived happily here for years. Now we must go adrift again, Heaven knew where and how. I went out that very afternoon upon my dreary quest, and grew sick at heart when I saw the signal of misery and disintegration hanging at the doorway: "For sale. Inquire within." I read it, and acknowledged to myself then that the deed was done. We were homeless, homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth. I wished Blanche were not so very beautiful: perhaps it would have been better, as the doctor had said, if she had been as ugly as a stone fence, whatever style of ugliness that might be. For, wherever we went, my mother would begin again plotting, maneuvering, hoping, fearing, despairing. I went to all the agents in the neighborhood. I looked at impossible houses—houses like the Doctor's, but with rents that reached to the thousands. I found to my blushing horror that we had absolutely been living partly upon the Doctor's bounty—the rent we had paid for his house was ridiculously small. A mere farcical sum, which he must have known long ago. He could not have been unconscious of his reckless generosity, and the advantages we were reaping from it. My cheeks tingled with every knew knowledge I gained, but my chief sorrow lay in the fact that we could no longer go on living in the old blissfully ignorant way. The Doctor could afford it, seemed rather to enjoy it, and I had no longer that indomitable spirit that chafes under even a suspected obligation. If that spirit had ever existed, it had long ago oozed out of my weary toes, and every aching joint in my body.

But it was useless to mourn over lost happiness. The only thing to do now was to get a house within our means and live in it. I resolved to spare my people all the misery that I could and let them enjoy their last days at the dear, comfortable, roomy, sunshiny, never-to-be-forgotten house of the Doctor's. It was necessary to prepare them a little for the plunge downward they were to take. Mamma was the only one that suffered in the anticipation. Fred was at that happy period of a male existence when the "malious mischief" of a boy begins to merge in the "rackets" of adolescent youth. He was absorbed in the transition—didn't care what kind of a shelter I secured, so long as it would serve the necessity for sufficient sleep to tide him over from day to day.

Blanche was still less interested. She laughed to scorn all my efforts to prepare her pride and begged of me not to borrow trouble. Once in a while she bade me to remember that she was not an absolute drone in the hive and had her own schemes for our mutual advancement. I shuddered when the conversation took this turn, for she was more beautiful than ever, and consequently there were more matrimonial rocks ahead.

Poor mamma began to look gray and old and took double doses of her nervous medicine. Her constant recurrence to that day at the sea-shore made the bleak winds of March seem to be beating about my ears like pitiless waves against a ship in the trough of the sea, and her haggard and anxious surveillance of every movement of the Doctor's drove me at last to securing a house. It was a coffin-shaped building that savored of sewer gas a little, and of mold and mildew very much more; the paper was hanging from the walls; the ceilings were cracked and dangerously bulgy; cobwebs fantastically festooned it from the draughty garret to the gloomy kitchens down in the bowels of the earth. It was unhandy, dismal to desolation, on the damp and shady side of the street, and had the uncanny reputation of lately being occupied by a clairvoyant who had never come back from one of her trances. But the agent spoke vaguely of repairs, and it was absolutely the only house in the whole metropolis that seemed available to our family.

There was a final humiliation to suffer—security was demanded for the rent. There was nobody to ask it from but the Doctor. I began to think he might be so glad to get rid of us that this would be a trifling favor. For the Doctor, after the first shock, had appeared to be quite resigned to the idea of our separation. His house yet hung upon his hands; it was neither let nor sold; but the Doctor went upon the even tenor of his way, apparently undisturbed by the rise or fall of real estate.

March happened to be going out as a lion on the day that I secured the house. The heavens opened, the rain fell, and beat upon my defenseless head, that had ached and ached for many a day. I had almost lived in the streets for the previous fortnight, and ought to have grown accustomed to my nomadic miseries. But they seemed to culminate in my final success, and when the agent handed me over a document which he said would secure me the house if properly signed, a cold shudder went to the marrow of my bones, and I felt as if it was my death-warrant. I staggered home, resolved to have done with the whole torture that day, and found a moneyed-looking person on the door-step anxious to negotiate with the Doctor about his property. This was the last turn to the thumb-screw, but I hastened to the Doctor's study and asked him his price.

"A hundred thousand dollars, cash down!" shouted the Doctor, without even turning his head.

I thought I had misunderstood him. I was so faint and weary that every voice I heard went humming in my ears like a spent bell.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," I faltered: "what did you say?"

He turned and looked at me, got upon his feet, and reached me just as it seemed to me I could no longer stand. He carried me to an easy-chair, undid my bonnet strings, dropped some liquid in a little glass, and pushing back my head, poured it down my throat.

The bell rang loudly. The party at the door had waited all this time to know the price of the house.

"Tell him I've changed my mind," said the Doctor. "Take the bill down, John, and tell Miss Betty's mother to step down here at once."

"Your daughter is very ill," he said, as poor mamma came into the study. "She must be put to bed immediately. I will carry her up the stairs."

My poor mother, who could never restrain herself, burst into a passion of tears and reproaches.

"It is all your fault," she cried to the Doctor. "If you had not trifled so with Blanche, and actually told me that day at the beach that you cared for my daughter, and had a motive in inviting us to go there, and then thrown her over in such a humiliating way, things would never have come to this pass."

But the Doctor had already picked me up in his arms and started for the stairway, my poor mother stumbling after him.

"I did care for your daughter, Madam," said the Doctor, in a clear ringing voice that might have been heard upon the house-top, "and will care for her to my dying day, and my motive has always been to make her care for me; but it is your daughter Betty that I love, you blind and foolish woman, and not your beautiful Blanche."

I felt his rough beard graze my chin, his lips touch mine, in the twilight of the upper hall, and then I sank away into paradise. When I came back to the world again I was lying in my mother's bed in the second-story back room of the dear old house of the Doctor's. I must have lingered a long time in that queer and shadowy land to which I had drifted on that last wonderful day of my dreary house-hunting. A soft balmy air floated in at the top of the window that looked over the old-fashioned garden; the thick knobby old lilac-tree must have been bursting into bloom, for the faint sweet fragrance reached me where I lay; the tulip bed must have been one blaze of color. My mother sat in a low chair by my bedside with her prayer-book in her hand. But she looked younger by ten years than when I had seen her last. Poor dear woman! she was reconciled to my struggle with life and death, so long as more important matters had been doubtless comfortably settled. But she was overjoyed to find that I was there again. Poor mamma had always depended so upon me, and loved me well in her own way. Now it seemed that she almost loved me in another way, too, as she did her beautiful Blanche. Amid her tears and smiles she began to twist some wisps of hair upon my forehead into curls, and arrange the blue bows that ecorated my night robe.

"Thank God," she said, "for *all* His mercies! My dear, dear, child, compose yourself. Betty, before the Doctor comes—he has forbidden any excitement, any confusion—but, my darling, you must know—it is necessary, it *is right*, that you should know, and perhaps it will do you good; it ought to, I'm sure; it has sustained me through all these weary weeks—Betty, my love, my darling, wonderful as it may seem, it was *you* that the Doctor admired, it was you that the Doctor spoke about at the beach, and his motive was perfectly honorable and creditable. I'm sure if I'd only known it all this trouble might have been saved. But it's recognized now by everybody. He openly acknowledged it the day that you fell ill, and I must say he has acted up to it ever since."

"Who are you talking to, mamma?" said a voice at the door. "Has Betty come to?"

And in ran my beautiful sister. She hated tears, but they fell from her magnificent eyes upon my sunken cheeks and wasted hands; they fell in torrents; and although she was always so careful of her clothes, she flung herself by my bedside, rumpling all the pretty breadths of her marvelous spring outfit. She looked like a gem in porcelain. She was a hundred times more beautiful than ever. No wonder my mother was so astonished. It seemed a miracle that the Doctor had not a motive about Blanche. And my beautiful sister also loved me in her own way. She had determined to save me from what she considered an immolation.

"You mustn't talk, Betty," she said, "and we mustn't talk to you any more than we can possibly help. You've been very ill, dear, and we've been wild about you. The Doctor has gone about like a ghost, and we've followed him around like phantoms. I must say I think a great deal of the Doctor; he's a very nice; splendid man in a great many ways. But you needn't marry him, Betty, when you get well, unless you want to. I know how queer you are about these things—how you'd hate to marry him if you didn't just worship the ground he walked on; and yet you'd feel badly about the rest of us. And I want to tell you as quick as I can, before he comes in, that you needn't think of anybody but yourself any more. You've worn yourself out for us long enough. I'm engaged to Fitz-Edward Smythe, and only waiting for you to get well to marry him."

"Oh, Blanche!" I gasped; for the young man was little better than a poodle-dog.

"I'm fond of him, Betty; I am indeed!" she exclaimed; and she really looked as if she meant what she said. "I actually love him. He'll do anything in the world I tell him to do, and we shall have a most elegant time together, because his money is all his own, and I can help him take care of it, and show him how to really enjoy it in a proper way. There will be money enough for us all. You and mamma and Fred are to live with me, and it's all arranged between Fitz-Edward and myself that my family is to be held in the greatest consideration. I'd have been buried alive with your Doctor, and any one that marries him will be worse than a door-mat—Oh, goodness gracious me!"

For the Doctor walked softly in with a big bunch of roses in his hand. Blanche slipped out the door, my mother noiselessly followed her, and I was left alone with my benefactor.

The roses fell out of his hand. He scanned me at first with the eye of a physician. He felt my pulse, my forehead, my hands, my feet; he watched me for fully ten minutes, his face softening the while from the Æsculapian rigidity to an ineffable tenderness.

At last he took a long breath, and, seating himself in my mother's chair, he pushed back his hair from his forehead. I could see how gray it had grown. I could see the lines in his face. I held out both my hands to him.

"You would have been very sorry," I whispered, "if I had not come back to you?"

The strong hands trembled that closed about my own. He put his head down upon the pillow beside me. "Betty," he said, "I think I should have gone and got some dynamite and blown the whole property and its owner into fragments."

His eyes still devoured my face. I sighed uneasily and pulled the blue bow off my night robe and began to smooth back the hair that my foolish mother had tried to curl.

"I wish I had ever been the least bit in the world pretty," I said.

The Doctor picked up one of his roses that lay scattered about the counterpane and putting it upon my breast, he said, in his old, tender way:

"'Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.'"

—*Mrs. Frank McCarthy, in Harper's Weekly.*

An Effectual Punishment.

If practical jokers could suffer a little of the pain they are so fond of giving, it might cure them of their bad habit. Says a gentleman, speaking of the retributive justice which cured him:

I got one punishment when a boy I never forgot. When about ten years old, I fancied I had a grudge against a lad of my own age, but much smaller. Catching him alone one morning, I dragged him to the big watering-trough and gave him a thorough dousing in the icy water. While he was spluttering and trying to escape, my father came upon the scene. A moment's silence—then—

"Go into the house, Dan," was all father said.

I obeyed with a quaking heart. The morning passed, yet I was not called to account. Afternoon and evening dragged by; bedtime came, and still not a word was said.

It wasn't exactly a pleasant day to me. I had ample time to think it over and realize the meanness of my act. I retired with an uneasy mind; it wasn't like father to pass such a thing unnoticed.

Could he have forgotten it? Could it be possible that for some unknown reasons he was, to use a boy's phrase, "winking at it?" I was puzzled!

The next morning the mystery was solved. As I entered the breakfast-room father met me, and taking my hand silently, led me out to the trough, where I underwent exactly such treatment as I'd given Jim.

The following day another "hair of the dog" was administered. On the third morning I tried to starve it out, and by going without breakfast get rid of the ducking.

All in vain! Though, when the bell rang I kept in my room, I soon heard father calling in a tone I dared not disobey:

"Dan, Dan!"

And I went down, only to be marched out to my icy bath.

For one week I was put through that watering-trough every morning!

Father did not weaken the lesson by "words, idle words." And I guess he was right, for I did some thinking during those days.

That experience stuck by me and altered my course many a time in later life.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Rev. Adirondack Murray tells the New York *Times* that the interviewer is the curse of American newspapers, making them merely a nationalized sewing society.

A City in the Sea.

Cedar Key is a little city in the sea. The town takes its name from a number of diminutive islands, otherwise called keys, and they lie between the mouths of the Suwanee and Homesassa rivers. A large number of those keys are settled; on some, one family, others more, but on Way Key is the incorporated town of Cedar Key. This little island contains about forty acres and is four miles from the mainland, and hence we call it a little city in the sea. It is the terminus of the Transit railroad, which runs from Fernandina to this point.

After leaving the mainland the ride to this city is simply enchanting. Lovers of the beautiful in nature have here a fairy land more beautiful and lovely than fancy can create or language picture. If one look to the west the sheen of the sea is like molten gold, and if to the east, like silver; while as far as the eye can reach are innumerable little islands, like vast emeralds, of every size and shape, presenting a scene of indescribable beauty. Nor is the morning scenery less attractive and charming, for the train leaves the key just at that hour (7:30 o'clock) when Aurora, is robed in the most gorgeous garments, and with her beaming smiles tints the heavens and the waters with the glow of pink, and makes the dew of the grass and the foliage of the shrubbery which clothes the "multitude of isles" glisten like myraids of diamonds.

Cedar Key is a compact little city of about 2,000 inhabitants, and is growing every day in population and business. The rumbling of trains, the rattling of drays, the blowing of whistles of boats and steamships, the racket of hammers and whirl and roar of great saw mills are the daily experiences of this busy little city. But the principal industry is lumber. There are a number of saw mills here and over 1,500 hands and 100 mules are employed in "logging" on the islands while at least ten vessels are constantly chartered to carry the lumber to the United States and Mexico.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

The Nails.

The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults and slowest in the aged; goes on faster in summer than in winter, so that the same nail which is renewed in one hundred and thirty-two days in winter, requires only one hundred and sixteen in summer. The increase of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than those of the left; moreover, it differs for the different fingers, and in order corresponds with the length of the finger, consequently it is the fastest in the middle finger, nearly equal in the two on either side of this, slower in the little finger and slowest in the thumb. The growth of all the nails on the left hand requires eighty-two days more than those of the right.—*Lohause.*

—Mr. Wake Hubbell confesses to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* the authorship of the following spring poem: "'Tis night! The tired traveler seeks repose, and all over the earth the silent stars keep watch. The birds are in the shady trees and hushed the winds and all the breeze; and watchmen, on their lonely beat, perambulate the quiet street. No sound is heard, save the gentle gnawing of the rat and the shrill murmur of the Thomas cat! Now softly up the window flows, and from it quick a bootjack goes! In front of that bright cottage door that Thomas Cat will sing no more!"

—It is predicted that the summer will be severe on the dude, for without a stiff shirt collar the dude *is a* failure.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A Cincinnati dry goods man won't advertise because so many other dealers do. He hasn't made a dollar for the last ten years because so many other dealers have.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An old butcher way out in Missouri,
With neuralgia, he suffered like fury
St. Jacobs Oil banished
The pain which all vanished—
And prevented a coroner's jury.

A cranky old man named Blake,
Says St. Jacobs Oil "takes the cake,"
He gave it one test,
And says its the best,
Cure in the world for backache.

In Belfast, Me., the wife of the Rev. Mr. Libby, bed-ridden for two years, announces herself as suddenly cured by prayer.

THOUSANDS of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

WHAT did the paper weight for!—*New South.* Probably for its ink-come.—*Georgia Major.*

Wrecks of Humanity,
who have wasted their manly vigor and powers by youthful follies and pernicious practices, inducing nervous debility, impaired memory, mental anxiety, despondency, lack of self-confidence and will power, weak back, and kindred weaknesses should address with three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving unfailing means of cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 1, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 70
Good packers	6 50	@ 7 00
SHEEP	4 75	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 5 30
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 18	@
No. 2 winter red	1 15	@ 1 16
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	43	@
Rye—No. 2	62½	@ 63
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@ 12 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 50	@ 19 75
Lard—Steam	11-20	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 18¾	@ 1 20
No. 1 white	1 16	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	65	@ 66
Oats—mixed	45	@ 49
PORK—Mess	20 00	@ 20 25
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50¼
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15	@
Corn—No. 2	56	@
Oats—No. 2	39¼	@ 39½
Rye	64½	@
PORK—Mess	19 20	@ 19 25
LARD—Steam	11-62½	@ 11-65
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 12	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 22¼	@ 1 22¼
Corn—mixed	65	@ 64½
Oats—mixed	48	@ 50
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 75	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10	@ 1 12
Corn—mixed	53	@ 54
Oats—mixed	43	@
PORK—Mess	20 25	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 14½	@
CORN	54	@
OATS—mixed	42	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 5 60

NOW THAT Arthur Sullivan is knighted, we shall expect no more musical works from him, for the good book tells us that when the knight cometh, no man can work.—*Boston Transcript.*

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours,
WM. RYDER, 87 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N.Y.

BUYING oil is a business that had better be marked with a *. It's a nasty risk.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

A GENTLEMAN from Orwell, Pa., called my attention to Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, etc. He was so earnest in asserting it to be a positive cure (himself having been cured by it) that I purchased a stock. The Balm has already effected a number of cures here. P. F. Hyatt, M. D., Bordentown, N. J.

VAULTING ambition—The design of the bank burglar.—*Boston Star.*

ROCK HILL, S. C.—Rev. J. S. White says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility. It restored me to strength and vigor."

THE musician, like the cook, makes his bread out of his do.—*Boston Transcript.*

NEW BERN, N. C.—Rev. G. W. Offley says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters, and consider it one of the best medicines known."

INCOMPETENCY—Fortunes derived from hotel-keeping.—*New York Star.*

REMARKABLE for overcoming diseases caused by impure water, decaying vegetation, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

SUN-SHOWERS must always be counted among raining beauties.—*New York News.*

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could not live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was affected.

FRED says that there is in New York a horse so balky that he "won't draw his own breath."

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

COUGHS, COLDS AND SORE THROAT quickly relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Is simply without parallel for wholesomeness, and in its purifying effects.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

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Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

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GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

An Open Secret.
The fact is well understood that the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is by far the best external known for man or beast. The reason why becomes an "open secret" when we explain that "Mustang" penetrates skin, flesh and muscle to the very bone, removing all disease and soreness. No other liniment does this, hence none other is so largely used or does such worlds of good.

WOMAN'S FRIEND.

Having been troubled for many years with kidney disease, with severe pains in my back and limbs—my ankles were at times very badly swollen—I was advised to go to the hospital for treatment, which I did on the advice of a friend, but found no relief, at least only of a temporary nature, and I had given up all hope of a cure until my husband was advised to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend that had used it and been cured of a severe case of dropsy and kidney trouble. I procured a bottle, and had not used one-half of the bottle before I began to be better, no pain in the back, and the swelling of my limbs commenced to go down, and my appetite was much better, for I had become so bad that all I ate distressed me very much. It was really dyspepsia, combined with the other troubles, and I have used four bottles, and am able to do my work and attend to household duties which before had been a burden to me, and I can only thank Hunt's Remedy for the health and happiness which I now enjoy, and esteem it a great privilege and duty to give you this letter in behalf of my many suffering lady friends in Boston and the country, and can only say in conclusion that if you once try it you will be convinced as I was, even against my own will, that Hunt's Remedy is indeed a woman's friend.

You are at liberty to use this for their benefit if you so choose. Respectfully yours, MRS. WM. GRAY,
Hotel Goldsmith, 1416 Tremont Street, Boston.
April 25, 1883.

A BAGGAGE-MASTER'S PRAISE.

MR. H. BAGNY, baggage-master on Eastern Railroad, Boston, says:

"I have used Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine, in my family for months. It was recommended by friends in Portsmouth who have been cured of kidney troubles, and I find it just as represented and worth its weight in gold. My wife is using it for dyspepsia, and has improved so rapidly that I cheerfully indorse it as a family medicine of real merit, and I would not be without it."
April 27, 1883.

"DRINK FAIR, BETSEY, WOTEVER YOU DO."
—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

TEA CLUB ORDERS.
We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $15. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS, of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight Charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY'S CREAM BALM POSITIVELY CURES CATARRH COLDS IN THE HEAD HAY-FEVER
will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.
HAY-FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

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There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the official specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Dr. J. H. SCHENCK has just published a book on
DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CURE THEM
which is offered FREE, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains *valuable information* for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.
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SOLD by watchmakers. By mail 30c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1883. NUMBER 33.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—George H. Corliss, of Rhode Island, is building the engines for the first cotton mills to be erected in China.

—The blue-stone business of Saugerties, N. Y., including the quarries, furnish employment for from 1,500 to 1,800 men.

—Dr. Fields, of St. Louis, has invented a compound which costs only one-fifth as much as gunpowder and has seven-tenths more explosive power.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—An Oneonta (N. Y.) firm has shipped $200 worth of hop roots to Kentucky. The industry is a now one in that locality, and the roots are to be used as an experiment.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Geological examination reveals in the delta of the Mississippi, along a space of 300 miles, ten distinct forests of buried trees. Bald cypresses with a diameter of twenty-five feet have been found.

—Among the notable things in Palatka, Fla., is the first tangarine tree ever budded in Florida. The bud was received by Dr. Morangue before the war, and from this comes all the kid-glove oranges in that State. The tree can be seen in his grove, which is quite celebrated on that account.—*Chicago Times.*

—Injecting pine railroad ties with chloride of zinc preserves seventy-nine per cent. of them for over twenty-one years; beech ties injected with creosote, fifty-four per cent. for over twenty-two years, and oak ties injected with chloride of zinc preserved twenty-one per cent. for over seventeen years.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A new self-tending strawberry bed is the invention of a Californian. Fill with earth any sort of barrel that has been bored well all round with inch holes. Plant strawberries in every hole and in the open top, root downward and top outward. It is a great success. It is quite ornate, and it will keep for several months in bearing.

—The Southern Silk Industrial Association has sent the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* a bunch of raw silk raised by the ladies of the association in that city. The silk is of a beautiful golden hue, very soft and fine, and, the *Times-Democrat* says, proves that as good a quality of silk can be raised in New Orleans and vicinity as anywhere else.

—In *Science* Mr. W. H. Pickering, carrying out a suggestion made by Professor Brewer, of Yale, constructs the curve of the progress of the trotting horse in America, and finds that it will cross the mile-in-two-minutes line about the year 1901. He also deduces, from statistics prepared by the same authority, the conclusion that at the date mentioned there will be not far from 10,000 horses in this country which can trot a mile in 2:30 or better.

—Mr. John Pearson, a trembling old man, who has been a resident of Fort Smith, Ark., for forty-three years, claims to have been the actual inventor of the revolver patented by Colonel Colt. He says that in 1834, while he was working in Baltimore with a gunsmith named Baxter, Colonel Colt hired him to make experiments, which resulted in the perfected revolver, with six charges in the cylinder and one barrel. Pearson never received any reward for his invention.—*N. Y. Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Mothers who are tired of their little daughters and want more time to gad should send them out to jump the rope.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—De very man dat tells yer that clothes doan make de man is de one what looks to see how yer's dressed. I'se done dis myself.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A Reading (Pa.) man died a few days ago, after drinking fifteen quarts of water. The Coroner's Jury rendered the verdict: "Suicide by drowning."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A girl in this city has made a wager to wear her fiance's shoes for two weeks, and he wears hers. The fiance says he has the most comfort out of the arrangement.—*Chicago Herald.*

—When we were ten years old we used to think, while gazing in the window of a candy store, how much we would like to work in such a place. Now we are affected with a similar feeling while gazing in the window of a bank.—*N. Y. Post.*

—"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat every one with politeness; even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesies to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

—An unscrupulous person contributes this: "A gentleman went down to Mississippi from Tennessee to prospect, with a view to immigrating. He happened to be in that part of the country which the tornado struck, and was completely carried away with it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"Settled with a bullet," says one of our exchanges in giving an account of a murder. It does not state the cause of the trouble between them, but it is high time that the present generation should learn to have no dealings whatever with a bullet.—*Chicago Times.*

—"What would you do if you were I and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young swell of his lady friend as he escorted her home from church. "Well," said she, "if I were you I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain under my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."—*N. Y. Times.*

—Printers are liable to err. So, at least, thought the young man who blushed to the tips of his ears as he stepped up to the society editor's table. "Good morning. What is it, sir?" was the affable greeting. "You made a little mistake in your announcements yesterday, sir." "Very likely. It is almost impossible not to make a mistake sometimes. What was it?" "You said me and Lizzie Pipkins were bothered, when we were not bothered at all. We are betrothed, sir. Quite a difference." "Ah! I presume you se the difference now more than you will in the future. However, I will smooth the matter out. Good morning, sir."—*Weaver's Warp.*

On the Management of Children.

Of all the disastrous policies which thoughtless parents adopt for the government or training of children, scarcely one is more prolific of evil than that of harping perpetually upon a child's shortcomings or defects. Sometimes it is a physical peculiarity—red hair, a squint eye, a pug nose, some uncommon development of feature or form—that receives comment. This, as it is generally only a jocular, good-natured badgering, is not extremely serious, though evil sometimes results, as a morbid self-consciousness is likely to be developed, both painful and injurious to the child. Frequently the fruit is excessive shyness or awkwardness, difficult to overcome even after the primary cause may have been outgrown.

But when it is some mental trait that is made the never-ending topic of remark, with gloomy or sarcastic prognostications of the future that is to result, most evil results accrue. If it is true, as a noted novelist has told us, that "we are apt to believe what the world believes about us," it is still more a truth as regards children, who are scarcely capable of deciding for themselves any knotty point, whose thoughts are more or less confused at the best, who naturally turn to parents or guardians rather than to the voice of conscience for the right or wrong of anything, and whose most intimate associates stand to them for the world. A policy of this kind can not but prove dulling to the sensibilities and hardening to the heart. Many a parent who has harped upon his child's shortcomings till he has hammered that child's heart to a stone, wonders that his child persists in the even tenor of his way, paying no more attention to remonstrances than to the voice of the wind. It would be a thing to wonder at more if he did otherwise.

That which is berated may be a real fault—indolence, untruthfulness, lack of order and the like; or it may be simply that the fault is in the parent's eye—that the child is not to the parent's mind. The child may exceed in physical energy, when the parent would have more intellectual strength; or he may be studious and dreamy, when the parent desires him to be matter-of-fact. The harping and hammering go on, day after day, in season and out of season, till the child comes to look upon home as a place of torment rather than refuge, and upon the parent as an avenging Nemesis rather than a being to reverence and love. If the victim is a boy, he is quite likely, after a certain age, to keep out of the way as much as he can, if he does not quit the premises altogether, which project is meditated by nine out of every ten boys so situated. Happy for both parent and child if the latter seek not at a "saloon," or some other equally demoralizing resort, that freedom which he misses in the home. There is ofttimes something exceedingly pathetic about these much-berated little ones. Listless and dispirited, too often sullen as well as sad, all childish sparkle and spontaneity lost, they go about with drooping heads and downcast eyes, as if in gloomy meditation on the ever-expected storm.

Doubtless with most parents the practice of excessive chiding is begun with the honest purpose of amending some fault, but continued from force of habit, or often from irritation of mind, induced by the child's failing to heed and be healed. The fact is that children so dealt with seldom do heed. Gentle, steady firmness may, indeed, take more patience, energy and time than a stream of reproofs, but let the parent be assured that if the former does not cure, the latter never will.

Dickens gives us a good illustration of this kind of management in the childhood and early school life of David Copperfield. What a true and pathetic picture is that of the boy's distress of mind as he is about leaving home for school—of his anxiety and trepidation lest the Murdstones have sent his character—as they themselves daily depicted it to the boy—on in advance of him, predisposing his future associates against him, and setting him at once in disgrace before the school! What a barbarous as well as disastrous policy! Yet how many children are made to suffer in like ways and far more keenly, often, than their elders are aware! Poor David, with all his trials and the evils imputed to him by his tormentors, is still a model child. Few children, I think, with his experience, would have turned out so well.

If any parent feels an uncertainty about the ill effects of "living under a cloud," let him try the experiment for himself. Let him offend the prejudices of the community, or let some enemy instill suspicion or dislike into the minds of his associates; let him for a few months meet with shoulder-shruggings where he is accustomed to hand-shakings, with indifferent nods where he expects greeting, and then let him declare whether his experience has served either to sweeten his temper or soften his heart. Even if he be innocent of any evil, he will find the cross none too light. But in any case we elders still have the best of it; we can at least hurl back coldness for coldness and disdain for disdain. Not so with the children. They are expected to keep in mind the divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and never, under any provocation, to "answer back." If they do forget themselves, Solomon's remedy is generally brought into speedy use, to teach these small atoms of humanity their weakness and their dependence, which, poor things, they already know too well!—*Country Gentleman.*

—All Monday morning the people of Atlanta were astonished at the continuous tolling of the bell of the Second Baptist Church. At last a policeman decided to enter the edifice. He found an eight-year-old boy nearly exhausted by his efforts to toll the bell and arouse attention to his case. He had gone to sleep during the services the night before and had been overlooked and locked in. His parents were searching other parts of the city for him. He ate himself nearly blind that afternoon.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

—Some concern was aroused by the startling head-line, "Beating Providence." Investigation, however, revealed the fact that it was only base-ball.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Taken From Life.

About forty years ago a handsome young Frenchman was at the head of an aristocratice French school on the Staten Island Hights, just back of New Brighton. Among his pupils was the daughter of the haughty Bigelow family, then prominent in New York society. To reduce a two-volume romance to a paragraph, I can only say that the French professor fell in love with Miss Bigelow, and she vowed she would rather die and take her chances in the other world than to live without him. Her parents opposed and threatened, and there were terrible times in the social circles of New York and Staten Island. Finally the lovers settled the difficulty by getting married. Miss Bigelow was disinherited. Two lovely cherubs—brother and sister—were the result of the marriage, and for once love ran smoothly after marriage. Nothing, however, is certain in this illusive life; both father and mother fell ill and died very suddenly. The two little orphans were taken to Boston and educated by wealthy relations of the family.

The girl grew up to independence and struck out for herself. She became a teacher, and for several years was Professor of elocution in Vassar College. Her brother also disliked to be a burden to his relatives, and when the war broke out he enlisted in the artillery service and went away to fight for glory and twenty-dollars a month. Not getting killed he was able to return and participate in the ways of peace. In due time he found himself at the head of a big manufacturing business in the enterprising City of Chicago. He was also engaged to an accomplished young lady, and Cupid sharpened his arrows at her door. Prosperity seemed to have a mortgage on their future, and all was going well until the great fire reduced everything to ashes. The flames were bursting from the roof when the young man reached his house. He saved but one thing; it was a large painting of his mother. He buried it in the garden amid showers of cinders. Then extinguishing his clothes which were on fire, he drove to another house a mile away, reaching it in time to rescue his sweetheart. Their marriage soon followed.

I have long been interested in the career of this young man. First he was an engineer; then a journalist; then a miner in the lofty mountains in the San Juan country; then an expert in Mexico for a Wall street syndicate, and at last he found a responsible position in a wealthy powder company. He was very successful, and he went out to superintend the blasting of some iron mines in Pennsylvania. To show the superiority of his own powder over dynamite he used both compounds. The dynamite exploded prematurely, and when we stood by his coffin in Columbus avenue, Boston, it seemed pitiful that among all the people in this great world a life so young and full of promise should be snuffed out like a candle. This death of William A. Le Row—so sudden, so unnecessary—is another proof of the treacherous, terrible power of dynamite.—*Washington Capital.*

The Prevision of Thunder Storms.

Considering the immense destructiveness of thunder storms at this season, a recent communication to *Nature* by Mr. Ley, of London, on the subject of "sheet lightning" is practical and timely. The phenomenon of "sheet lightning" has been long discussed by scientists, but its nature has only within a few years been determined, and a too popular impression exists that it is a harmless exhibition of electrical force in the clouds. It is probably owing to this misconception that so many lives are lost by lightning stroke, people generally not taking the noiseless electrical display as the forewarning of a thunder storm. Mr. Ley very properly rejects the notion that sheet lightning is merely "a distinct form of lightning unaccompanied by sound,' and shows that, on the contrary, as a rule, it is "the illumination produced by a distant thunder storm." "It is certain," he says, "that the illuminations of an ordinary thunder storm at midnight, when there is no moonlight, have an average radius of more than forty miles."

This is a moderate estimate, as other experienced observers give much greater distances at which lightning is visible. Mr. Symons states his belief that it is sometimes visible "as far as one hundred and fifty miles," which may possibly be the case in the tropics, where electrical storms in which the lightning flashes extend over several miles are formed at great altitudes. The distance at which thunder is audible, however, does not often reach fifteen miles, though an extreme case has been reliably reported in which over two minutes elapsed between the flash and the thunder, indicating that the former took place about twenty-five miles from the observer. It is obvious that during the raging of an electrical storm its vivid flashes, especially at night in the absence of moonlight, may be seen at many points where the thunder is inaudible, and also at many points over which the storm itself will not sweep. But to all points lying in the storm's path and at which the silent lightning is visible the flashes will serve as warning signals of the tempest's approach. With a little reflection when such signals are displayed to an observer it is easy to foresee whether the distant storm will pass dangerously near him. While our summer thunder storms may not be translated from point to point in the same way a regular cyclone is, they progress so slowly that there is usually time enough between their first seen flashes and their near approach to discover their line of advance and to guard against the danger. Of course this interval is greater if the storm comes up at night, when its lightning can be seen at greater distances—probably in most cases one or two hours before it arrives. As all great thunder storms occur only where sudden and sharp alterations of temperature are impending, and the daily weather reports show generally over what sections such thermal changes will take place, every man may be weather prophet enough to put the above principles to good use in protecting his family and his property against the disastrous effects of these storms.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Religious.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasures seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! My daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load;
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live! with kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her Heavenly home.

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June 10	At Iconium and Lystra	Acts 14: 1-18
June 17	End of the First Missionary Journey	Acts 14:19-28
June 25	Review.	

THIRD QUARTER.

July 1	Joshua, Successor to Moses	Josh. 1: 1-9
July 8	Passing over Jordan	Josh. 3: 5-17
July 15	The Plains of Jericho	Josh. 5:10-15 and 6:1-5
July 22	Israel defeated at Ai	Josh. 7:10-26
July 29	The Reading of the Law	Josh. 8:30 35
Aug. 5	The Cities of Refuge	Josh. 20: 1-09
Aug. 12	The Last Days of Joshua	Josh. 24:14-29
Aug. 19	Israel Forsaking God	Judg. 2: 6-16
Aug. 26	Gideon's Army	Judg. 7:1- 8
Sept. 2	The Death of Samson	Judg. 16:21-31
Sept. 9	Ruth and Naomi	Ruth 1:14-22
Sept. 16	A Praying Mother	1 Sam. 1:21-28
Sept. 23	The Child Samuel	1 Sam. 3: 1-19
Sept. 30	Review.	

MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND MAY-BE.

Much of men's regret for by-gones is based on an untrustworthy memory and a one-sided view of experiences. It is natural to consider the disadvantages outside of one's self, rather than the lack of a right spirit in one's own heart. It is easy to forget the dangers and troubles incident to a once-prized plan, while remembering all its potencies and promises. It is much easier to complain of "circumstances" than to acknowledge a deficiency in one's own powers of making the best of things. Some men and women, therefore, talk of "fate" and "chance" and "misfortune" in a way which is essentially pagan, and utterly removed from a true Christian view of God's providence. If we have made right use of our privileges and conditions, it is no part of our duty to complain of the result. If we have failed to make the most of ourselves, have wasted time and strength, and have resisted what we ought to have accepted, then surely, it is no part of our privilege to shift the blame upon "luck" or "fortune," by which we virtually mean God himself. The past is the past; its by-gones and might-have-beens are behind and not before; and the right use of their lessons does not lie in unchristian complaining or morbid retrospection.

"It shall be," therefore, is usually a more sensible utterance than "It might have been." To every reader of these words there remain some time and many opportunities. If but a day of life is left, and all the previous days have been fruitless and wicked, that is no reason why the remaining twenty-four hours should be spent over the might-have-been. In the past lie lessons for the present and the future. Retrospection and self-analysis are useless unless they bear fruit. The knowledge of a past error ought to be a guide to a future success.

Then, too, there is no greater pleasure in the world than that of making amends to others for the wrongs we have done. The by-gones of life have not affected the individual alone; they have reached out and influenced others with whom he has had to do. Sad remembrance of old mistakes is only good when it turns the mind to the correction of those mistakes. Much more of the past, in this sense, lies within our power than we realize at first thought. There are still living, within reach, those who can be affected and benefited by a new and helpful purpose, springing up in the place of the old failure. A grudge may be removed, a hate may be softened, a misapprehension corrected, or a long-owed debt repaid, in one way or another. Works meet for repentance prove the sincerity of the changed purpose; and restitution for the past is as essential as right action in the future. There is even an added force, to be applied to present work, in the intensity due to a sense of past neglects. That which has been undone we add, when we can, to that which still remains to be done.

After all our work in the way of amends and restitution, of making up for lost time, there remains the duty of being satisfied with the Divine management of past life. If some things have not come to us for which we once hoped, others have been kept from us which would have been manifestly evil. He must have led an exceptional life who cannot say, at twenty years, or forty, or sixty: "I am glad I didn't have my own way." How often does the familiar line: "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," when sung in church or prayer-meeting, fall upon the ear like a direct message from on high, waking a loyal response in the heart. We are sorry for those men and women who, looking back into their lives, fail to recognize there the shaping hand of One wiser than they. To many there is needed no other proof of the existence of God than that offered by the record of their own personal experience. Gifts received, joys granted, miseries escaped, sorrows turned to blessings—all these are in themselves theistic arguments not to be brushed aside. Who can not see how his own schemes were mistaken ones; how his bitterest disappointments are matter for present rejoicings? Who can honestly say that his own management of life, without any help from outside and from above, would have been more successful than that which has been necessary "under the circumstances?"

Even the fatalists of pagan antiquity did not grumble about what they might have been if they had been given a chance; certainly Christians, believing in a Father in Heaven and a Son bringing life and immortality to light, can not decently be less brave. Looking upon the past, with its records of blessings given and dangers escaped, they may well exclaim:

Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these: "It might have been."

—*S. S. Times.*

An Ancient Plague.

A planter from Honolulu came lately to Philadelphia to consult the physicians of that city. He had been for eight years a leper, pronounced incurable by the native doctors. Having sufficient means, he has traveled from one eminent medical authority to another in the vain hope of escaping the merciless disaster which has laid its inexorable hold upon him.

Three years ago the *Companion* published an account of the existence of the Asiatic leprosy in Tracadie, New Brunswick. We received soon after from Dr. Jones, President of the Louisiana Board of Health, a report of an investigation made in the Lafourche region, where the disease has existed since the peopling of the shores of that bayou by the Arcadians. Fourteen cases were discovered. Since that time this most terrible of all diseases has appeared in some of our Northwestern States, having been brought there by Scandinavian or Chinese immigrants.

Now that skillful modern observation has made us measurably familiar with this malady, the Scripture account of it gains terrible reality and force. It was always used, as our readers will recollect, in the days of the Savior, to typify sin. We can better understand this comparison after having seen a living leper.

The physician in charge of the hospital for lepers states that the first symptom of the disease is a smooth, white spot in the skin, painless and scarcely apparent. It extends very slowly, does not interfere with the daily avocations of the victim, and is not offensive to himself or others. Then comes a loss of the sense of touch: the flesh growing numb. Hearing and sight go next. Then the whole body quickly decays, and the man becomes a walking death-in-life—a visible horror among his fellows.

Could anything better symbolize the progress of evil in a man? The habitual little fault, at which we laugh in our friend; the yielding to an agreeable appetite—how harmless and trivial a thing it is—how slowly it grows. Presently the man's sense of wrong seems slightly blunted. His moral nerves are dulled. Then, with fatal rapidity, he grows blind and deaf to all the good influences about him, to all innocence, purity, truth, to his mother's love, to his God.

After that the descent is swift. The poison taints every part. Strength, manhood yield. The man becomes an active power for evil in the world. He transmits the disease to his children. He imparts it to all who come near him. His touch is corruption; his breath is death!

For the leprosy of the soul, as that of the body, there is no hope of cure but in the mercy of God.

But here the resemblance ends. For the poor leper, hunted by his kind, will some day cast off the corrupted body which has tortured him so long. Its poison and decay he will leave in the grave. But the man who goes out into the darkness beyond death, with evil on his soul, takes it with him—to what end who can tell?—*Youth's Companion.*

Choice Selections.

—There is a sense in which we ought to love self, but it is not a selfish sense, but in a self-respecting sense.—*Golden Rule.*

—Trials are medicines which the great Physician prescribes because we need them. Then let us trust His skill, and thank Him for His prescription.—*Newton.*

—The increasing interest in regard to the teachings of the Bible, *pro* and *con*, is the sure harbinger of growing righteousness and godliness throughout the earth.—*Rev. N. B. Remick.*

—Be cheerful: do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.—*Arthur Helps.*

—Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and clearly: then do the other thing, without letting any moments drop between.—

—In youth and riper years practice temperance, purity, healthful sports and vigorous exercise; avoid every waste of physical force; train for the race and the battle of life, and keep right on with every faculty of mind and body in healthful play and development; avoid excess of rest or labor, and grow with every joint and member fitly compacted together. Blessed is he who understands these things, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when he shall say: "I have no pleasure in them."

—Religion is reproached with not being progressive; it makes amends by not being imperishable. The enduring element in our humanity is not in the doctrines which so unconsciously elaborate, but in the faiths which unconsciously dispose of us, and never slumber but to wake again. What treatise on sin, what philosophy of retribution, is as fresh as the fifty-first Psalm? What scientific theory has lasted like the Lord's Prayer? It is an evidence of movement that in a library no books become sooner obsolete than books of science. It is no less a mark of stability that poetry and religious literature survive, and even ultimate philosophies seldom die but rise again. These, and with them the kindred services of devotion, are the expression of aspirations and faiths which forever cry out for interpreters and guides. And, in proportion as you carry your appeal to those deepest seats of our nature, you not only reach the firmest ground, but touch accordant notes in every heart, so that the response turns out a harmony.—*Dr. Martineau.*

Our Young Folks.

AN OLD PROVERB.

Pouting, my darling, because it rains,
And flowers droop, and the rain is falling,
And drops are blurring the window panes,
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling!
Crying, and wishing the sky was clear,
And roses again on the lattice twining!
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together,
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow the day's declining,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But *this* is the time the heart to test,
When Winter is near, and storms are howling,
And the earth from under her frozen vest
Looks up at the sad sky, mute and scowling;
The brave little spirit should rise to meet
The season's gloom and the day's repining;
And *this* is the time to be glad; for, sweet,
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun's shining!"

—*Wide Awake.*

GETTING READY TO BE GREAT.

After the lessons for the next day had been prepared, Olivia said to her five pupils, as they were putting away their books:

"I know a boy who is getting ready to be great."

"A boy who is getting ready to be great!" echoed Harry and Robert.

"Yes," returned Olivia. He probably would be surprised if any one told him; but he is fast preparing himself to be distinguished."

"Who is he?" "What's his name?" and "Where does he live?" questioned the boys.

"Can't you guess?" returned Olivia. "He goes to your school; he lives not far away, and you see him every day."

Robert wondered if *he* could be the one to whom his sister alluded. He had done so well for the past few weeks; he had proved all his examples without grumbling; he was head in grammar class, and he was cultivating mental and moral power in various ways. Perhaps his sister did mean him.

"What does a fellow have to do when he gets ready to be great?" asked Newell. "Tell us that, Cousin 'Livia, then perhaps we can guess."

"I didn't know boys were ever great," said Harry."

"Greatness does not come suddenly," returned the young girl. "The world does not often see it till it is in blossom; but it is a long while in growing; so long that one who wishes to be noted among men must lay the foundation for greatness when young. This boy's superiority may not be acknowledged in thirty or forty years, but that his name will be distinguished some day I firmly believe."

"So it takes greatness thirty or forty years to grow?" said Harry, in some surprise.

"Yes, all of that—a life-time. Yet it comes like a tree, from very small seeds. What peculiar' quality do we see in all great men—in Washington, in Lincoln, in Garfield, in Humboldt, and in Columbus, Luther, Newton, and hosts of others?"

"Genius," answered Newell.

"Vim," cried Robert, proud of the friendly relations he was forming with this quality.

"Genius," said Olivia, "did not make them famous. Thousands of boys have genius, but they never amount to anything because—"

"Because they haven't vim," exclaimed Robert.

"Yes," smiled his sister, "because they haven't vim. But what is the root of vim—the moral root, I mean, not the Latin one.'

"I should think a good strong will might be," said Newell.

"Yes," said Olivia, "all these men had good strong wills, and, what is more to the purpose, the will of each was well trained. They were what we call self-reliant. Self-reliance means more than dependence upon yourself; it means trust in God first, and faith in yourself next. Do you suppose Columbus asked any one to do his thinking for him?"

"We know he didn't," responded Harry. And Robert said, stoutly: "No, sir-e-e; he did his own thinking."

"And so did George Washington and James Garfield and Newton and Luther," said Newell."

"Then you know a boy who does his own thinking, 'Livia?' spoke up Laura, who all this time had been thinking and listening.

Olivia smiled and nodded her head.

"And I suppose he always knows his lessons," ventured Robert.

His sister nodded again.

"And he goes to our school?" mused Hettie, who before this had not uttered a word. "It must be Tommy Davison!"

"Tommy! Tommy Davison!" they all shouted.

"No-o," said Robert, incredulously; but Olivia nodded her head and said, quietly: "He is the boy."

"But he isn't any smarter than we are," protested Newell.

"Not a bit," returned Olivia.

"But you said—"

"I said he was getting ready to be great."

There was a little silence—a heavy silence. It was broken by Newell, who asked: "Do you suppose he does his own thinking?"

"I know he does," was the young lady's reply.

"Why—how do you know, Olivia?"

"He would not join our preparatory class, though I asked him to, and told him that it should cost him nothing; so it wasn't his poverty that kept him from coming. It was his self-reliance. I saw him to-day and asked him how he was getting on. I had a little talk with him, and am astonished at the sensible books he reads. Just think of a boy of twelve reading Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' and liking it, too! Why, it is a work for a man! And he studies up Carlyle's chapters from other books as he goes along—from histories and biographies; he finds these in the public library or in the pastor's encyclopedia. He is a prodigy," said Olivia, warmly, "and a good boy, too; and that is why I know he is getting ready to be great,"

"But did he tell you he got his lessons out himself?" asked Robert.

"Not exactly; but I asked if a certain problem did not discourage him, and he said: 'I did not stop to think of getting discouraged. I only kept at it. It took me three Saturdays to do it, but I got it.' I told him I should have been happy to help him, but he answered, laughing, that 'he didn't need any help with that problem now,' and thanked me. He says all the others have been easy since, and we know why, don't we, boys?"—*Royal Road.*

Little Sunshine's Vail.

Don't ask me if little Sunshine was pretty, because I don't know—nobody ever did know; and this was the reason why, she had a very wonderful vail, and whenever anybody spoke to her, or even looked at her, she would draw it over her face, and you could not tell whether her eyes were blue or brown, or whether her skin was fair or dark; you only knew this wonderful vail made you think of sunshine and flowers, and all the pleasant things in the world.

And, strange as it may seem, it always put everybody into a good humor just to look at it. No matter how angry or quarrelsome her companions might be, they would generally break into a merry laugh as soon as it showed itself.

As for her own face, a frown had no chance at all. This pretty vail would chase it away before it had time to pucker up a single wrinkle.

Sometimes when anything happened that she did not like, for a moment she would look downcast, like any other little girl that had been disappointed, but soon the vail would fall, and she would be her own sweet sunny self again, saying in the brightest way:

"Well, it don't matter; something else will do just as well."

She had a doll once, which had been given her by her Aunt May, and she loved it very much. It was a doll with the prettiest baby hands and feet ever seen. Now Sunshine was a right careful little girl, and though she had played with it ever since Christmas, it was almost as good as new.

But one day her little cousin, in their play, insisted upon exchanging dolls, and very soon broke off one of the dear little feet. The tears would come at first, and it was a very sorrowful little girl that carried her lame darling to mother for sympathy; but almost before the mother could say a word of encouragement the sunny vail was in its place, and Sunshine, smiling through her tears, said.

"Oh, well! mamma, it won't matter much, will it? 'cause you know you can stuff the stocking with cotton, and when the shoe is on it won't show a bit. Besides, I can play she's got a 'sick foot' like my little friend Lizzy Lore."

But when, before the day was over, the beloved doll fell on the pavement, and broke the beautiful head all to pieces, it well-nigh broke little Sunshine's heart, and she could but sob her griefs out, for her ruined doll, in her mother's lap.

But, again, the vail conquered; and, ever looking for the bright side, she said, quite cheerily:

"Well, anyhow, I can play with my little old doll, and I won't be so afraid of breaking that; and we can play poor 'Bella' had the croup and died; and we can have a funeral—can't we, mamma?"

Can you, little boys and girls, guess what little Sunshine's vail was, or shall I tell you?

It was the sweet smile that came from her—always looking for a bright side to everything, and keeping in a good humor, no matter what happened.—*Annie S. Wilson, in S. S. Times.*

Grandma's Story.

"It all happened on Mill Creek when I was a girl," said Grandma, wiping her spectacles.

"Brother James was about six years old then, and all the men folks were off to the war, so mother and I had to tend mill alone.

"Mother was strong and could carry a bag of grain almost as easy as a man; and I didn't mind doin' the housework, so we got along first-rate until one day a little white pig got into the water and floated down into the mill-wheel. And then, mercy on us! such a time as we had gettin' that pig out!

"I do believe it took half a day before we got that mill to runnin' again.

"You see, just above the wheel was a gate which could be shut down and stop the water from flowin' under the wheel when we wanted to stop the mill.

"Well, it wasn't more'n a day or two after the pig got into the wheel when mother rushed out of the mill and shut down the gate with a bang.

"Betsy Ann Dyer had just rode up with a grist, and mother called to her to come and manage the gate while she waded into the water up to her waist in the flume above the gate."

"'Betsey,' said she, when I nod my head you just raise the gate about a foot, and I'll dive for the pig,' for it seemed she had shut down the gate and caught the pig under it.

"Then mother drew a long breath, nodded and plunged with both hands for the pig.

"When she came up she looked awful white, but she had got the pig?—bless you, no—nothin' more nor less than brother Jimmy!

"Betsey she screamed, and I cried. 'Jimmy's dead! Jimmy's dead!' But mother said: 'I trust not,' and just hustled onto the bank as fast as ever she could.

"Then she laid Jimmy across her arm and jounced him up and down two or three times to get the water out of him.

"By the time we got him into the house and took his clothes off, and rubbed him pretty smart, he began to come to.

"After a minute or two he opened his eyes wide open and said: 'Ma, why didn't you git me out?'

"Then we all laughed; we couldn't help it, he was so spunky about it.

"And that was the end of pigs in Mill Creek until one time when the spring rains flooded it so that it broke through the dams and swept away whole villages."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JUNE 13. 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column 1 year $80
½ " 1 " 40
¼ " 1 " 20
⅛ " 1 " 20
" ½ " 10
" ¼ " 6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cent per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

Democratic Ticket.

For Governor,
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General,
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer,
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

Superintendent of Public Instruction,
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette.

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

CRAFT will now pray louder and oftener than before.

A KANSAS speculator has bought a million acres of land in Louisiana.

ON the 8th inst, a heavy snow storm prevailed throughout colorado.

OHIO will hold five political state conventions this year. She is to be pitied.

EDITOR WALDO, of the Rising Sun Recorder, has been excurting in the far West.

AN attempt is being made in the city of Georgetown to build a street railroad.

CHATTANOOGA is going to have a rip-roaring, star-spangled banner 4th of July celebration.

IT takes a great deal of doctoring to give Knott's nomination an appearance of fairness.

FRANKFORT is making an attempt to cut off the front door supply of whisky and beer on Sunday.

THE New York police a few days ago seized six small boxes containing fifteen hundred slungshots.

JOHN SHERMAN had only to say the word and he would have been the nominee of the Ohio republicans for governor.

LOUISVILLE sent a committee to invite the President and his cabinet to attend the Southern exposition to be held at that place.

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN says that not a drop of liquor of any kind has passed his lips since he has been Governor. Glad to hear it Governor.

THE races are in progress at the Latonia course this week, having commenced last Saturday. Some of the best steppers in the country will "go" there this week.

LAST year there were 85 deaths in the Anchorage Asylum—77 white and 8 colored. During the year ending October 31, 1882, one hundred and seventy three patients were received.

WIGGINS is out prophecying again, and he designates the 20th of next month as the hottest day of the season. History does not teach that the said Wiggins is a success as a weather prophet.

WE have before us Hon. L. C. Norman's annual report as Commissioner of the Insurance Bureau. It is a well gotten up book, and contains much information on insurance matters. Mr. Norman takes great pains in compiling his reports.

DEMOCRATS who have fought corruption and trickery all their lives, do not rest easy under the fraud perpetrated at Louisville; and a few more such conventions will reduce the democratic majority in Kentucky to uncomfortably small figures. Let us have no more conventions like that run by Isaac Caldwell & Co.

JUDGE HINES delivered the opinion of the Court of Appeals, last Saturday, affirming the judgment of the lower court fixing Craft's punishment at death. It now only remains for the governor to appoint the day for the execution, unless he concludes to commute the sentence, which is hardly probable. All eastern Kentucky will endorse the action of the higher court and rejoice in the final vindication of the law, as will the remainder of the state.

FLORIDA AS IT IS.

There has been such a wide spread and such a contagious mania for emigration from our grand old Commonwealth to other states, for the past ten years, that it seems that some discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of the state favored by our emigrants is peculiarly apt at this time.

In a long list of exchanges, there is hardly a paper but contains a letter from some other state, showing the advantages of climate and crops in such bright colors, that the farmers of our own state are blinded to the disadvantages. When a man has a farm of moderate productiveness only, and has, in the bargain, fallen short in a crop or two, he very naturally wishes to go to some place where the land is rich, crops certain and the prices low. Such places he hears about from residents of other states, Kansas, Missouri, California, and, of late, Florida. Of Florida, I wish to put before the readers of this paper, both sides—the good and the bad.

Florida recommends itself to those who are in search of health; for parts of the state, along the sea coast, from Jacksonsville to the lower part of Orange county, about 200 miles, are remarkably healthy, and especially to those who have lung or bronchial trouble. Here, in what is called the "Osage belt," are united a moderately low temperature, never ranging below 20 degrees above zero, nor above 95 degrees, with a soft, mild, atmosphere, that is a great contrast to our blustering, rainy, raw days, which carry regular northern blizzards far into what ought to be summer. Florida is unlike our state in respect to climate. Here we may expect, with some certainty, the same rains, the same drought, the same succession of crops, good or bad, all over the state; but, in Florida, while parts of the state are enjoying the weather, and (supposable) plenty of Paradise, there are other portions where all the plagues seem to fall at once. Fevers of all kinds, insects, and destruction follow each other, till the settlers of those portions of the state would be glad to exchange for a few acres of stony land among the hills of Boone county. The greatest attraction of the state is orange culture; and it is certainly allaring to a poor man, to read of orange land at from $5 to $25 per acre, and the average net gain on an acre of orange trees $700, when he may have hard work to clear $700 on a good sized farm.

The statistics of orange culture are astonishing. In this orange belt of which I have spoken, lie large tracts of land, for sale at the low price of $20 or $25 an acre. The trees are planted from 50 to 75 per acre. The average yield of a tree in good bearing order is from 800 to 1.000 oranges. These sell from $1 to $2 50 per 100. An orange farm rarely contains more than ten acres of land, and with even this amount many men make fortunes. It seems almost like magic, to think of such a sum as $1,000 being made off of one acre of oranges, 10 acres of land, yet it is done all the time.

In addition to oranges, most other tropical fruit grows there. Grape culture is being introduced with success, and silk-growing is an established industry. All these sources of wealth are pleasant to think about, but there are the same risks to run in crops of this kind as in a crop of wheat or corn.

The orange tree needs the most laborious care. It needs the incessant use of fertilizers, which you see advertised in every Florida paper. With the same care that orange growers put on their groves, the poorest spot in Boone county could be made yield a paying crop. The crop is as liable to failure as any other crop, from frost or an excessively rainy season, and the oranges, even when ripened and picked, are often a dead loss from careless packing, or a rascally assignee in the North. Still, the old adage: "Figures won't lie," can be applied here. But in opposition to all this, there are many parts of the state that are not desirable at all. Although the St. Johns river is one of the most beautiful in the world, the scenery wild and beautiful beyond description, fevers lurk along its banks, ready to seize upon the system of all who are not hardened to the climate. Out in the sandy desert portion of the state, insects are a perfect curse. It puzzles you to know what they live one, but one is forced to the conclusion that the fleas and mosquitoes exist in a semi comatose state, like bears in winter, during the time that passes between the visits of tourists, or unlucky northerners in search of cheap land.

It is a land of plenty and poverty; a land where free schools and churches are in abundance, but where the most dreadful ignorance prevails among the class of people, who are too poor to take advantage of even free schools.

To a person who has been accustomed to the latitude, Florida is as bad as a spell of sickness, for no one can escape losing his energy in a place where general sleepiness prevails. The people do not seem to enjoy any social advantages except during their short winter; for all the rest of the time they are occupied in an ineffectual attempt to keep awake and keep cool.

I have given a statement of both sides of the question, and when both are weighed, it seems to me as if the balance will be in favor of staying in Kentucky, and adopting some of the new ideas of making a farm productive, instead of going to a new state, to engage in a new business, and run the risk of a failure in a strange land.

Truly Yours, ***.

An Incident of the War.

During the rebellion, Gen. Buckner, late unsuccessful candidate for the democratic nomination of Kentucky, was in command of several thousand rebel soldiers in Texas, and had a large number of Union soldiers as prisoners during his stay there. His own men had not written home for many months, and were anxious to send letters, but it was not an easy matter to have them sent through the Federal lines to New Orleans. One day Gen. Buckner told his men that if any of them wanted to write home to do so at once. About three thousand letters was written and sent to Gen. Buckner's tent. The General then went to one of the prisoners and asked him if he would not undertake the journey in carrying the big batch of letters to New Orleans and mail them. The Federal prisoner replied in the affirmative and thereupon his entire his entire body from his neck to his feet was covered with the letters, and after being handed a roll of greenbacks by Gen. Buckner with which to buy postage stamps, the prisoner started through the country for the Crescent City. He arrived there in ten days afterward, bought the stamps and mailed the letters. While Gen. Buckner was in Frankfort recently, that same prisoner walked up to him on the street and said: "General Buckner, I am delighted to see you. Don't you know me?" Grasping the ex-Union soldier by the hand, he held it for fully two minutes. He expressed his delight at meeting him and thanked him heartily for the favor he had done him and his men. The Union soldier then told him all about the trip to New Orleans, the difficulties he had getting there, and added that he was "licking stamps every day and night for three weeks, but mailed all the letters and had fifty dollars left." As the two men parted Gen. Buckner assured his adversary in arms that if elected governor he would do something for him.--Ex.

TILDEN and Hendricks are having a boom in New York for the presidential ticket in 1884. The extent of Tilden's infirmatives are the topic of discussion again.

IN Grant county, near Eagle Mills, John Wills Green was shot and killed by Newton Jumps, last Saurday. The shooting and killing grew out of an old land controversy.

THE revenue receipts in Collector Finnell's district for the month of amounted to $418,502 50. The total collections since Gen. Finnell took charge of the district foot up $8,038,-682.

LEXINGTON'S city council has struck a streak of liberality, and order a school-house erected for the use of the colored folks. The building is not to exceed, in cost, three thousand dollars.

THE Auditor has refused to pay Governor Blackburn's colonels who escorted him to Nashville week before last. The Auditor does not believe in the Governor's foolish extravagance, when it comes off the taxpayers.

THE Enterprise says that Reuben Fletcher, of Lee conuty, has twenty children, of whom seventeen are boys and three girls, all by one wife, who is yet a stout, vigorous woman. The youngest of this brood is sixteen years old.

ANOTHER big racket is on among the colonels acting as aides to Governor Blackburn in his recent visit to the Nashville prize drills. The colonels did not feel content with the glory which the occasion showered on them but wanted to be paid for their extraordinary services. The Auditor of State refuses to regard the claim for pay, and there is much cussing.—Transcript.

—A "Bodiless Woman" troupe took in Glasgow two nights before it was discovered to be a fraud.

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics. Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

STATE NEWS.

—Tobacco-plant stealing is popular in Barren.

—Measles have caused a dozen deaths in Cumberland county.

—A storm swept through Union county, demolishing barns and fences and destroying 250,000 feet of fine timber.

—The Mt. Sterling Sentinel says A. J. Ringo, who was wounded in the assault upon the jail May 24, is rapidly recovering.

—A grand barbecue will be given July 4, by the people of Richmond and Madison county, in honor of the Kentucky railroad extension, which will be completed July 1st.

—Scarcely any attention was paid to the election of School Trustees in Barren county. Excitement over the Legislative race swallowed up the interest in minor elections, and in some school districts the polls were not opened.

—Glasgow Times: There is a prospect that Kentucky waters will soon be teeming with the choisest varieties of piscatorial life. Three hundred thousand shad are this week to be put in Green river at Montordville, and 300,000 more in Barren river at Bowling Green.

—Mrs. Ed Green, who lived near Flippin, Monroe county, was struck by lightning and instantly killed a few days since. She was standing, says the Glasgow Times, in the middle of the floor when a bolt of lightning struck the house, setting it on fire, tearing it up badly, hurling one of the doors fifty yards, and striking the unfortunate lady dead in her tracks. Every bone in her body was broken.

NOTICE.

Know all men by this notice: That Elzy Garrison, H. A. Hicks, B. L. Rice, C. C. Talbott, Wallace Garrison, John S. Mason and T. A. Huey, under the name and style of the Richwood and Big Bone Turnpike Co., have associated themselves together to contract and operate a turnpike road, beginning at its intersection with the Union and Beaver Lick turnpike, just southeast of Dr. H. C. Lassing's residence, in Boone county, Kentucky, and running thence in a general westwardly direction along an established and surveyed route, in a main line to Elzy Garrison's gate, and consisting of said main line and a branch turnpike, beginning at Robert Willis' corner with Richard Howlett, on the old Big Bone and Union dirt road, running in a general northwardly direction until it intersects the general main line at a point S E. of C. T. Rice's old homestead. Said main line and branch road shall be called the Richwood & Big Bone Turnpike.

Big Bone or some point on the road shall be the principal place of business.

The amount of capital stock shall be $10,-000, to be paid in as the work progresses.

Said corporation shall date from June 9, 1883, and continue fifty years.

Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and five directors, all of whom shall be ellected annually on January 1st of each year.

It shall not subject itself, at any time, to a greater liability or indebtedness than $6,000.

Private property shall be exempt from corporate debts.

ELZIE GARRISON, H. A. HICKS, B. L. RICE,
WALLACE GARRISON, JOHN S. MASON,
COURTNEY C. TALBOTT. T. A. HUEY.
June 12, 4t.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, June. 15, 1883.

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 50@	$3 00
Common Smokers	3 50	5 00
Colory Smokers	5 00	6 00
Colory Trash	6 50	9 00
Good Br't Trash	10 50	17 00
Fine Br't Trash		none
Fancy Bright Leaf	00	
Dark Lugs	4 00	5 00
Common Lugs	5 50	7 00
Colory Lugs	7 50	11 00
Good Stripping Lugs	11 25	14 25
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17	23 00
Common Leaf	6	10 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 50	21 00
Good Med. Leaf	21	24 25
Good Br't Leaf	24 50	27 00
Fine Br't Leaf	28 00	31 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 00
Good Lug Fillers	12 00	14
Fine Lug Fillers	18	23
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 50	21
Good Med. Fil'rs	22	24
Good L'f Fillers	25 00	27 00
Fine Leaf Fillers	27 50	31 00

FOR RENT.

One half mile above Rising Sun, Ind., a very desirable residence of seven rooms, out buildings, pasture, garden and fruit adjoining. Some farming land—or the farm of 130 acres can be rented with it. Good school in town. Enquire by mail, or at the place, Maple Grove. Mrs. D. G. RABB,
Rising Sun, Ind.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

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—DEALERS IN—
MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Clothing, Carpets, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - INDIANA.

A. M. Elliott AND Co,
—DEALERS IN—
Threshers,
Engines,
SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE
Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders.
South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows.
Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.
Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

Shoes, Shoes,

Mens' Brogans and Hand-Sewed Stich Downs.
Men's Fine Dress Shoes.
Boys Fine Dress Shoes & Brogans.
Children & Misses Fine Dress Shoes.
Ladies' Fine Dress Shoes a Specialty.
Mens' Lace Plow Shoes at $1,25, $1,50 and $1 75.

The reliable brands of LAWRENCEBURG PATENT and FAMILY FLOUR all ways on hand. W. E. PIPER.

Erlanger Hotel.
JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.
First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK READ!
Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs. PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & CO., Lock Box [illegible] D. C.

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Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
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We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.
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BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnotte, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Tyle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Como, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beaver—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor
restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 *Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

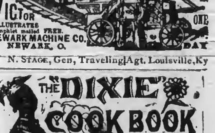
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.
Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

$1000 REWARD
For any machine hulling and cleaning fit for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR
Double Huller. It has made $100 often in ONE DAY
VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE.
NEWARK MACHINE CO.
NEWARK, O.
W. N. STAGE, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky



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Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.
S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, THRESHERS SAW-MILLS,
Horse Powers Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles
works of character, great variety, low in price, selling fast, needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 25 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce **JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK** as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. **S. S. SCOTT** as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce **N. S. WALTON** as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Read the new advertisements in this issue.

Vegetation is acquiring the proper color.

Lafe Barlow lost 12 out of 16 hives of bees last winter.

Another inmate of the Poor-house died last Friday.

The Sandford House, has been adorned with a new roof.

Very few of our turfmen have attended the Latonia races so far.

Uncle Church Clore is reported some better, but is yet a very sick man.

O. P. Conner had a fine Alderney cow to choke to death a few days since.

Jonas Delph says he has a turkey hen that has layed five dozen eggs in thirty days. That's business.

E. E. and Richard Utz have sixty odd hives of bees, quite enough to keep one man busy attending them.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color, and makes the hair vigorous and abundant.

John Kirkpatrick & Co., went to Petersburg, last week where they will remodel the Christian church.

Farmers are through replanting corn and the cut worms, it is hoped, are through destroying for the present.

Mr. John H. Smith has [illegible] hauling considerable corn through town the past few days, having paid 50 cents per bushel for it.

The colored folks occupied the Presbyterian church at this place, last Sunday, on which occasion two funeral sermons were preached.

Tobacco plants were thrust into the ground at quite a lively rate after the showers of last week, and at present are looking very nice.

This office is under obligations to the Sons of Temperance, of Petersburg, for tickets to their pic-nic at Parlor Grove on Saturday the 16th inst.

J. O. Huey, who lives in the suburbs of Scattersville, was in town the other day, and reported tobacco planting well advanced in his neighborhood.

Gabriel T Gaines has been particularly unfortunate with his stock the past few weeks, having lost hogs, sheep and cattle to the amount of $75.

Burlington is "styling up" quite extensively this spring, about one-half of the houses have been presented a new coat of paint or whitewash.

Michael Clore, of Bellevue, planted several acres of tobacco, which on account of the ravages of the cut-worms, he had to furrow out and plant over.

William Rue, of Gunpowder, died of typhoid fever, last week. He was a worthy, industrious young gentleman, whose death is deplored by all who knew him.

The sport of fishing seems to posess some particular fascinations for our Circuit Clerk as he generally visits the creek about twice a week, and comes back empty handed.

John Berkshire has added to his fishing outfit an artificial minnow, which it is said will make fish bite as well where they are not as where they are. John will report his success.

C. C. Hughes having become tired of farming, has decided to try and talk lightning to the people of Kenton county. Charlie thinks there is money there if it could only be brought out.

Joe Reed says he is at work getting up an "electric paint", which will do away with the necessity of lightning rods on buildings. Lightning rod men, wear crape for about thirty days.

Mr. F. W. Grant died at 4 p. m., last Sunday, at his residence near Petersburg, after several months intense suffering with cancer. He leaves many friends and relatives to mourn his death.

T. H. Baker, who has charge of a ward in the Central Kentucky Lunatic Asylum at Anchorage, has our thanks for a copy of the Annual Report of that institution for the year ending October 31, 1882.

At the last term of the Boone Circuit Court, Alfred Powell was fined $50 for unlawful shooting, and last Friday the Circuit Clerk received the Governor's remitter of one-half the fine. Powell was entitled to a release from all or none of the fine.

Capt. Billy Batterson, Francesville's fat contributor, passed through town, early Monday morning enroute to Jas. Roger's, where he is building chimneys for Mr. R's new house. Billy has the contract for building a vault in the Big Bone cemetery.

C. A. Fowler, while passing ball, the other day, was quite seriously surprised by the boys telling him there was another lightning rod agent in town. Charlie's horse being in readiness, he tarried not to throw again, but sped off like the wind in the direction of Woolper, whether he went to sell lightning rods or to fish, is only conjecture.

DONER'S DAUGHTER.

A Divorced Mother Unexpectedly Arrives from Illinois, and takes her Child from her Husdand.

Last Thursday, about 4 p. m., Mr. Green, a Covington attorney, accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Doner, of Illinois, arrived in town, and calling upon the County Judge requested a writ of *habeas corpus* for the recovery of a little girl, about eight years old, daughter of Mrs. Doner, and who was with her father, a man employed by Jerry Harris, of Walton. The necessary affidavit was made, the writ granted and placed in the hands of deputy sheriff T. W. Finch who started to Walton about dark, returning Friday morning with the child, a blackeyed and very intelligent looking little girl.

The trial of the case was set for two o'clock, before Judge Dills. When the time came the parties were all promptly on hand, the lady being represented by Judge Phelps, of Covington, and Mr. Green, while the father was his own advocate. On the trial it appeared from documentary evidence that the child's mother was divorced from the father, by an Illinois court, last February, and the custody of the child adjudged the mother, who testified that previous to the judgment and pending the trial of the divorce suit, the child's father, against her wish took her and carried her from place to place, and that she had not seen the child since, although she had tried to recover the custody of her. Letters written to Mrs. Doner by strangers at different places in Ohio, telling her where her child was and the manner of care and treatment it was receiving, and which were very uncomplimentary to the father, were read in evidence. The Judge decided that the mother was the proper custodian of the child, and ordered the officer to deliver her to her mother in Covington; and in a short time Mrs. Doner and her daughter, accompanied by T. W. Finch, left for Covington, at which place he delivered the child into her custody, and they started for Bloomington, Illinois, where the mother is engaged as a seamstress, she being a lady who earns her own livelyhood. Mrs. Doner has the appearance of a very nice, intelligent lady, and sought a divorce from her husband on account of his brutal treatment. Before Doner came to this State, she says that he did not stay at anyone place long enough for her to overtake him, and that she saved money from plying her needle to to make the trip here for her child.

Soon after Doner arrived here Friday morning, he got under the influence of liquor, and at one time was in a very uncomfortable position. He attempted to enter the room at the Boone House, where Mrs. Doner and her counsel, Mr. Green, were in consultation, when the lady became very much frightened and Green requested him not to enter the room; but he paid no attention to the request till the attorney drew a pistol and presented it to his head, telling him that if he came any further he would shoot him. The little girl realized that there was trouble, and took several cries during the day, but manifested more love for her mother than her father, and not until told by Mrs. Doner, would she kiss her father good by. Doner declared that he would be in Bloomington, Illinois, by the time they were. So the end may not be yet.

Doner's conduct here gave Mrs. Doner the sympathy of all who saw him or heard of the affair.

Base-ball.

Burlington's base-ball aggregation met the Aurora team at Bellevue baseball park last Saturday. The game was witnessed by a large number of persons—about 200—who happened to go to Bellevue "on business". The score below shows the result, which would be more credit to our local talent were the figures reversed. For an excuse, we don't know whether to say the boys are not use to river water, or that they got sand in their moccasins, or whether they were severally and collectively affected with rheumatism in their joints. One thing is certain, they did not cope with the Hoosiers, and the boys have been very reticent on the subject of base-ball since.

In'ings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Aurora	1	1	3	2	1	0	3	1	4	16
Burl'gton	3	0	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	8

The Speedwell boys went to Petersburg, last Saturday, to ride Dr. Ed's Almonts, and when they returned, some of them had their noses in slings, some had eyes in mourning, and but one had a score while the Almonts had made 15. The boys took their defeat and mishaps good humoredly, and intend standing on the diamond.

Saturday the Taylorport and Bullittsville clubs played a match game on the grounds of the latter, the score standing 35 to 8 in favor of Bullittsville. Dr. Jonas can smile this time.

The Hebron club visited Cleves, O, last Saturday, to play a game of ball with the club of that place, and were defeated in a five inning contest, the score being 7 to 5.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

We made a flying trip to Aurora and Lawrenceburg last week. While there we called on several of the business men and they reported a thriving business. You can see the marks of the late flood on the houses, and a great many families are still living in their second story on account of the walls being damp.

Mr. Given, agent for Kassebaum, the tombstone man of Aurora, was in town Tuesday.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. Hyatt and son, of Newport, are the guests of Dr. Grant and wife.

Capt. W. H. Baker, of New Orleans, is the guest of his daughter in Florence, Mrs. Dr. Slater.

Judge Hawes' many friends will be glad to learn that he is again able to walk out on the streets.

Mr. Hubert Nead, of the firm of Swetnam & Nead of Covington, passed through town last Friday.

Uncle John Beall, one of Hebron's oldest and most enterprising men, gave us a flying visit last week.

Mr. Hurschart, who is in the tomb stone business at Lawrenceburg, Ind., was in the county several days last week.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

We have very little to report this week, as times are very dull.

Corn in this vicinity is growing very nice at last, some of it has had the second plowing, while there is a good deal that has never had the plow in it.

That handsome and ever smiling little Dr. J. G. Furnish, passed quite a compliment on our road overseer, or the hands we don't know which, but, we are going to claim it for the hands. He says our roads are the best worked roads that he travels. Thanks to the kind doctor.

Waterloo.

We had a good rain last Wednesday night and the farmers are busy setting tobacco plants.

Gardens have been injured some by the late cold spell.

John G. Cox, O. P. Conner and Jasper Sullivan were elected school trustees in the Locust Grove district.

Mrs. Robert Jones and daughter, of Rising Sun, Ind., were visiting her mother, Mrs. Emily Green, last week.

Mrs. John Kelly, of Indiana, was visiting her sister, Mrs Lucinda Kelly last week

Mr. Jasper Sullivan is building a residence on his farm near here.

Petersburg.

The Aurora brass-band came up and gave Elihu Alden a very nice serenade.

Mr. J. M. Thomasson and wife, are home on a two months visit.

Charley Schramm says he thinks he will accept the good advice that was given him in last week's paper.

Base-ball is all you can hear now.

Jack Smith and Busby, of Aurora, had a a little set to here Tuesday night. No eyes black.

Miss Ella McWethy will leave for Owensboro next week.

Mr. Tom Stewart, of Switzerland county, was here shaking hands with his many friends last week.

Boone division No. 115 Sons of Temperance will give their second annual picnic at Parlor Grove, Saturday, June 16, 1883. The Str. Minnie No. 2 has been secured for the occasion and will leave Aurora at 7:30 a. m. Good music furnished.

S. C. Buchanan has an awning in front of his drug store. Improvements show that Sam is doing a good business.

Bullittsville.

The farmers ploweth, and the corn groweth. Cherries are ripe, the little boy is glad and the big boy not sad.

As yet nothing has been seen of the colorado bug. The potato crop is a promising one, if as good in potato growing sections generally as here, we predict a low market price.

This community is one noted for its hospitality. Often the dining tables are overburdened with delicate viands, as was instanced a few days since, when a neighborly visit was being made the table on which the princely dinner was being served literally gave away, much to the loss of the hostess, reducing to atoms the costly tableware.

The County Grange meets here next Friday. The State Master and Lecturer are expected. Come out, patrons, and bring your baskets, as an all day meeting will be held.

There will be a basket meeting next Sunday at the Christian church.

The bridge on the Burlington road between the pike and school-house is in a dangerous condition. The proper authorities should see that it has needed repairs.

W. J. Rice was visited by his mother and sister Sunday and Monday.

Wilson Gaines, who went west a few weeks ago, has anchored on a farm for a couple of months, at least, in Edgar Co., Ill.

Jos. D. Graves and John W. Graves, former citizens of this county, but now of Jessamine, have been visiting relatives here. Joe returned home Saturday; John leaves Wednesday for Louisville, where he will attend the State Convention of teachers which meets in that place.

John S. Gaines entertained a few of his friends quite royally Saturday evening.

Miss Florence Graddy is at home...... Charley Baisly is happy. Why shouldn't he be? It is a fine young boy......Thomas Graves and Charley Duncan have taken up their abode in Saline county, Mo.

Francesville.

On last Wednesday morning while Mr. and Mrs. Hall, living near this place, were out in the field at work, their little son aged nine years, got possession of a pistol and accidently shot his little sister, aged nine, the ball passing through the fleshy part of her arm and into her body inflicting an ugly and very dangerous wound.

We feel highly complimented by your very worthy reporter from Florence. We always have felt that we would eventually aspire to something great and good, but never had entertained an idea that we would make a step-mother. We fear that at our advanced age, we will never fill that honored position, but, if your reporter is an old maid and will call us aunt we will be satisfied and think our cup of bliss full to overflowing.

Next Saturday our school trustees meet for the purpose of determining what color they will have our school-house whitewashed.

The colored fraternity to the number of a dozen, of this place engaged the services of Mr. Warner, the Hebron mail carrier, and his bus, and attended the funeral of Spencer Aylor, recently deceased, at Burlington, last Sunday.

Billy Hays has made quite an improvement on his premises in the way of a new yard fence.

Preparations are being made by our citizens, and our hotels are being thoroughly renovated for the accommodation of guests, of the Sunday-school convention to be held here in July. Come one, come all.

Tobacco planting is pretty well through in this neighborhood. A large quantity has been planted.

Mr. John R. Smith is putting up the largest barn in the county it being 98 feet long 52 feet wide and 20 feet to the square. Who can beat this?

The accomplished Miss Anna Henry, of Bullittsville, was the guest of Miss Nellie Graham of this place, a few days last week.

Mrs. Ann Cave was visiting friends in this place last week.

Mrs. Batterson and Mrs. Ann Graham contemplate a trip to Florida in a short time.

Florence.

Strange to say there is not a rat in this region; but it looks like the mice, cut worms and English sparrows will take this country.

Joe Lail got after Geo. Utz, (cold.) the other day with a black snake whip. Geo. got up and got. He don't like black snakes.

A fishing party of ladies and gentlemen from the Florence X-Roads spent the day at Silver Lake recently. What luck, Garnett?

The Sunday beer gardens around the suburbs of Florence are in full blast. Take any of the elevations. The Bald Hornet line will lead you direct.

Charley Lodge put the finishing touch on the Erlanger depot, which gives it a cozy appearance.

For convenience sake we have planted some Mubley pumkin seed close to the C. S. R. R., in the event that they grow so large we can not load them in a wagon, we can ship them by rail.

There was a still born lamb dropped on the farm of Cable Rice, this spring, that had all the appearance of a bull dog. Barnum or Frank Sayre ought to have been notified of the fact.

Uncle Pat's bees swarmed the other day, and through sympathy for Uncle Pat the neighbor women went and hived them.

Something that seemed as though it would be a very disasterous fire, originated in one of the upper chambers of Molencamp's castle, the other day. Through the timely arrival of the slop bucket brigade the then raging flames were subdued.

The school election went off without any blood shed.

The old fogie plan of planting corn with a hoe, and chopping wood of mornings to get breakfast with, is still practiced by some people of this vicinity

What has become of Jake Crigler the peanut eater?

Geo. Bedinger, jr's., life railroad apparatus, is one of the greatest inventions of the age. Geo. is very deserving and we wish him success.

Mr. Able Carpenter and wife have postponed their Missouri visit until later in the season.

We were glad to hear of Major Stott's promotion.

That old bachelor up on the Lexington pike, that got caught out in the hail storm has been heard from. He saved his life but lost his button hole bouquet.

Mose says dem wools ish no goot.

A saw and gristmill is greatly needed on the Turkey Foot road, near the High House Mansion.

Joe Divis, of Erlanger, got it smeared all over him the day. He went down to see Jumbo. He saw him in the shape of a big dutchman.

If our recollection serves us there is a great similarity between the years 83 & 16.

The Rev. Buffington is grazing about 40 head of cattle, and will have a hundred acres of grass to cut.

We are pleased to hear that Dr. Joe, the handsome physician, of Burlington, is building up a fine practice—of calling on the ladies.

Blue Grass Lake, Kenton County.

New steel rails ten pounds to the yard heavier, to stand frost, are being laid on this end of the Southern road. The old ones are moved farther south.

Uncle Jack Cain fell out of a wagon, a few days ago, in Covington and was badly hurt.

A familiar grin and a disposition to set 'em up qualifies a man for the Legislature.

One of Abernatha's latest ancedotes is buying a dwelling house and two acres of land from Bedinger, near Erlanger.

Behimer sold a 5-year old, a few days ago, for $175.

Dr. Kirtley has a fine school at Beach Grove, and seems to give satisfaction.

The Boone County Recorder has a fine circulation here, and is perused with great interest.

The Florence dudes with their la-de-dah hats on, look quite flip.

Tobacco planted with cabbage drives away the butterfly that produces the worm

If some clever stock traders like Alf Gaines, &c., would visit this part of Kenton they could learn of quite a number of lambs and cattle for sale, ready for market.

Would like to learn the address of Snowden & Caldwell, of Ohio, temperance lecturers. Ohio and other papers please copy, send address to Boone Co., Recorder.

Freight train wrecks are a frequent occurrence on the Southern road.

Mr. Jacob Rice has returned from Ohio, where he has been visiting his aged and sick mother-in-law, Mrs. House.

A flag station is greatly needed at Rice's crossing. Why don't somebody petition the company?

There is a man living in the north part of Kenton county, who is so ugly that the dogs are afraid to bark at him. If Tilford Sullivan had him he could make a fortune.

Joe Childers was said to be one of the hospital nurses in Camp Chase. A very redeeming quality, Joe.

Telling it very Short.

"I'll tell it, sir, in few words if I can, but the story would fill a book if justice was done to it."

"Surely, Michael, but put it short this time so's I can squeeze it into a page of letter paper."

"Here you are, sir, then, and there are thousands of people here in Bingham, N. Y., who will testify to the truth of what I say. My name is Michael Guilfoyle. I am seventy-four years old. For about nine years I was almost shut out from the world by rheumatism. I had peddled small wares in this city for years, and had to stop altogether. At the best of times I could only hobble miserably about with my cane. I was bent nearly double with pain and weakness, and my hands were useless to labor with. I was but the poor wreck of a once strong man. None of the medicines usually given for rheumatism did me the least good, sir. My old friends and customers forgot me, as though I were under ground.

'With the end of my nose and the tip of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daises,'

My days and nights were doleful and painful. I had no hope except death. That is God's truth, and Mr. Mosher, here, knows it.

"I can't tell you how, but PARKER'S TONIC cured me. That was three years ago. I'm lively as a cricket now, sir and go my business rounds every day, rain or shine. You may tell this to all the world, and refer the doubters to me."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change is made for two reasons: first, because ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, and secondly, because unprincipaled inferior preparations under the name of ginger.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

LOOK HERE!
when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on
Winegardner
He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationary
constantly on hand.
Headquaters in Lotton House.

FOR SALE.
Very low, for cash—A quantity of new and second hand honey boxes, glass sides, two and four pounds. Also American and Langstroth bee hives—will sell very cheap, to any one taking the lot.
MRS. D. G. RABB, Rising Sun, Ind.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
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OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW'
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. H. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
108 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the Drug line, such as———.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

HARNESS & SADDLES,
ALBERT M. ACRA,
—) BURLINGTON, KY.(—
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in

Saddles. Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.
I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Reparing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. B. Mullen, L. H Dills, F. P. Helm,
L. C. Stephens.
The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar7-tf23 J. W. Talbott.

UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets,
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

BURLINGTON, - KENTUCKY

OUR GIRLIE.

(The following lines written on a postal card passed through the mail recently:)

I thought I would tell
You the baby is well,
And just in front of me sitting;
With tiny bronze shoes
And little short clothes,
A-watching her grandmother knitting.

With forehead so fair,
And dark brown hair,
And lips like the roses of morning;
With eyes so bright,
With love-lit light,
And cheeks that hint of the dawning.

Her slender hand
Doth hold like a band
The heart of her gray old daddy;
But by and by
I fear, on the sly,
'Twill fall to some other laddie.

From the tip of her nose
To her wee, small toes,
So shapely, soft and pearly,
She can only seem
Like an angel's dream
Embodied in our little girlie.

Her cooing words,
Like the warble of birds,
Are wondrous soft and winning;
Her beautiful smile
I think would beguile
A demon back from sinning.

Her ears, like shells
From ocean's wells,
Just border the silken tresses;
Such is our baby,
The winsome baby,
The sweetest of all sweet Bessies.

On earth or in Heaven
The hand that has given
Shall cover in sin or in sorrow;
And this angel waif,
As the angels safe,
Shall be ours in the endless to-morrow.

SO NEARLY WON!

The carriage was just turning the corner of the drive where the tall evergreens grow thickest, the final shower of rice and the last old satin slipper were falling far behind it, when James Grafton realized for the first time that Lettie was gone indeed, and had left him there alone and unprotected. For him the bright June day seemed suddenly over-clouded, and his own little domestic world strangely empty in spite of the merry chattering groups of bridal guests on his sunny lawn. In another instant the carriage had disappeared; the bridesmaids and their attendant swains turned laughingly away, and sauntered off mostly in couples; for one wedding is very provocative of another, few things being more infectious than love-making.

James Grafton went toward his house with a very grave face (he had been standing on the path that he might watch the carriage to the very last), and on the doorstep he met his two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Harry, both widows, and arrayed in differing shades of iron-gray silk. It was awful to have to face them alone without that good, kind, brave Lettie who had hitherto looked so well after him and his interests, who had always stood between him and the widows. They seemed to come fearfully near to him all at once. Were they going to crush him completely? Would they eat him up and pick his bones? What would they do to him?

James Grafton was a bachelor of forty of there-about. Lettie, his only sister, whom he had a couple of hours ago most unselfishly given away to Colonel Rathbone at the little white church at the foot of the hill, although many years younger than himself had always fought his domestic battles for him and had been quite equal to the task of defending him from any number of aggressive relatives. And James Grafton needed a protector badly, for he was the only man of his family who had ever made any money; while his brothers, after trying hard to ruin him as well as themselves, had died penniless, leaving him thirteen nephews and nieces to care for as well as two widows, whose only jointures were a couple of very different but, to James Grafton, equally objectionable tempers. A heavy burden truly; but he and Lettie had taken it up bravely and cheerfully, and had done very much more than their duty.

But now James Grafton had given Lettie away; she was gone, and the widows were standing on the doorstep saying all sorts of pretty things about the pretty wedding and charming bride. There was a great blank where Lettie had been. Oh, then, surely the widows and the thirteen children could fill it! Everything his friends said brought this thought to James Grafton's mind; but that only made the blank look blanker. Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Harry did not love each other. How could they, being the mothers of two rival clans of children? "That woman" was the term by which the one indicated the other in a general way; but to-day, as each tried to excel the other in doing the honors of James Grafton's very picturesque little house, no one, except the keenest observer, could have told that open war raged permanently between the two smiling ladies who received so graciously the parting congratulations of the wedding guests. James Grafton, however, knew the state of affairs only too well, and as he watched the groups on the lawn thinning, and carriage after carriage driving off, his heart sank down and down, and the blackness of darkness settled upon him.

At length all had departed except the sisters-in-law and their elder children. Mrs. Charles at once began to explore the house which during Lettie's reign she had never been able to do quite to her heart's content; and Mrs. Harry followed her stealthily about, as a detective might watch a suspected thief. As for James Grafton, he groped his melancholy way into his library.

"Ha! what's this?" he exclaimed with sudden joy, as his eyes fell upon a note lying upon his desk. "From Lettie! Dear girl! How thoughtful!" He eagerly tore open the envelope. It already appeared to him as if she had been gone some centuries. The note had been scribbled in desperate haste and excitement, but it brought hope and courage with it. "My dearest old Jim," it ran, "be firm now, or you are lost forever. I see they don't mean to go. They must go, both of them. Keep to our arrangement. Don't yield an inch. You dear lamb, how I grieve to leave you so defenseless! If you value my peace of mind, speak to Eunice Bell tomorrow and know your fate. She likes you; I am sure of it. I am fond of her; so are you. Perhaps you think you are not; but mind what I tell you—you are. How happy I should be if I could only feel you were in good hands. Believe me, dear, she is a most sweet thing. With fondest love, your own Lettie." James Grafton had always had a fair and rather delicate complexion. It was not much the worse for wear. It turned a vivid scarlet as he read the last part of his sister's note.

"How on earth could she have guessed? What have I said or done to suggest such an idea? 'Believe me dear, she is a most sweet thing.' I knew that well enough without Lettie's telling me. 'I'm fond of her; so are you.'" And in spite of having lost a first love "whom the angels call Lenore," or some other delicious name, James Grafton, this bachelor of forty years, sighed with almost youthful fervor for his second. "'She likes you; I am sure of it.' Aye, there's the rub! 'Likes—likes—likes me,'" he repeated, "but perhaps still loves some one on the other side of the world. Does she? Why shouldn't I know?"

He read Lettie's note through again; it was singularly inspiring; never before had the case been put before him so clearly, never had he dared, even in his inmost thoughts, to put it so clearly to himself. He opened his eyes widely.

"Have I been a fool, I wonder? I must have been or I should have—. But here he was roughly interrupted. Mrs. Charles's girls and Mrs. Harry's boys, who always had the greatest contempt for each other, had come to blows, and now burst into the library crying and sobbing, and making the house resound with their clamorous demands for instant justice. The mothers, who had been harrying each other until frail human nature could stand it no longer, rushed to the rescue. The noise became terrific. Mrs. Charles demanded the immediate expulsion of "that woman and her ill-mannered children." Mrs. Harry returned the compliment with vigor. James Grafton, unused to such scenes, fled in dismay. They followed him to the shrubbery, and when they had driven him thence they tracked him to the poultry-yard, where, rendered desperate by sheer despair, he turned upon them and declared he would not re-enter the house until both had left it. There was something so resolute in the way in which he sat down on some logs by the pump, as if he would stay there forever sooner than yield, that, knowing further resistance was useless, the widows departed. For many hours afterward James Grafton felt that he was the greatest brute in the world. He was, as regarded women and children, a most tender-hearted creature. He hated himself for his harshness; it made him feel degraded and unworthy even to woo so sweet a being as Eunice Bell. It was far in the next day before his self-respect returned.

James Grafton's house was pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, not many miles from London. Eunice Bell lived with a married sister in Tuliptree-lane, within an easy walk of the bachelor's residence. James Grafton, being on intimate terms with the family, knew, as, indeed, all the neighborhood knew, that about two years ago Miss Bell had been engaged to be married. Then there had been a quarrel, and estrangement. He, the lover, had gone abroad; she—why one day she caught sight of her own face in the looking-glass, and repeated to herself:

> Charlotte, when she saw her lover
> Borne before her on a shutter,
> Like a well-conducted person,
> Went on cutting bread and butter.

Other people said she went on living the same simple, helpful, beautiful life that she always had lived.

There was a difference to her in the aspect of things, doubtless; but if there were she never made others feel it. But now then that broken romance was all over. But there are some events which never recede into the past; they live forever in a perpetual now, although one may agree with one's self to behave as if they had never occurred.

Now, James Grafton had had a broken romance of his own in early life. Gentle Death had taken his "Lenore," leaving a wound in his heart which, although deep, had no bitterness in it. So it had healed very fairly; it was deference to Miss Bell's feelings, not his own, that had kept him silent hitherto, for in truth he was very much in love with her, and had been for some time past. James Grafton had promised to dine in Tulip-tree lane the day after his sister's wedding. He read Lettie's note over three times before he started.

"It's that 'likes' that makes me hesitate," he said to himself, as he began to descend the hillside by a broad highway. "Or perhaps," he ventured to hope presently, "perhaps the 'like' was only Lettie's modest way of putting 'loves.' Lettie was always so modest. Yes, yes, it may be so; but no! it won't do. I'm a fool for thinking so. And yet—why not?" And his thoughts recurred to that other time when he had asked his Lenore what he now wanted to ask Eunice Bell.

That other time—ah! then he had been young, impetuous, madly in love. Then he had had no need to ask himself questions; then he had been only too sure. Now, going down the hill to the house where Eunice Bell lived, he was full of doubts and fears and hesitations. "Yet why not?" he asked himself, as he turned the corner into Tulip-tree lane.

He had grown very fond of that lane. As he turned the well-known corner it was to him as if he were in the presence of a familiar friend and counselor; it was as if he had asked—"Yet why not?" to some one else than himself. And everything in the lane seemed to hush his forebodings, and say with a curious, all-pervading soothingness—"Why doubt?"

Beyond the low hedges there were miles and miles of smiling, undulating English landscape, full of infinite calm and gentleness. How it happened I can not say; but as James Grafton walked soberly through the lane, all hesitation fled away, and his face grew as restful as his heart had suddenly become. And was not that kindly face, with its strange and winning touch of purity, one which a good woman could hardly fail to love? The inevitable young couple who haunt the lane passed him; he did not covet their happiness as he had often done; he was too happy himself. A turn of the road showed him the house where Eunice Bell lived; a large old-fashioned house, dignified but homelike. From the lawn rose a stately cedar. Beside the dark cedar was a great tulip-tree covered with pale blossoms. The voices of children at play reached him from behind the old red wall of the garden. With them came—Ah! what was that? Her voice. James Grafton felt his pulse quicken as he hastened his steps toward the house. In fancy he saw her out there under the tree the guardian of the little group of children. Propitious moment! Now if he could but seize it! And eagerly, as if for the first time in his life, he hurried on to meet his fate—his fate that at that very moment was rushing how surely, how swiftly, to meet him!

While James Grafton had been coming through the lane the object of his thoughts and affections, Eunice Bell, had been sitting, just as he had imagined, and as he had often seen her, within the shadow of the great trees. She was dressed for dinner, in a half-toilet of some soft dove-colored, summer-like fabric. She was ten years younger than James Grafton, although for the last two years she had considered herself distinctly an old maid. Her hair was soft and fair. Her figure tall and slight—a little too slight perhaps. Her face was very placid. At the moment James Grafton had turned into the lane it was grave as well as placid. Presently (it was because she knew by the striking of the church clock that he must be coming nearer?) a thought made her smile. She was thinking of James Grafton then; telling herself she liked him, feeling that somehow or another the idea of being always an old maid was imperceptibly melting. "Is it only friendship just touched with sentiment, or does he really care for me?" The question pleased her but she knew the answer perfectly well; she knew he cared for her. Then she sighed; her lips half curled with scorn, but not scorn for him. No one (except his sister-in-law) could regard James Grafton with anything but profound respect. "Rest, trustfulness and love! Ah! I have sometimes thought them idle words; but to see the smile of this good man is to know"—

She never finished the sentence.

"Auntie! auntie! see, there's Mr. Grafton," a little voice cried gleefully; and Eunice Bell, raising her eyes, which had been fixed on the grass at her feet, saw James Grafton crossing the lawn, and the children all scampering toward him as fast as their chubby legs could carry them. Eunice rose and followed them, laughing gently at the earnestness with which the little things rifled his pockets of those sweets which a many-nephewed-and-nieced man is never without, if he knows his duty and does it.

So they, Eunice and James (after all, forty is not so very great an age)—they were both laughing when they met. It was pleasant, very pleasant—in fact, quite delightful; but, somehow before that gentle domestic laughter, sentiment fled abashed. They were out in the garden one quarter of an hour—one bright, delicious, happy quarter of an hour. They sat side by side under the trees, while the evening sunbeams played upon the softly fluttering leaves. The children prattled about their knees. Their glances met with kind, familiar smiles. Eunice felt a contented restfulness in his presence, and he was conscious that it was so. It was to him a most golden, blissful quarter of an hour. But of course he could not say what he wished before the children, and there was all the beautiful long evening before them, and no need to hurry. Presently, after sunset, he and she would stroll out there, and then—he felt certain now, absolutely sure, that she would answer Yes. As absolutely sure as I am at this minute that had he asked her to be his wife during that happy quarter of an hour she would have accepted him with the frankest smile of perfect trust. The gong sounded for dinner. They sauntered up to the house side by side, the children still playing about their path.

"I always feel whenever I come here that you have all attained to the ideal state of domestic peace and happiness," said James Grafton, thoughtfully. "After the stormy scenes one is sometimes called upon to witness" (he thought of yesterday and the sisters-in-law), "the sweet, calm atmosphere pervading the entire home-life here is most soothing."

"We get on very well together," said Eunice, in her soft, placid voice.

"Your sister and her husband are, I think, the most admirable young couple I ever met. They never wrangle. By the way, I haven't asked how they were. How are they?"

"Oh, as flourishing as usual," returned Eunice, "I wonder they haven't been in the garden. They generally like to be out here during the children's half-hour, as we call the half-hour before dinner."

So saying they entered the house together—that house the bachelor had now for some time held so sacred. They entered by the drawing-room window, which opened on to the lawn. They rather surprised Mrs. Cathcart, the young and lovely wife, diligently reading a novel on the sofa, and her gallant husband apparently absorbed in the evening paper, immediately behind her. They were, in fact, back to back. And this was the more remarkable, as the honeymoon ways of this charming couple had often been a subject of comment among their friends. They were both reading so diligently that Mr. Grafton and Miss Bell had quite time enough to take in the *coup d'œil* and its meaning before either husband and wife moved. A moment afterward they both started. Cathcart sprang up blithely to meet his guest as if he were intensely relieved by the interruption of a threatening *tete-a-tete*.

"You are a good fellow to turn up after the awful affair of yesterday. I'm sure I wonder you survived it!" he exclaimed, nearly wrenching the bachelor's hand off.

"I'm sure I wonder how it's been done!" returned Grafton.

"Weddings are such a sell," growled the young married man, as James Grafton turned to the sofa and expressed a fervent hope that his hostess was quite well.

"Dreadful headache; nearly frantic with it!" said Mrs. Cathcart, knitting her pretty brows and rising, pressing one hand to her forehead as she did so.

There had been times, and those distant but a few brief hours ago, when such words and such a movement of pain would have wrung her husband's heart, and his "My darling! what can I do for it?" would have sounded perfectly agonizing; now, the wretched being only turned abruptly to his sister-in-law with, "Come, Eunice; dinner's late enough already," and marched off with her huffily.

"I am sorry you are so unwell. The day has been oppressive. You will be glad to get down to the sea side, won't you?" said James Grafton, as he gave his arm to the too-evidently snubbed wife.

"I shall be glad to get away somewhere. I'm sure I don't care where it is. I want change terribly," said Mrs. Cathcart, with a certain hardness of tone in her voice that her guest had never before observed.

"Do you know, I always admire your dining-room so much," put in the bachelor as they entered the room.

"There's a perfectly hideous glare on it just now," retorted Mrs. Cathcart.

"And your decorations are charming—these trailing bits of briony and wild"—

"Don't agree with you, Grafton. I'm sick of seeing the place littered with weeds," interpolated Cathcart, the young married man, with an angry sniff, as they took their places at table. "John," he exclaimed, turning to the servant, "see that there's something decent out of the conservatory in the centre of the table to-morrow—something at least three feet high, and bushy."

John, as he went about his work with imperturbable gravity, remembered with great inward mirth that only a few days before he had been ordered to remove a tall fern, because, as his master had said, it hid his wife's face. "Rum 'uns, married folks, ain't they?" he remarked to himself. Ah, indeed they are, especially when young, good-looking and very much in love with each other! But their 'rum'-ness, Oh, worthy John, strange as it is, is as nothing to their utter want of consideration for other people's feelings.

What James Grafton and Eunice Bell suffered at that little square dinner I really have not the heart to relate in detail; and, indeed, there is but small need that I should do so, for have not you and I taken a melancholy part in many only too similar scenes? I could, however, forgive the young couple for their conduct during dinner; but what I consider absolutely brutal and unpardonable was that although I feel certain both Captain and Mrs. Cathcart knew that James Grafton would have enjoyed a quiet stroll about the grounds when the sun was setting (for of course he was on a certain subject as easy for them to read as the morning paper), yet these two selfish married creatures, absorbed only in the interesting game of irritating each other, hung on to the two unmarried ones the whole evening with a relentless malice that is perfectly unattainable except by a husband and wife who are, for the time being, not on speaking terms.

After dinner Mrs. Cathcart, by way of pretending she did not care, rattled off her gayest dance-music and sang dozens of her brightest songs; but nothing would please her except to have Eunice sitting quite close to her, turning over the pages. Once, indeed, Miss Bell ventured as far as the window, but she was speedily captured; a sisterly arm being gently but firmly placed round her waist, while a plaintive voice murmured in her ear: "Ah, Eunice! a sister's affection—love—is, after all, the only thing in the world one can really depend upon!"

And while this was going on in the drawing-room Cathcart had effectually button-holed Grafton, and was confiding to him that as his domestic life had suffered an utter collapse he intended—indeed, it was his only chance of saving his life and reason—he intended to exchange with Hutchings, and go to seek glory and, he devoutly hoped, death in South Africa.

But the wretched evening must at last come to an end. About ten o'clock James Grafton again found himself in Tulip-tree lane; but instead of the happy calm of a few hours earlier, he now felt as if he had been assisting at an earthquake. He was quite dazed, and unable to contemplate anything at all except the extraordinary ways of married people, at which he gazed, so to speak, with mingled wonder, terror and anger. Should he ever be able to re-enter that house, that desecrated sanctuary?

It was, however, a sweet, peaceful night; so that by the time he had reached his own door he had so far recovered himself as to see that it was his bounden duty to rescue Eunice Bell from—good Heavens! it was maddening to think what she might be enduring that very minute. He entered his house as soon as he had made up his mind, while taking an extra stroll or two in front of it, that nothing should hinder him from going over to Tulip-tree lane first thing in the morning and taking circumstances firmly in hand.

Now one might perhaps get along fairly if one had merely to deal with the circumstances that properly belong to a case, if it were not for the collateral circumstances that are always lying in ambush on both sides of our path ready to spring out and eat up both us and our case. James Grafton found a letter and a telegram awaiting him. He tore open the telegram; it was from Mrs. Harry. Her youngest child had been suddenly seized with croup. James must come at once and bring a physician with him. James went at once and took a physician with him. On his way down he read the letter which, recognizing Mrs. Charles's only too well-known hand, he had thrust hastily into his pocket. Mrs. Charles wrote to him regularly every day. On one day she called him a good angel, the next a demon; it was the turn for being a demon now. He was so entirely upset by one thing and another that he quite believed what she said, which was not what he did very often. Mrs. Harry's child's croup turned out to be something far less terrible, but duty kept him with her for some days. At length, however, he was again walking down Tulip-tree lane, thinking that this time no domestic complication should prevent his saying his say, when who should he meet but Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart arm in arm, conversing with most lover-like actions on a subject that any one could see was deep, interesting and amusing!

They looked so lover-like that James Grafton almost hesitated to approach them. But Mrs. Cathcart espied him:

"Oh, Mr. Grafton, what do you think has happened?" she asked, laughing in the brightest and most charming way and looking very much excited. "Why—really we're all so delighted about it—why, Eunice's old sweetheart has come back, and it was all a mistake, and he's the finest fellow in the world, and they're going to be married at once, and they're as happy, as happy, as happy"—and she looked at her husband and rapidly nodded her head up and down—"as happy, very nearly, as we are! What do you think of that, Mr. Grafton?"—*Whitehall Review.*

Beautiful Homes.

Beautiful homes have their influence on our lives. It has been truly stated that "the hope of America is the homes of America." It should be the highest ambition of individuals to contribute what they can toward beautifying the home and elevating the home life of the masses. The pleasanter the surroundings of the children are, the more surely will they grow up to manhood and womanhood with an earnest desire to embody in their lives what is beautiful, good and true. No one can measure the influence of surroundings upon the plastic minds of children. The neatly-kept lawn, with here and there some choice shrubbery; the artistically-arranged groups of flowering plants, with a corresponding amount of in-door attractions in the form of paintings, engravings, etc., each have an influence in rendering home-life more attractive, the rule of force less necessary, for the refining influence exerted upon the minds and hearts of the children makes the earthly home, to some extent, at least, not unlike that to which we are ever hopefully looking forward.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—It is estimated at the Post-office Department that under the recent change in computing the commissions of fourth-class postmasters, an expenditure of about $600,000 more than that which would have been required under the old law will be necessary to settle the accounts of fourth-class offices up to October 1, when the two-cent postage law goes into operation.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

You may print a kiss, but there is no occasion to publish it.

Truth Is Mighty.

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By druggists.

The land speculator is always ready to show the sites to his customers.

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of *Consumption*, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and *purifies the blood.* By druggists.

The wig is the missing link. It is neither man nor monkey, but a bare boon.—*Boston Transcript.*

Baltimore, Md.—Rev. W. H. Chapman says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill-health."

A Jersey mosquito, like charity, begins to hum.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The office-seeker's flower—Forget-me-not?—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

Toccoa City, Ga.—Dr. J. P. Newman says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular, and their use always results satisfactorily."

Doctors may be ever so amiable, yet they are constantly guilty of ill treatment.

A Remarkable Cure of Scrofula.

William S. Baker, of Lewis, Vigo County, Ind., writes as follows: My son was taken with scrofula in the hip when only two years old. We tried several physicians but the boy got no relief from their treatment. Noticing your Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup, recommended so highly, I bought some of it of you in the year 1862, and continued taking it till the sores finally healed up. He is now twenty-one years of age, and being satisfied that your medicine did him so much good when he used it, we want to try it again in another case, and now write to you to get some more of it.

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Tree-mend-us.

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh, cold in the head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time. Henry Lilly, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich. See adv't.

The Italian opera season is at hand. It goes with a crank.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Have You Cancer!

Or has any relative or friend? If not, be thankful that you can say no; if you have, rejoice that instead of its being an incurable malady, as has been nearly universally held and believed, relief and cure are within reach. The Cancer Hospital at Aurora, Ill., (only forty miles from Chicago), a handsome, commodious structure, beautifully situated, is an institution where the treatment of cancerous and scrofulous diseases is made a specialty. It is presided over by Dr. Pond, who, in addition to being a regular graduate of one of the leading medical colleges of the country, has given years of study to Cancer and kindred affections. That he has been unusually successful is attested by the hundreds of remarkable cures effected since the Institute was established in 1872. His references are the highest, and the testimonials furnished carry absolute conviction. Full particulars, terms, etc., can be had by addressing Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Kane County, Ill.

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If you are disturbed by unpleasant dreams, awake unrefreshed and depressed in mind, take half wineglassful of Gastrine before retiring. It never fails to give relief. Sold by druggists.

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Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

For sore feet, swollen joints, sprains, corns or bunions, use St. Patrick's Salve.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Once try Chrollithion Collars and Cuffs and you will wear no other kind. They fit so well and feel so nicely.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 8, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 70
Good packers	6 70	@ 7 00
SHEEP	4 75	@ 5 60
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 18	@ 1 19
No. 2 winter red	1 15	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	42	@
Rye—No. 2	63½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 00	@12 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 75	@
Lard—Steam	11¼	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 45	@ 4 25
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 22¼	@ 1 23¼
No. 1 white	1 14	@ 1 16½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	66¼	@ 67½
Oats—mixed	45	@ 47
PORK—Mess	20 00	@20 25
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 12¾	@ 1 13
Corn—No. 2	55¾	@
Oats—No. 2	40⅛	@
Rye	63¾	@
PORK—Mess	18 85	@18 90
LARD—Steam	11-70	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 20¼	@ 1 20¾
Corn—mixed	62⅝	@ 63
Oats—mixed	47	@ 48
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 75	@
Lard—Refined	12½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9⅝	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 10	@ 1 12
Corn—mixed	54	@
Oats—mixed	43½	@
PORK—Mess	20 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 14	@
CORN	53	@
OATS—mixed	41	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

A New and Most Important Theory on One of the Most Vital Questions of the Day.

If any one had informed Queen Elizabeth in her palmiest days that she could have been seated in her palace in London and conversed with Sir Walter Raleigh in his North Carolina home; receiving a reply from him within an hour's time, she would have declared it to be a miracle. And yet, had they lived in the present day, this apparent miracle would most readily have been witnessed and not seem at all strange or unnatural. The truth is, new principles are coming into existence, and the operation of many laws unknown in the past is being fully understood in the present. In no way does this fact come more forcibly to the mind than in the care and treatment of the human body. Millions of people have died in past ages from some insignificant or easily controlled cause which is thoroughly understood now and readily handled. Consumption during the entire past has been considered an incurable disease. And yet it is demonstrated that it has been and can be cured, even after it has had a long run. Dr. Felix Oswald has just contributed a notable article on this subject to the *Popular Science Monthly.* He regards consumption as pulmonary scrofula. The impurities of the blood produce a constant irritation in the lungs, thus destroying their delicate tissues and causing death. His theory shows conclusively that consumption is a blood disease. It has its origin primarily in a deranged condition of the kidneys or liver, the only two organs of the body, aside from the lungs, that purify the blood. When the kidneys or liver are diseased they are in a sore or lacerated state which communicates poison to every ounce of blood that passes through them. This poisonous blood circulates through the system and comes to the lungs, where the poison is deposited, causing decomposition in the finely formed cells of the lungs. Any diseased part of the body has contaminating power, and yet the blood, which is the life of the system, is brought into direct contact with these poisoned organs, thus carrying contagion to all parts of the body. Bishop Jesse T. Peck, D. D., LL. D., whose death has been so recently regretted, is reported to have died of pneumonia, which medical authorities affirm indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. It is well known, moreover, that for several years he had been the victim of severe kidney trouble, and the pneumonia which finally terminated his life was only the last result of the previous blood poisoning. The deadly matter which is left in the lungs by the impure blood clogs up and finally chokes the patient. When this is accomplished rapidly it is called pneumonia or quick consumption; when slowly, consumption, but in any event it is the result of impure blood, caused by diseased kidneys and liver.

These are facts of science, and vouched for by all the leading physicians of the day. They show the desirability—nay, the necessity, of keeping these most important organs in perfect condition, not only to insure health, but also to escape death. It has been fully shown, to the satisfaction of nearly every unprejudiced mind, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only known remedy that can cure and keep in health the great blood-purifying organs of the body. It acts directly upon these members, healing all ulcers which may have formed in them and placing them in a condition to purify and not poison the blood. This is no idle statement nor false theory. Mr. W. C. Beach, foreman of the Buffalo, N. Y., Rubber Type Foundry, was given up to die by both physicians and friends. For four years he had a terrible cough, accompanied by night sweats, chills, and all the well known symptoms. He spent a season South and found no relief. He says: "I finally concluded to try Warner's Safe Cure and in three months I gained twenty pounds, recovered my lost energy and my health was fully restored." The list could be prolonged indefinitely but enough has been said to prove to every sufferer from pulmonic troubles, that there is no reason to be discouraged in the least, and that health can be restored.

Redding's Russia Salve has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

Slinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

ARMY OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

Captain Joseph L. Haydan, residing at No. 924 Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass., formerly Captain in the army, now with the Walworth Manufacturing Company, South Boston, writes, April 28, 1883: "While living in Cambridgeport my wife was afflicted with terrible pains in her back and sides, accompanied with great weakness and loss of appetite. She tried many so-called remedies without avail, growing rapidly worse, when her attention was called to Hunt's Remedy. She purchased a bottle from Lowell's drug store, in Cambridgeport, and after taking the first dose she began to feel easier, she could sleep well, and after continuing its use a short time the severe pains in her back and side entirely disappeared, and she is a well woman. Many of our relatives and friends have used Hunt's Remedy with the most gratifying results. I have recommended it many times, and as many times heard the same story. Hunt's Remedy is all that is claimed for it, and a real blessing to all afflicted with kidney or liver trouble."

MADE A MAN OF HIM.

Mr. C. O. Wheeler, No. 23 Austin Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., makes the following remarkable statement. On April 27, 1883, he writes as follows: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for nearly twenty years. Have suffered at times with terrible pains in my back and limbs. I used many medicines, but found nothing reached my case until I took Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle of A. P. Gilson, 630 Tremont Street, Boston, and before I had used this one bottle I found relief, and continuing its use, my pains and weakness all disappeared, and I feel like a new man, with new life and vigor. Hunt's Remedy did wonders for me, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all afflicted with kidney or liver diseases, as I am positive that by its use they will find immediate relief. You may use this letter in any way you choose, so that the people may know of a sure medicine for the care of all diseases of kidneys and liver."

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

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If and If.

"If you are suffering from poor health 'or languishing on a bed of sickness, 'take cheer, if you are simply ailing, 'or if you feel weak and dispirited, 'without clearly knowing why, Hop 'Bitters will surely cure you."

"If you are a Minister, and have overtaxed 'yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of 'business or laborer weakened by the strain of 'your everyday duties, or a man of letters, 'toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters 'will surely strengthen you."

"If you are suffering 'from over eating or 'drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or 'are young and growing 'too fast, as is often the 'case."

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the 'farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel 'that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, 'faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what 'you need to give you new life, health, 'and vigor."

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, and health. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters costing but a trifle.

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Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM POSITIVELY CURES CATARRH COLDS IN THE HEAD
HAY FEVER
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will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.

HAY-FEVER

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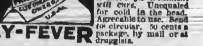

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If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and healing the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1883. NUMBER 34.

PITH AND POINT.

—Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It is not necessary to be his own sister.

—Why would a compliment from a rooster be an insult? Because it would be in fowl language.

—Some may write poetry and paint placques, but the world must also have those who will dig and raise potatoes. The potato people are most useful.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Twenty-eight years ago the first train passed over the suspension bridge at Niagara. Had it only known enough to run over a hack driver, the anniversary would now be a national holiday. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A Pittsburgh minister will preach to-morrow on "Why some men do not enjoy their religion." It is probably due to the difficulty always experienced by those who try to enjoy what they haven't got.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—The farmer who is certain that he can beat an express train at a highway crossing may slip over safely two or three times, but his wife, if a prudent woman, will begin saving up butter and eggs to buy mourning with.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly, which one would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

—A New Haven woman has given $20,000 for a sanitarian for sick animals. Ah, ha; now Oscar Wilde will have some place to go when he comes back to this country, "play actin'." He will need some place like that after his first night.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—This touching little incident is from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Post.* One rises from its perusal with mixed feelings: "A beautiful young girl was about to be married to a bachelor seventy years of age, but very rich. On the eve of her marriage she learned that his wealth had been suddenly swept away, leaving him a penniless old man. Did the noble girl desert him in this his hour of trouble? She did indeed, and her parents helped her, too."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Coal-tar-sugar is the latest discovery. Its chief advantage over the ordinary sugar is its superior sweetness.

—The latest thing claimed in photography is taking pictures on the skin, which are as indelible as the work of the tattoo artist.

—A Baltimore genius has invented a new life-saving apparatus for hotels. It is a valve that closes with a spring, and shuts off the supply of gas as soon as the flame is blown out.

—An idea of the importance that electricity and electric appliances is beginning to assume may be gained from the number of patents granted on these things last year—1,153. Of this number 258 patents were granted on electric lighting, and only two on electric burglar alarms.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The first successful attempt to make steel by the basic process in America, was that at Harrisburg, Pa., recently, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Steel Company. By this process, ores containing a great deal of phosphorus can be used, a great advantage over the Bessemer, as the ore is abundant, cheap, and near the works.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—M. Pasteur tells the Academy of Sciences at Paris that wonderful results are being obtained in the work of vaccinating live stock as a preventive against disease. During the last year 80,000 sheep, about 4,000 head of cattle and 500 horses have been vaccinated. Before this system was introduced the annual loss from liver-rot in one department was nine per cent., while the loss since then has been reduced over one-half.

—Dr. Clauston, an Edinburgh physician, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel."

—The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony Mills at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employes unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

The Primary School.

The Philadelphia *Times* very pertinently speaks a good word for the primary school, which nowadays is somewhat to be apt neglected. "There is," it says, "very much talk about the higher education, but it is the lower education that is really important to most of us, and there is no more gratifying evidence of progress than the gradually developed recognition among those who have charge of our public educational system of the essential importance of the primary schools. The work of the primary schools is the foundation and the main structure of all public education. Many children never go beyond this, and in every case it is the first bending of the twig that determines the inclination of the tree." We have been giving attention in Philadelphia to high schools and grammar schools, which are for the few; the primary and secondary schools, which are for the many, have been left too much to chance and to the ignorant blundering of imperfectly educated teachers."

—A Scituate (R. I.) man thought it would be funny to send a bogus marriage notice to the Providence *Journal.* But since he has found that he is likely to have to pay a good round fine for his joke, his ideas of comic journalism have materially changed.

A Cemetery Without Grass.

The sun was slanting to the west as we turned our steps from the busy city of Pueblo, making our way to the cemetery, which lies a mile to the northward. True, our eyes had grown somewhat accustomed to the dry, sandy waste of country which stretches about this city of Colorado; but we had not thought that the desert could extend within this sacred spot; and the cemetery of the east naturally rose in imagination. Think of that in spring or summer, and a vision of flowers and living green is presented; in autumn, and there is the gorgeous October foliage—even winter seems to lay his hand lightly upon the beauties that surround the quiet sleepers.

The little mounds were in sight at last, but the grass and the flowers did not appear; on the contrary, the earth with the surrounding sand hills presented a scene so dead that all things seemed hopeless of the resurrection morn. The chief object which called us to the quiet spot was a desire to see the grave of a Chinaman. The funeral had taken place some two weeks before. The potter's field contains the grave, which was easily recognizable by the curious array upon it. It was shaped as the others, no stone, but a wooden slab marked the head and foot, the one at the head bore some Chinese characters, while the other told in English the name and date. Over the head was a plate upon which lay a roast chicken, then a bowl of rice, some Joss-sticks stuck in the earth, after these a small cup with a kind of nuts, a bottle half buried in the earth, another small cup, and lastly a plate with the head of a chicken upon it, and another just over the foot containing a kind of meat. Everything bore the marks of fire, and by the side of the grave were the remains of a fire, in which were fragments of Chinese paper and half-burned Jess-sticks. After gazi [illegible] time upon these marks of a very different civilization, we passed to the other portions of "God's acre," and found them scarcely less strange than the one just left.

The desire to, in some way, beautify the last resting place of loved ones seems to be so firmly implanted in the human breast, that if one means fails, another is employed. Though not a tree nor spear of green turf greeted the eyes yet all around were the tokens of loving hands; hands impelled by a motive so sacred, that they will not be gainsayed. Here were the tiny mounds, whose brown earth was strewed with playthings, that the little hands had ceased to grasp. There two graves side by side; the surroundings betokening poverty rather than wealth; the one a glittering mass of blue, the other a gleaming red. Upon nearer approach, the blue and the red proved to be glass in tiny pieces. The hills about Pueblo abound in small stones, which though not valuable are pleasing to the eye. Many of the graves are covered with these stones, nicely fitted together, those of the more wealthy showing that the ornamental stonework had been done by the hands of a skillful workman. The sides only were covered with the bright stones, while upon the flat top was a kind of coarse sand in which the name was often traced with stones. Many were the ways in which the friends of the sleepers had proved their desire to do what they could.

The sun was sinking behind the distant mountains as we turned from the silent, lone place, leaving the sleeping children with their untouched playthings; the wanderer from beyond the sea, with the strange array above him, rich and poor, all resting as peacefully as though beneath the green turf and the leafy shade:

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

—*Pueblo (Col.) Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Railway Up Mount Etna.

Mount Etna, which for centuries has been in rivalry with Vesuvius as an active European volcano, is about to put forward an additional ground of competition. The Sicilian mountain is to have its line of railway, but the system adopted will be less simple and probably less dangerous. The traveler who reaches the summit of Vesuvius is dragged up by the easy method of equipoise. He is the lighter balance and so mounts. The projected line along the slope of Mount Etna aims at something which in engineering effort is a little more ambitious. The Italians were so delighted with the simplicity adopted on Vesuvius that their appreciation took the form of an addition to the long list of Neapolitan songs. The refrain "Funiculi, Funicola," is familiar in the streets of Rome and in the canals of Venice. The Sicilian engineers are to construct something more important than a pleasure line. The sides of the highest Italian mountains are cultivated by a large though scattered population. The area includes as many as seventy-five villages, with a population of little less than 400,000 inhabitants. This district, extending up the mountain side to an altitude of over one thousand meters, is planted with oranges, lemons and vines. No soil in Sicily is more rich or productive, and where the vines cease to grow the woods begin stretching up the mountain side to within one hundred meters of the summit. The first object of the new line will be to connect all these neighboring villages which have between them voted the sum necessary for the launching of the venture. Tourists who decide to look into a crater and to arrive at their object by steam-power must still confine themselves to the slope of Vesuvius unless Mount Hecla should have some more practical associations with steam than those geysers which Dr. Johnson begged a traveler who had seen them never again to mention, unless he wishes to make a very poor figure among educated people.—*London News.*

—In England thin shavings of veneer of different kinds of wood are coming into use as book-covers.

Are Men Growing Older?

From a life table that has just appeared in England, it seems that since 1772 the longevity of the English people has sensibly increased. Whether from the operation of the public health act, or from the general attention to health which produced the act, or from an unobserved change in the ways of the people akin to the development of temperance now going on, or from one of those alterations in the virulence of disease which have repeatedly occurred in history, the mortality from epidemic diseases suddenly declined, till the mean mortality in England, which between 1838-54 had been 22.5 per 1,000, dropped in 1876-80 to 20.8, and is dropping still; the mean death rate of 1881-82 being only 19.3, a total improvement of very nearly one-seventh. This increased longevity is not, it is true, quite equally divided between the sexes. Owing to causes which are still only partially ascertained, but which probably have some relation to the extra liability of women, females benefit most by improved sanitary conditions, and the total progress affected may be broadly stated thus: Men live two years longer than they did thirty years ago, and women three years and four months longer, a difference, we need not say, quite large enough to be perceptible in human life. The very old live longer—that is, of course, they are stronger, less liable to that senile feebleness and degeneracy which struck our ancestors as their natural condition. They decay, of course, and lose powers of all kinds, but they no longer sink into a second childhood, but, except when overworked, die, so to speak, standing, as only heroes used to do. We see men and women, nowadays, over eighty with all their faculties intact, able to converse, to eat well, and to walk, and with a decided and admitted influence on the affairs amidst which they live. This is the more striking, because, the increased longevity of the very aged is not shared by the old. Both in men and women, the chance of survival between fifty-five and seventy has not increased, but has rather, if anything, declined. People of that age do not benefit so much by the reduced power of epidemics; they feel, unless exceptionally strong, the influences, such as sudden falls of temperature, over which science has little power, and they decidedly suffer from the increase of worry and anxiety which, among men and women with grown families, so markedly characterizes modern life. It is, however, in youth and early maturity that the improvement is most marked. The man's chance of life is increased most decidedly between five and thirty-five and the woman's between five and fifty-five.—*London Nature.*

Carrying a Pistol.

To our mind there is no practice more pernicious in its character than that of carrying concealed weapons upon the person. It is against the laws of the country, a violation of decent society and has no element in it that can be commended. It is to the credit of this city and our citizens that such an outrageous habit is not indulged in now to that extent it was a few years ago, but even now it is too often the case that a man finds it in his heart to buckle a pistol around his waist, or slip it into the hip pocket when he goes out among his fellow men. Civilization is peace; war is a relapse into barbarianism and butchery. The constant carrying of weapons of death in times of peace is not civilization, and the practice bodes no good to any community. It is bad enough to find men mingling with their fellow men with a six shooter in their pockets, ready to be used with deadly effect upon the least occasion for an outburst of temper, but when we find them flourished in crowded cars and indiscriminately shooting among men, women and children, it is high time that the community take steps to abolish the infamous custom. That two of the citizens of Columbus were not buried yesterday is not the fault of the man who held one of these deadly weapons in his hand the previous day. Fortune favored them and the wounds were not fatal, but the principle involved remains the same. We do not know the man who did the shooting, but we do know that any man who carries a pistol habitually upon his person is liable to use it under the least provocation, and the community should see that the law against carrying concealed weapons is enforced to the letter. This young man may regret this, we are told that he does, but regrets would be poor consolation to the friends of those who are the victims of a pistol ball fired in a moment of passion. It should be a lesson that all who engage in this pernicious habit should take to heart and forever abandon it. There is nothing manly, courageous or commendable in it, and to indulge in it is degrading.—*Columbus (Ga.) Sun.*

Swimming.

While the advantages of a daily bath for the young and vigorous are manifest, it is believed that more harm than good results from the swims of most boys, who indulge in them as an amusement, rather than for cleanliness. Of course they remain in the water as long as it is comfortable for them, coming out, when compelled to do so, cold, the skin shriveled, the teeth chattering, the blood retired from the small vessels of the skin—where about one-half of the body-supply should be found—and sent to the brain and internal organs. It is by no means strange that such suffer from headaches, sickness at the stomach, dizziness—from an over-supply of blood—loss of appetite, general languor, and a host of other ills.

A swimming bath, to be of service, should be taken when the body is in a good state, is not exhausted or fatigued, when not over-heated by such fatigue, not soon after a full meal, and then to be continued not longer than from two to five minutes—according to the circumstances never remaining in long enough to feel permanently chilly, the bath to be succeeded by a glow of warmth. That this may be so, it is best to take along a good crash towel by which the whole surface should be thoroughly rubbed, the body well clad; the whole to be succeeded by a brisk walk.—*Dr. Hamsford, in Golden Rule.*

Our Young Folks.

SUSIE'S DOLLIES.

"I fink," said little Susie,
"I'll like to go to bed,
For I'm so very s'eepy
I tant hold up my head.

"But first I'll tiss my dollies,
Or else I'm 'fraid they'd say
Their little muvver Susie
Was [illegible] and yunned away."

So tiptoe stepped the darling,
To where, in gentle pride,
Her new French doll was lying—
A doll that laughed and cried.

"Dood-night," she said, "sweet Lucie;
I hope you'll feel at home,
And not be awful sorry
To live with me you've come."

Then Susie passed to Emma,
A child with gypsy face,
And golden ringlets tangled—
A dolly in disgrace.

"You naughty, naughty Emma,
You've broke my heart this day;
I do not like to say it—
You twy for your own way!

"But now I must forgive you,
Or nelse I touldn't s'eep;
Be sure you're dood to-morrow!
Your hair is such a heap."

One more—poor homely Maggie!
A baby made of rags,
With darkly-penciled features,
And fingers stiff as tags.

And Susie in a rapture
Caught up the ugly thing—
"You are the bestest baby,
The sweetest, dearest s'ing."

And in her soft arms cradled,
Held close beside her head,
And snuggled up to Susie,
Poor Maggie went to bed.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion*

"STRAIGHTENING OUT THE FURROWS."

Well, I never saw anything like that Captain Crofts round that old lady in all my life. He's dancing attendance from morning till night, and, sakes alive! if he isn't tying on her sun-bonnet for her. Well, I never! Wonder what 'twould seem like to have my Billy grown up to be as attentive as that? and the voice, half scornful at first, took on a longing, yearning expression, suggestive of tearful eyes, at the mention of "my Billy."

The speaker, Mrs. Bowles, lived in Seaport, usually spoken of as a fishing village, owing to the fact that many fishermen had lived there in years gone by; but the town was an old one, and possessing great natural attractions, and being a suburban town, many fine residences now graced its winding avenues.

About two years before, a weather-beaten, sun-burned man, unmistakably a sailor, had bought a tasteful little cottage near the beach. This he had fitted up, beautified and embellished, until Mrs. Harris declared it to be a "perfect pink of a place."

Over this pretty house Cap'n Sam, as the boys had learned to call the genial man, had installed his white-haired mother as mistress and chief, and a more attentive, loving son, it would appear, had never lived.

In a small barn at the rear of the cottage was kept a fine, steady horse, and a low basket carriage, and every fair day the Captain and his mother "went abroad," as Mrs. Bowles expressed it, on long, pleasant drives.

As we have hinted, Cap'n Sam was a great favorite among the boys of the place. Who else would harness up the sturdy horse into a big wagon, and give them such grand drives upon occasion? Then the great hickory and chestnut trees at the foot of his lot were free for the boys to visit as often as they liked, only they must never damage in any way the fine old branches; but when it came to spinning a yarn, ah, then! who so beguiling, nay, so perfectly bewitching, as the sea-bronzed man.

It had long ago become a subject for harmless bantering among the boys, and rather relished than otherwise by the Captain, that he was gallant and unceasingly attentive to his "sweetheart." "My fair old sweetheart," he had once in their hearing called his mother, and they, of course, lively little wretches that they were, would never forget it.

But one day the boys, quite a little crowd of them, found their old Cap'n Sam on the rocks at the beach. There were breakers that afternoon, and particularly at such times it was a favorite diversion with the seafaring man to sit high on the rocky beach and watch his "second love," the sounding sea.

It was at times like these the boys delighted to find their old friend, and coax him for one of their "heart's delights," which he well knew meant a story of tempestuous seas or foreign lands.

But on this particular afternoon the Captain was brooding somberly, a habit he often had when by himself, and this time he couldn't throw off the mood, even at the approach of the merry boys.

In vain the better reared of them bantered, declaring "he had a jilting, but never mind, they expected to be jilted themselves in time to come;" while the less mannerly Billy Bowles guessed "there'd been a candle lecture at home."

At length, partly emerging from his brown study, the Captain said, soberly: "Boys, do you know what I've been trying to do every day for the last two years?"

Oh, why, for certain they knew all about it, they—the merry youngsters of the town.

"Been a-courtin', chiefly," Jimmy Hollis observed, while Freddie Hollis remarked, "he'd worn himself all out a-pettin' his sweetheart."

That last opinion evidently struck the tender spot, and the boys found that for once Cap'n Sam was in no mood for jokes or banter, and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor a few minutes later addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards termed a "a perfec' brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows—and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise towards the Captain's neatly-kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the Captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case,' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After awhile, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea; and a rough time I had of it at first. Still, I liked the water, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something beside empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

"So when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow: and I knew how I had helped bleach that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother sat sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful, and the expression content as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't straightened them out—and—I—never—shall! never!

"When they lay my mother—my fair old sweetheart—in the casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the quavery voice of the strong man, "you can not undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies; remember that!"—*Christian Weekly.*

The Little Grumbler.

Some boys are always complaining, no matter whether they have a dozen tops or a hundred marbles, they are still dissatisfied if any one else has one more than they. Just such a boy was Jimmie. His mamma was often made very sorry, after buying him some pretty toy, by having him say: "I don't like that. Why did you not get me a better one? Frank's mamma got him a nicer one than that."

Upon the day which we are going to tell about, which was Easter, Jimmie's mamma colored some eggs for him; there was a red one, a blue one, a brown one and a purple one.

Thinking to surprise him, mamma hid them until he went out and then she laid them in his crib, covering them with the quilt. When he came in she told him to look and see what was there; instead of being pleased and thanking her he said: "There are only four. Willie's father bought him six; I never have things like other boys."

This so disgusted papa that he shut him up in the closet, saying that he could not come out until he asked mamma to forgive him for his rudeness, and promised never to be bad again.

When the door was closed Jimmie could see nothing, and he had almost made up his mind to do as papa said when the door opened and a little old woman in a blue gown and Quaker bonnet put her head in the closet and said: "Dear me! what a bad papa you must have to shut you up in this way; wouldn't you like to come with me? I would never put you in a closet like this, and will give you all the eggs you want." The little old woman spoke so kindly that Jimmie sprang up, took her hand and went with her.

Upon reaching the street she led him through narrow, crooked streets which seemed full of little boys carrying brown bags, who popped out of doorways and from around corners until there were quite a crowd of them.

Suddenly the old woman turned into a little alley which led into a wide yard with tall houses all about it; here the old woman told him to wait until she came back, and she disappeared through one of the doorways.

As soon as the door closed behind her the little boys with brown bags gathered about him in a circle.

Suddenly the little old woman came to one of the upper windows and clapped her hands.

As soon as she did so each of the boys drew an egg from his bag and threw it at Jimmie. The little boy cried and tried to break through the ring, but whichever way he ran he was met by a boy with an egg who drove him back. The new suit which Aunt Lou had bought him was soon spoiled, and the collar which mamma had ironed herself was all yellow from the eggs.

All this time the little old woman clapped her hands and told the boys to throw harder, crying: "That's what you get for being unkind to mamma. Frank has two more than you, has he? Give him two more, boys," and then she laughed so wildly that Jimmie grew cold with fear. At last he could bear it no longer, and shrieked: "Mamma! Mamma! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'll never be bad again!" In another moment he was in mamma's arms, being hugged and kissed as though he was the best boy in the world.

Of course he had fallen asleep and dreamt it all, and there was no little old woman nor boys with brown bags. But it made Jimmie altogether a different boy. He was never heard to complain again, and only the other day he told mamma that if he had known how happy it made him to be good he never would have been bad for a minute.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Religious.

NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep,
Untroubled is their rest and deep;
For them why should we mourn or sigh?
'Neath quiet graves in peace they lie.
"Thou givest Thy beloved sleep."

For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,
For those whose path is rough and steep,
It is for these we mourn and sigh,
For these we lift our voice on high,
Not for the dead.

For all who 'neath sore burdens creep,
Who sow the wind, the whirlwind reap,
Who lonely watch the days go by—
For hearts that bleed while eyes are dry,
For such, O Lord, our tears we keep;
Not for the dead.

—*Sunday at Home.*

FAITH THE ROOT OF COURAGE.

No quality of mind is held in higher esteem amongst men than moral courage, or that fearlessness of spirit which enables a man to stand firmly at the post of duty whatever perils or oppositions may environ him. It is this quality that makes the true hero whether on the larger or the smaller battle-fields of life. When human character attains this excellence, it rises to its loftiest score, and is sure to win the approval of the good, even if it does not command the homage of the unworthy. But while in the discharge of duty it is courage that sustains the man, what is it that sustains the courage? The answer which the Bible gives, and perhaps the truest and simplest answer that can be given, is faith—strong faith in God. For he who fears God has certainly nothing else to fear, and while God is for him, and he believes that God is with him, who can be against him?

We have only to read the catalogue of Old Testament heroes and martyrs enumerated by St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, to see what place faith holds in the formation of Christian character, and in the achievements of the highest moral courage. The distinguished names there mentioned were not more remarkable for their fearless and triumphant courage in the face of opposition, danger and death itself than they were for their strong unquestioning faith in God, and in all the promises of God. Indeed, it is obvious from the whole record that their faith was the very pillar and groundwork of their courage. It was the faith that both produced and sustained the courage steadfast to the end. Not only were they justified by faith, they wrought by faith. "Through faith they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of liars, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

We need strong faith, not only as an impelling principle of action when we are required to make great sacrifices and do great works in God's service, but also as a sustaining principle of the soul, to cheer and encourage us in the dark hours of trial, tribulation and death. At least half its office is to support and comfort us under the multiplied temptations, disappointments and disasters of life. The true believer in God has, in this respect, a source of consolation, an antidote against evil, and a well spring of unfailing joy, to which the unbelieving soul is a stranger. And this happiness, this tranquil joy, this perfect peace, will be in all cases according to our faith in God. It is of the nature of a strong faith to inspire the good man's soul with a serene satisfaction amid the fiercest storms of adversity, and a heroic courage in the presence of the most appalling dangers that can ever befall him. The Divine promise is: "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me, because he trusteth in Me."

The life of the apostle Paul, from the day of his conversion until his death of martyrdom, is a signal illustration of this strong, courageous faith in God, and of this inspiring, loving, sustaining faith in Christ. Faith was unquestionably the main-spring of his life, the key-note of his character. It was the impelling principle of all his actions, the sustaining principle of all his sufferings and all his heroic sacrifices. True, all other noble, Christ-like graces and virtues had their place in his remarkable career. But faith was his prominent characteristic. It was his faith that made him the great missionary hero of the Apostolic age. He was undaunted, cheerful and happy amid all his self-denying labors, and under all the dangers and disasters that marked his career on land and water, because his faith in God, and in the coming glory of Christ, never failed him, or even for one moment wavered. What a bright example of cheerful, happy, heroic faith in God is set before us in the graphic account of the manner in which he bore himself during the weary days and nights of that long, perilous voyage in the Adriatic, which at last ended in shipwreck on the Island of Melita! When all other hearts in the vessel were failing for fear, and "all hope that any should be saved were taken away," how he stands erect and calm to the last, saying to his fellow passengers: "Sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me!" He who has already faced so many dangers in the past, and was ere long to face the greatest dangers of the imperial city, was ready for death in whatever form it might overtake him. It had no power to disturb the deep tranquillity of a soul at peace with God, whose unshaken faith rested on the sure Word of God, and whose hope was anchored to that within the vail. Such a courage, such a character, could spring from no deeper root than faith in God.

Nor have the days of such courageous faith in God wholly gone by. All Christian history is full of the triumphs of such faith. In despite of the prevailing skepticism and unbelief of the world, the true church has never lost its faith in God, has never relaxed one jot or tittle of its hold upon the sure word of God. Uncounted multitudes of godly men and of saintly women, in our day, and through all our Evangelical churches, do still put their soul's trust in the God of their salvation, and are living in the daily exercise of that same inspiring faith and hope which shone with such luster in the lives of the inspired apostles. Nor will they be disappointed. That courageous faith which has so often sustained and cheered them through life in every path of duty, of self-denial and of danger will not desert them at the last. It has been good to live by; it will be equally good to die by. Millions have tried it and found it so, both in life and in death. The annals of Christian biography, in our own day, are just as full of the triumphs of faith, both in life and death, as they ever were in former ages. Faith has not lost its office, nor any of its blessed results.

In 1846 that noble man of God, Dr. William J. Armstrong, after a public career of great usefulness in the ministry of Christ, went down in the wreck of the steamer Atlantic during a fearful gale off the coast of Long Island. During a day and night of extreme peril and agitation among his fellow-passengers, he maintained great composure and administered consolation to them to the last. Only a few moments before the final scene, as they crowded around the brave man, he remarked: "I hope we may be allowed, if God will, to reach the shore with our lives; but if not, I have perfect confidence in the wisdom and goodness of Him who doeth all things well." This is but one instance of thousands in which the faith of a life-time has continued strong in death, and enabled its possessor not only to face the last enemy without a fear, but to inspire those around him with a similar courage. How often, even in the case of the young, the shrinking and constitutionally timid, has a true faith triumphed over all fears, and made the soul tranquil, serene and happy in the hour of its departure from all the attractions and all the endearments of an earthly home! Whatever scoffers may say, Christianity has not lost its high vocation amongst men, nor one ray of its sublime glory, when it produces a moral courage grounded on faith in God, which can bear the soul up under the calamities of life, and face the last enemy without a fear.—*Chicago Interior.*

Choice Extracts.

—There is pleasure in contemplating good; but the greatest pleasure of all is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

—Every laboring man in the Republic can best afford to treat every enemy of the Sabbath as his enemy.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—How narrow our souls become when absorbed in any present good or ill. It is only the thought of the future that makes them great.

—We have over-abundance of discussion. What avails it the repetition, over and over again of old plans, old recommendations of measures, unless they are practically adopted and carried into effect? What we want is more work and less talk.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

—Be useful.—

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still;
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—*George Herbert.*

—He who is godly is both a diamond and a loadstone—a diamond, for the sparkling of his grace, and a loadstone, for his attractive virtue in drawing others to the love of God's precepts; a good man benefits others more than himself. You that are parents, discharge your duty; though you can not impart grace to your children, yet you may impart knowledge. Let your children know the commandments of God. Ye shall teach them your children. You are careful to leave your children a portion; leave the oracles of Heaven with them; instruct them in the law of God. If God spake all these words, you may well speak them over again to your children.—*T. Watson.*

—If thy vessel be but small in the ocean of this world, if meanness of possessions be thy allotment on earth, forget not those virtues which the great disposer of all bids thee to entertain from thy quality and condition; that is, submission, humility, content of mind, and industry. Content may dwell in all stations. To be low, but above contempt, may be high enough to be happy. But many of low degree may be higher than computed, and some cubits above the common commensuration; for in all states virtue gives qualifications and allowances, which make out defects. Rough diamonds are sometimes mistaken for pebbles, and meanness may be rich in accomplishments, which riches in vain desire.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

—The name of Oliver Bennett ought to be long and gratefully remembered in the West. He was a St. Louis merchant, who decided, in 1847, to found and help needy Sabbath-schools, by paying six dollars towards a library, if a school could be got together of not less than five teachers and twenty-five scholars, which would contribute an equal sum. And, if the school should have ten teachers and fifty scholars or more, he would give twelve dollars towards a twenty-four-dollar library. The result was that in twenty years, 3,829 schools were organized in Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, etc., with 19,805 teachers and 111,480 scholars. Think of the good done, and the incitements to Christian activity which this wise merchant thus aroused, by thus investing about twenty thousand dollars for Christ. Who will do likewise?—*Golden Rule.*

—In the *World of Science* a physician laments the too frequent habit of drinking strong tea and coffee after a hearty breakfast or dinner. For hard-working persons, if they are not too corpulent, he recommends thick-flake cocoa as a healthful and nutritious drink. "For those who do not want fattening drinks, and who can not drink cocoa, I should say drink hot water at breakfast. In cold weather warm water is by far the best drink at dinner, and in hot weather a draught of warm water is more wholesome and cooling than cold or iced water."

—The *Journal de Pharmacie* says that a mucilage composed as follows will unite wood, porcelain or glass: Eight and a half ounces of gum arabic in strong solution, twenty grains of solution of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JUNE 20. 1883

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	½ "	40
¼ "	½ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	8

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
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Democratic Ticket.

For Governor.
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General,
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer,
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

Superintendent of Public Instruction,
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

NEAL and Craft are in hopes that Burnett's theory about the Ashland tragedy will prove correct.

THE management of the Latonia race course had a very flattering meeting. So much so that the stock is considerably above par.

SEVERAL communications came in on Tuesday, this week, and we were compelled to present them in a very condensed form.

NEAL and Craft have been applied to, to ascertain what amount will secure their services when liberated. They replied, in substance, that they are not in a condition to name the figures.

PETER McGEOCH, the Chicago lard bull, collapsed last Saturday. It is estimated that two million dollars are involved in the failure, and many smaller firms are considerably shaken by it.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $6 20@6 30; fair to good packers, at $5 90@6 25; fair to good light, $6 10@6 25; common, $5 35@5 85; culls, $4 35@5 30; stock hogs, $5 35@6 00.

IT is said that one of the candidates for United States Senator in this state is furnishing candidates for the legislature money with which to make the canvass, in consideration of which they are to support him for Senator. If the next general assembly of Kentucky is to be controlled by that class of men, it will be a shame and disgrace.

A TERRIBLE disaster involving the death of about 200 children occurred at Sunderland, England, on the 18th inst. A school entertainment was going on in Victoria Hall, and in one of the gallerys were about 1,200 children, who started down the steps, when one of them fell in attempting to pass through the door which permitted but one to pass at a time. The mass of children continued to press forward with the result above stated.

SENATOR BECK says: "The majority of the people of the United States are tired of what you might call Republican bossism, but don't think yet that we can be trusted. We have a majority of the next congress, and the result will depend upon what we do. If we organize and go honestly to work to legislate for the good of the whole country, put down monopolies without disturbing industry, carry a genuine reform of the civil service into effect and keep clear of the idea that power is to be used only to reward political friends, we will elect the president."

SOON after the Ashland tragedy, Alf Burnett promulgated the theory that the horrible crime was the work of three negroes, and that Neal, Craft and Ellis were innocent. Burnett resides in West Virginia, and he has been at work on his theory ever since the three above named were arrested, and last week he caused the arrest of two out of the three negroes he has charged with the crime. If he has the evidence against them that he claims, it looks very much like he has captured the real criminals. At Ashland the people have no faith, whatever, in Burnett's theory, and they were so indignant when he arrived there with one of his prisoners, that they threatened to mob him. There will be ample time before any further steps are taken in Craft's case, to investigate the charge as against the negroes.

GUILTY.

John Barnett and five of His Confederates found Guilty of Murder in the Space of ten Minutes.

[*Special to the Courier-Journal.*]

MT. STERLING, June 13.—The most remarkable case in the annals of Kentucky crime is the Barnett case which has just been tried here. It is obscure in its beginning, intricate in its progress, wonderful in its events and awful in its denouncement. The details of the various crimes which make the history of this trial of John L. Barnett so startling and so awful have been given at various times in the Courier-Journal. At eleven o'clock this morning Jim Barnett, by his attorneys, came into court and

WITHDREW HIS PLEA

of not guilty of the murder of Vaughan Hilton. The scene was extraordinary. The court-room was crowded with anxious, expectant people. Men and women who live forty miles away were here to attend the trial of a man who has made Menifee county red with blood and maintained a feud as fierce and as deadly as the historical feuds of the Middle Ages. The interest in this place was intense, because of the mob which came here three weeks ago, attacked the jail and attempted to take out the prisoners and hang them, consequently when Judge Holt, for the defense, arose this morning and announced that the leader of the most desperate bands of banditts that ever disgraced Kentucky withdrew his plea of not guilty, every upturned face became a picture of astonishment, and it went around that such a thing has never occurred in Kentucky before. In order to show the enormity of the crime, the prosecution introduced Mrs. Susan Helton as a witness. Mrs. Helton came in. She is a large, handsome woman, with coal-black eyes, black hair, rosy cheeks and a full habit. She gave a detail account of the killing of her husband, Vaughan Helton, on May 12, in such a manner as to carry conviction with it and cause the cheeks of every man to blanch with

THE HORRIBLE RECITAL OF THE CRIME

of her brother, who led a band of conspirators to kill her husband. She said that Mark Miller, Nelson Wadkins and Elliott Wadkins came to her house, took supper and went to bed to stay all night. She disposed of them as best she could in a small log cabin of two rooms. At midnight others came, and, after being refused admittance, said that if they were not allowed to come in peaceably they would come in in a damned rough manner. Her husband seized his shot-gun, from which the caps had been taken by the traitors inside. Just as he put others on the door burst open and in came three masked men. The plucky woman grabbed the first man and held his right hand, but he soon swung her violently away and the shooting begun. By the time she recovered her feet her husband lay back on the bed dead. He had fallen upon the little two-year-old child that lay upon the bed.

She had not been able to see much of the murderers, in consequence of the scuffle with the man she recognized as Newton Yarber. Hence she did not know who the other two men were.

As she left the stand Laura Riley, an illiterate mountain girl, took her place and told a simple story of the murder and of the actions in it, which deepened the impression of its cold-blooded horror. She had been sleeping in the foot of the bed with Helton and wife and when the door was back, she stood up in bed and leaned over the door so as to command a view within and without. She recognized two of the men of the inside, Newton Yarber and Sol Becroft, who did the shooting, and three on the outside, John Barnett, John Gibbs and John Becroft, who stood with their pistols drawn ready to assist in the bloody tragedy.

The defense was not able to attack any of the testimony given by either of these witnesses and the questions served only to bring the facts out a little fuller. Con. Helton, the ten-year-old son of Helton, next took the stand and stated that he

RECOGNIZED HIS UNCLE

John Barnett, John Gibbs, and John Becroft outside with pistols in their hands.

Here the prosecution rested. and Judge Riddle instructed the jury that as the defendant had entered the plea of guilty to the charge of murder. the jury will return a verdict of guilty, and fix his punishment at imprisonment for life or at death by hanging.

Then the case of the confederates, John Becroft, Sol Becroft, Elliott Wadkins, John Gibbs and Newton Yarber was called and disposed of by the same jury without further evidence or eloquence. The jury was out ten minutes to sentence these men to the penitentiary for life. Thus six men were sentenced to the penitentiary by the same jury within an hour's time. Such a trial as this is unprecedented in almost every respect. It is entirely unlike anything that ever occurred in Kentucky before.

MISSOURI LETTER.

SMITHTON, MO., June 11, 1883.
To the Editors of the Recorder:

According to arrangments we left home Thursday morning, the 7th inst., and took the 8 o'clock train on the O. & M., and checked ourselves for St. Louis. We (my wife and I) enjoyed our trip hugely.

Passing down the Ohio river we viewed with delight the beautifully improved hillsides, both nature and art commingling. We passed through Lawrenceburg, and with almost lightning speed, through Aurora, taking, as best we could, a peep across the river at old Pate.

We arrived in St. Louis on time, rested one hour and a half, and took the west bound train on the Missouri Pacific for Sedalia, where we again found ourselves on time. After taking refreshments and resting awhile, we started to see my two sons, Eli and Everett, who live seven miles east of Sedalia, near Smithton, a railroad town of 300 inhabitants. We arrived at Everett's in time for dinner, and found him and his family well and doing well. We are now at Eli's, and his family are well. My sons have splendid prospects for a good crop, their wheat being the best I have seen, and I think it will make fifteen bushels or over to the acre. They have plowed their corn the third time, and, on an average, it is knee high. Oats look splendid. They also have 8 or 10 acres of potatoes, as fine as I ever saw, and they are good size for eating, (as I have tried them. Yum, yum!) They have 1,500 or 2,000 bushels of old corn on hand, a fine lot of thoroughbred hogs in which they are doing a splendid business, having a ready sale for their pigs at two months old at $10 ahead. They also have a fine lot of merino sheep, which I am told are the most profitable sheep in this section of country. The sheep men here say that the merino shears more pounds of wool per head, and are a healthier sheep than anyother they can handle. A merino ram generally shears from 18 to 36 pounds of wool.

Sedalia is the thriftiest young city I ever saw. It is now about 20 years old and has 18,000 inhabitants; and its manufacturing facilities are rapidly increasing, having at present quite a number of manufactories of different kinds. It is also the center of the great J. Gould system of railroads, and has in its midst enormous round houses with machine shops attached. I am informed that there is constantly employed in these shops from 800 to 1,000 men.

Business of all kinds seems to be exceedingly brisk. This is getting to be a splendid market for both stock and produce, which, of course, will greatly benefit the surrounding country. Corn is now worth from 40 to 45 cents a bushel; oats, 35 cents; wheat, $1 10; hay, $10 per ton; new potatoes, $2 50 per bushel. Vegetables of all kinds are plentiful, and are commanding good prices. In fact the city of Sedalia seems to be booming in every sense of the word. I have neglected to say anything in behalf of Sedalia on account of its accommodations for public travel, and the accommodating hotel proprietors to be found here. The city should be proud of them.

Mr. Editor, I had no thought of writing you a letter from here when I left home, but when I arrived here and found everything so prosperous, and prices ranging so near those in Kentucky, I thought I would write a letter advising all young men to go West. ABEL CARPENTER.

Assessors Book.

The Assessor's book for '83 shows the taxable property in the several districts to be as follows:

Union	$513,830
Hamilton	279,815
Burlington	876,395
Florence	897,276
Taylorport	760,960
Petersburg	491,975
Bellevue	249,365
Carlton	809,506
Beever	243,781
Verona	304,747
Walton	360,105
Total	$5,287,809
Total veluation in 1882	5,243,472

In the matter of territory Burlington is the largest district, having 25,437 acres of land which is valued at $604,495. Bellevue is the smallest district, having 7,149 of land valued at $188,810.

There are 150,103 acres of land in the county, the average value which is $26 per acre.

This year the Assessor returns 2,887 votes while last year he found only 2,800.

There were 29 sheep killed by dogs last year valued at $29, but as nobody in the county has more than one dog there is no funds out of which to pay for them.

In 1882 there were 2,797,798 lbs. of tobacco raised, while in 1881 there were 2,591,286 pounds.

The 1882 crop of wheat made 128,739 bushels, while that of 1881 made 46,797 bushels.

There was a large decrease in the corn crop of 1882 which yielded 55,750 bushels, while the crop of 1881 was 378,938 bushels.

On last year's book Burlington was at the head of the list of districts in the point of wealth, but this year she occupies the second place while the Florence district has a good lead.

Were there an equal divide of the taxable property in the county made among the white males 21 years old and over, each one would have a little over $1,800.

THE later developments are knocking the bottom out of the theory by which the Virginia detective, Alf Burnett, expected to show the innocence of Neal and Craft.

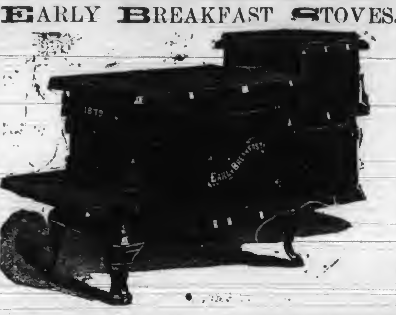
—Richard Henshaw, aged seventy-one, and Miss Lizzie Jane Haggard, aged sixty-five, have wedded in Green county.

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.



Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

Telling it very Short.

"I'll tell it, sir, in few words if I can. but the story would fill a book if justice was done to it."

"Surely, Michael, but put it short this time so's I can squeeze it into a page of letter paper."

"Here you are, sir, then, and there are thousands of people here in Bingham, N. Y., who will testify to the truth of what I say. My name is Michael Guilfoyle. I am seventy-four years old. For about nine years I was almost shut out from the world by rheumatism. I had peddled small wares in this city for years, and had to stop altogether. At the best of times I could only hobble miserably about with my cane. I was bent nearly double with pain and weakness, and my hands were useless to labor with. I was but the poor wreck of a once strong man. None of the medicines usually given for rheumatism did me the least good, sir. My old friends and customers forgot me, as though I were under ground,

'With the end of my nose and the tip of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daises.'

My days and nights were doleful and painful. I had no hope except death. That is God's truth, and Mr. Mosher, here, knows it.

"I can't tell you how, but PARKER'S TONIC cured me. That was three years ago. I'm lively as a cricket now, sir and go my business rounds every day, rain or shine. You may tell this to all the world, and refer the doubters to me."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change is made for two reasons: first, because ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, and secondly, because unprincipled inferior preparations under the name of ginger.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

The Central Ky. Lunatic Asylum, Plff.
vs
Richard Green, &c, Defts
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April Term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 2nd day of July, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 12 months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment to wit:

The defendent Richard Green's ½ interest in the dower of Mr. Ellen Green in the land of E. T. Green—said dower contains 10 acres and bounded by the lands of John E. Walton, John M. Moody and others.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C

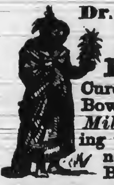
STRAYED or STOLEN

From my stable near Petersburg, last Sunday night, a bay mare mule, 7 years old this spring, about 15½ hands high, has a dark stripe across the shoulders and along the back, striped legs, and has a halter burn on one of her hind feet. The postals sent out do not describe her exactly as above. Information of her whereabouts will be thankfully received by

O. T. PORTER, Petersburg, Ky.

FOR RENT.

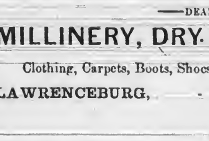
One half mile above Rising Sun, Ind., a very desirable residence of seven rooms, out buildings, pasture, garden and fruit adjoining. Some farming land—or the farm of 180 acres can be rented with it. Good school in town. Enquire by mail, or at the place, Maple Grove. MRS. D. G. RABB, Rising Sun, Ind.



Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
TRADE MARK,
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. R. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '18

JNO. S. DORMAN & CO.
—DEALERS IN—
MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Clothing, Carpets, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - - INDIANA.



A. M. Elliott and Co,
—DEALERS IN—
Threshers,
Engines,
SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE
Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders,
South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows,
Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.
Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

LOOK HERE!
when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on
Winegardner
He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationary
constantly on hand.
Headquaters in Lotton House.

NOTICE.

Know all men by this notice: That Elzy Garrison, H. A. Hicks, B. L. Rice, C. C. Talbott, Wallace Garrison, John S. Mason and T. A. Huey, under the name and style of the Richwood and Big Bone Turnpike Co., have associated themselves together to contract and operate a turnpike road, beginning at its intersection with the Union and Beaver Lick turnpike, just southeast of Dr. H. C. Lassing's residence, in Boone county, Kentucky, and running thence in a general westwardly direction along an established and surveyed route, in a main line to Elzy Garrison's gate, and consisting of said main line and a branch turnpike, beginning at Robert Wills' corner with Richard Howlett, on the old Big Bone and Union dirt road, running in a general northwardly direction until it intersects the general main line at a point S E. of C. T. Rice's old homestead. Said main line and branch road shall be called the Richwood & Big Bone Turnpike.

Big Bone or some point on the road shall be the principal place of business.

The amount of capital stock shall be $10,000, to be paid in as the work progresses.

Said corporation shall date from June 9, 1883, and continue fifty years.

Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and five directors, all of whom shall be ellected annually on January 1st of each year.

It shall not subject itself, at any time, to a greater liability or indebtedness than $6,000.

Private property shall be exempt from corporate debts.

ELZIE GARRISON, H. A. HICKS, B. L. RICE,
WALLACE GARRISON, JOHN S. MASON,
COURTNEY C. TALBOTT. T. A. HUEY.
June 12, 4t.

ESTRAY.

One roan cow white face, about six years old, left the pasture at Taylorport, Boone county, Ky., June 14th. A suitable reward will be paid.

WM. HUMPHREY, Taylorport, Ky.

LUMBER.
Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.
We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.
—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

W. J. RICE.
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

Erlanger Hotel.
JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.
First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.
Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new anes I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK
READ!
Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs, PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & CO.,
Lock Box 488 Washington, D. C.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Joe. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

SCROFULA
and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN."
148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

☞ All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known *writer on the Boston Herald*, B. W. BALL, of *Rochester, N.H.*, writes, June 7, 1882:
"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a *complete cure*. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

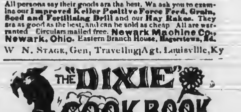
FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

26.999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap All are warranted Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.
W. N. STAGE, Gen, Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky



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Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.
S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles
works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms.
Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce **JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK** as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

The mercury climbed up to 94° last Saturday.

Last week was pic-nic week at Parlor Grove.

Fires were kindled in sitting rooms again last week.

B. K. Sleet takes a meal in Burlington occasionally.

Saturday was another hotest day of the season. Sunday, do.

A very large crowd attended meeting at the Baptist church Sunday.

J. M. Conner commenced walking cattle toward the city last week.

Not many hogs in this part of the county being fed for early market.

It is difficult to tell of which we will have the most this year, weeds or rain.

The sheriff is collecting taxes in earnest. He has several pieces of property advertised for sale.

The certificates of cures by Ayer's Sarsaparilla are living truths, verified by living witnesses.

T. B. Rouse & Co., have given the Hebron road a good working. T. B. believes in doing good work.

One of E. E. and Richard Utz's 1,600 pound beef cattle got a leg broken the other day and had to be killed.

O. P. Tanner has got but one Sunday now in which to break his score, or go up head as a weather prognosticator.

Mr. Abel Carpenter advises young men to go west. They might go west, but wouldn't go a cyclone very well.

The English sparrows have taken possession of every hole about the houses large enough for them to occupy.

Constable R. H. Sandford summoned his first jury, last Monday. He went at it like an old hand at the "biz".

Attorney Winston is giving his talent for farming exercise this spring. He is reinstating the Collins farm near town.

A warrant was sworn out by a colored man the other day, charging Robinson, a colored divine, with the larceny of a hoe.

John Kahr, the Hebron shoemaker, by doing good honest work, has built up a good trade. He now has a month's work ordered.

The long-eared quadruped with a squeaking voice now rejoices because the biped heretofore bearing his name is called a dude.

O. T. Porter, of Petersburg, has had a fine mule missing since Sunday night —either strayed or stolen. See description in another column.

Those who attended the Sons of Temperance pic-nic at Parlor Grove last Saturday, pronounce it a grand success in every particular.

The protracted wet weather has reduced the supply of honey that otherwise would have been made, but there will be an abundance.

These balloons with brims to them, worn as hats by the boys at the Boone House, are very becoming, they say. Well, we should remark!

Jim Westbay takes in everything, even the bootblacks' excursions to the "Zoo". The bootblacks were rather too fresh and festive for Jim.

The pic-nic season will be inaugurated in William Walton's woods next Saturday afternoon. It will be a good place to go to spend a half day pleasantly.

Sunday was the annual show day of hats and bonnets with the Baptist congregation at this place, and each girl tried to look the sweetest and wear the nicest hat or bonnet.

When C. W. Saxton dons his costume for working among his bees, we imagine he looks like a western train robber. Charles' exploits are confined to the bee-hive.

Ben Kirkpatrick's cheek bears an ugly mark made by a brick dropped by his brother John off the Petersburg Christian church. Ben stepped out at the door and looked up just in time to receive the brick.

Constable Thomas Watts, of Taylorport district, made his official debut here last Wednesday, on which occasion he lodged the first fruits of his official career in the county cooler. Tom will make a No. 1 officer.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Our friend, Gabriel T. Gaines, came over to town one morning last week and notified a doctor of the place to keep himself in readiness for a call, that he was going to have new potatoes for dinner that day. Gabe had the first new potatoes of the season hereabout, and the M. D., is none the better off thereby.

The star-route jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, as was anticipated from the beginning.

BORN—On the 12th inst., to Mr. Tom Clore and wife, of Bellevue, a fine girl. Tom thinks the Burlington club can beat the Aurora club now.

Mr. Benj. Craven, who is in his 92d year, is reported in a dying condition, having been speechless and helpless since Monday. He has enjoyed remarkably good health all this winter.

Our town has a band of female serenaders. The leading instrument is a French harp. We will not mention their names, but will say to Misses Arnie, Nellie, Pinkie and Nettie, that the music made the other night was splendid, and we hope they will be successful in getting their new harps.

The lead-heavers in this office are under many obligations to Dr. Furnish and Joe Reed for the princely manner in which they entertained them last Monday at the Boone House. The event will always occupy a green place in our memories, and we fell that we are derelict in our duities until we reciprocate by giving them a boost in the estimation of the fair sex.

A. G. Winston visited Frankfort and Lexington the latter part of last week. He says that they have had a great deal of rain in the blue-grass section, but the corn is about knee-high. The continued wet weather has interfered greatly with the plowing. Many farmers were ready to commence harvesting their barley of which there is a large crop. A large acreage of tobacco will be cultivated in that part of the State this year.

The following explains itself:

MR. RIDDELL—Dear Sir: I stated to Ben Stephens, John Hoggins and others, in Florence, two weeks ago, that I had Blue grass in my pasture nearly or quite 4 feet in length. They laughed at that statement, and asked me to send some of "That tall Blue grass to the Boone County RECORDER. I send you a small bunch. Will you please measure it and publish the result, and you will greatly oblige me. W. S. KEENE.

WALNUT HILLS P. O., Fayette co., Ky.

We measured the sample of grass referred to above and find it four feet in length. The grass can be seen at this office.

Some time since Temp Graves, who lives near Bullittsville, hired a boy named John Daisey, from the city, to work for him. Last Thursday the boy started to Cincinnati, and Temp knowing that he had no money, after he started, investigated and found that he was minus $16. He started in pursuit, and overtaking the boy, searched him, finding $1. The boy went back home with Graves and assisted in searching for the missing money, which not being found, he left again. Temp then obtained a search warrant from Esq. Gaines and placed it in the hands of constable Tom Watts, who arrested Daisey and searching him, found the remaining $15 in a handkerchief in his coat pocket. An examining trial was held and in default of $200 bail Daisey was committed to jail.

Base-ball.

Last Saturday Dr. Jonas Terrill's base ball aggregation met the Burlington combination on the grounds of the latter, and defeated them by a score of 12 to 5. The Burlington boys were probably off on the water question again. The game was about as well played as any witnessed on that ground. Rip Sickles, Bullittsville's hired man and catcher, Snyder, the pitcher, Moreland, the first baseman and Hoshall, third baseman did the principal work for the visitors, while the men in the same positions for the home nine are entitled to credit. Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Bur'ton	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	1	0	5
Bulitts'ille	3	0	2	0	2	3	0	2		12

Bullittsville and Petersburg play next Saturday at the latter place.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Uncle Church Clore has improved very little, if any, the past week.

Miss Cora Arnold, of Bellevue, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. W. Saxton.

Mrs. German, of Pendleton county, is visiting her son, W. T. German, of this place.

M. S. Rice and family, of Covington, spent Sunday with relatives in this neighborhood.

Miss Mollie Tupman and sister, Clara of Kenton Heights, are visiting their aunt at this place.

Miss Lucy Ryle returned, last Friday, from Glendale, Ohio, where she has been attending school.

Miss Stella Camby, of Ohio, has been, for several days, the guest of Mrs. Gen. Camby, at the Central Hotel.

A. C. Porter and wife, of Petersburg, were among their friends in the Burlington neighborhood Sunday.

County Clerk Garnett and C. L. Crisler visited Joe Slosher's ponds Monday, and by his permission angled a while.

David Blythe returned, Friday evening, from Hanover, Indiana, where he has been attending school since last fall.

Miss Laura and Miss Alice Moody, daughters of Col. John M. Moody, of Bellevue, are visiting ex-governor Leslie, of Barren county.

Dr. J. C. Terrill, of Bullittsville, Dr. L. B. Terrill, of Hebron, and Dr. Ed Terrill, of Petersburg, were in town last Saturday. Base-ball hied them hither.

L. H. Voshell, of Sparta, Indiana, was in town Saturday, and looks the Lou of yore. The day before he finished planting corn for the third time this season, the worms having destroyed the first two plantings.

Departed this life, June 4th, 1883, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Nancy Swetnam, aged 36 years. The deceased was the oldest daughter of Jimmie and Harriet Jarrell; was favorably known in this part of the county. She was not a professor of religion, but of a christian character, stood high in the estimation of all who knew her. We hope she is now in the paradise of God, and with her husband who preceded her to the better land some 14 years ago. Her sufferings were long, and very severe at times, but she bore it all with fortitude, without a murmur, and when her last moments came, she camly fell asleep in Jesus, resigning her quiet spirit to its Creator. She neither lacked friends care nor physicians' attention, all was done to restore her to health, that was in mortal power, but all of no avail. But they should be reconciled, being assured their loss is her eternal gain. May the Lord reconcile us all to his providential dealings with us. She leaves an affectionate daughter who showed her whole strength in faithfulness to the very last, two loving sisters, a kind father and mother, with many friends to mourn her loss. Her remains were followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends to their last resting place, in the family grave yard.

My letter is lengthy, and yet too short to do full justice to our departed friend. I knew her well, and can bear testimony to her worth and standing.

Her busy hands are folded,
Her work on earth is done;
Her trials all are ended,
Her heavenly crown is won.

Upon her brow so peaceful
No earthly shadows rest;
For anxious cares reach never
To mansions of the blest.

June 6, '83. JULIA A. RICE.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Waterloo.

Our farmers are hopeful of an abundant harvest, and our mechanics are cheerful with the prospect of abundance of labor.

The crops are looking somewhat better since the recent rain—potatoes especially.

Picking cherries will be in order this week. We have a fine crop in this vicinity.

We have very little to report this week, as times are very dull.

Beaver Lick.

Several of our ladies attended the strawberry festival at Walton last Saturday...... Miss Lillie Nettles, of Moberly, Mo., is spending the week with relatives here...... Our farmers are pleased with present prospects for a good crop...... Lots of tobacco has been set and is doing well......Andrew Ellis was in the city, last week, with some fine tobacco.

Normansville.

Many of our farmers are done setting tobacco, and it looks well—stand good...... Corn was slow to start but is growing nicely...... Prospects for wheat and rye have improved very much...... Mr. Will Carson has a position in J. W. Kennedy's tobacco shop......Our new 'Squire, F. M. Howlett held his first court at the springs the 12th inst. There were two cases on the docket which were satisfactorily disposed of.

Meeting at Big Bone church on the 4th Friday, Saturday and Sunday in June. On Saturday three members selected by the church to serve as deacons will be ordained. A large attendance expected. Basket dinner on Friday and Saturday, and the usual hospitality of the neighborhood extended.

Scattersville.

A fine time to set tobacco last week and most of the farmers made good use of it.

H. P. Parsons has got his mill in running order, and has commenced sawing.

We have a new buckster from town who has made two trips. He keeps a supply of tinware with him.

We will have to ask pardon of our brother at Waterloo, for tresspassing on his quarters, as we did make one report from the Locust Grove school-house. We will do so no more.

Last Tuesday the friends and relatives of Mrs. William Rue, went in and plowed and hoed her corn. Thanks to all for their kindness.

O. B. Utz, of Big Bone neighborhood, took supper in our burg one night last week as he was returning from Bullettsville, where he had been on duty for the Grange.

Plattsburg

Everything is unusually quiet in our burg. The farmers are all busy.

The tobacco crop is pretty much all set out. Corn is looking very well. Harvest will be very light with us this summer.

Prof. Stephenson's school closed last Friday. The examination showed that the scholars had been not only well, but thoroughly drilled in their respective studies.

Uncle Tom Lindsay says he is beaten on the old coin, and be will try something else. He says Mr. John Kinney on Ashby Fork, has a duck that has four distinct feet and legs and goes about with the rest of the gang, and is the largest and best duck of the party.

Mr. Robert Smith is quite low with typhoid fever at this writing.

Mont Balsly, president of the Plattsburg jocky club, says it was so he could not attend the Latonia races, but thinks he will be ready next time.

Petersburg.

The Spedwell club is a swift one.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is making quite an improvement on the Christian church.

Miss Stella Fisher, of Lawrenceburg, was the guest of Miss Georgie Comer last Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Ed Terrill attended the races at Latonia Springs last Wednesday.

Capt. B. B. Bradley and Miss Bolle McAroy, of Rising Sun, spent last Sunday with Miss Mary Bradley.

Mrs. Newman, of Rising Sun, is visiting S. C. Buchanan, at this place.

S. G. Botts and Capt. Fenton attended the sale last weekat Cincinnati of uncalled-for express packages. The goods were sold by single packages, the purchaser not knowing what he had bought until he had paid for and opened it. They will open a second hand store under the name of Botts & Fenton, dealers in uncalled-for express goods. As they had not opened all of their goods we can not give a full price list. Below you will find prices of some of the leading articles: One trunk full of wind $6; 1 valise full of old papers 70c; 1 box of saw dust 30c; 1 second hand shaving box 30c; 1 second hand brush 25c; 1 cake second hand soap, 20c; 1 package show bills 65c; 1 old shirt with dirt 45c.

Florence X-Roads.

A fine cherry crop.

Apples scarce, except a few early varieties.

Oats look tolerably well.

Wheat is thin on the ground, but the heads are large.

Irish potatoes are fine. The beetles have disappeared.

W. M. Conner did the first harvesting in this neighborhood, having cut his crop of rye.

W. Y. Crigler, of Carlisle, Ky., spent one night, last week, with friends in this neighborhood.

The corn has commenced growing since the cold spell. It is about an equal race between it and the weeds.

Born—On the 18th inst., to Rev. A. J. Douglas and wife, a fine boy. Mr. Douglas is all smiles.

F. H. Russell has bought a large lot of fine walnut logs of Milton Graves, near Florence.

Our late representative Walton, was here the other day getting acquainted with the people.

John Welch had the misfortune of getting his ankle broken or badly bruised, the other day.

Joe Souther and Sam Crutcher took in the last Circuit Court at Williamstown, and had a general good time with the young ladies of the town. Joe's experience with the chandeliers was not a pleasant one. Ask Joe for particulars.

Bullittsville.

A coat or two of paint would not hurt the school-house.

Rev. Jas. S. Kirtley and Jas. Gaines received the degree of B. S., at the recent Georgetown commencement.

It is rumored that one of our threshing machine firms will buy a new thresher with a self-propelling steam power.

We suggest to Commissioner Snyder as a subject to discuss at the next Teachers' Institute, "The salary of teachers." This subject forced my attention a few days ago, when conversing with a teacher of a neighboring county. He spoke of his getting $100 per month and vacation, which the average teacher of Boone never realizes.

R. L. Neal, of Harrodsburg, and O. B. Utz, of Boone, respectively Master and Lecturer of the State Grange, were present at the meeting of the County Grange, last Friday, and each made a good practical speech, which was encouraging and instructive to the listener.

Willis Arnold has bought a farm in Saline county, Missouri.

A large congregation was present, Sunday, at the Christian church. A good sermon was preached on "Doing", after which a bountiful repast was served in the church-yard. It being show day the ladies and some of the gents, too, put on their best. Owing to the confusion caused by the glare of so many fine faces, dresses, &c., we were unable to decide which deserved the premium. Enough to say all was tip-top.

The following persons are now home from school: Miss Fannie Duncan, Owen Watts, James Gaines and Crit Gordon.

Miss Nettie Graves received a fine gold watch and chain, also ear rings, breast pin and necklace. Her brother John was the liberal doner.

Mrs. Mary Gaines attended the commencement at Georgetown.

Florence.

Our ideas and notes, this week, will be very short and scattering, like Jim Henderson's speech.

Roads all worked.

Large lot of tobacco plants left over.

We understand that Black Clarkson has taken unto himself a rib—of contention.

We will wager a jug of buttermilk that Henry Riley has sawed a longer, thicker and wider plank than Adam Clore did.

A few evenings ago, Charley Burnett, colored, undertook to hold a post mortum on Sandy Finnell, colored, when Sandy threw in an objection in the shape of a 4 pound bolder.

I understand that Harvy Hicks is engaged largely in the gooseberry trade this season.

A train of cars ran over Esquire Bedinger's dog, and cut its tail off so short that it can't be measured from either end.

How could you expect a negro to know who the president of the United States is, when he don't "member zactly what day of the month de 4th of July comes on dis yeah?"

The Baptist strawberry festival at this place on the 16th, was a grand success.

Hugh Houston is slowly recovering from the flux.—Dick Grant is low with consumption.—John Hampton is confined to his bed with erysipelas.—Chas. Lodge has been suffering with "renalcull

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The editor of the Rising Sun Recorder returned from the west several days since, but his paper is still publishing interesting letters from him out west.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

James West, Plft.
vs
James Marshall, Deft. } Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 2nd day of July 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 9 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

A tract of land in Boone county, Ky., near Richwood church, beginning at a corner of Black, Hughes and Cleek; thence running with Cleek's line to a sugar tree; thence back into the farm of the grantor so as to strike a point from which a line run to Hughe's line taking the line first run and Hughes' line for two of the bounding lines and the other two lines so as to make 50 acres. For a more particular description see county surveyor's report on file in Circuit Clerks office.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $983 39 Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Coudt, Ky.

John A Kendall's Adm'r Plff
vs
John A Kendall's heirs, &c, Defts } Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will on Monday, the 2nd day of July 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m, or thereabout (being county court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6, 12 & 18 months equal installments, at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Near Burlington, Boone county, Ky., bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs Lucy Rogers on the West by the road leading from the East Bend road to Gunpowder Creek, on the South by the dower of Mrs Mary E Kendall, and Jonas Delph, on the East by Samuel Pope.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale $2,811 30 Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C C

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good.

MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
BURLINGTON, KY.
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
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CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

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MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
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LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
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A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
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SWETNAM & NEAD,
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LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

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Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the Drug line, such as ——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

HARNESS & SADDLES,

ALBERT M. ACRA,
—) BURLINGTON, KY. (—
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in
Saddles, Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.,
I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Reparing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

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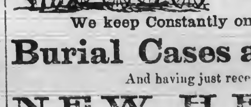

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THE RECORDER

BURLINGTON, - KENTUCKY

WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
  I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The muezzin of the darkening thicket
  I hear an night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,
  And loving hands unclasp from mine!
Alone I go to meet the darkness
  Across the awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me
  I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
  What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
  What thunder roll of music stun?
What vast possessions sweep before me
  Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
  I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
  And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
  Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life Divine and human
  The Heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
  The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
  The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
  An endless anthem's rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
  The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge:
  What matter if I never know
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy
  Or colder Sirius white as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father!
  I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
  I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for
  Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
  Made perfect in Thy holy will!

—*J. G. Whittier, in N. Y. Independent.*

BOBETTE.

Gillespies Tower is a gloomy old building standing guard, apparently, over the scattered houses of a fishing hamlet which lies below, close in under the shelter of the cliffs. At low tide there is a long flat stretch of sand before it, and the broad ocean beyond. Only the lover of wild bleak pasture lands, straight cliffs and a cold, restless sea could find any attraction in the view; yet there are those who love its very grayness and unbounded breadth.

The house is more like fortress than dwelling, with massive walls and narrow slit-like windows; but there is one grand outlook from the landing of the staircase, and this was evidently appreciated, as the dark polished cherry of the window-seat bore many scratches from long buttoned aprons and small hob-nailed shoes.

At this moment a child was slowly climbing the staircase toward her favorite nook. The window was just broad enough for her to sit with her little feet straight out before her, and to place her doll bolt upright with her back against the wall. They sat there face to face, the large wax doll dressed in baby clothes, and wrapped in a white capuchin, or long cape, and peaked hood, which stood up very erect on her head; the child as motionless as her companion, her hands clasped over her white apron, and only the hem of her short black dress showing below. Her dark hair was drawn back with a round comb and hung down her back in heavy braids. Her eyes, too, were dark and very clear, and were resting thoughtfully on the tossing sea. A stiff gale was blowing from off shore, and as the tide crept in the waves were caught and buffeted about and almost driven back over the sands. There was a great white ship in the offing, its masts and sails in strange foreshortened angles as it beat up against the wind. It seemed more like some phantom than anything earthly and filled with life.

The beach below was deserted; the fishing boats were out in spite of the storm, the babies all safe at home with their mothers, and the children at school—and Bobette sat on alone and idle, and gazed at the white wing-like sails and the sea.

Presently she sighed and turned her head. The hall below, too, looked dark and solitary; there was not a sound in the house. She glanced at the doll sitting opposite her; the blue eyes gazed back at her blankly; there was no sympathy in the waxen face.

Bobette's eyes wandered back to the ocean, and she gave a long, deep sigh. Her eyelashes rose and fell more and more slowly, and even rested for an instant now and then on her cheek; but she roused herself presently, rearranged dolly's curls and peaked cap, then slid down from her seat and slowly descended the stairs. She crept on tiptoe across the silent hall and into the dining-room, and stood doubtful, for an instant, before the great mahogany sideboard. On it was a plate heaped high with square chunks of gingerbread, and a silver basket of fruit; but Bobette passed on through a parlor where the shutters were closed and the curtains drawn. Beyond was a sleeping-room, and into this Bobette looked from the door.

On a sofa lay a woman asleep, her long fair hair hanging off over the cushions to the floor. Her black dress was very long and clung closely to her, and one blue-veined hand was pressed on the wet handkerchief bound round her head.

Bobette did not fancy the heavy aromatic orders which filled the room, and she beat a noiseless retreat. She was never at a loss for resources; but that they were at times somewhat questionable, was evident when, ten minutes later, she cautiously opened the door of a great square room in the second story of the tower, and peeped down through the oak railing of the staircase; a long skirt of brilliant rose-colored silk rustled softly over the waxed floor, an exquisite blue crepe shawl folded round the small shoulders was tied in a hard knot behind and fell gracefully over the train, and above the bright mischievous face was an elaborate widow's cap with long floating end.

The way was still clear. Bobette lost no time in escaping from the house and getting down the stone steps to the beach as fast as her small size and the rose-colored train would allow.

She went directly toward a small wooden house standing quite alone, and climbed upon a ledge of rock beside it, thus reaching the level of an open window.

She looked in for a moment, then leaned her short plump arms upon the sill and put her head inside.

The room was filled with rows of desks and benches, and sturdy-looking boys and girls. The teacher was standing at the blackboard on the small raised platform. A rustle increasing to general confusion made her turn in surprise.

"Why, Bobette!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with amusement, "what in the world are you doing there?"

Bobette was only too glad to get into conversation. She replied politely:

"How do you do? What I'm doing is watching Harvey. He's making the rudder for our ship."

This raised a shout of laughter, and all eyes turned toward a fine-looking boy whose seat was directly in front of Bobette.

"Well, Bobette," the teacher said, kindly, "you see you are disturbing us now; we are not accustomed to such gay little visitors. Get down and run away."

"But I must speak to Harvey! I can't go away till I do that," said Bobette.

"Harvey, you may go to the door for two minutes to see what Bobette wants," said the teacher, discreetly.

When Harvey appeared outside, he gave a low whistle of surprise; but Bobette welcomed him rapturously. "Harvey!" she cried enthusiastically, "*when* are we going to sail that ship? Now?"

"This is schooltime, Bobette!"

"But let's go now, Harvey—they couldn't catch us, and I'm lonely to-day. I couldn't stay at home, though I thought about what you said. I did try to be good. But I should die if I tried any more, and what would you do then, Harvey? Wouldn't you be sorry you said I must?"

The boy was four years older than Bobette; he smiled a little, then unclasped her hands which were tightly holding his.

"Poor Bobette! We'll go to the pond and sail our boat to-night. Where'll you be? Are you going home now?" asked the boy.

"Oh, no!" the child said, decidedly; "nobody knows where I am! Mamma was asleep, and Betsey up in her room, and Anthony was out."

When Bobette was left alone she wandered on, her head turned to watch her sweeping skirts. She was passing the little weather-beaten stone church when she ran against the rector, and both stopped in bewilderment.

Mr. Abert was a quiet, scholarly little man, with a clear pale face, and kindly, very nearsighted eyes.

He had been reading as he walked and did not at first recognize in this gay apparition his small friend Bobette, but there was no mistaking her merry laugh. After a few explanations, Bobette slipped her hand into his, and they walked gravely away together to the rectory.

Bobette established herself in a deep arm-chair by the table, and looked over the great illustrated Don Quixote for the fiftieth time, while Mr. Abert was writing.

"Come, now, Bobette," said he, when at last his letters were sealed and stamped, "let us go out, for I think the sun is going to shine. How is mamma to-day?"

"Oh, mamma"—the child began doubtfully; "you know this is a very bad day for us. Mamma is not ever well on this day."

"Not well?" Mr. Abert repeated, stopping short at the garden gate. "Perhaps I had better step up and see her?"

"Oh, no!" cried Bobette; "don't you know what day this is?"

The rector looked puzzled: "This is Thursday, I believe."

"Ah," said Bobette, shaking her head impatiently, "it's papa's death's day—the day when he didn't come home. I hate it!" the child cried, passionately; "I wish papa had not gone away! I do!"

"And now it is over three years!" said the rector, absently, after a pause.

"Yes, three years," replied Bobette; "I can not do it any more years. You don't know, so you think me a very naughty girl. But see how it is. This morning, when I was fast asleep in the dark, mamma came into my room and said it was dear papa's day, and I must jump up quick and not wait for Betsey. And my bath was so cold it frightened me awake. Mamma was crying, and that made her pull my hair and tangle it with the comb. Then the chapel was so dark and lonely! While I knelt there beside mamma, I saw a wee fairy, all in white, playing under the curtain at the door, and when mamma prayed that papa would come home again, and not be dead, I screamed, because then the fairy became a ghost. Betsey said it would come if I did the least wrong thing. That frightened mamma, and I had to eat my bread and milk alone, because we must fast all to-day."

"But did you pray, too, Bobette?" asked the rector, looking thoughtfully at the child.

"Yes; I prayed God to please bless papa, and take good care of him if he is alive, and if he is in Heaven to please make us forget about him and not be sad any more. Mamma read prayers in the chapel with Betsey and Anthony, too—then she fainted away, so we stopped."

Bobette wound up her lengthy recital in the most matter-of-fact tone.

They had now seated themselves on a piece of driftwood under the shelter of an old boat.

"But," said Bobette, "it was very nice that she fainted, for Betsy said it was the best thing she could do, and she's asleep now. Look, there comes a man!"

A stranger, an extremely tall, finely built man, with a face almost hidden by thick, closely cut whiskers, was making his way toward them from the promontory which had separated this beach from the large harbor beyond. He gave an amused glance at the small grotesque rose-colored figure in the widow's cap, sitting beside the clergyman as he passed; and on second thought he stopped and turned back.

"You don't often have these hard gales off the land, I fancy?" he said, inquiringly. His voice had a pleasant hearty ring.

"Not often, but this has lasted some time," Mr. Abert replied.

"Indeed? I hope it will blow itself out by sunset. You've found a nice cosey shelter for a seat. Whose child are you, gay little gypsy?"

Bobette surveyed him reflectively. Of this form of address she did not approve. She replied presently, with quiet composure:

"Child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven."

The stranger's great black eyes opened wide in astonishment; then he gave an odd little laugh.

"But how is it about the pomps and vanity of this wicked world?" he asked slyly. "Has not that part of your education been a little bit neglected? Eh?"

Bobette looked slightly taken aback.

"Never mind, my dear," the stranger went on, quickly. "You probably follow the edyfying example of King Solomon arrayed in all his glory—I doubt if he was as picturesque in the general effect."

Bobette ventured no reply.

"Would you favor your humble admirer with a kiss?" he asked, bending towards her with an amused smile.

Bobette drew back haughtily toward her friend. "No, I would not," she replied.

The stranger's smile vanished. "Is this your little daughter?" he asked of the rector.

"No; it is the daughter of Godfrey Gillespie who was lost at sea some years ago—before I came to this parish," the rector replied somewhat stiffly.

"Ah, indeed," said the stranger.

He turned away and walked on. Bobette raised her head from Mr. Abert's shoulder where she had hidden it, and looked after him.

"Man," she called, suddenly, "come back!"

At this imperative command, he looked round, smiled slightly, and obeyed. Bobette stood erect, with one little hand stretched out toward him, an expression of resolution in her face, her cap strings flying in the wind.

"I will kiss you," she said, gravely. He bent forward, and she touched her lips to the bit of sunburned cheek above his whiskers. The man caught her in his arms and held her an instant, kissing her rosy mouth, then strode away without a word, and Bobette sat down again behind the boat.

"He ought not to have done that," said the clergyman; "he ought not to have done anything of the sort."

"Yes, he ought," Bobette asserted, though her tone was not disrespectful; "I like that man." Her eyes were closely following him. Now she sprang up again. "Look!" she cried, anxiously. "Could he be going to see my mamma?"

The rector rose.

"Well," he said, you remember you told me your mamma could see no one to-day."

This seemed to relieve Bobette's mind. "Is it four o'clock yet?" she asked. "Then I must go."

Harvey was sitting on the churchyard wall wondering what had become of Bobette, when a voice called breathlessly: "Harvey, where's our ship?"

"It's not finished yet. I didn't get time enough in school to-day. Take off that silk stuff—you can't do anything in that."

But the little rose-colored widow shook her head resolutely, and seized Harvey's hand impatiently.

Back of the beach, separated from the salt sea by high ridges of sand dunes, lay a fresh water lake winding for some distance inland, and boasting of a few gnarled trees along its shores.

Harvey and Bobette were soon rowing over this water to a small island where stood a famous old tree. It must once have been the giant of the moorlands, for the first branches grew out far above the ground, but all the upper part had been carried away by storms. The broad top, with the bare old arms, which had once been branches around it, was the favorite resort of the boys of the fishing hamlet, and to reach this lofty spot, Bobette had always longed unspeakably.

On landing, she was commanded to sit with closed eyes while Harvey's preparations were made; but she listened with suspended breath and rapturous suspicions, while he climbed the tree by the notches cut here and there for steps in the rugged bark.

When she was bidden to open her eyes, behold a rope ladder reached from the ground to the top of the tree!

"Should you like to come up?" asked Harvey, trying to speak in an indifferent tone. "All you've to do is to climb that ladder! Are you sure you dare?"

"Sure," Bobette replied.

"I'll hold it steady—but you'll have to take off that long skirt.

For this, Bobette was willing to relinquish her silken trail. A deft bit of fingering, a funny little squirm and kick and it lay on the sand. Bobette began the ascent bravely. It was by no means easy, as the ladder swayed in the wind, and one round of rope gave way and nearly let her fall; but the sturdy little arms held on tight, and a merry scream of laughter soon proclaimed she had reached the eyrie. Harvey gave himself up to the enjoyment of her childish delight in the fun. He hurried up and down the swaying rounds in true sailor fashion—now for the provisions, in the shape of cookies and nuts, now for a supply of pebbles for missiles in case of sudden attack, and again for a flask of water to use during the siege. But the ladder was unfortunately an old one which had been washed ashore during a storm. There was more than one unheeded warning as a strand gave way here and there; then, suddenly, the ropes parted altogether in mid-air!

Harvey picked himself up quickly. He looked up at Bobette, who laughed merrily, thinking it was an intentional part of the fun. He grew grave as he began to realize the state of the case. Evidently, the ladder had given out once for all, and how was little Bobette to get down?

"What is it?" she asked quickly; "did you hurt you?"

"Not a bit. I'll be up there in a minute. I was thinking how you'd get down!"

"But I don't wish to get down? I've just got up," she cried, cheerfully.

"But the ladder's broke!"

"Never mind; let's stay up here all night."

"Bobette, I'll have to go and get somebody to help us. This rope's as rotten as sand. I'm awfully sorry I took you up there!"

"I'm not! I like it better'n I thought I should. I can see—Harvey, don't go—are you going?" The little face under the widow's cap was very grave and anxious.

Yes, Harvey was going. She was to be left alone on the island.

"You must keep perfectly still till I come back," he said. "I don't dare to wait—it'll be dark before long. I was a thoughtless boy to do this thing. I wanted to give you a treat. But I might have known girls—"

Bobette's eyes flashed. "I won't be called girls!" she cried. "If I wished to, I'd get down in a minute, but I don't."

"How?"

"Climb down, same way all the boys do, I could!"

"Don't you dare to try it, Bobette! Promise?"

The child smiled mischievously.

"Please, Bobette, say you'll sit down and be quiet till I get back?" Harvey asked, pleadingly.

But Bobette would not, and he had to go without the promise. She stood motionless until he was out of sight. She thought then of eating a cookey, but remembered that the reason she felt so hungry was that this was fast day; she thought of mamma and laid it down untasted.

She looked down the side of the tree where Harvey had climbed up. It was a dizzy height, but her little head was a steady one. Should she venture. She would have done exactly as Harvey wished if he hadn't called her "girls!" She let herself down cautiously over the edge and clung to the branches, digging her little shoes into the holes in the bark as Harvey had done.

The sun had just set, and the cloudy sky grew dark rapidly. Clinging fast, Bobette got down out of reach of the branches; but now she was seized with sudden fear. She thought she would give it up. Her short arms could not reach round the trunk, and in her excitement she could find no place to plant her foot to raise herself an inch.

Small as she was, she knew her only chance was in keeping cool. Slowly and cautiously she let herself down again, little by little, but the dear, safe ground seemed hopelessly far away. Again her strong will helped; she knitted her small brow, clung tight to the bark, and reached down her foot. There was a slip! A painful bruising of the skin on the little hands and knees, a fearful rush through the air, and Bobette struck the ground. For a moment she lay stunned, then was conscious of a strange dull pain in one foot, doubled back beneath her. It became intense when she tried to move. Still Bobette kept a brave heart. Her clothes were hanging in tatters around her, her cap was gone altogether, and part of the blue shawl. Poor Bobette! She could just reach the rose-colored skirt; she dragged it over her to hide the rents in her frock.

Hard it was to sit and wait. It was almost dark on the water, and when, at last, there was a sound of oars, and Harvey called anxiously: "Bobette, are you there—safe?" and she tried to speak, her voice was choked with tears, and the answer was just a sob.

But when she saw the boat she suddenly calmed; for the stranger whom she had seen on the beach was rowing with Harvey, and in the stern sat Mrs. Gillespie and Mr. Abert!

Yet could it be mamma who sprang out so lightly? There was no widow's cap hiding golden hair, nothing but a shawl she had caught up in haste, and there was the color of wild roses on her cheeks.

"Bobette, darling, how did you get down? Are you hurt?" a torrent of questions came.

Still, Bobette, huddling under the rosy silk, was speechless. Her mother fell on her knees and put her arms close round her child. "Bobette," she whispered, "Bobette, God had heard our prayers—he has come!"

"Papa?" cried the child; then the strange, dull pain swept over her and her eyelids drooped.

All that night lights burned in Gillespie's Tower. Little Bobette's broken ankle had been set by her papa's own dexterous hand, and she was now, at last, sleeping fitfully.

Mr. Abert had waited until he was sure that his little friend was safe, then he stood a moment longer with old Betsey at the lower gate. She had been all the afternoon longing for a listener to whom she could free her mind.

"Yes, it's all come out right," she admitted, "but, as I was about to say, I never, really thought he was drowned dead—and no more he wasn't. He do say he was shipwrecked on a desert island, and all that. It's mighty queer if it *is* true, and she's nearly worried her life out, appointing a day to weep and mourn on, for to be his death-day, which she couldn't have certainly known to be right, any way, you know. And that Bobette did need a father over her, if ever a child did!"

But, finding that Mr. Abert was out of hearing, old Betsey closed and bolted the door.—*Mary M. Edmunds, in Wide Awake.*

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

Farmer Scott, of Kentucky, writing to an exchange on the subject of raising potatoes under straw, gives certainly some indubitable proofs in favor of this method, not only for potatoes, but for tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, etc. Concerning his own experience, he says:

At one time, after covering a large potato patch, the colored assistant exclaimed: "Boss, heah is a panful taters left. What's I gwine to do wid them?" He was told to drop them where the machine horses had pressed the ground very hard, while threshing grain. The earth there was not plowed; could not be. The potatoes were covered like the rest. When fall arrived, the black man looked for the result, and said to the "boss:" "I s'pose you'll gih me dem taters in de hoss tracks?" "Yes. All right!" The man uncovered the place, and got over six bushels of the best, largest and finest potatoes ever grown in Bracken County, Kentucky.

I once raised a large patch of tomatoes. After they were well worked I took straw and covered the ground completely, six inches deep. The vines dropped over on the straw. No weeds ever came up after that. Tomatoes to sell, trade, give away, was the result, after canning more than we ever had before.

Many years ago I was visiting a friend in Missouri; a farmer. The elder son contemplated a watermelon patch. He prepared one near the stable-yard. After the vines were up, just ready to run, he covered the ground all over and close around the vines with straw. In a few days the vines dropped and ran around in every direction. The longest vines were pinched off to prevent them invading the next neighbor's field. The young man also got some good earth and placed it in a low spot on top of an old stack left over from the previous season. There he made a hill and covered it with straw. From that hill he pulled a melon which received a premium at the fair in the early fall. I sojourned at the residence, and we ate of the luscious melons nearly two months.

I have raised pickled cucumbers the same as tomatoes, with straw.

In turning under old straw, in the fall or ensuing spring, should it choke the plow, send a boy along with a short, two-pronged fork. He can scatter the straw along the furrow, so that when the plow passes all can be covered neatly. Should the lad become fatigued let the plowman relieve him. That will allow the horses to rest at intervals and encourage the boy.

Straw is the best bedding for horses and cattle, and (I contend) for man also. Clean straw is the best bedding, also, for sows when farrowing. Straw, mixed with manure, makes the finest hot-beds. I never fail. I buy old straw stacks and bring them home to use, and thus improve my farm in many ways.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—New England wagon factories are turning out for next summer an unusual number of two-wheeled carts. Some have an arrangement by which they can be adjusted to horses of different builds, as a tall horse requires that the cart be pitched at a different angle from that used with a short one. The largest style of two-wheeled carts, built for four people and having seats running lengthwise of the body, passes under the name of wagonet. The carriage dealers say that the reason why there are so many novelties this year in the vehicle line is because the trade is dull, and the manufacturers have been ransacking their brains for patterns which will help stimulate it.—*Boston Post.*

—Jersey lilies, Jersey waists and Jersey cows are all popular just now. The old prejudice against Jersey mosquitoes still exists.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Jilted Japanese Damsels.

The curious hold superstition has on the mind of the Japanese is very well illustrated by the proceedings taken by the Japanese damsel when a lover proves false to his vows. When the world is at rest, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the woman rises. She dons a white robe and high sandles or clogs. Her coif is a metal tripoid, in which are thrust three lighted candles; around her neck she hangs a mirror, which falls upon her bosom; in her left hand she carries a small straw figure—the effigy of her faithless lover—and in her right she grasps a hammer and nails, with which she fastens the figure to one of the sacred trees that surround the shrine. Then she prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that, if her petition be heard, she will herself pull out the nails which now offend the god by wounding the mystic tree. Night after night she comes to the shrine, and each night she strikes in two more nails, believing that every nail will shorten her lover's life, for the god, to save his tree, will surely strike him dead.

—A Cincinnati advertisement: "To Let—A four-room house near the center of the city, opposite a music garden; has a beer saloon on each side and all the other comforts of a home."—*Detroit Post.*

—Gas is more out of favor than ever in sitting rooms in England. The French moderator lamp, burning colza (rape seed) oil, is the favorite light.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A LITTLE Atlanta boy denounced his snoring brother for "sleeping through his nose."

Decline of Man.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.

LIMERICK: No; you needn't think that fishes have colds in their throats just because you've occasionally observed a fish hawk.

The Testimony of a Physician.

James Beecher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says for several years I have been using a Cough Balsam called DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in almost every case throughout my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles ever since the days of my army practice (1863), when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky.

THE large stone hand of an idol in a Chinese temple recently fell off and severely injured a worshiper beneath. "Satan finds some mischief still for idol hands to do."—*Burlington Free Press.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

A MAN in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without breaking his word.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Post.*

WHY suffer longer from Catarrh and Cold in the Head? A sure cure is Ely's Cream Balm. It is not a liquid or snuff and is easily applied. Price 50 cents.

TO THE "poober" all things are poor—*Yonkers Gazette.*

I HAVE used Ely's Cream Balm for dry Catarrh (which every Eastern person is subject to who comes to live in a high altitude) and found it the most efficacious of any article ever before used. It has proved a cure in my case. B. F. M. Weeks, Denver, Colo. See advertisement.

A DUMB-BELL can only emit a mute tap peal.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

LADIES and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and all kindred complaints, will find without a rival Brown's Iron Bitters.

OVER the garden wall—Broken glass.—*Puck.*

FARMINGTON, ILL.—Dr. M. T. Gamble says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and it gives satisfaction."

IS IT any wonder that a man who imbibes corn juice freely should have a "husky" voice?—*Boston Star.*

FORT STEVENSON, DAKOTA TER.—Rev. James McCarty says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of severe dyspepsia."

THIS will be a year when harvest apples won't contain any colic. The main thing will be to get the apples.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Renders a lady's skin white and soft. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, Irritation. $1.

WE believe it has never been told who pulled the clapper that "made the welkin ring."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 15, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$3 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 70
Good packers	6 70	@ 7 00
SHEEP	4 75	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 16	@ 1 17
No. 2 winter red	1 15	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	42	@ 42½
Rye—No. 2	61½	@ 62
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@ 10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 00	@
Lard—Steam	11¼	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 45	@ 4 10
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 20¾	@
No. 1 white	1 15	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	65	@ 65¾
Oats—mixed	44	@ 47
PORK—Mess	19 50	@ 19 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13	@
Corn—No. 2	55⅞	@
Oats—No. 2	39⅞	@
Rye	61	@
PORK—Mess	18 85	@ 18 90
LARD—Steam	11 70	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 19¾	@ 1 20
Corn—mixed	63¼	@ 63¾
Oats—mixed	44	@ 45
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 75	@
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9¾	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 25	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 11	@ 1 12
Corn—mixed	54	@ 55½
Oats—mixed	42½	@ 43
PORK—Mess	20 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 13	@
CORN—mixed	51	@
OATS—mixed	40	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

A MALARIAL VICTIM.

The Trying Experience of a Prominent Minister in the Tropics and at the North.

TO THE EDITOR:

The following circumstances, drawn from my personal experience, are so important and really remarkable that I have felt called upon to make them public. Their truth can be amply verified:

In 1875 I moved from Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., to Florida, which State I intended to make my future residence. I purchased a home on the banks of the St. John's River and settled down, as I thought, for life. The summer following the first winter I was conscious of most peculiar sensations which seemed to be the accompaniment of a change of climate. I felt a sinking at the pit of the stomach accompanied by occasional dizziness and nausea. My head ached. My limbs pained me and I had an oppressive sense of weariness. I had a thirst for acids and my appetite was weak and uncertain. My digestion was impaired and my food did not assimilate. At first I imagined it was the effort of nature to become acclimated and so I thought little of it. But my troubles increased until I became restless and feverish and the physicians informed me I was suffering from malarial fever. This continued in spite of all the best physicians could do and I kept growing steadily worse. In the year 1880 my physicians informed me a change of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another summer in the South. I determined to return North, but not to the extreme portion, and so I took up my residence at Upper Sandusky in Central Ohio. The change did not work the desired cure and I again consulted physicians. I found they were unable to effect a permanent cure, and when the extreme warm weather of summer came on I grew so much worse that I gave up all hope. At that time I was suffering terribly. How badly, only those can appreciate who have contracted malarial disease in tropical regions. It seemed as if death would be a relief greater than any other blessing. But notwithstanding all this, I am happy to state that I am to-day a perfectly well and healthy man. How I came to recover so remarkably can be understood from the following card voluntarily published by me in the Sandusky, O., *Republican*, entitled:

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN: During my recent visit to Upper Sandusky, so many inquiries were made relative to what medicine, or course of treatment had brought such a marked change in my system, I feel it to be due to the propriators and to the public to state that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure accomplished for me what other medicines and physicians had failed to do. The malarial poison which had worked its way so thoroughly through my system during my five years residence in Florida had brought me to the verge of the grave, and physicians had pronounced my case incurable; but that is not to be wondered at, as it was undoubtedly one of the worst on record. Hough Brothers, of your city, called my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced me to try a few bottles. So marked was the change after four weeks' trial that I continued its use, and now, after three months, the cure is complete. This is not written for the benefit of Warner & Co., but for the public, and especially for any person troubled with malarial or bilious attacks.

Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand by at the present moment. I am convinced that Warner's Safe Cure is all it is claimed to be, and as such deserves the great favor it has received. A remedy which can cure the severest case of tropical malaria of five years' standing certainly can not fail to cure those minor malarial troubles which are so prevalent and yet so serious.

ALFRED DAY,
Pastor Universalist Church.
Woodstock, O., May 10, 1883.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

DROPS OF WATER.

MR. JOSEPH G. BICKNELL, No. 643 Main Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., writes, April 27, 1883: "I have been terribly afflicted for a number of years with gravel and kidney disease. My urine contained brick-dust deposits, and at times I could not pass my water except in drops and with great pain; and have had to get up as many as fifteen times during the night. I tried several physicians; they did me no good, but a friend of mine, who had used Hunt's Remedy, told me to get a bottle and try it. He had been cured of a severe case similar to mine, and that others had used Hunt's Remedy in Cambridge and pronounced it a medicine of real merit. After being repeatedly urged I purchased a bottle, and before I had used all of it I passed a stone as large as a pea, followed by smaller ones. I have used in all ten bottles, and it has completely cured me. My kidneys are in excellent condition, and for one of my age (68) sixty-eight years, I can truly say I feel like a young man with strength and vitality. My family use the Remedy, and would not be without it, and never fail to recommend it to our friends and neighbors in Cambridge and Boston. You are at liberty to use my name in praise of the best kidney and liver medicine, Hunt's Remedy."

"DID WONDERS FOR ME."

The above words are from MR. LEWIS KNAW, No. 9 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass., April 28, 1883. He says: "I have been troubled for years with kidney and liver complaint, followed by gravel, with severe pains in my back and groins. I had great trouble in passing water, it being scanty, and accompanied by terrible burning, the vessel being coated with brick-dust deposit. I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had been completely cured of a similar trouble. I purchased a bottle at the druggists, and commenced to improve at once. I have used but two bottles, and it has done wonders for me—no more kidney trouble, no more pain. It has given me new life, and I would not be without Hunt's Remedy at any price. It is all that it is recommended to be, and I cheerfully give this testimony for the benefit of the many sufferers from kidney disease and gravel."

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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NEW THING! Sells at sight; no competition. Dealers and Canvassers Wanted. Ask for circular and price-list. PENTZ REIN HOLDER CO., Canton, O.

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1883. NUMBER 35.

PITH AND POINT.

—The slang phrase "a dead sure thing" has been superseded by the elegant expression, "a deceased surety."

—An old philosopher says sententiously: "Don't play with the devil while you are young, if you do not desire to associate with him in years to come."

—Literary Matron—What does Shakspeare mean by his frequent use of the phrase, "Go to?" Matter-of-fact Husband—Well, perhaps he thought it wouldn't be polite or proper to finish the sentence.—*London Punch.*

—Plantation philosophy: Pleasures decrease as da come near us. De tish is a heap bigger 'fore yer gits it outen de water. De injurious in dis worl' is allers de fanciest. De brandy bottle is fixed up finer dan de bread tray.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—"Well, there is one thing sure," said Mr. Job Shuttle, as he closed a discussion on the wrong-sidedness of everything in general; "there is no justice in this world, and it makes me blue to think of it." "True, Job," said Patience, "but the reflection that there is justice in the next, ought to make you feel a great deal bluer."—*Hartford Post.*

—Brother Gardner draws the following conclusions: "Dat no man eber gets work sittin' on de fence an' discussin' the needs of de kentry. Dat de less pollyticks a man has de mo' cash he can pay his grocer. Dat argyments on religion won't build churches nor pay de preachers."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—While more boys are born than girls it is a singular fact that there is a surplus of female population. It is easily accounted for. Fooling with toy pistols, playing base ball, and falling off cherry trees, all boyish pastimes, are six times more hazardous than wearing corsets and jumping the rope 500 times in one inning.—*Norristown Herald.*

—There is no excuse for the young man who complains that his [illegible] kisses him so much he can't get a chance to engage her in rational conversation. He ought to know that by rubbing a little sodium upon his mustache the abuse can be speedily checked. Sodium is a substance which seems to have been created especially to meet such a case as his. As soon as any moisture touches it it bursts into flame. —*Chicago Herald.*

—A few nights ago an Austin man was awakened by a burglar opening a shutter. The disturbed proprietor of the house got out his pistol, remarking to his wife, "I am not quite sure this pistol is loaded." The burglar, however, overheard the remark, and being a reader of the newspapers, and remembering how many fatal accidents occur from handling unloaded pistols, fled in wild dismay, leaving his professional instruments behind him.—*Texas Siftings.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The paper railroad tie, as cheap as wood and with twenty-five years of life in it, has presented itself for consideration.—*Detroit Post.*

—Some old-school doctors hereabouts have been trying mesmerism as an anesthetic for surgical operations lately with success. They laughed at this proposition thirty years ago.—*Science Monthly.*

—It is said that inventors, fearful of being robbed of their ideas, deliberately deceive their attorneys and the Patent-office about their inventions, obscuring the truth so that when they do get a patent it is practically worthless for the reason that it does not cover the real points.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Charles V., of Spain, after persistent experiment, decided that two pendulums could not be made to beat in unison, and the attempt, often made by clockmakers, has always failed until, lately, a London watchmaker has sot six of them in his window, where they swing exactly alike.

—A Philadelphia Company has purchased a farm in Accomac County, Va., which is to be devoted to the raising of geese, so as to secure a supply of feathers for making pillows and down quilts. It is proposed to commence with two thousand geese, and to increase the number to ten thousand as soon as the necessary arrangements can be perfected.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—There is but one nickel mine in the United States now in operation. It is situated in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. It is two hundred feet deep, and has been worked seventeen years. The demand for this metal is rapidly increasing. Croppings of nickel are found also in Madison (Iowa) and Wayne counties Missouri. The refined metal is worth $3 a pound.—*Chicago Times.*

—At a recent meeting of the New York Sugar Association, at Genoa, President Williams said of the sorgum sugar industry in the North: "We are going to make sirup that is superior to that of New Orleans. Men are experimenting all the time to perfect the process of manufacture. I expect in my day to see glucose driven from our homes by a better and purer article."—*Utica Herald.*

—A novel device for stopping runaway horses has been patented by Mr. Carl E. von Schwarz, of Vienna, Austria. The invention consists in so arranging a curtain or blinder to the bridle that it may be dropped over the horse's eyes should be become unmanageable, thus cutting off the light and reducing him to submission. When the animal is once more under control, the curtain may be raised again without subjecting the driver to alight from his vehicle.

—Mr. George Hall, of Newark, an old pressman, has devised a simple process for preserving and renovating ink rollers and adding greatly to their longevity. A steam jacket is added to the roller closet, and numerous fine jets are so arranged as to play gently upon the roller within. These jets thoroughly cleanse the surface of the roller, the skin on its face disappears, the body of the roller absorbs a portion of the heated vapor, and the whole is kept in a fresh, elastic condition ready for work without further preparation.—*Newark (N. J.) Register.*

How Cures Are Sometimes Effected.

Faith is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveler into giving him a seidlitz powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for twenty years.

A sea Captain, when one of his crew craved something for his stomach's sake, on consulting his book, found "Number fifteen" was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bottle was empty. Not caring to send the man away uncomforted, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifteen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the seaman took with startling effects, never contemplated by himself or the cribbage-looking Captain. That worthy jumped too hastily at conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr. Oscanyan tells the following story: Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), prescribed, and departed. Passing the house the next day he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead, and to his astonishment heard he was much better. Indoors he went, to learn from the convalescent that being consumed with thirst he had drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Soon afterward, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a pailful of pickled cabbage juice. The man died next day; and the doctor set down this memorandum in his book for future guidance: "Although in cases of typhus pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer."

Lady Barker's New Zealand shepherd found a somewhat similar potion of infinite use. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, Salter said: "You see mum, although we gets our health uncommon well in these salubrious mountings, still a drop of physic is often handy-like, and in a general way I always purchase myself a box of Holloway's Pills—of which you do get such a lot for your money—and also a bottle of Painkiller. But last shearing they was out o' Painkiller, so they put me up a bottle o' cain pepper, and likewise that 'ere condiment, which was very efficacious, 'specially toward the end o' the bottle. It always took my mind off the loneliness, and cheered me up wonderful, especial if I added a little red pepper to it."

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the recipe was infallible; but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which the Highlander renounced all hope of completing the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder in a fragment of the *Saturday Review.* She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for, although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject for a Llama doctor, who, if he does not happen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught. These easy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of their method.

Dr. John Brown, of Edinburg, once gave a laborer a prescription, saying: "Take that and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfillment of his promise, Dr. Brown said: "Let me see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it doctor." "Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?"

"I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in the physicians skill had done the rest.

In some Lancashire districts the country people believe that to cure warts the same number of pebbles as warts should be placed in a bag, which is to be dropped where three or four roads converge, and that the person who picks it up will obtain the warts in addition. Warts are also said to disappear soon after they are rubbed with a black snail, but that it is essential that it must afterward be impaled on a spike of the hawthorn or no effect will be produced. Persons afflicted with tumors of any kind are advised to rub them with a dead man's hand. Whooping-cough is supposed to be cured by passing the patient nine times round the body of an ass.

Those who suffer from rheumatic pains are advised to carry small potatoes in their pockets, which are believed not only to cure, but to prevent a return of the disease.—*Exchange.*

Educate the Hand.

The head of the American youth, male and female, has been too long educated at the expense of the hand. It is about time this sort of thing should stop, if the claim of the Yankee that he is nothing if not "practical" is to be in future anything more than an idle boast.

Let it not be understood that what is vulgarly known as "book learning" is to be despised or neglected; it ought not to be and must not be; the more of it the better. But in these days of concentration of wealth and capital, of production by great corporations, the proportion of those who work for wages is constantly growing larger. Agricultural independence is being encroached upon by industrial dependence, and how to use his hands in the coming battle of life is now, more than ever before, becoming the serious question for every American boy.

Industrial or manual education, then, is destined to become a feature of the education afforded by our public schools. Geometry and a jack-plane are no more incompatible than that delightful study and a blackboard. Arithmetic would cease to be stupid if mechanical education enough were sandwiched in between recitations to enable the boys to manufacture—that is, make with their hands, aided by proper tools—the conditions of their problems. Even text books would be doubly interesting if some of the scholars would spend time enough in a printing office to learn how it was made, and be able to describe the process intelligently.

There is not a blacksmith shop in the country but should have two or three boys in it a part of the summer vacation, if for nothing more than to consider whether they should like the business; not a carpenter shop but should tolerate a few school boys in it now and then, that they may learn how to drive a nail correctly; and so on throughout the trades. Division of labor, which has come with the introduction of machinery, while a good and necessary thing, is derelict in that it has nothing in the place of the apprentice system which it has destroyed.

Let the school and the workshop cooperate in every community in the country, and the union of text books and tools will be consummated in a surprisingly short time with beneficial results. It is not proposed nor is it desirable to turn all schools into workshops; that would be as unfortunate as the present state of affairs, which is all books and no tools.

Thoughtful men interested in educational matters are not neglecting these phases of instruction for youth. In this city the institute of technology is not an experiment, it is an institution. Its methods duly modified are applicable to a country high school. It does not in the least interfere or obstruct the classical education which distinguishes the neighboring university at Cambridge. Its school of mechanic arts admits boys as young as fifteen. Several schools for manual education are already started in New York. St. Louis boasts of one of the best in the country. One of the most significant signs of the times is a recent circular of the Carriage Builders' National Association which has established in New York a school for the advancement of technical knowledge among apprentices and mechanics of the carriage trade. Why should not every trade have a like association for a like purpose?—*Mining Gazette.*

Much Learning Made Him Mad.

There was a wild scene of excitement last evening in Paston- Lawson's little Baptist Church at Quincy Point. While the congregation was at prayer in rushed a man dust-stained and maniac-looking, whooping like a Comanche, and gesticulating in a wild and delirious manner. Down one of the aisles he sped, and on reaching the vicinity of the pulpit mounted a chair and commenced to belabor the air with a piece of lead pipe, evidently warding off his imaginary enemies. There was danger that he would break somebody's head if they came near him, and everybody took good care to keep at a respectable distance. In his endeavors to keep off his supposed foes he kept continually calling on the Deity to save him. The women, after their first scare, rushed out of the building to breathe a little freer. After they were once safely outside the maniac was entreated to leave the place, and said he would go with a Catholic Clergyman. The good pastor said he was a minister, but the fellow didn't take kindly to his appearance and wouldn't budge an inch. Finally somebody had the good sense to suggest that an officer be sent for. Officer Hayden soon arrived. He proceeded down the aisle and told the fellow, who was still perched upon the stool, that he must go with him. He had not stopped his gymnastic exercises, and the officer, coming within range of his weapon, received a severe blow on his head. The officer seized hold of the madman, and with the assistance of some five or six of the congregation succeeded in overpowering and handcuffing him. He was then taken to the lock-up in the depot carriage. Before going, however, he managed to bite two men in the hands badly. Previous to his escapade in the church the man had raced madly all around the Point and had come, indeed, from Boston a round-about journey, certainly eighteen miles. It was ascertained to-day that the man's name is William Scully, that he became crazed by much reading in the Public Library, and under some freak took this journey.—*Quincy (Mass.) Special to Chicago Herald.*

—The following is the text of the revised umbrella flirtation: To leave your umbrella in the hall means "I don't want it any more." To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart, but honest." To trail your umbrella on the sidewalk means that the man behind you thirsts for your blood. To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one means "Exchange is no robbery." To urge a friend to take an umbrella, saying, "Oh, do take it; I'd much rather you would than not," signifies that you are lying. To return an umbrella means—never mind what it means. No one ever does that.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Oil City *Derrick* is noted for dropping into sentences with a whole volume of meaning. It says: "The best thing in print, a pretty girl in a calico dress." There are hosts of young men who are roosting from three to six stories high and eating hash in basements, to whom the *Inter-Ocean* commends the sentiment. Why not begin to live, young man? The man who waits to get rich before marrying is a fool for the want of sense. *Chicago Inter-Ocean*

Our Young Folks.

BY THE BABY'S BED.

Swing the cradle to and fro,
Rocking softly, rocking slow;
As the child it pillows seems
Almost in the land of dreams.
Then behold, wide open flies
All at once the baby's eyes!
What shall mother do to keep
Sleepy little eyes asleep?

Droop the rose-leaf eyelids, but
Kisses will not keep them shut;
Into mine laugh baby's eyes,
O, so roguish and so wise!
So a flower at break of day
Shakes the spell of sleep away.
What shall mother do to make
Slumber come, my wide-awake?

Sleep, my baby, sleep and rest!
Little birds in the warm nest
Sleep beneath their mother's wing.
Do they dream of anything?
Of the rose or of the rain,
Of the moons that wax and wane,
Summer's sun's or winter's snows?
Ah, my baby, no one knows.

Sleep, my baby, dream and rest,
Cuddled in your cradle nest,
While I drop warm kisses in
Dimples deep on cheek and chin.
Just for kisses, baby dear,
Nothing else are dimples here.
Mother'll be a bee to sip
Honey from her baby's lip;
With life's riddle all unguessed,
Sleep, my little one, and rest,
Sleep and rest.

—*Illustrated World.*

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

They had come to Aunt Helen's to live, Cora and her little sister Milly. Aunt Helen was mamma's own dear sister, and next to being with mamma herself, the children could think of nothing nicer than to be with auntie. Mamma had gone to Heaven.

One morning there was a great deal of work to be done. Aunt Helen had a new girl who did not know how to make bread or dress a turkey, or, in fact, do much of anything but break dishes, and what should Uncle Dick do but send up a note that he would bring three business friends home with him to dinner. Aunt Helen wished that she had two pairs of hands. She wished several other things besides. One was about Cora's hair, the long fine hair that looked in the sunshine like spun gold, and tangled easier than gold would have thought of doing.

"Oh, dear!" said Aunt Helen, twitching at the comb as it tangled in the yellow threads. "What a perfect nuisance this hair is. I wish it were no longer than Milly's; it would look a great deal neater, and not be such a trial to take care of."

Poor Cora. If Aunt Helen had not been so busy, she would have seen the great tears in the little girl's eyes. She did not care so very much about the yellow hair herself, and it was a trial to have it combed, especially when people were in a hurry, and pulled; but dear mamma had seemed to love each separate hair, and it made Cora cry to think of losing it. Still she thought about it a great deal; all the morning indeed, while she ran of errands for the busy auntie. It was not until nearly twelve o'clock that she found Milly alone in the nursery, and came to her with the great shears.

"Now, Milly," she said, "if I should sit real still, do you suppose you could cut my hair off even and nice, so I could comb it like yours, before we go down to dinner?"

"Why, Cora Parker!" Milly said, in dismay. "You mustn't cut off your hair. Aunt Helen wouldn't like it."

Then did Cora turn on her astonished eyes. "Didn't you hear her say that she wished it was cut off short like yours? And you know she has trouble combing it, and of course she wants it off, or she wouldn't say so. You don't think Aunt Helen would tell what wasn't true?"

"Why doesn't she cut it off, then?" asked wise little Milly.

"Why, I guess may be she thinks I would cry and feel badly, and she is sorry for me. And I have cried two times this morning, and I feel pretty badly; but for all that I've made up my mind. Didn't papa say we must try to give her just the leastest speck of trouble, and that it was very good in her to take us, when she had three boys to see to! Oh, I know it is right, and I've made up my mind; so Milly, you just hurry and cut."

And Milly, little barber as she was, stood on tiptoe and went about her task. Snip, snip, snip, went the dreadful shears! Only a minute or two, and the spun gold lay in great waves on the carpet, and Cora's head looked as neat and smooth as Milly's; only, I am obliged to say, the hair was not very evenly cut.

Cora could not see that, however, and smoothed her hair with great care, and was ready for dinner, just as the bell pealed through the house. Poor child, she had no idea of the uproar she was going to create! Aunt Helen having seated her guests, was just looking around for the children when they slipped in. Instead of seating them, she stepped back in great dismay "Why, Cora Parker!" she exclaimed. "What have you been doing? O, Lewis, what a fright the child has made of herself!"

And then, actually, Aunt Helen burst into tears! What a time they had! Uncle Dick tried to explain to the guests, and comfort his wife, and question the children, all at once. Finally poor Cora cried so loud that he sent her away, and Aunt Helen, much ashamed, sat down at last.

"The child gave me such a start," she said. "She doesn't look in the least like herself; and to think that she has spoiled her beautiful hair!"

"What possessed her?" asked Uncle Dick.

"I'm sure I don't know; I suppose he naughty little thing was spunky, because I said this morning that her hair was more trouble than Milly's. I remember, now, that she has been rather gloomy all the morning. I didn't think she was such a naughty little creature."

Now it was Milly's turn; she had been very quiet and sober through all the uproar, but just here she burst into a storm of tears, and kicked her mad little feet against the table. "*You're* naughty," she shouted; "I don't love you a bit, I don't. Cora is good; she did it to please you; she cried dreadful, and she said her hair gave you trouble and you said you wished it was short like mine, and it *must* be short to please you; and she is good." All this, before she could be hushed or carried from the room.

Well, don't you think, that evening, when the storm was all over, two people asked to be forgiven; one was Milly, for speaking such naughty words to her auntie, and one was auntie, for saying in her haste what she did not mean. But that did not make Cora's hair long again.

"Never mind," Aunt Helen said, "it will grow long some day; it shows you were an unselfish little girl, if not a very wise one, and were used to being with people who meant what they said. It has taught me a lesson."—*Pansy.*

We's House.

Annie was "most five old years," as she would tell you, and could not remember ever having been from home over night.

Since Rosie Cary's visit in New York, Annie's greatest desire had been to go away, like Rosie, for a whole week.

It was no comfort when mamma told her that three years before she had spent several weeks at grandmamma's, for, as Annie said, she "was 'most a baby then, and babies hasn't no meremeber."

But now, this very morning Papa Karl was to take mamma and Annie out to Uncle Frank's farm for the longed-for week.

Almost before Annie realized that this could be true the dainty new dress was on, breakfast was eaten and the cars were bearing them swiftly to Groton Station, where black Thomas met them with carriage and horses.

And when they came to the great farm-house there was Uncle Frank and Auntie May on the piazza, with Nell, who was just twice Annie's age, and the six-year-old twins, Laura and Lena.

Such a long, happy day as it was! There were the dear little baby chickens, the mother hens and funny roosters to feed, the waddling, quacking ducks, the horses, cows and the pigs that rather frightened Annie, with their grunting and squealing.

In the afternoon the twins took her down to their pretty bough-house by the brook-side.

Here they kept house with their dolls.

And instead of a common-place city doll-carriage, there was the cunningest little boat just large enough for Rosamund, Rosalie and Claribel. In this the three dolls, carefully seated, floated far down the stream and were then drawn back by a string fastened to the bow of the boat.

But the beautiful day came to an end, as all things do, and after supper all sat on the broad piazza in the gathering twilight, Annie sitting on a low hassock at her mamma's side, quiet and still.

"My little girlie is tired," thought mamma, "and shall go to rest soon."

Then the older folks began telling stories of by-gone days, and no one noticed when Annie crept back to the deserted sitting-room, nor missed her till a stifled sobbing was heard issuing from the darkness. Half-frightened, they ran in to find in the big rocking-chair a little round heap battling with a great storm of sobs.

"Annie, darling, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Karl, alarmed.

"I want to go to we's house! I want to go to we's house!" came from mamma's infolding arms.

"Why, Annie!" laughed papa, "is this the little girl who coaxed and coaxed to go away for a long week, and was even willing to go without papa and mamma?"

"But I want my we's house now! Oh, I want to go to we's house!" sobbed Annie.

Wise mamma did not attempt to reason, but cuddling the tearful face against her own, in old baby-fashion, crooned a low lullaby, till far away in slumberland little Annie found forgetfulness, and perhaps "we's house."

The next morning, in the bright sunshine, Annie was her happy, merry little self again. And the week passed quickly and pleasantly.

When the final good-byes were said, Annie could scarcely keep the tears back.

But that afternoon, from Annie's little play-room at home, mamma overheard the following conversation.

"I had the most splenderest time, Wosie Cawy, an' my Unkel Fank's got evy thing I guess—ducks an' hens an' shickens—little baby shickens, wiv fur an' not any fevvers—an' big horses an' little horses on tall legs."

"Oh my!" said wondering Rosie.

"But," resumed Annie, in a low tone, as if imparting a deep secret, "I know sumtin else, Woslana Cawy—sumfin betterer than shickens an' bwooks, an' dollies' boats an' horses an', an', an', anytin! There aint ever *noffin* so beautifuller as *we's house!*"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Woman, a Purse and a Baby.

Last Wednesday a lady came up from San Francisco having with her a small but aggressive baby. She also had with her a purse containing a considerable sum of money. The kid made a determined effort to gain possession of this plaything, and finally, to quiet it and relieve the passengers on the train, the youngster's wish was gratified. Thereupon, with exquisite good taste so often noticed in babies, the little miscreant threw it out of the car window. The anxious mother managed to have the car stopped and got off to look for her property, leaving the child behind. While she was walking back in the direction of the place where the purse fell, she was horrified to see the train move away with her offspring in it and disappear in the distance. She made a hasty search for the purse, but did not find it, for the very good reason that a gentleman who had been walking along the track had picked it up. She then proceeded to San Rafael, where she made things lively on account of her double loss. The affair, however, terminated happily. The kid had a pleasant ride as far as the Junction, from which it was sent back to the arms of its frantic parent. The purse was picked up by a Lake County, and consequently honest, man, who brought it to San Rafael and found the owner.—*San Rafael (Cal.) Tocsin.*

—Pope Leo XIII. has an annual income of $1,800,000, but it is said that his expenses for food are but fifty cents per day.

Religious.

SAVED.

Crouching in the twilight gray,
Like a hunted thing at bay,

In his brain one thought is rife:
Why not end the bootless strife?

Who in God's wide world would weep,
Should he brave death's dreamless sleep?

Hark! a child's voice, soft and clear,
Pulsing through the gloaming drear;

And the word the singer brings
Like a new evangel rings:

"Jesus loves me! this I know."
Swift his thoughts to childhood go.

Memories of a mother's face
Bending to her boy's embrace,

And the boy at eventide,
Kneeling by the mother's side,

Like "sweet visions of the night,"
Fill the lonesome place with light,

While the singer's tender trill—
"Jesus loves me! loves me still"—

Hovers in the dreamlit air
Like an answer to the prayer

Offered in those happy days
When he walked in sinless ways.

"Jesus loves me!" Can it be
His, this *benedicite?*

Is there One who knows and cares?
One who all his sorrows shares?

"Jesus loves me!" While the song
Guileless lips with joy prolong,

Lo! a soul has ceased its strife,
Reconciled to God and life.

—*Mary B. Sleight, in Chicago Advance.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 1	Joshua, Successor to Moses	Josh. 1: 1-9
July 8	Passing over Jordan	Josh. 3: 5-17
July 15	The Plains of Jericho and 6:1-5	Josh. 5:10-15
July 22	Israel defeated at Ai	Josh. 7:10-26
July 29	The Reading of the Law	Josh. 8:30 35
Aug. 5	The Cities of Refuge	Josh. 20: 1-09
Aug. 12	The Last Days of Joshua	Josh. 24:14-29
Aug. 19	Israel Forsaking God	Judg. 2: 6-16
Aug. 26	Gideon's Army	Judg. 7: 1- 8
Sept. 2	The Death of Samson	Judg. 16:21-31
Sept. 9	Ruth and Naomi	Ruth 1:14-22
Sept. 16	A Praying Mother	1 Sam. 1:21-28
Sept. 23	The Child Samuel	1 Sam. 3: 1-19
Sept. 30	Review.	

"LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER."

"Little children," said One who was Himself Love, "Love one another; as I have loved you, love ye one another."

He was about to leave His disciples. With the foreknowledge of His impending suffering by crucifixion, His heart was yearning over those from whom He was soon to be separated, and as this last charge, the voice, which must have held more affection and tenderness than any other voice, said: "Little children, love one another; by this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

He had given them commands to preach the truth; to baptize. He had instituted the Holy Supper, had taught the doctrine of and insisted on the adherence to the Divine Truth; but His final test of discipleship was the having "love one to another."

"As I have loved you." What did that "as" hold? How had He loved them? He had gone to them when they were at work; He had been with them when they suffered; He had upheld them when they were weak; He had waited on them; given them in their need; healed the sick; cured the lame, made the blind to see; bound up the bruises of the wounded; comforted the afflicted; from no forms of sin and suffering had He ever turned away—thus had He loved them.

His first impulse, when He saw one commit a sin, was, not to rebuke or to condemn, but of great overwhelming compassion and mercy. Then, from the depths of His love and pity, He went down to the loved one where he stood, took him tenderly by the hand, and led him to a higher plane, away from the evil toward the good; and He went beside him all the way. The broken reeds He tried to straighten, to strengthen, to establish and encourage them to grow again in forms of use and beauty. The flax, of which He saw the smoke, was not condemned because of the smoke, but He said: "Lo, there is fire; there is life in the coals;" and He straightway went to work to fan the embers into a blaze of light and heat that should kill the smoke.

"Little children," the tender words are yet echoing, although, alas, so many of our ears are deaf, "love one another." Love one another with a love that is strong enough to endure, deep enough to forgive. Have compassion on each other's weakness; have pity on each other's blindness; have sympathy for each other's sorrow. Let not hearts that we might feed, go hungry; let not lives that we might help to fill, go empty. Pity, love, strengthen, with patient tenderness, others, even as we need the pitiful, tender, charitable, strengthening love ourselves.

Because others can not do just as we do, can not see just as we see, can not feel as we feel, it is no reason why we should harden our hearts against them. If they are wrong, they may learn better: if we are wrong we may learn to become aware of it; but, right or wrong, we are not here to judge each other, but to "love one another," to minister to one another; if we can aid each other to see the faults we possess—in love—we should do so, but never in any other spirit.

In every human being is the germ of Divine Life. Let us seek for that germ, believe in it; cling to it; let us love each other, not so much for what we are, as for what we are capable of becoming; bearing with patience in others—as they must do with us—that of which we disapprove; thus helping to make more possible the realization of an ideal of good which the Divine Love has placed in every heart.

Our hearts should ever be open to each other's word; love and sympathy should always be in them ready for acceptance. If we, as we too often do, even with one nearest and dearest, fail to see, to "hold fast" to, and encourage the highest life of which those we love are capable, we are robbing, not only those others, but ourselves, of advancement towards a more perfect rounding of character and life.

"It is our privilege to aspire to the love of God; but, little children, it is your duty to love one another. Ye are all alike weak, sinful, sorrowing. O pity one another, my children! Pity, I implore you, each other's weakness, pity each other's sorrow, but, most of all pity each other's sin. For, could ye but see aright, the sin, the sorrow and the weakness are but one."

If we have received a stone when we should have received bread, let us forget it, forgive it, and be sure that our own hands are filled with bread. Let not our speech, nay, nor our silence, bear aught but the "bread of life." Words, looks, actions, should all be so filled with our "love one to another," that they can not fail to bear its messages. We know not in what ground seed may fall, nor when renewed fountains of life spring forth. We know not what barren spot may become fruitful, nor what dark place shall be filled with light because of the fulfilling of this "law of life." We have been told that evil shall be turned to good, that dark ways shall be made easy, and crooked paths straight, but, side by side with these promises, stands the charge: "Little children, love one another."—*Golden Rule.*

Sunday Railway Trains.

The *Railway Age*, whose editor is a religious man and a member of the Presbyterian Church, has recently issued a circular to railroad managers inquiring how far it is necessary to dispatch trains on Sunday. The investigation was suggested by an order from the President of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, forbidding the running of any trains on Sunday, except those carrying the United States mails. The questions asked by the *Railway Age* were as follows: "Do you consider it practicable to abandon the running of railway trains on Sunday? If not, is it practicable to diminish the number of trains now run? If practicable, is it desirable to prohibit all Sunday work on railways? Has your company taken any action toward diminution of Sunday labor? What is the present practice on your road in respect to Sunday labor? What, approximately, would be the net annual loss to your company from stopping all work on that day? Would the public as a whole be benefited or injured by a strict observance of the Sabbath by railways as a day of rest? An early reply in regard to this subject will, we are sure, be of much general interest and profit." Answers were received from the managers of three railway lines, and published. The President of the Wisconsin Central says a large part of Sunday railroad work is done under the pressure of what is considered a necessity. There are cases when to abandon the running of trains on that day would cause suffering to man and beast which would not be justifiable. The Wisconsin Central runs no excursion trains on Sunday, and no labor is done on that day that can be done on another. The President of the Illinois Central Road declares that "a rest of one day in seven is necessary to the physical and moral welfare of the employes, aside from any religious question." He thinks that trains leaving Chicago Saturday afternoon and evening, and which are kept in motion all day Sunday, might be abandoned. The General Manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road says that company aims to have as little work done on Sunday as practicable. For convenience to trans-continental passengers, to avoid delay to through mails, and to guard against loss of perishable property, a few trains are run on Sunday. The President of the Michigan Central Road also takes strong ground against Sunday labor. The editor of the *Railway Age* says: "Probably there is no man, officer or employe, who does not often wish that on the general day of the world's rest it might be possible for every one connected with the railways to rest also; that the iron steeds might for one day in a week stand quiet in their stalls; that the weary wheels of cars might stop their noisy revolutions, and that the rails might cease to vibrate with the clangor of worldly traffic and grow cool under the breezes of the Sabbath morning. But the railway has become a disturber of old ways, and its management has introduced new habits and created new necessities. How far shall this tremendous innovator be allowed to go in subverting Christian customs and beliefs? how far shall it be allowed to destroy peace and invade the happiness of the home?" The public is responsible for Sunday railway travel. There is no doubt that perhaps one train each Sunday should be run; but that the amount of traffic done on that day is much greater than is necessary, we have no doubt.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Wise Sayings.

—The way to preserve the peace of the church is preserve the purity of it.

—The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.

—God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and supported orphans; of rejoicing, comforted and thankful persons.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—What is a good life worth if it be not crowned by a good death? Yet a good life is the nearest approach in our power to a good death. There have been comparatively few good deaths which have not come at the end of good lives.—*Faber.*

—I was once in a large company where very severe things were spoken of an absent gentleman, when a person seasonably observed that though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had never known anybody convinced of error by what was said behind his back.—*John Newton.*

—The hope of immortality pervades our entire human life. Next to the idea of God it is the greatest, the most elevating, the most inspiring idea of which we are capable. Only think of the conscious darkness, and loss, and degradation that would befall human life were the great hope of immortality lost to it! Is it any wonder that instinctively, as we recoil from a traitor, an assassin, a desecrator of a mother's grave, we shrink from the man who not only gratuitously, but eagerly, vauntingly, scoffingly, thrusts at you his shocking demonstration that man is no more than the brute that perishes?—*Exchange.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JUNE 27, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	½ "	40
¼ "	¼ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 24 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

Democratic Ticket.

For Governor.
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor.
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General.
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer,
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

The Democrats of Ohio nominated Judge George Hoadly for governor.

THE citizens of Bardstown were flying from the small-pox, last week, it having become an epidemic.

EDITORIALLY, the Cincinnati Enquirer, the day after the Ohio Democratic State Convention, was remarkably quiet on that subject.

HOGS.—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $6 30@6 50; fair to good packers, at $5 90@6 25; fair to good light, $6 15@6 30; common, $5 20@5 80; culls, $4 00@5 20: stock hogs, $5 25@6 00.

THE soldiers sent to Menifee Co., to capture Profit and Morrison, two of the Barnett gang of desperadoes, returned without them. They were all the time kept informed by their friends as to the whereabouts of the soldiers.

THE trial of Frank James for murder in connection with the Gallatin, Missouri, bank robbery, fourteen years ago, and the Winston train robbery in 1881, have been continued in the Gallatin, Missouri, Circuit Court until August the 7th.

THE Southern Exposition at Louisville will be a magnificent exhibition, and Kentucky products should be well represented there. We would like to know of arrangements being made for Boone county to occupy a place in that grand collection of the fruits of industry.

A PERSON who edits a country newspaper has to do a great deal of thinking—he can not possibly avoid it. Sometimes he thinks of one thing and then he thinks of another, and sometimes when he thinks of one thing it makes him think of some other.—[Newark Courier.

Miss Lizzie Charles and H. L. Brinkley registered, at a New York hotel, as man and wife. A court in New York decided that in common law they were married, and granted her a divorce and alimony. Miss Lizzie has compromised with Brinkley and gets a cool $10,000 in cash.

There was a large decrease in the corn crop of 1882 which yielded 55,750 bushels, while the crop of 1881 was 378,938 bushels.

The above paragraph appeared in our last issue in the statistics taken from the assessor's book, and is incorrect, in as much as the corn crop in 1882 was 755.750 bushels, which makes it larger than the '81 crop.

AARON FRAZIER, the negro who was sent to the penitentiary in Indiana, for the murder of John M. Walton, has had published, in one of the Greensburg papers, a letter in which he denies that Mrs. Walton had anything to do with the murder of her husband. He says that he implicated her because he was told to do so and was afraid to testify other than to her complicity.

WE have before us a copy of the Vedette, containing a longthy, laudatory obituary of Maj. William W. McCoy, who was born in this county in 1811, graduated as a doctor at the Transylvania University in Lexington, served with distinction in the Mexican war, and in 1852 emigrated to California, where he died one of its wealthiest and most honored citizens, having served his state, honorably, in many positions of trust.

EDUCATION.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

One of the hardest things to do in this world, is to present disagreeable facts to the public in an agreeable manner. There are a good many obnoxious things that are most easily done, through the convenient medium of newspapers, such as the announcement of candidates' names, the dunning of people who never pay, the first intimation of a divorce case, the yearly lecture on the stock laws, and game laws, and gentle hints about schools and school teachers.

To plunge boldly into the subject, our schools are not what they should be. The people are waking up to a knowledge of this fact, and beginning to inquire why we have so little school money, and why the money we have, makes so little show.

A discussion of our educational problem was suggested by the receipt of the common school report, gotten out by our State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Jos. Desha Pickett, who, in this book, gives a careful statement of the money Kentucky expends on education, and the returns made to the people in the way of common schools.

No true Kentuckian likes to stand by, defenceless, and hear our system of education laughed at by persons from almost any other state in the union. Yet what can we do? We know that we are taxed for school purposes; we know that this money is paid into the hands of men chosen to look after the public schools, but we see that our general school system is far below the standard that the wealth and intelligence of the people set for the schools at which their children must be educated. What we can do to be able to compare our schools favorably with the public schools of other states is a problem that can only be solved by experiment. I can offer no suggessions as to this. but will endeavor to put before the people of this county some of the facts in the case, and leave the remedy in their own hands.

We must, in the first place, realize the importance of public schools. Kentucky has as many good private schools and colleges as any state, but the class of people who can afford to educate their children at such institutions besides paying a tolerably heavy tax for public schools, is exceedingly limited.

The public school system is for the benefit of those who cannot afford to spend a fortune on the education of each child. Now-a-days, when presidents are chosen from the class that, in the South, would be called "poor white trash," every boy, no matter how situated, may aspire to any position which lies within the power of the people to give. It is the work of the public schools to fit all the children of the state for any position that they may be called upon to occupy.

The day of placing upon a jury twelve uneducated men, because they may be supposed to render an unbiased decision, to pronounce a verdict on a case requiring keen discrimination, has gone by, and twelve men who have fair educations, active minds and principles of honesty, are sought to fill their places. How soon our juries will be composed of men above bribery by the friends of a criminal, or an unprincipled jury lawyer—men capable of filling so responsible a place, depends mainly on how much of a success we make of our schools for the education of the people. The statistics of crime all over the states, shows that the larger proportion of brutal murders, malicious arson and theft are committed among the totally ignorant classes. The great remedy for crime then, would seem to be in compulsory education.

When we see that the school system is such a benefit to the state in these ways, it behooves all of us who have the welfare of the state at heart, to make some effort to bring our schools up to the right standard.

In Mr. Pickett's report, the number of districts in which *no* school was taught, the districts in which the number of school children *enrolled* is far greater than the number in attendance, the number of log school houses, unfit for use, vary somewhat in each county, but in nearly every county of the state, the report is discouraging.

Our neighboring states, Ohio and Indiana, are continually before our eyes as models in respect to neat school buildings, patent desks, and well paid teachers. In both of these states the public schools are considered as of first importance, and not as a secondary matter, as is too often the case with us.

I was talking to a gentleman from Nebraska, not long ago, who said, "Our schools are something to be proud of. Comfortable houses, holding from 50 to 75 pupils, and teachers with salaries twice as large as those you give in Kentucky, show how prosperous and enlightened we are." To think of the advancement of the far West, in this respect, and then to think of our "log school houses, unfit for use," is enough to make us hang our heads.

Coming down from generalizing about the whole school system, let us take a view of our own county.

Boone county is taxed to the amount of $10,000 for school purposes. Mr. Pickett's report shows that we receive exactly $4,786 56 in return. It may be all right to let more than half of our school money go for the support of the pauper counties, but it is hard to view it in that light when we need it so much at home.

Burlington posseses one of the two brick buildings of the county, that Mr. Picket enumerates, but school is rarely held for more than five months of the year in it, and even then, it is a subscription school, to which the poorer class, and the class most in need of education, has no access.

With our $10,000 of taxation, we certainly ought to afford a better school house for public use, than the little frame building that disgraces a muddy hillside, and narrowly escapes being "unfit for use."

Among other questions that come up in regard to school matters, the point of teachers' wages, is a vexed one. Mr. Picket says that the average per month in this county, is about $30 for both male and female teachers. The way it actually stands is, counting in subscriptions:

Male teachers per month from $40 to $75
Female " " " " $20 to $30

This is little too great a difference, considering all points of ability, in tact, education, energy and muscle.

Your truly, G. I. M.

MT. STERLING LETTER.

MT. STERLING, KY. June 18, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

This is county court day here and the city is crowded with people. Stock of all kinds are sold on the streets and it keeps from 3 to 5 auctioneers busy selling them. About 100 head of mountain cattle on the market to-day and are selling from 4½ to 6c, according to quality.

There has been a large crowd in town every day this week to hear the trial of the notorious Barnett gang for the murder of one Vaughn Helton, on the 12th of May last. Seven of the gang plead guilty to the charge and were sentenced to the penitentiary for life at hard labor. When Judge Riddell passed sentence on them Barnett gave completely away and wept like a child.

Barnett the leader of the gang is a tall, slim man, about 45 years old, high cheek bones, and in his walk, carries himself in a very uneasy manner, looking like a man that would be guilty of just such a crime as he was sent up for. At the time of the murder Barnett was Justice of the Peace, in his county, Menifee, and as Judge Riddell expressed it, the county has got rid of seven good democrats.

This is the home of Gen. John S. Williams, our U. S. Senator, and he is seen on the streets nearly every day. He is a candidate for re-election.

Crops of all kinds look well in this county, (Montgomery). Wheat is heavy and nearly ready to be harvested, and the farmers say will make an average yield of 25 bushels to the acre. This is surely the garden spot of Old Kentucky, as every one seems prosperous and enjoying life. We will leave this city for Stanton, Powell county, to-morrow. J. B. T.

The following shows the number of pounds of tobacco raised in this county commencing in 1864. The figures were taken from the Assessor's books

1864	1,402,700
1865	491,650
1868	189,300
1874	828,806
1875	276,530
1876	624,020
1877	895.621
1879	978,445
1880	1,846,660
1881	2,071,193
1882	2,591,386
1883	2,797,798

Two or three years are not given because the books for those years do not give the aggregate number of pounds.

It must be born in mind that a book for any particular year shows the crop grown the previous year.

During the past ten years the crop has been doubled.

IT is said that a tribe of Indians having tails have been discovered in South America. It is hard to believe that tail.

EIGHTEEN unseaworthy vessels belonging to the navy are to be sold. We mention this to notify any of our readers who want to buy a second hand ship.

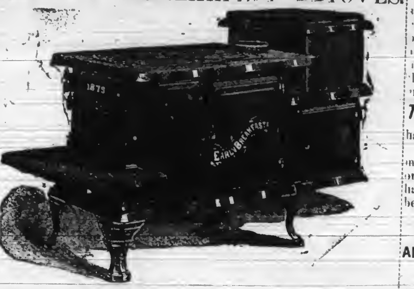
Communications without the signature of the writer are never published. Please remember this:

AT H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St., - - Covington, Ky.

You can find the best assortment of SUITINGS in the three cities. Thousands of elegant designs of all the leading European and American fabrics. Good, honest dealing and a perfect fit guaranteed.

540 Madison street, - Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.



Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years.. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

STATE NEWS.

—A Grant county man has a razor made in 1750.

—The sheriff of McLean county committed suicide because of financial embarrassment.

--A clap of thunder denuded a Frankfort negress, and stunned many others. The sky was cloudless at the time.

—Carlisle Mercury; The wheat crop in this county is not promising well; that harvest will be good, but the thin stand will make the yield light.

—A young man's funeral took place from a Frankfort church on the same day and at the same hour his sister was to have been married in same church.

—Mt. Sterling, June 20.—A train containing the 150 Shorthorn cattle of the Hamiltons, Senator Williams and Corwin Anderson, valued at $100,000, left here for Chicago today. The train will be in Louisville to-morrow and will go over the L., N. A. and C. to Chicago. This is the largest and most valuable shipment of cattle ever made and is an evidence of the importance of the cattle interest at this place, which is the highbred cattle center of the world.

Telling it very Short.

"I'll tell it, sir, in few words if I can, but the story would fill a book if justice was done to it."

"Surely, Michael, but put it short this time so's I can squeeze it into a page of letter paper."

"Here you are, sir, then, and there are thousands of people here in Bingham, N. Y., who will testify to the truth of what I say. My name is Michael Guilfoyle. I am seventy-four years old. For about nine years I was almost shut out from the world by rheumatism. I had peddled small wares in this city for years, and had to stop altogether. At the best of times I could only hobble miserably about with my cane. I was bent nearly double with pain and weakness, and my hands were useless to labor with. I was but the poor wreck of a once strong man. None of the medicines usually given for rheumatism did me the least good, sir. My old friends and customers forgot me, as though I were under ground,

'With the end of my nose and the tip of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daises.'

My days and nights were doleful and painful. I had no hope except death. That is God's truth, and Mr. Mosher, here, knows it.

"I can't tell you how, but PARKER'S TONIC cured me. That was three years ago. I'm lively as a cricket now, sir and go my business rounds every day, rain or shine. You may tell this to all the world, and refer the doubters to me."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change is made for two reasons: first, because ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, and secondly, because unprincipaled inferior preparations under the name of ginger.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

NOTICE TO Contractors and Builders.

Sealed proposals will be received at the store of Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind., until seven o'clock p. m.,

Thursday, July 12th, 1883,

for the building of the Christian Chapel above the foundation, according to the plans and specifications.

Proposals for each part of the work separate will also be received.

Plans and specifications on file at the store of Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

The building committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids, and a sufficient bond must be furnished with the bids for the entire building, as a guarantee that the building will be completed according to the plans and specifications.

JOHN SORTWELL, Sr, J. H. RUSSE,
JOHN H. LOVE, A. G. TEBBS,
J. W. TEBBS, W. M. TERRILL
Building Committee.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., June 20, 1883.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

The Central Ky. Lunatic Asylum, Plff. vs Richard Green, &c, Defts	}	Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April Term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 2nd day of July, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 12 months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment to wit:

The defendent Richard Green's ⅓ interest in the dower of Mr. Ellen Green in the land of E. T. Green—said dower contains 10 acres and bounded by the lands of John E. Walton, John M. Moody and others.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

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Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup

TRADE MARK.

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83.

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He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationary
constantly on hand.
Headquaters in Lotton House.

NOTICE.

Know all men by this notice: That Elzy Garrison, H. A. Hicks, B. L. Rice, C. C. Talbott, Wallace Garrison, John S. Mason and T. A. Huey, under the name and style of the Richwood and Big Bone Turnpike Co., have associated themselves together to contract and operate a turnpike road, beginning at its intersection with the Union and Beaver Lick turnpike, just southeast of Dr. H. C. Lassing's residence, in Boone county, Kentucky, and running thence in a general westwardly direction along an established and surveyed route, in a main line to Elzy Garrison's gate, and consisting of said main line and a branch turnpike, beginning at Robert Willis' corner with Richard Howlett, on the old Big Bone and Union dirt road, running in a general northwardly direction until it intersects the general main line at a point S. E. of C. T. Rice's old homestead. Said main line and branch road shall be called the Richwood & Big Bone Turnpike.

Big Bone or some point on the road shall be the principal place of business.

The amount of capital stock shall be $10,000, to be paid in as the work progresses,

Said corporation shall date from June 9, 1883, and continue fifty years.

Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and five directors, all of whom shall be ellected annually on January 1st of each year.

It shall not subject itself, at any time, to a greater liability or indebtedness than $6,000.

Private property shall be exempt from corporate debts.

ELZIE GARRISON, H. A. HICKS, B. L. RICE,
WALLACE GARRISON, JOHN S. MASON,
COURTNEY C. TALBOTT. T. A. HUEY.
June 12, 4t.

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.
UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $20 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 320 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogues apply to Judge W. B. KINKEAD, or to JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

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JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
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First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

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County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.
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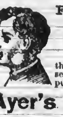

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OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

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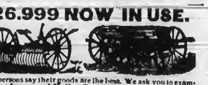

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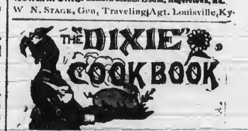

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Local News.

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Monday is County Court.

Next Wednesday is the glorious fourth.

Burlington vs. Newport, at Burlington, July 4th.

A. W. Gaines is city attorney for Lawrenceburg.

The northern part of the county has the base-ball fever bad.

B. S. Kirkpatrick has applied for a patent on a screw-driver.

The Petersburg pike is in the best condition we ever saw it.

A. S. Gaines will drived about 1,500 lambs to the city this week.

O. P. Tanner can go up head. It rained on seven successive Sundays.

O. T. Porter found his mule at "Tick" Terrill's, about 2 miles from home.

In a few days the country will be scoured in search of harvest hands.

J. M. Conner started a drove of 500 lambs toward Covington, last Friday.

The corn, wheat and meadows on the Burlington and Petersburg pike look well.

Attorney Tolin's commissions on fines assessed last week amounted to 9 mills.

Wheat harvest has commenced. Half a crop will be made. Neither rust nor smut in the fields.

Last week it took a postal card mailed at Erlanger four days to reach Burlington, its destination.

Legrand Gaines is remodelling his dwelling, and when done it will have quite a palatial appearance.

The pic-nic at Walton's woods Saturday was a very pleasant affair as are all they have at that place.

A walking plasterparis toy shop was in town one day last week, and for a while did a good business.

The reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is maintained by cures made and daily making.

There will be a basket meeting at the Middle Creek Universalist church the first Sunday in July, next Sunday.

S. G. Botts, of Petersburg, has taken over two barrels of honey from his bees this season, and his harvest is not over yet.

Another offset in the temperature was reached Monday night, and Tuesday morning fires had that old time pleasantness about them.

We understand that a post mortem was held on Robert Smith, and a peach seed was taken from his intestines. It was worn perfectly smooth.

"The Infirmities of Men of Genius," was orated upon by J. W. Gaines at the Georgetown College commencement, while J. S. Kirtley handled the subject, "Responsibilities of Progressive Thinkers."

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

We hear some talk of building a big pond near town and stocking it with fish, for the benefit of those that enjoy that kind of sport. And as a suggestion we would think a row of shade trees would be very beneficial to the—.

We are sorry to chronicle the death of Robert Smith, of Plattsburg. The sad event occurred last Thursday. Mr. Smith was an honest, industrious going man, who will be greatly missed in the neighborhood where he lived all his life.

Wm. O'Brien was brought here and lodged in jail to remain one month for stealing a pocket knife from Ira Percival, of Walton. He went into Percival's store to buy a knife, and slipped one into his pocket. W. E. Vest brought him down.

About two weeks ago, Mrs. Anna Kirkpatrick broke a sewing machine needle off in the palm of her hand. It could not be removed and after remaining in the flesh eight days was taken out at the back of her hand. The piece was about an inch long and caused her much pain.

There were a series of trials at this place last week in which the colored population figured. The first was for assault and battery committed by a negro woman on a 12 year-old negro girl. This was tried before Esq. Gaines and a jury, the jury fixing the fine at one cent. Two days elapsed and the colored devine was brought before Esq. Baker, charged with stealing a hoe. In this case the 'Squire found a verdict of "not guilty". Previous to the trial, Henry Fry and Hade White met the aforesaid devine on the road and gave him a flogging. Immediately upon being acquitted the said moral instructor had a warrant issued for his assailants and Thursday they were arraigned before Esquire Baker and jury which fined each one cent and cost.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. S. P. Tilley is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Blythe.

Mrs. T. W. Finch and children are visiting her father in Williamstown.

Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, was the guest of Mrs. Lillie Hall, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Dora Rich, of Kenton county, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. McKim of this place.

Mrs. Fonlke, Mrs. Augusta and son, of Paris, Ill., were the guests of Miss Mary Thompson Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Light and daughter, Miss Mary, of Covington, were the guests of Mrs. F. Riddell last Thursday.

N. S. Walton and wife passed through town Thursday. Mr. W. was out looking after his political interest.

Francis Kreylich, wife and daughter, Miss Kate, of Kenton county, were the guests of Mrs. Dempsey, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Kate Creager, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hall, of this place, returned to her home, Loveland, Ohio, Wednesday.

Base-ball.

The hottest contested game of base-ball, and one that created more interest than any ever played in the county, was played on the base-ball park at Petersburg last Saturday between the Almonts and the Bullittsvilles in the presence of 300 or 400 people, who at times were wild with enthusiasm. The two clubs are pretty equally matched with a strong rivalry existing between them, and the Bullittsville neighborhood sent down nearly all its able bodied citizens to cheer her favorite ball tossers to victory, while Petersburg turned out en masse to applaud the Almonts. Old Sol played upon the crowd with all his power, but the excitement destroyed his heating qualities, and he hid his face behind a cloud in despair when the game was about half out.

The Almonts' out-field was cared for by Cox in the right, Yerkes in center and Smith in the left. They covered all the ground and made several beautiful and difficult fly catches, many of which occurred at critical points in the game. The infield was well manned and especially the four corners of the diamond. Joe Ferris was lively as a cricket and did effective work for a disabled man. The Almont's pitcher was hard to get on to, while the catcher played a strong game. The short stop was a good one and made several good stops.

For the Bullittsville out-field there were Willie Gaines in the right, Stephens in the center and Kinney in left. These boys clamped every thing coming within their reach, Gaines covering himself all over with glory by a beautiful fly catch out of which a difficult double play was made. Botts played first base for all there was in it, while Duncan's playing at second and behind the bat was nearly perfect. Clore's pitching was very effective, while Sickels, with but one exception, a bad throw to first, got all out of the game there was in it. Moreland on third and Snyder at short did good telling work. Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Petersb'g	2	5	0	0	0	1	0	5	1	—14
Bullits.	2	0	1	0	0	2	3	0	4	—12

NOTES.

Charlie Schramm is Dr. Ed's first lieutenant.

When the game closed the Almonts' friends made the welking ring with their shouts, hats flew high in the air, old men hugged and the young ones wept for joy.

A coincident—William Clore's supply of flour gave out the day the Almonts and Bullittsville crossed bats.

J. D. Norris did not shout, he could not do the subject justice.

The crowd had more enthusiasm to the square inch than any crowd we ever saw.

Sore throats will be an epidemic in the Petersburg and Bullittsville neighborhoods.

It looks like base-ball is becoming popular when as many of the best business men in the county attend a game as were present last Saturday.

The Hebron club visited Cleves, O., last Saturday, and were defeated by the club at that place by a score of 10 to 7.

Hebron and Petersburg will cross bats at Hebron next Saturday.

Died.

CRAVEN—On the 20th inst., of paralysis, at the residence of his son-in-law Ephraim Aylor, near this place, Benjamin Craven.

In the death of Mr. Craven another pioneer citizen of this county and state has passed away. Mr. Craven was born in Nelson county, Kentucky, February 4th, 1792, and consequently at the time of his death was in the 92d year of his age. When quite young his parents moved to Ohio, near Hamilton, where they remained but a short time, moving to North Bend, this county, and seventy-eight years ago Mr. Craven's father settled where Wash Craven now resides, it being a portion of the farm on which the subject of this notice resided, except a very short period he lived in Ohio, until his death.

Benjamin Craven was drafted during the war 1812, and after going into camp took the measles, and his health continuing bad, hired a substitue to take his place. He was in Capt. Sebree's company.

He was the father of eleven children, four sons and five daughters, nine of whom survive him, and all are honorable and worthy citizens.

Mr. Craven lived a long and honorable life, was a kind and loving father, and a good neighbor, as will be testified to by all who knew him, and his neighbors mourn his loss, though spared to them as long as he was.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Farmers are as busy as bees.

Mrs. Geo. O. Hafer is quite sick at this writing.

Mrs. Lucinda Clore is visiting relatives in Cynthiana.

Jeff Cloud has returned from Springfield, Ohio, where he has been attending school.

Lonnie Gaines has returned from Montgomery county, Indiana.

Ed Clayton, of Constance, was on our streets, Sunday.

T. A. Rouse says he did not attend the game of ball at Cleves, Saturday.

C. C. Davis, telegrapher, was at home Sunday.

Farmers are about done setting out tobacco.

Mrs. Hester Anderson's funeral will be preached on the 3d Sunday in July, by Rev. G. M. Grau.

Rabbit Hash.

Farmers in East Bend have commenced harvesting their wheat.

James Conner, of your town was in our neighborhood a few days ago collecting lambs that had previously been bought.

Miss Melson, of Aurora, is the guest of Miss Zou Holmes.

Clarence Gleason has been feeling indisposed for several days, and is taking a rest from his business.

Rev. Briscoe, of Louisville, preached at the Baptist church Saturday and Sunday.

Born—The 14th inst., to Murray Ryle and wife, a daughter.

It is the intention of a number of our young folks to attend the marriage of Miss Delie Allen and Mr. Will Botts, at the Bellevue church next Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Mary Calvert, an old ex-resident of these parts is visiting friends in our neighborhood. She is accompanied by her neice, Miss Jessie Bachelor, of Lockland, Ohio, and Master John Friend.

Florence X-Roads.

Daniel Burlow is the sweetest man near here, having taken upwards of 100 gallons of extracted honey.

F. H. Russell gave the young folks a dance Saturday night. Geo. Knapp, jr., entertained them with his banjo and comic songs so long that several of them got dreached before they got home.

Saturday night the colored folks had a moonlight hop near Ephraim Tanner's, and a trouble arose in which pistols took an active part. During the melee one horse was shot.

Some of the voters around here want to know Dr. Scott's and N. S. Walton's positions on the road law, stock law, dog law and school law.

Prof. Taylor gave our town an interesting and instructive show and lecture Tuesday evening. At the close of the performance presents were given those receiving the most votes as follows: To Stanton Crisler, the ugliest man in the house, jews harp; Miss Martha Hood, as the handsomest lady, an album. No votes were cast for the laziest man, but the proprietor presented John P. Utz with the cane.

Beaver Lick.

Well, after returning from the big Latonia races, it would be unkind in us not to say something about them to those who were fortunate enough to avoid them. If there is any one thing on earth more especially adapted to the total demoralization of the people than any other one thing, it is horse-racing, beyond a doubt. Just to see the excitement racing creates; the disposition to bet on a favorite and general evil tendency, blunts the imagination to conceive its worst influence and accompanying depraving results. The wealth of Kenton has bestowed on the of society of Covington a cancer that will never stop its ravages while there remains a vital principle of morality ensconsced in the bosom of Covington and her sister cities.

There is some cosiderable feeling here, now, like this: If the turnpike is completed to Big Bone Springs this fall, which our friends assure us, then our people will run a little road to Beaver, connecting with the Richwood road. Now, that's just the thing.

There is some complaint about the tiny grasshoppers devouring the late set tobacco

The Hamilton club beat the Patriot club, at Patriot, Saturday 43 to 2.

Leander Setters, of Riddell's Run, gave several of his respected friends quite an elegant fish dinner, one day last week.

Some of our best citizens are now preparing to have a big barbecue at the springs the 4th of July, and to invite the candidates for the legislature to address our voters on that day.

All kinds of stock are selling higher in this locality than they have for many years

Scattersville.

Yum, yum, yum! our bill of fare shows up new potatoes, peas and beans.

The cherry harvest is about over. It did not amount to much in this locality.

This has been a fine week for work, and the farmers are catching up. Some corn is laid by and is looking nice.

Potatoes are looking fine this season. No one need be without them next winter, as we think there will be plenty for all.

Wheat harvest is coming in a few days, and then we will sweat.

Some clover has been cut in our locality, and there will be a fine crop of timothy to cut after awhile.

Raspberries are getting ripe. Then cream and sugar will be in demand.

We give Howard & Kirtley a cordial invitation to come down and kill as many of our———crows as they wish.

Prayer meeting was held at F. Rue's last Wednesday night. There were some members from Big Bone present. They say they had a good meeting.

O. B. Utz and family were visiting here last Sunday. W. M. Conner and family and Lewis Conner and wife were visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Conner.

As we sit and scrible we can hear the music of that famous cow bell as it is shaken by some expert at settling bees.

Some of our young men turned out last Saturday at noon for the purpose of taking in the picnic at Walton's Grove, while some turned out for dinner, and then hoed tobacco all the evening.

Wm. Rue's funeral was preached at Big Bone last Sunday by Rev. J. S. Kirtley.

John Mitchell delivered his lambs at this place, one day last week. He had 16 very fat lambs. Lewis Conner was the purchaser.

Petersburg.

Miss Pauline Berkshire, of Lawrenceburg, is home for a few days.

Mr. Charlie Snyder, of Louisville, Ky., dispatched for Dr. Ed Terrill last Sunday to come and see his father, who was very sick with low form of fever. Mr. Snyder being an old friend of Ed's, he lost no time in getting there.

Miss Lou Kastner, a charming young girl of Aurora, Ind., was the guest of Misses Mary and Kate Weindell, last week.

E. V. Newman, of Rising Sun, was here on business, last Wednesday. As he was here but a short time we failed to find out what his business was.

Wind and saw-dust by the yard or gallon, at Botts & Fenton's second hand express store.

M. S. Rice surveyed the town, last Wednesday, for the town authorities, and found it partly fenced in. We think the trustees are going to fence in the rest of the town and then white wash it. Good chance for you, Billy.

J. Frank Grant and wife were visiting friends at Carrollton, Ky., last week.

Mrs. Alice Walker, of Bellevue, is visiting her many friends at this place.

The second annual picnic given by the Sons of Temperance, of this place, at Parlor Grove, Saturday, June 16th, was a grand success in every particular. It was well attended and every body seemed to enjoy themselves, especially those that took part in the merry dance. Professor Steele, of Aurora, furnished the music for the occasion. The boys spared no pains in trying to make it the boss picnic of the season, and deserve much credit for the way and manner in which it was conducted.

Florence.

The blackberry crop promises to be very large, more especially the variety known as the Early Thompson, extensively cultivated in the celebrated Union nursery.

Talking about gardens! Why, Mr. Ed, if you were to step into our flower garden, you would think you were in company with Miss Neilson or Joe Reed, with a bottle of cologne water sprinkled on him.

Milton Souther has opened a bed-spring factory here.

Two big medicine men fell out, the other day, and punched more holes in the air than is generally seen in a sorghum strainer

An example explains best, thought Eph Weaver when he put the old, rusty mule bit in Jim Smith's mouth to show him how the Dutchman bridled the mule.

I hardly know what us women will do with ourselves, unless we go to the mountains of "Hepsedam," or someother milldam and go in fishing.

Some people don't like to be talked about in the papers, but they like to read about others. They remind us of railroad slings printed in large letters, KEEP OFF OF THIS BRIDGE OR GET KILLED.

George Aydlott did not know that the drotted thing was loaded. He was cleaning out a pistol and it shot him through the hand.

Joe Laile was overcome by heat the other day.

There are very conflicting reports in regard to Mr. Harrison's child that fell in the cistern. The child is still in a very critical condition.

Geo. M. Bedinger, of Erlanger, aged 26, died Monday.

Miss Carrie Smith has returned home after a three weeks visit to North Bend.

John M. Palmer, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, was visiting his brother at this place, Tuesday.

The Gallatin county Teachers' Institute is in session this week, commencing to-day.

If you want one of W. M. Conner's hay conveyor's, call on Geo. Baker and Sam Crutcher, Florence X-Roads. See ad in another column.

The Warsaw Independent says that William Carpenter, who has been ill for over a year from the effects of poisoning by ivy, is slowly improving.

NOTICE—I have heard very often within the last month, that I am to be married shortly, and now I hear some kind friend has set the day. I will be under many obligations to said friend if he or she will notify me in time, as I am not aware of it. If the shoe does not fit do not wear it.

CHAS. FOWLER.

The rites of matrimony will be solemnized, by Rev. Dicken, in the Bellevue Baptist church this evening after prayer meeting, uniting by its holy bonds Mr. William Botts and Miss Delie Allen. They take upon themselves the solemn duties of husband and wife early in life, and start in their new relations with the best wishes of a host of friends.

Geen apples and cholera morbus.

Hay Conveyors.

We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns

BAKER & CRUTCHER,
Florence X-Roads.

35-4t

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

James West, Plff.
vs
James Marshall, Deft.
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 2nd day of july 1883, at 1 o'clock p.m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 9 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

A tract of land in Boone county, Ky., near Richwood church, beginning at a corner of Black, Hughes and Cleek; thence running with Cleek's line to a sugar tree; thence back into the farm of the grantor so as to strike a point from which a line run to Hughe's line taking the line first run and Hughes' line for two of the bounding lines and the other two lines so as to make 50 acres. For a more particular description see county surveyor's report on file in Circuit Clerks office.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $083 39

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

John A Kendall's Adm'r, Plff
vs
John A Kendall's heirs, &c, Defts
| Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will on Monday, the 2nd day of July 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being county court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6, 12 & 18 months equal installments, at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Near Burlington, Boone county, Ky., bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs Lucy Rogers on the West by the road leading from the East Bend road to Gunpowder Creek, on the South by the dower of Mrs Mary E Kendall, and Jonas Delph, on the East by Samuel Pope.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale $2,011 30

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good.

MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
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Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞ Office over Dudley Rouse's Store. ☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

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COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington. - - Ky.

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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RESIDENT DENTIST.
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With J P. ULREY.

Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

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ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.

☞ Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

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MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
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Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON,
President,
Petersburg, Ky.

J. H. WALTON,
Secretary,
Constance, Ky.

R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, J. C. RILEY,
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FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
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Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
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SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES.)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
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Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

HARNESS & SADDLES,
ALBERT M. ACRA,
BURLINGTON, KY.
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in
Saddles, Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.,

I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Repairing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
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NATIONAL BANK.
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The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

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City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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J. W. Talbott.

UNDERTAKING.
We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
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THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

THE FIRST HOME-NEST.

Sweet was that morn of love's content,
When Kate and I, just wedded,
On grave housekeeping business bent,
The village byways threaded;
For at nest-building round about
Were all the birds, new-mated,
And no more thought of boarding out,
Dear Kate said, than if fated
To singleness, with all its woes;
And were our views more narrow
And poor, she naively asked, than those
Of robin, finch and sparrow?

And glad was I to have agreed
With her; for, ere was ended
Our search, just such a nest at need
We found as both commended.
A humble, humble cot, well nigh
By twenty paces bounded,
But well within our means, and by
A garden wall surrounded.
And thence, with love and thrift so fair
A domicile we made it,
No fear remained that carping care
Or want would ere invade it.

There found we the repose, begun
In marriage rites; there mustered
Our higher powers; there one by one
Our brood about us clustered.
And when at last all, all our own
We called our home thus builded,
Less proud, I think, was King on throne,
Or Queen in palace gilded.
Long, long we clung there, even at last
With deep reluctance quitting
That roof for one of higher cast,
Our altered state befitting.

Ah, richer homes since then we've had,
Homes of palatial splendor,
But ne'er a one so sweet and glad
As that first home-nest tender,
Where Kate and I at our own hearth
Our joys domestic kindled,
And slowly gained the solid worth
That ne'er hath paled or dwindled.
Oh, not a home on earth is known,
With what you please compare it,
Like that which first you call your own,
With a true wife to share it!

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

"Tom," said my father to me, one cold November afternoon, as we stood in the flag-paved hall of our old-fashioned farm-house, "you'd better put the little bay mare in the dog-cart and go into Worthington for that saddle. I clean forgot to call for it yesterday, and if you want to go out with the hounds on Saturday, you won't have another chance of getting it."

Thus said my stalwart, weather-reddened, gray-haired old sire, as he put on his rough hat and took his thick walking-stick from the stand, preparatory to going about the farm. It was about three o'clock, and dinner was just over; for the time of which I speak was twenty years ago, and the farmers had not then learn[illegible]—according to the laws of a fashion unsuited to his income and his occupation, or to ape the style and expenditure of his landlord. My father was an old-fashioned yeoman, who tilled the land which his great-grandfather had tilled before him; and even had he lived in these days, when men of his type are rare, he would have kept to the old-fashioned ways.

I was nothing loth to act upon the parental suggestion, although it meant a long drive in the biting cold, and although the return journey would have to be done in the dark or with very indifferent moonlight. We were utterly isolated at the Mistletoe Farm; for we were seven miles from Worthington, our nearest town, and ten miles, in the opposite direction, from the nearest railway station. My father farmed nearly five hundred acres, some of the land—especially that lying toward Worthington—being very poor stuff, and only fit for sheep. There was not even a village near; the laborers lived in cottages scattered over the estate; and in the depth of winter, when there was snow, or when the floods were out, we were often a week at a time and never saw a soul besides ourselves and our employes.

But we always had a good bit of horse-flesh in the stable; as, indeed, was absolutely necessary, when our only means of communication with the outer world was by road, and when the distances were so great and the roads so bad. The little bay mare that I was going to drive—Fly-by-night was the name we afterwards gave her—was a young one of our own breeding, clever as a cat and docile as a dog. From her infancy she was my play-fellow; would come to me when I whistled to her; eat out of my hand or my pocket; and when the time came for backing her and breaking her, there was nothing to be done. She had perfect confidence and trust in us all, and especially in me; the cat by the fireside could not be more gentle or more easy to control. If only people would learn that a horse can, by kind treatment and constant association, be made as tame and affectionate as a household pet, there would be fewer broken bones from back jumpers and runaways.

She was a world two good for harness, I thought to myself, as I led her out of the stable and proceeded to put her to the old-fashioned, square dog-cart, which turned up behind and looked like a mail cart—barring the color, which was a dingy gray. The little mare was my hunter when the hounds were in reach and my father would let me go; and she carried me as gamely, even after twenty miles of harness the day before, as if she was one of the squire's cracks and went out only once a week.

As we trotted quietly down the drive, my father put his head over the hedge and called to me:

"May be the saddle won't be finished," he said, his red face glowing with cold, his eyes glancing critically at the mare. "If so you can put up at the Angel and have your tea; but don't be later than you can help. Have you got your watch on you?"

"Yes," I said, wondering at the question.

"You'd better give it to me," said my father, stretching his arm over the hedge. "I heard yesterday, at the ordinary, there was a gentleman stopped on Monday night on the road. You haven't got too much money on you, I suppose?"

"No danger," said I, with a laugh, as I put my watch and chain into my father's big, brown hand. "They won't get much out of me if they try it on."

And off we went, turned into the high road and sped at a quick trot through the gathering twilight in the direction of Worthington.

It was dark when we reached the out skirts of the little town, and the lights, not very brilliant if tried by modern standards, sparkled cheerfully enough in the windows. Past the blacksmith's forge, with the great bellows roaring and the sparks flying from the glowing cinders; past the butcher's, with a goodly display of some of our best beef; past the grocer's, where the half dozen children who were flattening their noses against the panes turned to look at us; and so, clattering over the uneven cobbles of the pavement, to the saddler's shop. The proprietor himself, a staid and portly person, conscious of the importance which attaches to his position in a country town, came out and nodded a greeting.

"A cold night, Mr. Tom," says he, with a shiver, as the wind took his apron. "I'm not quite ready for you. Your father didn't come in yesterday, so I thought you wouldn't want the saddle till next week."

"I wan't it for Saturday," said I, leaning sideways out of the trap. "The hounds are at the coppice, and the little mare and I are going. Can you do it for me if I put up?"

The saddler thought for a moment.

"Ay, I can do that," he said, at length. "Will you call in between eight and nine and it shall be ready for you."

I agreed, shook up the mare, and, a few yards further down, turned in through the narrow gateway of the Angel into the dim, deserted innyard. From a single half-open doorway came a stream of light. A figure issued forth in answer to my summons.

"Good evening, Mr. Tom," said this person, approaching and patting the mare's neck.

"Hallo, Jack! is that you?" said I, as I drew the reins through my fingers and alighted, recognizing, as I did so, Mr. Jack Plover, to whom was intrusted the important duty of conveying the Queen's mail-bags from Worthington to the railway town. "You'll have to wrap up warm to-night."

"Ay! bitter cold, that it is," answered Jack, undoing the traces. "But, law bless me! I'm used to it. If only I'd got as good a thing between my shafts as you have here, I'd think nothing of a seventeen-mile drive, I do assure you, sir."

"Your old pony isn't to be despised, either," said I, holding up the shaft while Jack drew the mare out. "A new pair of forelegs and sound bellows would improve him, but except for that —"

"Well, he isn't quite Newmarket or Doncaster, I do confess," said Jack, leading the mare in through the open doorway and putting her in a vacant stall. "But he's good enough for his work. I start early and we take it easy. You won't have the collar off, sir?"

"No," I said. "I am off again in an hour or so. Will you have a drink, Jack?"

We crossed the yard, passed through a swing door, and found ourselves in the warm, cheerful bar, where the bright light made us wink after the darkness outside, and the huge fire sent a leaping, ruddy glare on the red curtains, and a reflection that danced merrily on the trim rows of bottles and glasses. The barmaid, buxom and fresh-colored, smiled a welcome, and rewarded my compliments on her pink ribbons and the roses in her cheeks by a "Go along wit[illegible]" and a couple of glasses of steaming whisky-and-water.

There was only one other occupant of the bar, a stranger to me. He was a man apparently verging on forty, buttoned up in a shabby great-coat, and with his hat so slouched over his eyes that his features were hard to be discerned. To the salutation which I gave him on entering, he made no reply, but with arms folded, gazed fixedly on the floor.

"My service, sir," says Jack, raising the tumbler to his lips and taking off the contents at a draught. "That's the stuff to keep the cold out. Although this is a bit too early. I ought to have waited until eight o'clock, just before I started."

"You can have another then, if you like," said I, with a laugh.

"Nay, sir," remonstrated Jack. "I didn't mean that. Is the clock right, miss?" he inquired of the barmaid. "Then I must be going about my work," he added, receiving an answer in the affirmative. "Good night, sir, and thank you kindly."

And Jack Plover, who was a sporting-looking figure with his Queen's livery and clean-shaven face, touched his hat politely and passed through the swing door.

The man with the slouched hat looked up as he left, and, addressing nobody in particular, inquired in a harsh, rough voice, with a queer burr in it:

"What time does the post go out here?"

"At eight o'clock," replied the barmaid, looking at her interrogator with no particular favor. "That is the driver of the mail-cart who has just left."

"So I judged," replied the man, rising and putting some money on the table. "Is that right? Good-night to you."

And with a heavy, slouching gait, he strode to the door and was gone.

After tea in the half-lit coffee-room and a pipe in the bar, with the barmaid to tell me the gossip, I started at about half-past eight, called at the saddler's, put my saddle under the seat, and set out for home. As we passed the blacksmith's forge at the end of the street there was a pony being shod, and Mr. Jack Plover, in a big great-coat, was looking on at the process.

"Cast a shoe, Mr. Tom, and had to turn back," he called out as I passed by.

Out into the country, looking doubly black and dismal by contrast with the cheerful light and warmth that we were leaving behind; with the slanting rain driving full in one's face, so that it dazzled the sight; with gray piles of cloud hurrying overhead; with a veil of mist and darkness blending hurdle and hedge-row, field and tree, into a vague, indistinct, gray mass. The road is muddy, and, albeit the high-road, in bad condition; but the little mare has got her head homeward, and pulls her hardest toward warm stable and well-stocked rack, and the society of heavy Dobbin and his brethren. Not that my little hunter is to be permitted to pull herself to pieces through ruts and over ill-laid stones, for there is Saturday in prospect, and with the country in this state, we shall want the very last ounce. Now we are climbing a hill, and, anon, we are on top, and the rain and the wind beat savagely upon us and the prospect on either side is dreary enough. Now, steadily down the shelding ground with a tight rein and a careful lookout for loose stones; for this is a deep descent, and one false step may take twenty pounds off the little mare's value. The banks are high, at all events, so there is some shelter, and down at the bottom there are trees on either hand.

It was pitch dark in this hollow, but I let the mare out at the bottom of the hill and gave her her head. Suddenly, with a loud snort, she swerved violently, ran the wheel of the trap on to a heap of wayside stones, put there to mend the road; and in a second we were over.

I went out, of course, and the driving-box, the saddle and a debris of miscellaneous articles after me. I landed partly on my shoulder, partly on my head, and was up again in a moment, although a bit dazed. The moment I gained my feet I was seized by the collar, and a harsh voice exclaimed—not to me, but to some one else:

"Hold his head down—hold his head down!"

A dusky form sprang to the mare's head and kept her from attempting to rise. A third form knelt on the trap.

"By jove!" exclaimed this last fellow, in an agry tone, "we've got the wrong man!"

"What?" said he who had hold of my collar. "Do you mean to say it isn't the —?"

With a volley of oaths the other replied in the negative. The man who had hold of me released me and joined the other. They whispered together for a few seconds. Then the first one came back to me and said, with a fine pretense of indifference:

"Nasty accident, sir! But it might have been worse. It's lucky we were at hand to help you."

"I don't know about that," I replied, with no small acrimony, "for my horse shied at one of you. She never did it in her life before. You'll oblige me by helping to get her out."

In a twinkling we had the harness undone, and the mare, with a flounder and a stagger, was on her feet, and shook herself in a disgusted fashion. The men said nothing but obeyed my directions. Luckily, nothing was broken. The mare had rubbed a little hair off her, as well as I could tell, but her knees were all right. In seven or eight minutes from the time we went over, so quickly did it all happen, I was in my seat again, ready to start.

My assailants, or assistants, whichever they were, made no opposition, and seemed only anxious to get rid of me; they dispatched me without a word, and I went a mile on my road before I fully realized what had happened. As is always the case in an accident, I could only recall what took place immediately before and immediately after, and for that very reason the words uttered by the men were more vividly impressed on my memory. What did they mean?

It flashed into my mind like a revelation. They had been misled by the shape of my trap; which, as I have said, was square behind, and looked like a mail-cart, while the darkness was too great in their place of ambuscade for them to see the color. The time of my arrival was about that of the mail, had not Jack Plover been obliged to turn back; and the careful pace at which I had come down the hill accorded very well with the steady movement of Jack's nag.

And the voice? I had heard it somewhere lately—the man in the Angel bar, who asked, too, the time when the mail left. There was no doubt of the men's purpose.

How to prevent it? How to warn Jack in time? There was no road back but the one by which I had come, unless I made a detour of several miles. Neither was there a house near whence to get assistance. I pulled up and thought it out. A bruise on my right arm suggested something. I had fallen on my left side, and this bruise was caused by the saddle tumbling after me. I made up my mind at once.

Turning in through the first gate I came to, I drove over the turf to a corner of the field where was a group of trees. Here I took the mare out; put the trap under the elms and turned the cushions; took off all the harness but the bridle, and saddled her. Luckily the bridle had no blinkers. I wound the long reins round and round my arm, mounted, and, thanking Providence for my knowledge of the country, rode at the nearest fence. There was a faint moonlight to help us, but it was terribly dark. My heart was in my mouth as we went at the fence, which was a big upstanding one, but I knew there was no ditch on the taking-off side, and I gave the little mare the word at the right moment. She jumped clean from under me, and landed me on the crupper. I never shall forget that leap! If there had been any one to see it I could have sold her almost for her weight in gold.

We were half way across the next field before I had regained my seat properly, and then the mad exhilaration of the thing took possession of both of us. There was a flight of hurdles next which we took in our stride. Then a bank and a close-cropped hedge that stood up, black as Erebus, against the gray of the night; which we jumped as though it were twice its height. Then a flock of frightened sheep went scurrying away into the darkness.

It was all turf, and, for the first time, I blessed the poverty of the land, that made it worthless to plow. A dozen fences negotiated in the same mad fashion brought us into a field that skirted the high road; and here we were pounded. There was a big bull-finch into the road, with a deep drop. To go on, parallel with the road, was impossible, for there was a made-up bank with a cropped hedge, full of stakes, and a deep drain, as I knew, ran on either side. I rode up and down by the bull-finch in despair. Was all my trouble to be in vain?

At last I made up my mind, and rode, not too fast, at the great, towering, straggling hedge. I put my arm across my face, shut my eyes, into it we went, and out of it, with a scramble and a flounder, we came—separately. The bull-finch nearly brushed me out of the saddle, and the mare and I dropped side by side into the road, but both of us on our legs. Before I had time to remount I heard the sound of approaching wheels, and a man whistling merrily.

"Pull up, Jack!" I called out.

Jack's whistle ceased, and a more astonished countenance I never beheld than the one which looked down from the mail cart.

"What the dickens—" he began.

Then I explained.

"Well," he said, at the end of it, without a word of commendation to me. "That *is* a good pony of yours. What shall we do?"

"I'll tell you," I said, for my blood was up with the excitement of the night. "Drive back to Worthington, get Rogers, the constable, and a pistol apiece, and let them try again."

"Done with you," said Jack, turning round. "You ride on ahead and find Rogers, and I'll wait for you by the old toll-bar."

In half an hour the constable and I were seated very uncomfortably on the back of the mail-cart, and driving along as fast as Jack's pony could be induced to go. Our only fear was lest the fellows should have got tired of waiting, for it was quite an hour and a half later than the time when the mail should have passed them. Down the hill we went, our hearts thumping away with excitement, not to mention the difficulty of holding on, and Jack performing "My Pretty Jane" with exquisite variations.

Well, to cut the story short, we got one of them. The constable, in his eagerness, jumped down directly the first man had seized the horse's head, and the two other fellows made off. We got the right gentleman, though—the identical fellow who had been in the Angel bar, and whose voice I had recognized. He was tried at the Assizes, and, two other convictions being proved against him, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

I went out with the hounds on Saturday, and my little mare was the heroine of the hour. The Squire himself came up to me, and, after complimenting us both on our achievement, said:

"What do you call her?"

"Well, Squire," I replied, "we haven't given her a name yet."

"Call her Little Fly-by-night," said he.

And that's how she got her name.—*Argosy.*

Bonanza Farms.

A few months ago a sensation was created in California by the murder of a great ranch-owner who had long been famous as a representative of the new school of farmers. Dr. Glenn's wheat-f[illegible], the circuit of which was a lively day's ride, was celebrated in books of travel, and every stranger wished to see it as a specimen of the "bonanza farms" which were to revolutionize the agricultural systems of the fertile West. He owned enormous productive estates in various parts of the Pacific slope, and gave employment to armies of laborers. When his affairs came to be settled after his death there was another sensation. It was doubtful for a time whether he died a millionaire or a bankrupt. There were debts to the amount of a million dollars on the principal farm. It was a dry season and the crop was light. At last it is announced that there will be a considerable surplus to divide among the heirs; although the vast fortune which report very naturally assigned to this great wholesale operator in farm labor has shrunk to modest dimensions.

The collapse of the Glenn enterprise is not to be regretted. It was carried on, as we now know, with difficulty and danger. Drought and other accidents of husbandry, which brought disappointment and perhaps embarrassment to the small farmer, might sweep away from the bonanza wheat-grower the last penny of his fortune and the last shred of his credit. It is well for ambitious men to see something of the risk attending the absorption of immense tracts of land in a single estate. Because most kinds of manufacturing are economically and efficiently conducted in large establishments, we are apt to assume that the tillage of the earth can best be managed on the same wholesale plan. The tendency toward this experiment has been strongly marked at the West, where large tracts of fertile land await occupation. But nobody seems to succeed in keeping such overgrown estates together. If they are not broken up after awhile for business reasons, they are sure to be divided by the interference of death. There are land-owners now in California wh[illegible] aware of the dangers of undue concentration, and are cutting up their estates as a matter of policy, believing that one of the greatest injuries they could do their children would be to leave them too much land. The farm laborer in this country has universally the ambition to become a farm-owner. He is not content to work permanently for wages; he will not look on patiently while a few rich men absorb all the available land and ask him to do for them the work which can not be done by machinery; and if the bonanza system should ever be carried so far as to make a real division between the laborer and the land-owner—one class holding the property while the other had the numbers and the votes—we should see some startling social disturbances and some wild legislation.

The small farmer has been the great safeguard of our civilization. If we have never had any serious and prolonged conflicts between labor and capital; if the people have always been order-loving, just, and in the best sense of the word conservative; if we have been able to receive millions of the poor and the discontented from foreign countries and convert them without the least friction into thrifty and useful citizens, it is because we have made it our national policy to give every man who wants it a stake in the country. The typical American farmer is laborer and capitalist at once; and wherever the two great forces of society are thus united there must be prosperity and peace.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

An Unusual Engineering Feat.

At one time it was obvious that the Washington Monument foundation needed to be strengthened, and Colonel Casey addressed himself to a task which a good many engineers would have preferred not to undertake. Going down below the foundation already built, he dug from under it all around a core of earth forty-four feet square, directly under the center of the foundation and monument; and the 71,500,000 pounds of weight stood on this pillar of earth. The new excavation was of a depth of thirteen feet, and made a cellar under the foundation 126 feet square. This was filled with solid masonry, except where the core of earth stood, which was not removed. Then the sides of the old foundation above were torn down for a considerable distance under the walls of the shaft, rebuilt of better materials, and spread out further over the new base below, thus distributing the pressure over a much larger area. So, instead of a foundation only 80 feet square, that is, extending only 12½ feet beyond each of the four faces, there is now a foundation 126 feet square, extending 25 feet beyond each face and running 13 feet deeper. A good many engineers have come at different times to visit the monument and inspect this interesting work. One of them looked at it a long time without saying anything. Then he remarked quietly: "Well, that's easy enough to do, but I don't know one engineer in a thousand who would want to try it." The result proves how well the work has been done. Since the laying of stone was renewed 29,255 tons of stone have been added to the pile, and the settlement of the shaft due to this load has been just one and a quarter inches. The settlement is so even that the greatest variation in the sinking of the four corners is a difference of four-one-hundreths of an inch between the southwest and northeast corners. The other two have settled exactly alike, even to the hundreth part of an inch. The total pressure now borne by the bed of foundation is 74,871 tons or ninety-two per cent. of the whole pressure that will be placed upon it.—*Washington Letter.*

—The oil lamp, as a source of joy to the news reporter, has lost caste, being seldom heard from of late; but its place is being filled by the festive and explosive oil-stove. A number of exchange are enlivened by accounts of the fata burning of servant girls who have handled there "home comforts" without knowing that they were loaded.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The Russian Jews who came over last year and settled in Oregon are said to have proved themselves very industrious, and are in a good way to prosper. Several hundred are settled near the Northern Pacific Railroad, and more will soon go there.—*Chicago Journal.*

In a Moorish Shop.

The old spelling (*grossery*) would certainly fit a modern Oriental provision store, if the following is a fair specimen. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, describing a Moorish merchant and his stock in trade, as she saw them in Tangiers, says that "In the morning the Moor unlocks his box in the wall—for such is his shop—and jumps in among his merchandise. There he sits crossed legged in the midst of his wares, offers them for sale and endeavors to attract customers. His stock cannot be described in honest truth as very tempting in its nature. It consist of heaps of musty raisins, coarse sugar plentifully mingled with flies, stale leathery figs, snuff and several other odds and ends mixed up together without any attempt at regularity or order. There are also several large jars of rancid butter, the presence of which is announced by the odor even before one comes in sight of the shop. The article is popular, notwithstanding (or, perhaps, because of) its staleness, and bears many visible signs of the demand which it has excited in the marks of the merchant's fingers in all directions upon the jars. It is an old saying that travelers see strange things, and those that only open their eyes may witness not only many novelties, but also the novel uses to which familiar things may be put. A carroty cat, for example, sits at the merchant's side, and appears to be in the enjoyment of that state of perfectly satisfied repose which individuals of the feline tribe appear to appreciate so much. The cat answers the purpose of soap, water and towel to the Moor, who carefully wipes his hands on her back between each dispensation of butter to his waiting customers!"

—Among the interesting relics at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., is the line-of-battle ship New Orleans, built during the war of 1812 as a counter-match to the British St. Lawrence, a three-deck man-of-war. The New Orleans was never launched, owing to peace being declared, but was inclosed in a building for protection from the elements "until needed." That time never came, and for sixty-eight years the "old ship-house" and its "ship" have been renowned relics of the past. About two years ago the old ship-house fell in a severe gale, leaving the old ship exposed to the weather. It will soon receive its death blow from the auctioneer's hammer.

—The American Astronomical Society, of Brooklyn, discussed recently the question: "What makes the sun hot?" and adjourned till October without reaching a definite answer. During the recess a good many minds will be directed to the same subject.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Youthful Follies

and pernicious practices are fruitful causes of nervous debility, impaired memory, despondency, lack of self-confidence and will-power and kindred evidences of weakness and lost manly powers. Send three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing means of complete cure. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

MR. HENRY CAKE was arrested the other night for hammering his wife with a club. Sort of batter-cake, as it were.—*San Francisco Post.*

"In a Decline."

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Last fall my daughter was in a decline and every body thought she was going into the consumption. I got her a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and it cured her. Of all druggists. MRS. MARY HINSON,
Montrose, Kan

PEOPLE should inform themselves about the tariff. It is every man's duty.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WEAK lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE individual who stood ready to pay his one cent at midnight on the Brooklyn bridge was the first man tolled to go across.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

It is the Best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples.

CARMINE-TINTED foreheads and chins are the latest craze among the New York belles. To this complexion have we come at last.—*San Francisco Post.*

CATARRH and Hay Fever. For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer months with Hay Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured before the bottle was used. Have had no return of the complaint. Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y. See advertisement. Price 50 cents.

AN exchange remarks that Mrs. Canoe, of Cherrytown, is the mother of nineteen children. What a time she must have paddling her own canoe.—*Grit.*

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—Dr. J. C. Riddler says: "Persons who use Brown's Iron Bitters always speak well of it. It is a good medicine."

THERE is so much sand in the strawberries that are brought to market now that they seem quite fit for the desert.—*Boston Commerical Bulletin.*

OTTUMWA, IA.—Dr. J. N. Armstrong says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others."

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 22, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 70
Good packers	6 70	@ 7 00
SHEEP	4 75	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 13	@
No. 2 winter red	1 12	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	53	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	40	@
Rye—No. 2	58	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	17 50	@18 00
Lard—Steam	11¼	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@ 22
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 10
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 19	@ 1 19¾
No. 1 white	1 12	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62	@ 65
Oats—mixed	42½	@ 45
PORK—Mess	18 62½	@18 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@ 1 08½
Corn—No. 2	53¼	@
Oats—No. 2	37¼	@
Rye	58	@
PORK—Mess	16 80	@16 85
LARD—Steam	9 60	@ 9 62½
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 17¼	@ 1 17½
Corn—mixed	62¼	@ 62¾
Oats—mixed	43¼	@ 45
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@20 25
Lard—Refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 09	@
Corn—mixed	52	@
Oats—mixed	39	@ 39½
PORK—Mess	18 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 10	@
CORN	49	@
OATS—mixed	37	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

THERE seems to be no call for an exhibition of grief at a circus. Yet the audience is always in tiers.

For tremulousness, wakefulness, dizziness, and lack of energy, a most valuable remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE best time to eat a green apple is after it has become ripe. We give this information on good authority.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Sale of a Famous Trotting Stallion.

The telegraphic announcement made a few days ago that the famous trotting stallion, Black Cloud, whose brilliant performance upon the turf last season won the astonishment and admiration of horsemen, had been sold by the estate of the late Andrew Cutter, of Parma, Mich., to M. V. Wagner, Esq., Mayor of Marshall, Mich., has proven to be correct. Black Cloud is a marvel of beauty, and is perhaps one of the handsomest horses in a race that ever trotted upon the American turf, having a record of 2:17¼. He is large, finely proportioned, and "as black as black can be." His hair is as fine as silk, and as soft as velvet, his mane and tail are long and heavy, the latter almost touching the ground. The noble animal passes into excellent hands. The purchaser, Mayor M. V. Wagner, is not only an admirer and lover of good horses, but is also a first-class business man, of energy and enterprise. He is a large manufacturer, and is the business manager of the Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., whose appliances have been so persistently and skillfully advertised. Black Cloud has been placed in the hands of a noted Chicago driver, who will campaign him this season.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable. Try it.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Removes pimples from the face of humanity. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

INVENTORS' HAND-BOOK—FREE.—Just out. How great fortunes have been made. History of inventions; valuable to all who read and think. Order it by postal card. N. W. Fitzgerald, Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

AS WARM weather comes on wear Chrollithion Collars and Cuffs. Perspiration has no effect on them.

USE St. Patrick's Salve, and learn its great value. One trial convinces.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

A VETERAN SOLDIER.

MR. G. F. BOWLES, of No. 24 Common Street, Lynn, Mass., says:

"While in the army, at the battle of Spottsylvania, I fell while getting over a rail-fence and was badly injured and left for dead, but after a time I was picked up by comrades; and upon examination it was found that my back was badly hurt and my kidneys seriously injured, and I have suffered the most excruciating pain since, and could obtain no relief although treated by several physicians, and I had given up all hope of getting help when I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased several bottles at one of our drug stores in Lynn, and began to use it as directed, and can now attend to business and am free from the pains I formerly had; and I wish to say to my friends and comrades that Hunt's Remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and is worthy of all praise. You can use my testimony when you have occasion to, as I most heartily recommend it to all that have kidney or liver troubles."

April 26, 1883.

"YOU MAY USE MY NAME."

I desire to inform you what your valuable medicine has done for me. I was induced to try it by a member of our family, "who had been benefited by its use." I have suffered terribly from kidney difficulties. At times I have been very bad, having severe pains in my back, with general loss of strength and vitality.

My urine was very bad, with a heavy sediment of brick-dust, which was fast leading to gravel. I commenced using Hunt's Remedy, with a marked improvement from the start; the pains left, the urine became more natural, and I can truly say *one bottle effected a permanent cure.*

I have recommended it to many persons both here and in Boston, all of whom speak of it with the highest praise.

You are at liberty to use this letter or my name in any manner you may think best, that other sufferers may learn the value of the greatest of all remedies. Most truly yours, JOHN F. COX.
62 Pleasant Street.

MALDEN, Mass., April 23, 1883.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and re-vitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.
"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.
"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY'S CREAM BALM CO. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE Lungs.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

$1000 REWARD For any machine hulling and cleaning $1 for market as much Clover seed in one DAY as the VICTOR Double Huller. It has made $100 often in ONE DAY

VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE. NEWARK MACHINE CO. NEWARK, O.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."

ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers

(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

CUT THIS OUT And Return to us, with TEN Cents, and you'll receive by mail, a Golden Box of Goods, that will bring you in more money in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

NEW THING! Sells at sight; no competition. Dealers and Canvassers Wanted. Ask for circular and price-list. PENTZ REIN HOLDER CO., Canton, O.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book, $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

WHY I stopped buying tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery. Send five clean three cent stamps to F. J., Box 359, Lowell, Mass.

PENSIONS for all SOLDIERS and their HEIRS. New Laws. Apply to Jos. H. HUNTER, U. S. Att'y, 931 F St., Washington, D. C.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

Sure Cure Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2314 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

SOMETHING EVERY LADY OUGHT TO KNOW.

There exists a means of securing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless article, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vulgar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not suspected by anybody.

No lady has the right to present a disfigured face in society when the Magnolia Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents.

$60 5-TON JONES

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warrants 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25c

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISH'G CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1883. NUMBER 36.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—All quarters of Arkansas report highly successful ventures in growing vegetables and fruits for northern markets.

—The artesian well system is proving a success in Florida. The wells bring copious supplies of excellent water in nearly every instance.

—J. A. Dodge, in the *Journal of Agriculture*, says he cures hog cholera by giving half a teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a gill of milk. Administer from a long-necked bottle.

—At the recent meeting of the New York Academy of Science cases were related of trance anæsthesia (or abolition of sensation of pain under mesmerism) in which important surgical operations were performed, and President Newberry said he had seen such things twenty-five years ago. — *Science Monthly.*

—We are apt to think an inch of rain a small matter, but the thirsty ground will show another story. Let us calculate a little. An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water of this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 277,274 to the gallon, 22,622.5. This quantity weighs over 113 tons.—*Scientific American.*

—Olives are successfully cultivated on St. Simon's Island, Ga., and oil made from them has been pronounced by competent judges not inferior to the best productions of France or Spain. The experiment in olive trees has been successfully made, and trees have yielded regular crops since 1835. The oil crop from these islands is annually sold at from six dollars to eight dollars per gallon.

—William B. Taylor, of Utica, N. Y., ex-State Engineer and Surveyor, is making experiments in silk-raising. He has set out three hundred mulberry trees, and proposes to make a thorough trial. The expense of silk-raising is very light, and is said to pay better, with light labor, than cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, or hops, with heavy labor. It is estimated that one acre of land, with trees of sufficient age and bearing well, will net $2,000 per year.

—To remove the unpleasant taste which is frequently observable from new wooden vessels is a thing difficult of accomplishment. The *Brewing World* says that the simplest plan, and one that will succeed in most cases, is to scald them thoroughly several times in boiling water, then dissolve some pearl-ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessels well in the solution. Afterward scald them several times thoroughly as before.

—The foreign grain trade has developed a peculiar business in New York City. Great quantities of grain are shipped in bags, and as a result a large company has been formed to loan bags for this purpose. After these bags are emptied at Liverpool, London or Havre, they are made into bales and reshipped to New York, being admitted duty free. The company then has them ready for the next customer. Millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of various kinds of course bags for shipping purposes.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—That human symphony in black was quite right when he said that in our intercourse with the world "we ought to have our pockets stuffed full of charity."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Under Green Apple Boughs" is Helen Campbell's last novel. This seems to imply a small boy and a good deal of trouble and ginger and things.

—Directions to conductors of street cars: The woman with a rubber waterproof should invariably be shaken before being taken.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Color Blind.—

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;"
But those who seem to vice the most inclined
In this respect, perhaps, are color blind.
— *Somerville Journal.*

—A "pocket-guide" for instruction in the art of swimming has been published in New York. When you fall overboard and don't know how to swim, all you have to do is to tread water and read your guide.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mr. Beecher thinks truth-telling is an acquired habit, like learning to shoot a rifle. Some men go through life with no more skill in marksmanship than would enable them to hit a barn at ten paces.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—"The billowy apple blossoms break around my brow," sings a poet most beautifully; but we trust he will get away from under the tree before the fuzzy caterpillar makes a break down his neck.—*Hartford (Conn.) Post.*

—A Berlin merchant lately submitted to a diva, to whom he was paying court, two splendid dresses for her choice, and said he would call to learn her decision. She soon wrote: "I like both so well that you need not trouble to call."

—A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up it will begin to ring a warning-bell just before ten o'clock. At one minute after ten it splits apart, while one-half carries the daughter of the house up stairs, the other half kicks her young man out of doors. They will come high, but people must have them.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Texas paper tells this cheerful tale of the Experimental School of Medicine: "A woman came to a prominent physician and asked for a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription and said: 'Get that prepared at the drug-store and rub it well over your husband's back. If it does any good, come and let me know. I've got a touch of rheumatism myself.'"

—"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking around the furniture stores to-day?" asked a young Somerville husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection. "Yes," she replied, "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking glasses." "I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them." The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.—*Somerville Journal.*

The Old "Comp." Who Hoarded $10,000.

John Russell, the aged compositor who died yesterday morning in Bellevue Hospital from Bright's disease of the kidneys, was one of the most eccentric men in the composing-room of the daily press. He was especially noted for his parsimony, and would regard with horror any attempt to make him increase his expense by eating warm food instead of his customary bread and cheese, or in any way. Russell was regarded by his fellow-compositors as the meanest man in the craft, and many are the stories of the ingenuity which he used when anxious to avoid spending money. He was an Englishman, and came to this country when he was nineteen years of age. He had been a compositor in England, and when he arrived in this city he obtained employment in a jobbing office. He never renounced his allegiance to his native country, and when his associates joked with him about his heirs he would declare that the State was his only heir, and that if when he died he was worth any money he would leave it to New York. Russell was employed on the *Morning Express* from 1845 to 1852, and while there was especially noted for his quietness of disposition and his evident dislike for society. When he left the *Express* he went to the *Sun*, where he remained for several years. He was afterward employed on the *Times* and the *Independent*. In 1879 he became one of the compositors of the *Evening Mail*, and as at that time all his peculiarities had become marked, he was the observed among his fellow-craftsmen. In summer his costume was rather remarkable in being an overcoat and straw hat, the former, as he explained, "to keep his body warm and the hat to cool his head." He was never known to bring his luncheon to work or to eat his meals in an eating-house. After the other compositors had finished their meals he would gather up the crusts of bread and crumbs of cheese, and after eating them seemed puffed up with the satisfaction of a square meal. A compositor who remembered Russell when he worked at the same stand with him recalled an incident which happened one Christmas eve which was characteristic of the man. Turkeys had been provided by the newspaper, and every married man in its employ was presented with one. Russell was not married, but kept a bachelor's hall in a tumbled-down attic in Centre street. When he saw the turkeys spread so temptingly along a table, he recollected that he was not a Benedick. He nevertheless determined to have one at all odds. He pulled one of the fowls from the heap and hid it in a closet, and then went to his case. The foreman, when he was informed, told Russell that he would have to give the turkey up, but Russell clung to the door, and when the turkey was found he had clutched its neck, and held on until the man who was pulling the legs captured the body and left Russell in possession of the head. His failure to keep the fowl seemed to grieve him greatly.

He said at one time he was certain that he should not die before he was ninety-two, because his father lived to that age. He was never known to go into a barber-shop, but he invariably cut his own hair, which was very black, and after he had performed that very difficult operation his head looked as though it had been shingled. He asked his companions sometimes to cut his hair for him, and they always shingled it with strange effect. When Russell was forty-eight years old he surprised his office one day by observing that some beneficent power had given him a new tooth. His companions pied several forms while speculating what use Russell had for teeth, as his gums were quite as effective on bread and cheese. He was never seen to leave his case unnecessarily during working hours. He was afraid to lose time.

After Russell died, twelve bank books were found about him, in which were entries representing $10,000. In his pockets were $60 in cash. Yet he applied to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction to be admitted to Bellevue. This fortune was accumulated by privations of all kinds. When he could not induce his fellow-compositors to leave him the crumbs of their meals he found his food in the ash barrels along the streets. His fortune began, however, in a singular manner. While walking along a street near Park Row he found a United States coupon bond for $1,000. He immediately appropriated it, and, after drawing the interest for several years, bought a tenement-house. He afterward sold his house at a profit, and placed the proceeds in bank. In appearance he was far from being prepossessing. Of medium height and thin features, he dressed very poorly, and seemed always at the last stage of starvation. It is said that Russell had a brother who is employed as a compositor, but at the rooms of the Typographical Union, to which he belonged at one time, it was not believed. His name was dropped from the roll of the union because he owed thirty dollars in dues and declared that he was unable to pay them.—*N. Y. Evening Mail and Express.*

A Lecturer's Reminiscence.

The weather was warm. The hard-backed bugs and the big blundering beetles that fly by night were abundant and offensive. The open windows of the hall gave the boys on the street, as they patroled their noisy beats, abundant opportunity to chaff the lecturer, whose gigantic form they could plainly see, but whose eloquent remarks they could but dimly hear, and illy comprehend.

As a general thing, I have observed that when the lecturer on the platform and the boys in the street are addressing one audience at the same time, the audience appears to be most profoundly interested in the remarks of the boys. I thought, and I still think, it is very foolish for an audience to pay fifty cents a head to hear me, and then sit and listen to the boys whom they might have heard for nothing. But that is the way an audience has, anyhow. So, that night, I did not care for the boys. I would not permit the tithing man to go out and entreat the boys roughly and compel them to "shut up their heads," as he wished to do, not even when they mocked me, and in shrill falsetto entreated me to "give them a rest," assuring me they "heard enough of that," and besought me, with illy dissembled concern, not to "bite off more than I could chaw." I only smiled pleasantly and said, "Nay, hinder them not. Let them shout. I was once a boy myself." And I smiled again and the tears stood in my eyes.

But inwardly I was a ravening wolf, with a brass collar and two rows of spikes.

On my way to the hotel I overtook a boy who was still yelling and howling at me, for he wot not that the lecture was over.

And my anger got fierce and I got hold upon him, and smote him sore, and encompassed him round with a piece of barrel hoop, and necked him, insomuch that he wept bitterly, and was sore astonished, and swore that he would make full report of these things unto the mother that bore him, yea even unto his big brother, and to the father also.

But I heeded him not, neither was I moved with compassion nor yet stricken with fear, for I wist that his mother lived away on the other side of the river, and his big brother was not and never had been, and his father was a night watchman, and therefore at that time of night sound asleep in some secluded doorway. Moreover, I was going away on the four a. m. train. Wherefore, I smote him once again, and said:

"If it be that another lecturer cometh this way, will it seem fittin' unto thee to sit on the curbstone and make merry with thy friends, even while he speaketh words unto the multitude?"

And he lifted up his voice, and wept bitterly, and swore unto me, saying: "As my sole liveth, hope I may die ef I do."

And I let up on him. And it was so that when he was gone away as it might be a bow shot, that he called aloud, and wagged his tongue against me and called "Smarty," and cast stones after me and followed me even unto the inn, and dared me half way, and reviled me because I would not, saying: "Ho! Fraid cat! Fraid cat!"

And I sought to slay him but could not, for he was marvelous swift of foot, and he was like unto the children of Benjamin, and "could sling stones at a hair breadth, and not miss."—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Battle of Snakes.

On a bare spot of this western wilderness, says the *Seymour Cresset*, of Baylor County, Texas, lay coiled a great rattlesnake warming. Little dreamed he that a mortal enemy was on his trail. But the eye-witness we quote saw the king of coilers and of shadows, in his bright black garb, slowly approach. The assailant was small, not thicker than a thumb nor longer than a short yard-stick. He glided along, now raising his glittering head and darting fire from his eyes. Stealthily he moved on the trail toward the great rattlesnake. Between them was a small log, an old fallen tree; just beyond it lay the rattler. When the little warrior came to this log he raised nearly half his body from the ground, standing on his tail, as a fiery stallion rears before he strikes a powerful blow with his forehoofs. When it beheld the spotted enemy it emitted a terrific hiss, and as a flash of lightning it sped to the side of the rattlesnake. Now came a contest between science and skill on one side and strength and deadly venom on the other. The little snake, with a skill and knowledge of its foe, did not strike home at the first bound. The startled rattler coiled and sounded the alarm. The assailant spun round and round, with his fatal little eyes darting baleful fire into the eyes of its opponent, and as it completed each circle sought a chance for a sure and deadly blow. But the other made the inner and shorter whirl with its head and neck to evade the same, and to strike a crushing blow itself, with its great fangs glittering, and all the while the terrific rattles played deadly music. Finally the rattler raised and struck, but its fangs were dodged by the expert assailant, and they bit the earth, while the scienced little reptile as quickly closed and struck its teeth into the back of the rattler's neck. And now the scene became terrific beyond description. The great snake turned and twisted with widely-distended mouth, emitting a horrid noise as the tumult of the rattling and the death struggle increased. For a time, the rattler kept his coils as closely together as possible to prevent the next crushing move of its antagonist, and in a vain effort to twist and shake off the little black enemy, amid short blows. But with a skill that surpasses human comprehension the assailant kept its little body clear of its poisonous fangs and kept its hold firmly. In despair the rattler raised his head as if summoning all his energies for a final effort, and in the twinkling of an eye, as a whip-lash twines around a trace, the king of snakes had coiled himself around the rattler and, tightening the grasp with a startling power, crushed the monster in a second. When the breathless head of the rattler had fallen to the earth the little victor slowly uncoiled himself, and, making sure that the victim was dead, loosened its hold, and, having snuffed the air of victory, darted off to other fields of conquest.

—In Central and Southern Kansas rye is sown almost altogether for pasture, while in Northern Kansas it is grown for both pasture and grain. The State area increased, as compared with last year, about fifteen per cent., the increase being very evenly divided over the State. The constantly increasing demand for good pasture has stimulated the growing of this cereal. The reports as to its condition are very encouraging. It being a much hardier plant than wheat, the dry fall and the severe winter did not injure it materially.—*Chicago Times.*

The donkeyism of the professional athlete was fairly shown at Bellows Falls recently when "Professor" Poplin walked fifty miles in ten hours with six pound clogs on his hoofs, a twenty-five pound package of iron on his back for the last ten miles, and a brickbat in his mouth for the last five miles.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

MOTHER'S MAN.

Buttoned boots with doubtful toes,
Knee pants, short and striped hose;
Hat with somewhat battered brim,
Blouse with pockets for each whim;
Curly locks, and laughing eyes—
In their blue depths mischief lies—
Freckled nose, and cheek of tan,
Freddie, boy—his mother's man.

Common lad enough to see,
Quite like other boys is he!
This remark I made aside,
Freddie is his mother's pride;
And a "none such" to her eyes.
Thus she dreams: "Great, good and wise."
An honored chieftain is her plan
For sun-burned Freddy—mother's man.

May the blessings, little Fred,
That she craves fall on thy head.
Her heart will be kept proud and glad,
If thou art wise and shun the bad.
The truly great men are the good,
Then be thou kind, as all boys should,
And be an honored chief; you can
By doing good, mother's wee man.
—*Mrs. M. C. Dickerson, in Golden Days.*

KITTY AND I.

It happened many years ago, when we were both little girls, nearly the same age; but I am sure that we never forgot it.

We were spending the day at Farmer Brown's, a place we dearly loved to visit. We liked the walk, a mile and a half, through the cool, shady woods, leading from the little town in the valley to the farm on the hill. We liked the big, old apple orchard, just to the right of the house, where we often played all day. Then the old-fashioned rooms, having great windows, with their broad sills, and the long kitchen, where we took our meals at a table laden with bounties, were added charms. And oh! the days, when they knew that we were coming, that Miss Jane made us ice-cream—more of a rarity to children then than it is now.

This morning, in particular, bade fair to give us special delight. The sun shone brilliantly. We each had on pretty, new calico dresses. Best of all, Farmer Brown had promised us a ride home in the evening—for the woods grew very dark, and when we walked we had to start earlier than we liked. So we sauntered along, as light-hearted as the birds and the chipmunks, stopping to gather ferns—happy when we found a stray tuft of maiden-hair.

I had in my arms Kitty's doll. Mine was dressed exactly like hers, except that Kitty's, being a black-eyed beauty, wore a pink sash over her white dress, while my fair Seraphina had a blue ribbon. But ah! luckless me! We were seating ourselves on a great stone by the road-side, when my clumsy fingers let fall the doll. Oh! her beautiful china head split through the nose, from crown to chin.

At first, I was thoroughly contrite, and with a quick sense of justice was about to say: "O Kitty! I'm so sorry! you shall have Seraphina;" and, had that not been enough, would have added: "Yes, and my little gray pussy, too." Surely I could do no more. But I was too slow. Before I could speak, quick, impulsive Kitty jumped up, gave me a push, and called out angrily:

"O you horrid, careless girl! You're always breaking something. I'll never play with you again, and I'll never, never speak to you. So there!"

Leaving Seraphina, and snatching the wounded doll, she ran off without me.

I sat awhile, sobbing bitterly, for a sense of injustice rankled in my mind. I resolved, firmly, that, if Kitty did want to make up with me, as often happened, after our quarrels, I would not answer her, and would punish her by making friends with another cousin, as Kitty was always afraid I would. Drying my tears I went on, too angry to think of any shame in meeting Miss Jane and Miss Susan.

As soon as I got there, Kitty having told all the story, and been easily convinced that she had been too hasty, rushed out the gate, and threw her arms about me with "Oh, I'm so sorry! I oughtn't to have been so cross, for you didn't mean to do it."

But I was too stubborn to yield, and stiffly withdrew myself, and walked past her into the house. Kitty followed, her blue eyes full of tears at the repulse. I bade good morning to Miss Jane and Miss Susan. They, wise ladies, treated us as usual, concluding that it was best to leave us to ourselves.

We went to the apple orchard, but somehow the flavor had gone out of the day. Seraphina required a more than usual amount of punishment, and even the wounded came in for her share. After a while, Kitty wandered away, and I was left alone.

Suddenly it grew very dark, and, looking up, I saw that the sky was black with clouds. I ran quickly to the house. There, busy about the noon dinner, the darkness had obliged Miss Jane to light the lamps. Seeing me come, she thought, of course, that Kitty was following, but I had not seen her for some time. The heat grew stifling, the air was filled with electricity. The clouds hung low, and each moment grew more threatening. To increase my terror, no rain fell, and, childishly, I feared the world might take fire and burn up—and where was Kitty?

Blacker and blacker grew the clouds, and darker and more lurid grew the day. I looked anxiously out of the window in the direction where Kitty had gone; but nowhere did I see any traces of her. Every moment I expected to see her hurrying along to the house; but the moments passed without bringing her. At last I withdrew from the window, and seated myself hopelessly on my favorite chair. Where could Kitty be? Would I never see her again? The thought brought consternation to my childish breast. I cast aside my doll, and burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to a stupor of despair.

A great peal of thunder, another and another, with vivid strokes of lightning, completely roused and terrified me. Oh! where, where was Kitty? Why had I not gone to hunt her?

A blinding flash, a heavy clap—and Kitty and I were in the middle of the room in each other's arms.

"O Kitty, Kitty! I was afraid—" and my words ended in convulsive sobs.

"Why, I was sound asleep the other side of the orchard fence, and the thunder woke me up." And we both cried and clung to each other.

Now the rain fell in torrents, and soon the storm had spent itself. When we felt that we could breathe freely once more, I begged Kitty to take Seraphina, and with her the gray pussy. And Kitty was sorry that she had been so hasty, and said I might play with Cousin Lill as much as I pleased.

While we were talking so pleasantly again, Farmer Brown came in and told us that Brindle, his finest cow, had been killed in the storm. They had found her where she had been browsing in the meadow, just the "other side of the orchard fence."

Kitty and I looked at each other with awe-struck faces. Suppose that we had been parted, each with anger in her heart towards the other. I can tell you that we never forgot it. And whenever we were tempted to be angry, a word or thought about the thunder-storm on the hill was enough.—*S. S. Times.*

Thoroughness.

A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went many years ago to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one of them had caught during recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away. "The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure and use of the bones.

"And now the school"—he began.

"What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterward he visited Washington and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief-Justice, the most learne and venerated man of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones" he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar and afterwards lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman.

It is the man whose ax is laid to the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Under a Rock.

"I'm going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray; and his eyes twinkled. Grandpa Gray's eyes were always twinkling.

He meant his three small grandsons, Hal and Herbie and Had.

So, at dinner grandpa said to grandma:

"I wish I had time to take that rock out of the yard there. It's a real eye-sore to me."

"Can't we, grandpa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you want to," said he; "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was a good deal larger than it looked, really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie; "I'll take it out in no time!" and he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up red and angry.

"Mean old thing!" said he; and he put his hands in his pockets and watched Hal and Had tug at it until their faces were red, too.

Then the three of them lifted together; but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal.

"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it and Herbie shoveled and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced that the work was done; and there—there where the rock had lain were four silver dimes; one apiece and one for luck.

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys; and at that very minute grandpa walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out another rock; but grandpa thinks may be silver dimes won't grow under the next one.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Carriage horses are becoming very scarce in and around Kingston, Canada, and a number of gentlemen there have combined together to procure two hundred mustang ponies from Texas for carriage use.

—The church which Eugenie intends building at Flamborough, Eng., in memory of her son, will cost $350,000. The coffins of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial will be placed in this church.

Religious.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

The Savior's flowers! How pure and fair
Those simple "Lilies of the Field;"
How sweet an incense to the air
Their fragrant snow-white blossoms yield!

Not Solomon in glory bright,
In gorgeous and in gold array,
Was such a fair and wondrous sight,
As in their modest beauty, they!

They weave not, the white robes they wear;
They toil not, neither do they spin;
No burdens like frail man they bear,
For—unlike him—they know not sin.

O emblems fair, O emblems sweet,
Of Christian humbleness of heart!
May we, as pure, at Heaven's feet
Sit low, and "choose the better part"

That to the "meek in heart" alone
Is by the Great Redeemer given;
That brings us kneeling to His Throne,
Throws wide the Golden Gates of Heaven.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

THINKERS AND ACTORS.

The following extracts are from a recent sermon by Prof. David Swing, of Chicago:

"If any one be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself and goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.—*James*, 1: 23, 24.

* * * * *

The future of our land lies in the hope that its words will turn into deeds, that the doers of good will become as numerous as the hearers and sayers of good. Of course the theory must precede the practice. The orations and poems upon human liberty came in advance of the actual freedom, and before a steamship or a steam-car came many public men began to speak of modes of rapid travel, and in the mind of Johann Faust there must have lain half asleep for years an idea of recording thought by movable types! Thus the pure intellect comes first in the order of progress; but woe to the age where nothing follows the theory. Suppose there had been nothing but a dream of printers' types, nothing but a theory of the locomotive, nothing but oratory and poetry about liberty! All can be summed up at once by supposing that the Creator had been satisfied with His intellectual conception of the universe, and had found blessedness in only such a gigantic plan! The sublime moment came when the Creator said: "I have for ages thought, now for ages I shall act." What a change came with that Divine resolve! Thus in a humble manner the noblest crises in humanity are those hours when theories turn into deeds. When Faust began actually to print many copies of some great book, then the wondering eyes of the world began to open. So when the first railway engine began to drag cars and to carry freight and people the triumph of mind over matter began to unfold its greatness and beauty. Awkward and frail was the first engine, but it surpassed the hope of its builder, and is to-day all covered with honor because it carried the human race from theory to action. It stands a small machine compared with its lineal descendants, but it pulled more than all of its children can draw. They drag great trains, but that first locomotive pulled the whole nineteenth century out of its theories. It dragged the human race from dream to reality. It whirled Europe and America from the little town of theory to the great city of work.

Thus all pure intellectual action makes a prelude to some external form of deed. If a spiritual God could in a sense transform Himself into a material universe, and add to His glory instead of detracting from its luster, man may well suspect that his earthly duty will be done only when his dreams of benevolence and wisdom shall have become works of benevolence and wisdom. * * * The man who does noble things equals the genius who can say them. We would declare the doer of good to outshine the dreamer of good did we not know that the perception of a moral end must run along in advance of the duty done. The man or being who uttered first the Golden Rule would have done the world immeasureable service had he lain down and died with the utterance of the words without having lived to do one deed of kindness. To evolve such a law from the old chaos of selfishness and cruelty would have been task enough for a god. We dare pluck no honor from any one of that long line of gifted ones who have in all ages said wise and sweet and beautiful things to mankind. Let them all stand in the temple of fame, for there is no marble too white or brass too enduring for the varied merits of these names; but not daring to touch these immortal wreaths, we may behold a company as illustrious, as immortal, those who perhaps in silence have done the things wise and sweet and beautiful. These make up a large company. Read the roll of earth's great from the present back, and it is not made up of only those who wrote and spoke with elegance and genius and logic, but every alternate name is of some one who led the legions in the field of action. Poet must divide space with inventor, orator must find room for discoverer, dramatist must share marble with the philanthropist, artist with patriot, philosopher with missionary, until at last poetry is equaled by love, and admiration is divided between the genius and the hero. * * * *

Let us recall the remark that two changes must come before our city or our land can make a rapid spiritual progress—a breaking-up of selfishness and a new estimate of the glory of deeds. The multitude is ready to receive all the wise attention your souls can venture to bestow. Not having the office of thinker, or poet, or artist, or astronomer, or inventor, you have within reach a duty and an honor which no intellectual gifts can surpass; your good sown wisely in the great field of society will blossom in perfect beauty and will hurry along toward a harvest richer than those of the new Dakota or the old Nile. The welfare of mankind is no longer waiting for words, but for noble actions. The song of charity has been well sung by all grades of voices, and the self-denying religion of Jesus has been well preached to this generation. The presses are busy with the literature of kindness, and each drama and each novel finds its climax in the triumph of the poor. All has come except the triumph. The quantity of humane philosophy on the one hand is equaled by nothing so perfectly as by the quantity on the other hand of ignorance and helplessness and sorrow.

As St. James saw the early Christianity impeded and injured by the refusal of the Church to pass from doctrine to action, so now we see the entire welfare of mankind injured by the sad divorce between thinking and doing. Thousands are sitting in the schools, other thousands are hidden away in silent rooms that they may acquire the art of uttering well good thoughts in prose or poetry, in oration or essay. Never before was our earth so covered over with the rich drapery of learning, and wisdom, and romance. Even the sleeping literature of the old East has been translated into our language, and thus Asia, and China, and Persia speak over again the words that fell like manna many centuries ago. This June month can not weave for the prairies a vestment of grass and flowers richer than that robe of high thought which the past has woven for the nineteenth century.

All that remains is for this truth, sown so widely and in soil so rich, to pass upward into action and become the life of humanity. Otherwise our age is as James expresses it—a profound person who admires his or her face in a glass, who must look again each day and each hour because the vision will not rest in the memory. It is a strange chimera the fingers of the mind can not grasp nor hold. The memory can retain history, or wisdom, or poetry, or the scenes of childhood, but it will not cherish the details of the race which admires itself in the glass. Hence the lover of self must exhaust years in returning to the mirror to look once again. Our relations to truth may be similar, and crowding into libraries or withdrawing into solitude, we may wish to see her face once again, and then again, till the grave shall call us and we all shall sink into it, saying: "The face of truth is beautiful." And so it is, but there is something as grand and divine—the external applicatian of truth. Truth applied to the ignorant, to the poor, to the unfortunate, to the unhappy, is like the theory of God turning into a world. Christ was a wonderful union of thought and deed. He was a complete system of progress in Himself. It will take all the multitude to equal Him. The two hemispheres of man—truth and works—met there and made a globe. His doctrines did not tower above His practice. His lips were no more eloquent than His hands. His mind was no deeper than His heart. His saying was no grander than His dying. When our nation and age shall thus combine thought and action it will spring forward as though borne by the arms of the Almighty; and hearts now empty of duty will find new joys in each day of being, and will find in the increased happiness of society an explanation of individual life.

Unused Ability.

The man who hid his Lord's talent, instead of using it, is no phenomenal character. Such people unhappily abound in our churches. The do-nothings are in excess everywhere. That large numbers can at the best accomplish but little may be conceded, but that little is not attempted is lamentably apparent. In large churches the enigma constantly presents itself of what would come to pass were some half dozen people to be withdrawn from active effort.

There is a disposition undoubtedly to speak slightly of small abilities, but "one talent" if wisely used may help to render important service. It is to combined efforts that we owe the grandest works in the world. One man may make comparatively few bricks, but they can not be dispensed with in the mighty edifice. The duty of every man is to find out what he has abilities for and use them to that end. With an earnest purpose to glorify God there is a niche for every one. There may be work as a teacher, or the consecration of social influence or the simple manifestation of the graces of Christian character. It is declared by Christ that His disciples are witnesses for Him, light, salt. Now, a witness is to testify, salt is to commingle with and permeate the mass in which it is placed, light is to banish darkness. The ancient curse on Merzo for doing nothing may rest on men now. Still the Bible reads: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

It is to be feared that the great reason why more is not attempted for Christ is our want of faith. We are doubtful of our own power to work, and, worse than this, doubtful of our Lord's willingness to bless our efforts. If we could attain to Paul's standing: "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me," we should not allow our power to be untried or rust. With the gracious promises which our Lord has made of blessing and success there is no excuse for inactivity.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Gems of Thought.

—It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

—It is the busy people who are looking around for more to do. When men are lazy they do nothing, and they neither seek duties nor wish any one to point them out to them.

—As the hot sun, which scorches and destroys the shallow-rooted plant, only helps to ripen and perfect the strong and deep-rooted, so temptation, which causes the shallow, unstable man to fall, only strengthens the faith and perfects the character of the Christian.—*Trench.*

—We all can set our daily deeds to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn, the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall not be evanescent, like the voice of the singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.

—There is but one true, real and right life for rational beings, only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away and that is neither more nor less than a good life; a life of good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ and of God. *Kingsley.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JULY 4. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
[illegible]	[illegible] "	40
[illegible]	[illegible] "	20
[illegible] "	1 "	20
"	[illegible] "	10
"	[illegible] "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 2 lines free—over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

Democratic Ticket.

For Governor,
J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Marion.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. R. HINDMAN, of Adair.

For Attorney General,
P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer.

For Treasurer,
JAMES W. TATE, of Franklin.

For Auditor,
FAYETT HEWITT, of Hardin,

Superintendent of Public Instruction,
J. DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette

For Register of the Land Office.
J. C. CECIL, of Pike.

A FAIR crop of tobacco has been planted in the North Carolina white belt.

DURING the month of June powder and ball found three victims in Grant county.

THE Masonic fraternity will lay the corner-stone, to-day, for the new Court-house at Lexington.

CHOLERA has appeared in Egyt, and the inhabitants are very much alarmed. it being of a very malignant type.

THE political pot was boiling at a lively rate Monday. Dr. Scott, one of the candidates, was not able to be in town.

SINCE Burnett's theory flashed in the pan, there is no other alternative but for Craft to participate in a hemp stretching.

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE has announced himself as a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Gen. Williams.

THE candidate for sheriff in Carter county has a fine prospect for being master of ceremonies at a hanging shortly after his election.

ON the 24th, 25th and 26th inst., there will be a reunion of the survivors of Gen. John H. Morgan's command, at Lexington, this state.

THE Transcript says that Craft has given up all hope of escaping the gallows, and will spend the remainder of his days preparing to meet his God.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $6 30@6 50; fair to good packers, at $5 90@6 25; fair to good light, $6 25@6 40; common, $5 25@5 85; culls, $4 25@5 20; stock hogs, $5 25@6 15.

THE Washington political prophets have the race for Speaker now between Randall and Blackburn, with the latter cofident of being successful. The tariff question will figure in the race exceedingly.

WAS President Arthur afraid to trust the Garfield and Arthur supporters in Virginia, or was he buying popularity when he gave the Hancock and English supporters appointments in the Old Dominion.

MANY a poor fellow mortal went forth this morning, brim full of patriotism, whose allegiance to this country will be dissolved by a fourth of July accident, when the Great Ruler of that undiscovered country will receive him.

WALTER EVANS has made things lively in the Revenue Department since he became Commissioner. He seems to have taken the bit in his teeth, and let several subordinates know that their official shoes must be surrendered to some he consider better calculated to do their work. He threatens to oust every man employed in the department about whom hangs any suspicion. Go in, Walter.

THE Scott law, providing for the assessment of a tax upon the business of trafficing in intoxicating liquors, and allowing the councils of municipal corporations to regulate and control the sale of beer and native wines on Sunday, was declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of Ohio, last week, three judges assenting, one dissenting and one not acting.

HARVEST is pressing the farmers, and their corn and tobacco are needing their attention.

"THAT's a lie,' said Dr. J. N. Cook to lawyer Hake Smith in a court-room at Atlanta, Georgia. Smith stopped long enough to knock him down, and then went on with his argument.

A CUCUMBER five feet long and large in proportion is on exhibition at New Orleans as a trophy of the producing qualities of Grand Isle, La.

We give the above as a trophy of some man's lying.

THE Paducah News has been presented with a red bat. The P. N. ought to send it to the Southern Exposition.—Courier-Journal.

If the C. J. will pay the express charges, we will send it two or three dozen red bats for the exposition.

THE consolidation of revenue districts wiped out sixty districts and as many collectors and an army of clerks, the effect of which is a big kick by the ousted. Gen. John W. Finnell, of Covington, is in the crowd that had to walk the plank the first of this month. It is said that the consolidation will save the government $200,000 annually.

Since the above was put in type the order wiping out the sixth district has been rescinded, and Gen. Finnell will still hold the fort, greatly to the delight of his friends.

LAST County Court day, in Owenton, Col. Thomas L. Jones made a speech there. Some pretend to say that they expected him to declare himself a candidate for governor, but the noble old Roman disappointed those who were silly enough to expect anything of the kind. He gave the crowd to understand; however, that he considered that he was nominated at Louisville, but that he is not willing to encourage disorganization in the party. Colonel Jones is truly a man who has the good of his party at heart.

A GOOD many republicans in this county declare their intention to "renig when it comes to voting for Register of the Land Office." "Why, what is your objection to Bro. Asberry?" we asked one of the growlers. "He is a d—d nigger!" was the curt and almost profane reply. "But isn't he a good Republican?" we persisted. "Don,t care," he responded, "I won't vote for a nigger." And we meandered, no longer marveling that Amos Dean, the colored Republican candidate for jailer, only received three votes in the county at the August election.—Breckinridge News.

IN another column will be found the report of the condition of the Farmers and Traders National Bank of Covington, at the close of business, June 22, 1883, by which it will be seen that the bank is in a flourishing condition. The stock is selling, when there is any to be sold, at a premium that many older banks have not been able to reach. The plan of distributing the stock through the country made the institution immensely popular from the beginning and will continue to add to its patronage. It has a bright future before it in the commercial world.

THE law requiring a vote taken on the proposition to call a constitutional convention, at the August election, provides for the appointment of two tellers for each voting precinct in a county, the appointment to be made by the county Judge. The section of the act embracing the duties the tellers is as follows:

SEC. 2 That for the purpose of ascertaining the number of persons so entitled to vote, the said tellers shall take from the poll-books of said election, within sixty days thereafter, the names of such persons as lawfully voted for representatives thereat, and shall, on the next day after making said list, add to it the names of such other citizens entitled to vote within their respective precincts, which additional names may be ascertained from the personal knowledge of said tellers.

FROM Mason, Owen, Pendleton, Barren, Bath, Carroll, Bracken, Bourbon, Scott, Fayette, Grant, Gallatin, Robertson, Nicholas, Clark, Montgomery, Jessamine Trimble and others, all of Kentucky, reports are uniformly reassuring as to the crop. Also in Brown, Adams, Clinton and other Ohio counties. As these embrace the principal White Burley sections, it will be seen that unless the growing season proves inimical to the growing plant, a bounteous crop of White Burley will be gathered. By the tobacco trade at large the weather will be watched with more anxiety than usual at other times of the year, for if it proves propitious, it will more than likely affect the price of tobacco, and for that reason the planter will hope for seasons that will raise doubt as to the extent of the crop, and the buyers and manufacturers will wish for seasons that will prove beyond a doubt a good crop can be raised.—Western Tobacco Journal.

THE glorious fourth is now interpreted by many to mean a glorious, big drunk.

THE acreage of tobacco is not so large this season, but at present it is looking very well.

THE county committee met last Monday, and decided not to call a primary election, letting the longest poll knock the persimmon at the August election.

THE district in which Col. Casey, of the Covington Commonwealth, resides, should send him to the legislature, if it wants the best representative it ever had.

PROPERTY in Lawrenceburg is selling at an advance in price not-withstanding her late flood experience, all of which is done to the great enterprise of the citizens.

THE consolidation of revenue districts has put Lexington in mourning. The collector's office in this district will be in Covington, which is a fatal stroke to Lexington's anticipated government building.

A DISPATCH to the Enquirer from Washington reports Mr. Carlisle as saying that he has ever reason to be satisfied with his position in the Speakership race. He thinks Randall has no more than 65 votes.

No more revenue stamps required on bank checks. The law discarding them went into effect last Monday. Bank checks gave the editorial fraternity but very little trouble, with or without stamps.

FROM some cause the package of RECORDERS for Petersbuag failed to arrive there last week. They left this office in Wednesday's mail and should have made the trip by Friday at the latest. We don't know where the fault lies.

IF Gen. Williams is correctly reported, he does not consider that opposition to re-election will amount to much. It will be no disgrace to Kentucky, if it amounts to enough to succeed him with some one of the gentlemen now mentioned in connection with the office of United States Senator.

ACCORDING to the correspondent of the Spirit of the Times. White made $12,000 out of the pooling privileges at the Latonia meeting. Of those who entered horses, Chinn & Morgan were the highest winners, receiving $8,425. O. A. Gilman, got $1,745. McIntire & Swiney, $950. T. J. Megibben. $800. T. J. Nichols, $250.

A COAL train with a passenger car attached, on the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad, broke in two while going up a steep grade near Rasselas, a few miles south of the Kinzua viaduct July 1st. The severed section, consisting of seven heavily-loaded coal cars and a passenger coach, immediately started down the steep grade, and while going at the frightful speed of eighty miles an hour collided with the engine of an approaching coal train. The passenger car was well filled and the destruction of life and limb was appalling, seven having died from injuries, and others fatally hurt.

THE time is near at hand when the trustees in the various school districts in the county, will begin negotiations for fall and winter teachers The selection of teachers is a duty of much more gravity than most of the teachers consider it, they thinking the principal and most important part of their office is the employment of teachers at figures that will not more than absorb the public money, when in fact there is not money enough drawn by a district in the county to hire for five months, a first class teacher. Applicants for schools are always abundant, but a poor teacher is dear at any price, and the instructions they generally give pupils do more harm than good. Boone has plenty of good teachers for her schools, and let them be employed and paid good wages.

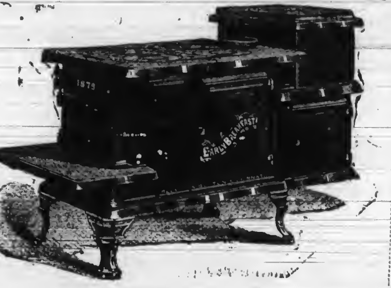
NOT long since, while the waters of Buck Run creek were swolen, Miss Nannie Lee and sister, aged twelve, attempted to cross the creek, both on one horse. When they got near the middle of the stream, the horse got entangled in some brush and threw them into the foaming stream and went to the bank and shook the saddle off. Miss Nannie had sunk twice when her sister caught her by the hair, and the horse went to them, turned around, and the younger sister caught him by the tail with one hand, and holding Nannie with the other, reached the shore in safety. The horse started home in a gallop, and neighed as if in great trouble; but getting no one to notice him, he started back in full speed to the girls. Finding them both alive and on their way home, he ran up to them and rubbed his head on their shoulders, and neighed as if he was very glad to see them.—Somerset Reporter.

It is said that there is no harm in telling a story if so large that nobody will believe it.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

From JULY 1st, to AUG., 1st, Custom Made suits will be on the average $5 less. Ready Made suits have been reduced 25 per cent.

The stock is large and must be disposed of to make room for my Fall Goods, let every one take advantage of the great reduction. H. F. BLASE, 540 Madison St., Covington, Ky.



EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

COL. SWOPE, revenue collect or in the Lexington district created a sensation in both political and social circles about Lexington, on the 1st inst., tendering his resignation of the collectorship. Since the late Republican State Convention some of his jealous partisans have been trying to have him removed, but the President's action in the consolidation of revenue districts showed that he heeded not the complaints against Swope, which makes his resignation more of a mystery. The only reason given for resigning is that he is tired of the confinement, labors and responsibilities of the office.

Telling it very Short.

"I'll tell it, sir, in few words if I can, but the story would fill a book if justice was done to it."

"Surely, Michael, but put it short this time so's I can squeeze it into a page of letter paper."

"Here you are, sir, then, and there are thousands of people here in Bingham, N. Y., who will testify to the truth of what I say. My name is Michael Guilfoyle. I am seventy-four years old. For about nine years I was almost shut out from the world by rheumatism. I had peddled small wares in this city for years, and had to stop altogether. At the best of times I could only hobble miserably about with my cane. I was bent nearly double with pain and weakness, and my hands were useless to labor with. I was but the poor wreck of a once strong man. None of the medicines usually given for rheumatism did me the least good, sir. My old friends and customers forgot me, as though I were under ground,

'With the end of my nose and the tip of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daises,'

My days and nights were doleful and painful. I had no hope except death. That is God's truth, and mr. Mosher, here, knows it.

"I can't tell you how, but PARKER'S TONIC cured me. That was three years ago, I'm lively as a cricket now, sir and go my business rounds every day, rain or shine. You may tell this to all the world, and refer the doubters to me."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change is made for two reasons: first, because ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, and secondly, because unprincipaled inferior preparations under the name of ginger.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
TRADE MARK.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMY, Seville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83.

JNO. S. DORMAN & CO.

—DEALERS IN—

MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Clothing, Carpets, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

LAWRENCEBURG, . . . INDIANA.

A. M. Elliott and Co,

—DEALERS IN—

Threshers, Engines,

SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE
Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders,
South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows.
Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.

Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

LUMBER.

A. Corbin & Son.

—) BELLEVUE, KY., (—

Will sell the best Hemlock Stock Boards at $13 00.

Best Hemlock fencing at	$13 00
Standard Shingles at	$1 50
Weather boarding, white pine,	$18
Flooring, yellow pine, at	$35

Doors, Window Sash and blinds always on hands.

Prices subject to a chance without notice. Persons who contemplate building will do well to call and see us before purchasing.

A. Corbin & Son.,
Bellevue, Ky.

NOTICE TO
Contractors and Builders.

Sealed proposals will be received at the store of Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind., until seven o'clock p. m.,

Thursday, July 12th, 1883,

for the building of the Christian Chapel above the foundation, according to the plans and specifications.

Proposals for each part of the work separate will also be received.

Plans and specifications on file at the store of Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

The building committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids, and a sufficient bond must be furnished with the bids for the entire building, as a guarantee that the building will be completed according to the plans and specifications.

JOHN SOUTWELL, SR, J. H. BUSSE,
JOHN H. LOVE, A. G. TEBBS,
J. W. TEBBS, W. M. TERRILL
Building Committee.
Lawrenceburg, Ind., June 20, 1883.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11¼ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

LOOK HERE!
when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on
Winegardner
He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationary
constantly on hand.
Headquarters in Lotton House.

NOTICE.

Know all men by this notice: That Elzy Garrison, H. A. Hicks, B. L. Rice, C. C. Talbott, Wallace Garrison, John S. Mason and T. A. Huey, under the name and style of the Richwood and Big Bone Turnpike Co., have associated themselves together to contract and operate a turnpike road, beginning at its intersection with the Union and Beaver Lick turnpike, just southeast of Dr. H. C. Lassing's residence, in Boone county, Kentucky, and running thence in a general westwardly direction along an established and surveyed route, in a main line to Elzy Garrison's gate, and consisting of said main line and a branch turnpike, beginning at Robert Willis' corner with Richard Howlett, on the old Big Bone and Union dirt road, running in a general northwardly direction until it intersects the general main line at a point S. E. of C. T. Rice's old homestead. Said main line and branch road shall be called the Richwood & Big Bone Turnpike.

Big Bone or some point on the road shall be the principal place of business,

The amount of capital stock shall be $10,000, to be paid in as the work progresses,

Said corporation shall date from June 9, 1883, and continue fifty years.

Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and five directors, all of whom shall be ellected annually on January 1st of each year.

It shall not subject itself, at any time, to a greater liability or indebtedness than $6,000.

Private property shall be exempt from corporate debts.

ELZIE GARRISON, H. A. HICKS, B. L. RICE,
WALLACE GARRISON, JOHN S. MASON,
COURTNEY C. TALBOTT. T. A. HUEY.
June 12, 4t.

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.

UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $20 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families $4.50. 320 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogues apply to Judge W. B. KINKEAD, or to JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-tf

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk,

First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

SOLDIERS HO! LOOK
READ!

Send for our new circulars containing matter of utmost importance to all ex-soldiers or their heirs. PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, PATENTS, LAND CLAIMS, HORSE CLAIMS, and all others against the Government promptly and faithfully attended to. Address with stamp W. H. WILLS & Co.,
Lock Box 488 Washington, D. C.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund,

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. D. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable,

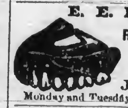
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday.
Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comor, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beaver—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

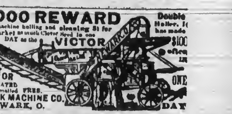
No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

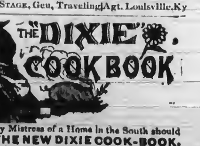
PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.
Established 1840
Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1200, Corning, N. Y.



$1000 REWARD
For any machine hulling and cleaning $1 for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR
Double Huller, It has made $100 often in ONE DAY
VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE.
NEWARK MACHINE CO.
NEWARK, O.
W. N. STAGE, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky



THE "DIXIE" COOK BOOK.

Every Mistress of a Home in the South should have THE NEW DIXIE COOK-BOOK. It contains the cream of all the other books on COOKERY AND HOUSE-KEEPING. Over 5,000 receipts, true and tried, from old family receipt books, and 10,000 new hints and helps and facts of value. Sold by subscription. AGENTS WANTED. Send for specimen pages and terms.
S. A. CLARKSON & CO.,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 130 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles
works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce **JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK** as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. **S. S. SCOTT** as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce **N. S. WALTON** as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

W-h-e-w.

Celebrate to-day.

'Rah for the fourth.

Hot's no name for it.

Harvest is now in full blast.

Take the toy-pistol from your boy.

Too much rain last week for harvesting.

Tobacco plants were in demand last week.

Read H. F. Blase's new advertisement in this issue,

The declaration of Independence is 107 years old to-day.

R. S. Cowen's new house is rapidly approaching completion.

Some wheat was attacked by rust in the last stage of ripening.

A large crowd is expected to witness the game of ball this evening.

Some of the early setting of tobacco is large enough to top at ten leaves.

The school commissioner was in town Monday, disbursing the May draft.

The Petersburg boys quaffed bad water at Bullittsville, last Saturday.

A Covington crank has threatened the life of Prof. Geo. Yates of that city.

Mercury kissed 94 Monday and Tuesday, which were the hottest days of the season.

The people in this neck o' woods would like to hear Knott and Morrow in joint debate.

Read the notice of the Lawrenceburg Christian church to contractors and builders.

We are filling orders for star tobacco at whole sale prices, Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

The smaller boys with a target gun are waging a war of extermination on the English sparrow.

R. Randall, of Petersburg, harvested six acres of wheat that will make twenty-five bushels per acre.

A big crowd is expected to witness the game this afternoon between Burlington and Newport.

Trade dollars are now passing for on; 1 85 cents each. Another big swindle has been inaugurated,

F. P. Walton has some tobacco for which he wants $40 per hundred. It is a lot which is extra select.

Humors of the stomach, salt rheum, and all blood disorders, are radically cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

J. F. Blythe now occupies the house in which Green & Riddell and the RECORDER office were ensconced last year.

We suppose our seniour's garden is clear of weeds now, as he was at work in it the other day with a mowing scythe,

Mrs. F. Riddell found, one day last week, a mushroom which, at a short distance, has a very striking resemblance of a bird.

E. H. Baker sold tobacco last week at $24 per hundred. That sale will cause several more acres of the weed to be planted about here,

Both the candidates for the legislature were in this locality, last week, shaking hands with the people, They are very industrious now.

A man gave as an excuse for not serving on the late Barnett jury, at Mt. Sterling, that "something was going to happen at his house and he ought to be there." He was told to stand aside.

Posters for a daylight and moonlight pic-nic at Viola Park, on the 14th inst., have been printed at this office. From the array of managers we feel no hesitancy in saying it will be a boss affair, Be sure and come,

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected, Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent,

The Petersburg distillery will not be in operation during the months of July and August, being shut down for repairs, and giving the employes an opportunity of rusticating in the harvest field. The cattle were moved from the pens last week,

One of those smart-Alex that can do anything that anyone else can do, came into the office the other day and picked up the composing stick and after musing over the case for about two hours and a half accomplished the following: tHis Is mY fIRst a'TtemPt at tIpe seT ING

Jim McCune, a very talented rascal, hailing from Boone county, Kentucky, convinced Alex Moody that a $10 confederate bill was a silver certificate, and Alex gave him $9 90 in good money and a shave for the piece of paper. When Alex discovered the fraud he caused the arrest of McCune who is now in jail.—Lawrenceburg Register.

Harvest hands are commanding $1 50 per day.

The crowd in town Monday was very small, and the buggy men's harvest was small.

Elder. John M. Thompson will hold religious services at Mt. Pleasant next Saturday and Sunday.

Read A. Corbin & Son's advertisement in this issue. They have slaughtered prices on lumber.

Dr. Furnish, and Dr. Laury, of Walton, are playing a game of chess by mail. The game progresses slowly.

A little girl of J. Frank Grant, of Peterbur, fell out of a barn loft, the other day, and hurt herself quite badly.

John M. Moody will commence his stock sales in Lawrenceburg and continue every Saturday through the summer.

We talked with farmers from all the different parts of the county, Monday, and they all report crops looking well. Wheat will average about ten bushels per acre.

The prospects for building the pond, mention of which was made last week, are flattering, Mr. G. T. Gaines will donate the right of way as it were, and render other material and substantial aid.

Geo. Blythe came tearing into town, Tuesday morning at such a high rate that it was nearly impossible to keep from being run over by his buggy, and all because of the advent of a fine daughter.

The Commissioner sold, Monday, to C. O. Utz, 100 acres of the John A Kendall farm for $2,211 30, and Richard Green's undivided ½ interest in Ellen Green's dower of 10 acres in Edward Green's land, to F. Riddell for $25.

W. R. Terrill, the mail carrier between Erlanger and this place, threw up his contract on this end of the route, Monday, carrying the mail from Erlanger to Florence, only. Guess Uncle Sam will find another man to manipulate the mail sack on this route.

On the 21st ult., James Walden, Marshal of Williamstown shot and killed James Bannon. Bannon pursued Walden through the back room and up a flight of stairs in a saloon building before Walden opened fire on him. On the 23d ult., Hayden Northcutt shot and killed Billy Childers who attacked him with stones on the public highway. Childers had ruined Northcutt's sister two years before.

The late Senator Hill of Georgia, thus argued about immortality: "If a grain of corn will die and then rise again in so much beauty, why may not I die and then rise again in infinite beauty and life? How is the last a greater mystery than the first? And if inasmuch as I exceed the grain of corn in this life, why may I not exceed it in the new life? How can we imagine the power of Him who made the grain of corn to live in such newness of life?"

The boy, O'Brien, who was brought from Walton and lodged in jail for stealing a pocket knife, was taken out, one day last week, under a writ of habeas corpus and taken before 'Squire Baker, but upon further considering the case he was returned to jail, because he had but a short time to remain. The writ was sued out on the grounds that the justice had not sufficient jurisdiction of the case, his authority only allowing commitment, after which the quarterly court has jurisdiction.

County Court.

Very little business was transacted in the county court Monday.

Mildred J, Shephard's will was probated.

The finding of the jury in the case of H. C. Berkshire against James T. Ryle, and others was confirmed.

W. P. Sparks was appointed guardian for Joseph Sparks.

W. N. Crigler was released from paying one poll-tax, being assessed twice.

Benjamin Craven's will probated with John and Noah Craven executors.

Base-ball.

A game was played, last Saturday, on the Bullittsville grounds between the Petersburg club, composed of players from Lawrenceburg, Aurora and Petersburg, and the Hebron club, composed of players from Cincinnati, Riverside, Burlington and Hebron, resulting in a victory of 7 to 17 in favor of the latter. This cannot be called a contest between home clubs as both were composed largely of players out of the state, which will evidently destroy the interest in the game, A large crowd was present and immense excitement prevailed at times. Fowler and Hughes played with Hebron,

---

It becomes our painful duty, this week to chronicle the death of our old friend. Churchwell Clore. The sad event occurred Monday morning about three o'clock, after several week's severe suffering with cancer of the stomach. The deceased lived for many years on the farm where he died, and was considered a good and obliging neighbor by all with whom his daily duties as a farmer brought him in contact, and he will be greatly missed by his neighbors and the people of Burlington who saw him every day previous to his last illness. Had he lived till next Wednesday he would have seen his three score and ten years. The funeral services were conducted by Elders Benjamin Lampton and Edward Stephens, at the house at 10 a. m. yesterday, after which the remains were followed to their last resting place, the family burying ground, by a large concourse of friends who lament his death. The family has the sympathy of the entire community.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Geo. G. Hughes is now incog. He shaved the other day.

Prof. Geo. H. Yates, of Covington, was in town Monday.

Attorney Williams, of Rising Sun, attended court Monday.

J. Frank Grant, the Petersburg Merchant-prince, was in town last Friday.

W. H. Baker was in town Monday. He will return to New Orleans early in August,

Miss Lucy Swetnam, of Florence, was the guest of Mrs, L. H. Dills several days last week,

Dr. Bennett, of Louisville, and Earnest Grant, were in town Sunday. The Dr. looks quite natural.

Misses Hattie Smith, of Sugartit, and Mary Horlott, were the guests of Miss Addie Crisler, last week.

James Akin and Michael Clore, two of Bellevue's distinguished citizens, were here last Wednesday.

Rev. C. C, Conner, and wife, of Aurora, spent several days, last week, with relatives in this neighborhood.

S. Baker, of Big Bone, was in town, Monday. He is 73 years old, and one day last week he rode, on horseback, 70 miles.

James Tolin, of Plattsburg, who was up in the mountains the later part of last month, has returned home much improved in health.

Prof. Stephenson's season for rusticating has arrived, and he and his little daughter, Birdie, spent several days here last week. The Professor had a fine school all fall, winter and spring, nea Petersburg.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Jacob Tanner is having good success with his choir.

Charley Davis has the chills.

Joel Clore has returned home from college.

Mrs, Alice Hafor, who has been sick for some time is improving.

Mr, Albert Popham is much better,....

Dr, Luther Terrill has the flux.

Constance.

News and nuggets gleaned from Constance, and sent to the RECORDER office to be scattered over the county of Boone.

William Souther, who had his hand badly cut a few weeks ago, is almost well.

Mrs. Geo. Brown has moved her piano to this place, and now the town is regaled with sweet music.

We think if we were the Hebron baseballists we would take our name off the list.

Potatoe bugs are scarce, but flies plentiful.

J. A. Riddell sold two fox hounds to a Missouri man for $15 each, so Marco says.

Geo. Brown is improving the appearance of his dwelling, almost daily. A new kitchen this time.

Bullittsville.

This will be a good game year.

Corn and oats look well.

E. K. and E. R. Stephens have the finest wheat crop in this section. They have about 80 acres which has been estimated at something near 1600 bushels. These enterprising farmers are saving their grain with a self binder.

The jovial R. M. Howard, formerly a teacher of this county, but now a farmer near Loveland, O., paid his many friends a visit last week.

Charley Duncan is now in business at Kansas City, Mo.

The facinating Misses Sallie Watts and Lizzie Stephens accompanied by the ever genteel E. K. Stephens, visited sweet Pete, last Sunday.

Fred Youmans will eat yellow-legged chickens with his Boone friends during the summer months, Fred is a good entertainer and a "head-light" to any society.

Waterloo.

Health of the neighborhood is exceedingly good,

We have had much rain here of late, Nearly all the tobacco growers are done setting tobbaco, and are now busy with their corn in order to be ready for wheat harvesting, the wheat will be rather light in this vicinity. Hay harvest will soon be on hand.

The raspberry crop is very large, and the prospects for blackberries is as fine as ever seen.

An appointment was made for Rev. Corwin to preach at the Universalist church near here, last Sunday. The congregation was very much disappointed, as he did not come,

Quite a number of young folks met at the residence of Mr, Joshua Rices, last Sunday evening and had a very pleasant time.

Mr. Cyrus Kelley and family, of Bellevue were visiting his mother last Sunday.

Scattersville.

Harvesting has commenced in earnest.

Tobacco is growing nicely at present. There has been some trouble in getting a stand on account of the cutworm.

W. E. Piper & Co., rodded Mr. O. P. Conner's house and barn, one day last week. We did not learn the price paid, but think they did not charge him very much, as he gave the boys their dinner. O. P. didn't fear the lightning so much as he did those slick tongued agents.

Rev. C. C. Conner and wife and Miss Gracie Stedman, of Aurora, were visiting O. P. Conner last week. We were glad to see them,

E. H, Baker and family, and Ras Huey and family, were visiting Mr, and Mrs. J. O. Huey one day last week,

J. H, Sebree, of Gunpowder, has the boss piece of tobacco of this neighborhood, as far as we have seen, while John Mitchell, of the same country has the best crop of corn. He claims that his corn is higher than his shoulders. [We have corn that is higher than our head, (when we sit down,) —EDS.]

The thermometer stands high in the shade,

Florence.

There is a fine opening in Florence for a doctor—to pass through, having the length and width of the Lexington pike.

The principal staff of our town still wags and waxes his mustach.

Bro, W. never fails to wear his side boards on festival occasions in order to take a back load.

E. q. Bedinger bought a wagon load (the entire crop) of tobacco for 25 cents. Almost as cheap as Joe Williams' sheep.

The wind work of the new jail in Florence has been completed. All it needs now is to be weather-boarded.

Color-blind people should be very cautious how they cast their vote for Register of the Land office.

Wanted—50 cats at the sportsman's corner. A liberal price will be paid if pedigree accompanies.

You should always turn a crank from you, but some cranks are hard to turn.

We generally do our scribbling off hand, but contemplate going down to Erlanger and buying an individual right for a dead rest. They keep them down there.

Over-fed city people on coming to the country to board should be fed for a while on cut straw and molasses.

Wood ashes mixed with chicken food is a good remedy for gapes.

PROGRAMME
—OF THE—
SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION
—OF—
North Bend Association
TO BE HELD
AT SAND RUN CHURCH,
BOONE COUNTY, KY.

JULY 20th and 21st, 1883.

FRIDAY MORNING AT 10:30 A. M.

Introductory sermon........W. H. Felix
Subject—*Early Conversions.*
Organization.
Adjourn for dinner.

AFTERNOON 1:30 P. M.

Essay......................C. M. Roudebush
Subject—*Would Christ have approved of [illegible] Schools?*
Discussion by E. N. Dicken and J. A, Kinney.
Essay..........................James Walker.
Subject—*The Difficulties of a Sunday-School Superintendent.*
Discussion by Jno. S, Huey and John Sebree.
Essay..............................J, H, Averill
Subject—*The relation of the Sunday-School to the Church.*
Discussion by J. V, Riley and W. H. Felix.

SATURDAY MORNING 9 A. M.

Essay..................................E. E. Utz.
Subject—*Man's Religious Necessities only met by the Teachings of the Scriptures.*
Essay...........................John Cropper
Discussion by A. L. Vickers and W. H. Felix,
Essay...................................Lee Utz.
Subject—*Sunday-School music.*
Discussion by N. S. Walton and E. N. Dicken,
Practical report from field by Superintendents.

By the trimming of the maple trees in front of his house, W. E. Piper is destroying a very popular summer resort, and great will be the lamentations because thereof. It may prompt the calling of an indignation meeting.

S. A. Palmer and family will celebrate the fourth in Lawrenceburg,

Charles Westbay is spending the 4th and his money in Hoosier.

REPORT OF HE CONDITIO N
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, June 22 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$596,257 88
Overdrafts............		137 20
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents........,		56,025 45
Due from other National banks...........	5,410 88	
Due from State banks and bankers............	1,607 76—	7,018 64
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid..............		3,846 08
Premiums paid..............		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items...............		92 85
Bills of other Banks..		940 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies....................		47 81
Specie		2 965 00
Legal tender notes...		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)......		2,250 00
Total		$753,279 32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund..........	1,200 00	
Undivided profits...	26,730 65—	27,930 65
National bank notes outstanding............,		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	342,731 38	
Due to other National Banks............	23,809 31	
Due to State Banks and bankers	13,807 98—	380,348 67
Total		$753,279 32

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of June, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
J. H. MERSMAN,
} Directors.

Hay Conveyors.

We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns

BAKER & CRUTCHER,
35-4t Florence X-Roads.

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good, MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Wanted.

A bitch that has young pups to "foster mother" 4 or 5 pups. She must be fresh and healthy—would rather have her without the pups, but if there is not too many will care for them—will buy or return her in two or three weeks and pay for trouble. Call between this and Monday next, on E. H. Howard, Bullittsville, or A. W. Smith, Burlington.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,

Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW!
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store,

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY,

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. S. I. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.

Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS,
Aurora. Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once,

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky. | J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

R

FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.

R O U S E.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.

S
E

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

M. L. SWETNAM, HUBERT NEAD.

SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month,
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping,

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

HARNESS & SADDLES,

ALBERT M. ACRA,
BURLINGTON, KY.
HARNESS MAKER
And Dealer in
Saddles, Fly Nets, Trotting Balls, Ankle Boots, Whips, &c.,

I have moved into my new building and am now prepared to furnish everything in the harness line at the lowest prices. Best material used in all work done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Repairing Promptly Done. Give me a Call.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
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THE RECORDER.

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BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

THE BICYCLE.

Whisking through the woodlands,
  Flashing over bridges;
Darting past the orchards,
  Coasting down the ridges;
Whirling o'er the meadows,
  Glint of polished steel,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
  Riding on a wheel!

With a rubber tire,
  Tireless I ride;
Passing men and horses,
  Silently I glide;
Pretty, pretty maidens
  Watch me as I pass,
Wave their kerchiefs to me,
  Sitting on the grass.

Rustics in the furrow
  Stop the plow to stare
  At the flying figure
  Silent as the air;
Timid village ladies
  Anxiously observe
That there must be danger
  Going round the curve.

Every one is looking
  At my silent flight;
Hardly do they see me,
  Ere I'm out of sight;
Down the hilly roadway
  With a bugle peal,
Bless me, this is pleasant
  Riding on a wheel!

—*B. T. Sienna, in The Continent.*

THE WRONG CHARLEY.

"That reminds me," said the Quarter-master, "of the way I was taken up once for pocket-picking."

I don't remember what it was that reminded him—we were telling stories in camp—but as he was one of the finest fellows in our set, the idea of his ever having been arrested for picking a pocket struck us all as very funny.

"It's a fact," he declared, when some of us expressed our incredulity. "Larceny from the person, they called it, but it's the same thing."

"What a charge against a man like you, Colonel!"

"Well, it does seem a little absurd, now. But it wasn't so very absurd then. The truth is," the Colonel added, with a smile, "the charge was not only made, but it was proved."

"That you picked a pocket?"

"That's the simple fact, gentlemen."

"But you didn't!"

"Well, but I did!"

And as this assertion piqued still more our curiosity, he proceeded to gratify it by telling the following story:

"It was the spring when I was eighteen years old. I was out of school, out of work, out of money; and I went to Boston to see if I could find something to do.

"I found a boarding-place in Charlestown, and tramped the streets of both cities looking for a place. I had been at that discouraging business about a week, meeting with no success; my board-bill was due, and I was thinking I should have to pawn my watch to pay it, when, one evening, on Boston Common, just at dusk, I met with my little adventure.

"As I was passing one of the benches on Charles-Street mall, I saw a man leaning over it who was evidently tipsy. What attracted my attention was a watch that had fallen out of his pocket, and was dangling by the chain. I saw that he was a country fellow, and there was something about him which looked very familiar.

"'Hello, Charley!' said I, walking up to him, in great surprise at finding him there in that condition. 'Is that you?'

Charley Dibbin was a young farmer of Framingham, who sometimes drove a market-wagon to town, and had been known to ride home once or twice in a jolly frame of mind, hardly consistent with perfect sobriety. But I had never heard of his forgetting himself so far as he seemed to have done that afternoon; and though I wasn't much acquainted with him, I thought it my duty to take him in charge.

"'Hello yourself!' he said, trying to look up, but lurching heavily and raising his tipsy eyes not much higher than my knees.

He seemed to recognize me, and stuck out his hand. "'I'm all right!' said he. 'All ri-ight!' with another lurch. 'And don't you go home and tell folks you ever saw me when I wasn't all right."

"'But, Charley,' said I, 'you are losing your watch! Don't you see?'

"'So I am,' said he. 'Bother the watch!' trying to get it back into his pocket.

I asked him where he was stopping, and he told me on Elm street.

"'Take me there,' said he, 'and I'll give ye five dollars.'

"'I'll take you there for nothing,' I said, 'if you have money to pay for a hack.'

"'Money!' said he. 'I've piles of money!'

He tried to get at his wallet, but merely left it, sticking out of his pocket.

"'Don't say that so loud,' said I, in alarm. 'You'll lose your money and your watch, too, I'm afraid, while I'm going for a hack.'

"'Take 'em with ye! take 'em with ye!' said he, lurching over into my arms. 'Fact is, I'm too how-come-ye-so for anything.'

"As the watch was dangling again, I thought it best to transfer it to my own pocket. And seeing a suspicious-looking fellow watching us from the passage-way leading out on the street, I concluded to take the pocket-book also.

"I then told Charley to sit up steadily as he could, so as not to attract the attention of any passing policeman, and wait patiently where he was five minutes, when I would return for him with a hack. But before starting I looked all around again, to make sure there was no policeman in sight.

"There *was* one in sight, though, coming directly along the mall. I told Charley to keep still, and stood before him to prevent his condition from being observed.

"All would have passed off as I desired, but just then the suspicious-looking fellow at the passage-way stepped out, advanced to meet the officer, and said something to him in a low voice. The officer thereupon walked straight up to me and said, in an arbitrary tone:

"'What's the matter with this man?'

"My only thought was to screen Charley and keep him out of the lock-up, and I replied, rather carelessly:

"'Nothing much; a little sick. I am taking care of him.'

"'You're taking care of him with a vengeance!' said the officer, in the rudest manner; and without waiting for a word of explanation, he thrust his hand into my pocket and dragged out Charley's watch.

"'Is this yours?' he demanded, as he would have spoken to a misbehaving cur, at the same time giving a jerk at my own watch, which was in its place.

"'No,' said I, frightened and angry. 'That's this man's. I was taking care of it for him.'

"'You're taking care of his pocket-book too!' And in the same rude, exasperating way, he thrust his hand into my other pocket and pulled out Charley's well-filled wallet.

"'Is that his or yours.'

"'That's his,' I tried to explain. 'I was afraid he would lose both his watch and his money while I went for a hack; he's an old friend of mine, you see.'

"The officer shook Charley roughly by the shoulder.

"'Look up here! What's your name?'

"'A gentleman, which you are not!' said Charley, tipsily.

"'Do you know this man? Is he your friend?' cried the officer with another shake to stir up his muddled wits.

"'Fore Heaven,' said Charley, 'I never saw either of you gentlemen before!' And giving another lurch, he went off the bench altogether.

"'Just as I expected!' said the officer. And grasping me with one hand, holding his billy with the other, he said sharply: 'you come with me!'

"'But sir!' I exclaimed, more and more frightened and confused, 'it's just as I tell you!'

"'Of course! it always is!' said the officer with brutal sarcasm, dragging me away. 'I believe I know you, you've been up for tricks of this kind before.'

"'I assure you!' I said, 'I—won't you let me explain?'

"'You'll have a chance to explain to-morrow morning in the Police Court,' he replied; and in spite of anything I could say, he hurried me off to the nearest station. The man who had had me arrested followed us, and another officer we met on the way was sent back to take Charley into custody.

"I was in an indescribable state of wrath and trepidation and dismay when I was shoved roughly into the police station, and confronted there by my captor as if I had been one of the most degraded criminals.

"When I tried again to make my evidence clear, I was quietly informed that drunken men were the common prey of pick-pockets like me, who invariably claimed to be their friends and protectors when caught taken charge of watches and wallets, as I had been seen to do!

"I hoped that Charley would be sober enough to exonerate me when he was brought in. But he seemed tipsier than ever; and angry at his arrest; he refused to answer any questions, merely claiming that he was a gentleman, while the police were all scoundrels.

"He was tumbled into one cell, I was locked up in another, and there we remained until the Black Maria took us up in its evening round and conveyed us to the City Tombs.

"Can you imagine a boy of eighteen, of good habits and a respectable family, in such a terrible situation? There's no use in my trying to describe to you the agonies of mind I endured that awful night! I had a mother, a married sister and numerous friends in Framingham; but I knew nobody in Charlestown or Boston who could vouch for my character.

"The next morning I was put into the dock along with a crowd of other prisoners. You know what the dock of a Municipal Court is like?

"Imagine a sort of pit in one corner of the room containing benches that will seat some fifty or sixty persons, with a partition that completely screens you from the view of spectators until you are called upon to mount the steps to the bar fronting the end of the Judge's bench.

"I shall never forget the appearance of the dock that morning. To a well-brought-up, fastidious young fellow like me, the company of depraved men and women and boys in which I found myself—their rags, their haggard faces, their black eyes got in drunken quarrels—well, I won't attempt to picture the revolting scene and the effect it produced on me. To this day I can not think of it without a shudder.

"I looked in vain among the figures on the crowded benches for that of Charley Dibbin, who, I firmly believed, would acquit me of all evil intentions in his case if I could be brought face to face with him when sober. There was no Charley Dibbin there.

"For an hour I endured the tortures of anxiety, watching the other cases before the Court, and waiting for my own to be called up. An awful thrill shot through me when my turn came at last.

"'John Patterson!'

"I mounted the steps and stood at the bar, in full view of the Court and spectators. The officer who had arrested me, and the stranger to whom I was indebted for that mischance, gave their evidence against me, and the fatal watch and pocket-book were produced.

"The Judge then asked me if I had anything to say; upon which, forgetting my dread of court and spectators, I poured out my story.

"The Judge listened with a kindly interest which gave me encouragement and hope. When I had finished he said:

"'It was your friend, Charles Dibbin—a person well-known to you—whose watch and wallet you took for safe keeping?'

"'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'That is, he is not an intimate friend of mine; but he belongs to the same town, and I know him pretty well.'

"The Judge asked: 'Is he among the prisoners in the dock?'

"I turned and looked down into the pit, and once more cast my eye around upon the strange faces there.

"'No, sir,' I replied; 'he is not.'

"Then a terrible thing happened. I can't tell you just how it was, for it took my senses away at the time, and I was near swooning with the shock.

"A young fellow I had already noticed, because he was one of the few respectable-looking men in the dock, mounted the steps, and stood by my side at the bar. He was charged with drunkenness; but I thought little of that. He pleaded guilty. Then he was asked if he had had his pockets picked, and he said he had.

"I didn't think very much of that, either. But when he was asked to identify Charley Dibbins' watch and pocket-book, and he quietly swore that both belonged to him, things began to whirl with me.

"Then he was told to look carefully at the prisoner. I was the prisoner meant, and he looked at me accordingly.

"The Judge asked: 'Did you ever see that young man before?'

"'I can't say that I ever did.'

"'Do you know John Patterson or Charles Dibbin?' said the Judge.

"'I never heard of either of them before,' was the reply.

"I was utterly bewildered by all this, and hardly knew what to make of it except that it meant danger to me. I was in turn called upon to look carefully at the prisoner.

"The prisoner this time meant the other fellow and I looked at him confusedly.

"'Is that your friend Charles Dibbin?' the Judge inquired.

"'He is not Charles Dibbin,' I replied, with fear and trembling.

"'Did you ever see him before?'

"After some hesitation, I said:

"'I see now that he may be the man that I took for Charles Dibbin last night.'

"'How is this?' said the Judge.

"My wits began to rally, consciousness of innocence supported me, and I replied, with less embarrassment:

"'His head is not at all like Dibbin's, but the lower part of his face, his form, the kind of coat he wears—in all that, he does resemble Dibbin a great deal. With his hat on, in the twilight last evening, he looked so much like him that, after he had seemed to recognize me, I hadn't a doubt of his being Charley. What there was strange about him I attributed to his being drunk.'

"I thought I went through with this explanation very well, and anxiously hoped that it would suffice to get me off.

"Not at all! The Court had heard too many plausible and glib excuses from criminals to be very much impressed by the story of an honest man.

"The circumstances against me were, indeed, overwhelming. I was proved to have taken the watch and wallet of a man who was an utter stranger to me; and I could not wonder that my Charles Dibbin theory was regarded as a mere sham. Even my frank avowal that I had no friends in town, no employment and no money, made my guilt seem all the more certain.

"However, the Judge told me that I should have a chance to prove my good character and establish my innocence; and with that not very comforting assurance I was sent back to prison.

"I was thinking over my situation, in extremely low spirits; wondering how long before I could get bail, and whether I should ever be able to prove my innocence of the crime I was charged with, when, to my great surprise, I was told that a visitor wished to speak with me.

"It was the man whose pocket I had picked. His name was Charles Merritt, and he was a farmer in West Newton. Yet when he looked through my grated door with his hat on, I was startled, he really, at the first glance, resembled so much the other Charley who was the unconscious cause of my misfortune.

"He had been discharged on the payment of a small fine, but could not leave the city, he said, without seeing me.

"'The more I think of it,' said he, 'the more I am inclined to believe that you got into your scrape by trying to help me out of mine. Of course, I don't know but what you are lying about it.' he added, with manly frankness; 'but you don't look like a pick-pocket, and if you are telling the truth, I'm not the fellow to let you suffer for doing me a kind action.'

"'I don't know what you can do,' I replied, 'since you are not the right Charley, and can't swear that my intentions toward you were friendly.'

"'Well, you'll see,' he said, cheerily. And, having taken the address of my friends, he left me.

"This visit cheered me up a little. But as the hours dragged by and I did not hear from him or any of my friends, I began to grow once more despondent.

"It was well along in the afternoon, and the court had already adjourned, when an officer came to tell me that I was wanted, and to my great joy, I was taken in to a private hearing before the Judge.

"My joy was increased when I saw my brother-in-law in the room, and two other men I knew—the two Charleses, in short: Charles Merritt and Charles Dibbin standing side by side.

"They did not look very much alike when seen thus together; but when the Judge told them to put their hats on, and they did so—brown crush-hats, with a wonderfully similar slouch—the resemblance they suddenly bore to each other was surprising.

"To the Judge, who knew neither of them well, it was more striking even than it was to me. 'Near enough alike for the two Dromios!' he exclaimed, good-humoredly. Then turning to me, he said:

"'I congratulate you, Mr. Patterson, not only on being an honest man, but what is quite as important in our imperfect human courts, that you are able to prove it.'

"I thanked him joyfully, and my friends, too, for coming to my rescue. It seemed that Charles Merritt had lost no time in visiting Framingham, hunting up my relatives, and then going with my brother-in-law to find the other Charley, the right Charley, and bring him to Boston."—*J. T. Trowbridge, in Youth's Companion.*

A Painter Who Holds His Brush in His Mouth.

Percy W. Hastings, of Leominster, Mass., was fond of athletic feats, and on the evening of June 3, 1880, after supper, while attempting a new feat on a flying trapeze, fell to the ground, striking upon his head. He was picked up insensible, and from that time to the present has had no use whatever of any portion of his body below the neck, the result of a fracture of the third or fourth vertebra. From the time of his misfortune to the present, H. A. Willis has taken great interest in the young man. About a year ago Mr. Willis told his young friend of the case of a man named Carter, in England, who, while attempting robbery, had a fall which met with results similar to his, and who was enabled to perform some remarkable feats by utilizing his mouth for duties which belonged properly to his hands. He suggested that young Hastings make a similar trial. The suggestion was at once adopted, the first effort being made to write, and after comparatively little practice the young man could, by holding the pen-holder in his teeth, write a very good hand. At the present time his writing is far above the average, with no indication that other than a steady hand penned it. Greatly encouraged in this direction, Percy next took up sketching, and has an easel attached to his reclining chair, situated but a few inches from his face, that it could easily be reached with the pencil held within his teeth, and commenced upon a line of work for which he had previously shown no special aptitude or inclination. It was readily apparent that he was endowed with inherent artistic ability, and his advance in proficiency was so rapid as to be almost phenomenal. After pursuing this vocation for some time with such remarkable success, the idea of attempting to paint in water colors was next considered and quickly made practical, and in this department the success attained has been even greater than that attained at sketching. The general size of his water-color productions has been about 6x6 inches, that being the extent of the area that he can cover by his brush with the motion and action of the head. The attendant mixes the paints under the direction of his charge, and, when ready, places his brush in his mouth, and the work proceeds. The principal line of work is the painting of flowers from nature. One note-worthy incident is the fact that from the time of the commencement of pencil sketching up to the present, not a single card has been rendered useless through any mistake or false movement.—*Boston Globe.*

The Lord and the Shilling.

The following episode, which happened lately at one of our fashionable hotels, proves that virtue is sometimes more substantially rewarded than the old adage would seem to indicate: One evening, rather late, a gentleman, a great admirer of man's best friend, saw some magnificent dogs in the care of the hall porter. Having entered into conversation with the temporary keeper of the Cerberi, he learned that the owner had left no instructions as to their being fed; he therefore took upon himself to order a repast for them. They were still enjoying it when the owner returned, and the good Samaritan, going up, told him that he had been admiring his dogs, and had ordered them to be fed. "Oh, thank you! Here, take this," and the owner's gratitude took the tangible shape of the coin recruiting sergeants dispense in the Queen's name. The gentleman smilingly took the proffered reward and said: "I am Lord ——, and I most heartily thank you for the first shilling I have ever earned. I shall have a hole drilled in it and wear it as a charm. It may bring me luck." "Oh, my Lord! I cannot tell you how sorry I am at my blunder. Pray give me back the shilling and accept my most heartfelt apology!" "I beg you not to apologize. You have made me feel quite a proud man, and as to the shilling, you must allow me to keep it, that it may become an heirloom in my family, where we have never had an opportunity of earning money—*London Truth.*"

Commence—Begin.

The same persons who habitually discard the word many, when they have a chance of glorying in numerous, have concurred in giving the cold shoulder to begin. I do not know a more flagrant dandyism of speech than commence to. "Directly I commence to speak every one commences to look at me," said a mincing Miss at a suburban "At Home." There are mincing Misses of the male sex in authorship who are always commencing to. Female authors are seldom caught at this feminine weakness of phrase. The verb commence, if not followed by some other verb in the infinitive mood, may be tolerated for a change. Though it is not to be found anywhere in the Bible, (imagine "In the commencement!") it occurs a few times in Shakespeare; as many as thirteen times in all, reckoning the inflections commenced, commencing, and commencement. Set this account against the number of times Shakespeare uses the word begin. I am not going to count, but I find a double row of them in Mrs. Cowden Clark's Concordiance, nearly as long as the line of Smith John, in the Postoffice, London Directory, or of area railings along Wimpole street.—*Good Words.*

Bavarian Salt Mines.

The salt mines of Berchtesgaden, which are the property of the King of Bavaria, are perhaps the most ancient in Europe. It is certain that they were known to the Celts, and that they were known to the Romans, who conquered the tribe living in their vicinity. For 600 years they have been constantly worked. During twenty years previous to 1881 more than 200 miners were employed, but during the past and present year the force has been decreased to about two thirds of that number. The exact number in last week's pay-roll was 117, and the amount of work salt for cattle quarried in 1882, 1,800 tons. In addition to the rock salt the extraction of pure salt is carried on, from 20,000 to 25,000 tons per annum of table salt being produced. Previous to 1882 it amounted in some cases to as much as 30,000 tons, but recently the demand for both kinds has decreased. The method of making the fine salt is by letting in fresh water from the hills, where, after becoming impregnated for some five or six weeks, it is drawn off into a lower reservoir, whence it is forced up to a place several hundred feet high. From there it flows through iron pipes to Ilsang, several miles distant, and is a second time raised to a still greater height, and from this point it flows on a descending scale to Reichenhall, eighteen miles distant, when it is evaporated, and the crystallized salt ground for family use.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

A Splendid Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robert Newton, late President of the Eclectic College of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living, and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought not to be considered merely as a patent medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of Lung diseases. It is a sure cure for Consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

WHAT may be said to be a favorite piece of sculpture with every man? The fellow that he cut out.—*Harper's Bazar.*

YOUNG, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN a rich old man dies the gloom is soon dispelled by the son's raise.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 29, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	5 00	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common	6 00	@ 6 70
Good packers	6 70	@ 7 00
SHEEP	4 75	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 5 55
GRAIN—Wheat—Mediterranean	1 10	@
No. 2 winter red	1 07	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	57¾	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	37	@
Rye—No. 2	55½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@ 10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 25	@ 18 50
Lard—Steam	11¼	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@ 22
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 60	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14½	@
No. 1 white	1 11	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	61	@ 61½
Oats—mixed	31	@ 42
PORK—Mess	18 62½	@ 18 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 01	@
Corn—No. 2	53¼	@
Oats—No. 2	32½	@
Rye	57	@
PORK—Mess	16 95	@ 18 00
LARD—Steam	9 20	@ 9 25
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 winter red	1 15½	@ 1 17¾
Corn—mixed	62½	@ 62¾
Oats—mixed	43½	@ 45
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@ 20 25
Lard—Refined	[illegible]	
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 03	@ 1 04
Corn—mixed	53	@
Oats—mixed	36	@
PORK—Mess	18 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 01	@
CORN	48½	@
OATS—mixed	30	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	3 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

A VETERAN BENEFACTOR.

His Past Life, Present Plans, and What He Has to Say Upon a Subject That Astonished Him.

(New York Times.)

Nearly forty years ago a young man, of unusual endowments, began to mold public opinion upon a subject of vital importance. Like all pioneers, his early efforts were unsuccessful, but his ability and the value of his work soon won public confidence, and to-day there is not a village or hamlet in the country that has not been influenced by Dr. Dio Lewis. When, therefore, it was learned yesterday that he contemplated the establishment of a large magazine in this city, the fact was deemed so important that a representative of this paper was commissioned to see him and ascertain the truth of the rumor.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a gentleman of sixty years and two hundred pounds, with snow-white hair and beard, but probably the most perfect picture of health and vigor in the metropolis. He is a living exponent of his teachings, and notwithstanding the amount of work he has already done, promises still greater activity for years to come. He received the interviewer most courteously, and in reply to a question said:

"It is true I have come to New York to establish a monthly magazine. I have come here for the same reason that I went to Boston twenty-five years ago. Then Boston was the best platform in the country from which to speak of education. New York has now become most hospitable to progressive thoughts, and especially so to movements on behalf of physical training.

"I have reason to know the great and abiding interest of the American people in this subject. They have come to realize that the future of our country pivots upon our physical vitality, and especially upon the vigor of our women. My new magazine will bear the title 'Dio Lewis's Monthly,' and be devoted to Sanitary and Social Science. I hope through its pages to inaugurate a new departure in hygiene."

"Have you not written several books on the subject?"

"Yes, nine volumes; and some of them like 'Our Girls,' published by the Harpers, have had an enormous circulation; but the best work of my life I shall give the world in the new magazine. Forty years of skirmishing ought to conclude with ten years of organized warfare."

"Doctor, what is the occasion of this new interest in health questions?"

"It has come through suffering, which seems the only road to self knowledge. The stomach, heart, kidneys or liver fall into trouble, happiness is gone, and then people give attention to their health."

"Which of these organs is most frequently the victim of our errors?" asked the Reporter.

"Within the last few years diseases of the kidneys have greatly multiplied. When I was engaged in practice, thirty-five and forty years ago, serious disease of the kidneys was rare; but now distressingly frequent and fatal."

"To what do you attribute this great increase of kidney troubles?"

"To the use of stimulating drinks, adulterated food and irregular habits of life."

"Doctor, have you any confidence in the remedy of which we hear so much now-a-days, 'Warner's Safe Cure?'"

"I believe in the ounce of prevention, rather than in a ton of cure."

"But have you noticed the remarkable testimonials of Warner's remedy?"

"I have, and confess that they have puzzled and astonished me. The commendations of proprietary medicines usually come from unknown persons residing in back counties. But I see in our most reputable newspapers the warmest praise of Warner's Safe Cure from College Professors, respectable physicians, and other persons of high intelligence and character. To thrust such testimony aside may be professional, but it is unmanly. No physician can forget that valuable additions to our *Materia Medica* have sprung from just such sources. I was so impressed with this cloud of witnesses that I purchased some bottles of Warner's Safe Cure at a neighboring drug store and analyzed one of them to see if it contained anything poisonous. Then I took three of the prescribed doses at once, and found there was nothing injurious in it. I do not hesitate to say that if I found my kidneys in serious trouble, I should use this remedy, because of the hopelessness of all ordinary treatment, and because when a hundred intelligent and reputable persons unite in the statement that a certain remedy has cured them of a grave malady, I choose to believe that they speak the truth.

"But as you may know, my great interest in life lies in prevention. For forty years I have labored in this field. One of the phases of my work in New England was the establishment of the Ladies' Seminary at Lexington, Mass. My aim was to illustrate the possibilities in the physical training of girls during their school life. This institution became, before I left it, the largest and most successful Seminary for young women, owned and managed by one person, in our country. I sat down to dinner every day with a family of two hundred persons. The remarkable results of this muscle training among girls were given in my paper published in the *North American Review* of December, 1882.

"Besides, I established the Normal Institute for Physical Training in Boston, and for ten years was its President and Manager. Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. Thomas Hoskins, Prof. Leonard and others were among its teachers, and more than four hundred persons took its diploma and went out into all parts of the land to teach the new school of gymnastics. And now the years left to me I propose to devote to the magazine which I have come here to establish. It will be the largest periodical ever devoted to this field of literature, and will present the hundred and one questions of hygiene with the simplicity of a child's talk. To this end all so-called learning will be subordinated. The magazine will be more or less illustrated, and will strive to reach a high place in the confidence and hearts of the people. In a few weeks our first number will appear, and we shall fondly hope for it a hearty welcome."

The facts above narrated are indeed most important. It is gratifying to know that the life long experiences of a gentleman who stands without a peer in successfully demonstrating the principles of hygiene; whose heart has always been in sympathy with the afflicted, and whose brain has ever been active in planning for their relief, are to be given to the public through the pages of a magazine. And it is specially significant and proof positive of rare merit that a proprietary medicine, even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have, should be indorsed and recommended by a man so able, so reputable and of such national renown as Dr. Dio Lewis.

THE Czar is not musical. At all events he does not care to hear Jews harping about their wrongs.—*Texas Siftings.*

Bed-Ridden and Cured.

W. F. HUESTIS, of Emporia, Kansas, says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

NEVER intrust a secret to a philanthropist; he is always giving things away.—*Somerville Journal.*

Hay Fever.

For twenty-five years I have been severely afflicted with Hay Fever. While suffering intensely I was induced, through Mr. Tichenor's testimonial, to try Ely's Cream Balm. The immediate effect was marvelous. I have been enabled to perform my pastoral duties without the slightest inconvenience. Have been exposed to heat, draughts and dust, and have escaped a return attack. I pronounce Ely's Cream Balm a cure for Hay Fever. WILLIAM T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. See adv't.

WHEN a school-girl becomes toned down, isn't she an ex-pert.—*Chicago Tribune.*

General Debility and Liver Complaint.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from liver complaint, sour stomach and general debility. Yours fraternally,

N. E. HARMON,
Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

WHY are seven days like a spell of sickness? Because they make one week.—*The Drummer.*

CODORUS, PA.—Rev. J. D. Zehring says: "I was paralyzed in my right side. The use of Brown's Iron Bitters enabled me to walk."

THE safest way to eke out existence is by practicing eke-conomy.

PERSONS recovering from wasting diseases, such as malaria, fevers, etc., will be greatly benefited by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters, a true tonic.

LOOK out for the hatch-weigh if a hen makes her nest on the hay-scale.—*N. Y. Sun.*

OWENTON, KY.—Rev. J. N. Beck says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best tonics sold."

A BOSTON stock speculator has discovered that when money is tight, brokers are sober.—*Boston Herald.*

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Remedies all complexional blemishes sore-pulsive to charming features.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

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"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

MRS. WILLIAM DOWNES, of Uxbridge, Mass., writes on March 15, 1883, as follows:

"During the past three years I have been a great sufferer from a complication of diseases which baffled the skill of the most experienced doctors, as I could not obtain permanent relief by their treatment and prescriptions; and I have also tried many so-called cures in the medicine line, but could get no relief. The pains, aches and weakness increased so rapidly and constantly that I was so reduced, in strength as to be unable to leave the bed, and the doctors informed me that there was no hope of a recovery. In this exhausted and discouraged condition a dear friend persuaded me to use Hunt's Remedy, and after taking it only three days I commenced to get better, and to my great joy and delight I have continued to improve constantly by its use, until now, after having taken the remedy only a few weeks, I am able to be about my house again, and am now doing my housework. My lame back is cured, the severe pains have disappeared, and I am now in better health than for many years, and beg this privilege of gladly recommending Hunt's Remedy to all who are affected with any disease of the kidneys or liver; and I also highly recommend it for the attacks of sick headache. My husband also has experienced a very great benefit to his health by the use of this most valuable medicine, Hunt's Remedy."

"OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE."

MR. S. B. LONGFELLOW, Augusta, Me., east side river, writes us under date of April 15, 1883:

"To whom it may concern: This may certify that two years ago I was very badly afflicted with kidney and urinary difficulties, which extended through the system and laid me up for weeks, so that I could do no work. I had the most skillful physician in town, who gave me no assistance. Hearing of Hunt's Remedy, I got a bottle, and half of it cured me entirely, so that I have been well ever since. The other half I gave to a neighbor who was afflicted much as I was, and it restored him to health. I can truly say Hunt's Remedy has been of great and inexpressible worth to us."

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Whose complexion betrays some humiliating imperfection, whose mirror tells you that you are Tanned, Sallow and disfigured in countenance, or have Eruptions, Redness, Roughness or unwholesome tints of complexion, we say use Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

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A N. K.—E. 932

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1883. NUMBER 37.

WHAT WAS WANTED.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me.
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said it was "so curly;"
While going down the stair
She cried: "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I
With all I e'er desired!
I Fortune could defy
While thus I was admired.
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet:
"Dear love! but one thing more:
I want—a summer bonnet!"

A DUEL WITH PILLS.

I.

Yesterday, intently gazing into a show-window on Canal street, a feeble, white-haired old gentleman recalled memories of a tragedy which, in the burly-burly of life, seems to have passed into oblivion.

In 1841, outside of the city proper, there was, perhaps, no more delightful place of resort than at the Bayou Bridge. It was par excellence the great suburban attraction at that time, and between boating parties on the waters of the bayou and card reunions over the tables of old Barleduc's gambling saloon out there, the *jeunesse dorce* of New Orleans of that day managed, quite comfortably to while away many a leisure moment. Possibly no two young gentlemen enjoyed the quiet hospitality of Barleduc more than Alphouse Riviere and Henri Delagrave; in fact, most of their afternoons were spent in the dimly lighted saloon of the old gamester, at whose shrine all the card-loving element of the city paid homage.

There was a quiet air about the place that seemed almost religious, and even the parchment faced old man, who mechanically handled the little ivory ball in roulette, called out the numbers in a repressed voice, as if he feared to disturb the quiet. The faint "click" of the "chips" as eager players dallied with them, was perhaps the loudest sound to be heard there, and even that came to the ear in a subdued way. On the floor a bright covering of matting hushed the footsteps, while at the windows dark yellow curtains let in only just enough light for the illumination of the gaming tables.

Riviere was a dashing fellow of twenty-two, with a large estate in the Parish of St. James and a round account in the old Union Bank. He had passed successfully through the Ecole Polytechnique in France, had taken a bout in Algeria, and returned to Louisiana as accomplished and companionable a gentleman as one could wish to chat with. He was fond of his horses, his wine and a quiet game of cards. Refined in his manner and dignified in his deportment, he was a warm favorite wherever he went, and his entry into old Barleduc's establishment was always the signal for a cordial greeting from all who might be present.

On this particular June afternoon Riviere, with the activity of a gymnast, leaped from his buggy in front of the saloon, and throwing the reins to his negro servant, told him to drive the horse into the shade of the pecan trees in the yard. Switching a delicate, ivory-headed cane with a nervous, jerky motion, he crossed the broad gallery and, unannounced, entered the gambling-room. Most of the players were wrapped in attention to their game, but one there was who turned his head at the entrance of the last comer. This was Delagrave. He felt that a crisis was at hand, but even with this knowledge he did not strive to elude its coming. That morning he had been accepted as the betrothed lover of Mme. Celestin, one of the most beautiful and wealthy widows of the lower coast, and Riviere, who had been for the past year her most devoted admirer, was left to nurse his disappointment as an unsuccessful suitor. Riviere had had no hesitancy in letting the world know that he wanted to marry the coquettish little widow, and, further, he, in a very plain way, gave people the information that he did not want interlopers paying their devoirs at the same shrine. These matters are hard to arrange exactly as one would wish. One finds much difficulty in closing all avenues of approach, for love is not unlike the light which the photographer in his dark room finds so much difficulty in keeping out. It steals in under doors, through nail-holes and even down the chimney. At least sort had been the case at Mme. Celestine, for jealous and watchful of rivals as Riviere was, Delagrave had made the conquest under the very eyes of the enemy, and the widow had that day so informed the unsuccessful suitor.

Riviere was very pale as he approached the group of men around the table. What with the yellow light shining through the curtains and his bloodless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than a living body, but there was motion and voice in him, which soon dispelled such an illusion.

As he neared Delagrave, the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said: "Delagrave, we can not live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone replied: "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and reaching forward he laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which [illegible] so light it did not even crimson [illegible] young man's cheek, was enough [illegible] call for blood, and leaving the [illegible] he sought an intimate friend; to him he opened his heart. It must be a battle *a l'outrance*. Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out. The old Doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said: "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

II.

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell-road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge leading to the island formed there by bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well-known character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere, and old Dr. Rocquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but, seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. After walking about a hundred yards from the carriages, the party stopped and the doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both M. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the differences between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that both can not live in it at the same time." The two men nodded. "Therefore," the Doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as it is possible, and let Fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it produced a pill-box containg four pellets. "One of these, said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let Destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen," said the Doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle called out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separated, showed the coin with the revered head of the Goddess of Liberty uppermost. "M. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the Doctor.

Reposing in the little box the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone through the physiological alembic of the human stomach can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the failing of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep for evermore, the ceremony, the burial case, the solemn cortege and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the Doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the Doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen," said the Doctor, in solemn tones, it is time to make the final drawing."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savelle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the Doctor cried out: "Heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the Doctor, "the remaining one is for you. "You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed, and there was no movement. Two seconds, and neither stirred. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half round to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they heard on the shell road, near the island. He fell prone on the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the dampgrass, and said, in a tender voice: "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill-box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions. —*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—A number of men were carousing in Candelaria, Nev., lately, when a doctor named Martin interrupted the half-drunken revelry by telling his audience how he might become somebody if he could conquer his mania for drink, but how he had tried in vain. "Ah," he said, "I'll leave the world; but boys, let me do so to the sound of music." His friends summoned some Italian musicians, and while they played the doctor took morphine. His friends, who did not believe Martin was in earnest, gradually left the saloon, and the saloon-keeper seeing him so sound asleep, locked up the house and retired. In the morning the doctor was found dead.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The year 1713 was a great era in American naval annals, says the *Century*. In that year Captain Andrew Robinson built the first schooner ever seen. This was at Gloucester. As she glided into the water a bystander cried: "Look how she scoons!" Catching at the word, Captain Robinson replied: "A schooner let her be!" The new rig came at once into wide acceptance.

—Keely has a last disclosed the secret of his motor. He says: "Molecular disintegration is the primary generator of vibratory phenomena. Propulsory forces emanating from analytical action upon compound fluid and vapor foundation evolve ethereal matter distinctive from oxydized, hydrogenated and nitrogenated components." Catch on?—*Chicago Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Tight pants and tight dresses have both gone out of style, but it seems as if tight men never will.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A crabbed old bachelor says: "When rain falls, if she gets the bigger half of the umbrella they are lovers; if he takes the bigger half they are married."

—The latest freak of fashion in New York is to have the feet photographed. It was tried in Chicago but given up because it was impossible to get a whole foot into focus.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A French lady at Nice went to her room, put on a white satin dress and blew out her brains. It ruined her dressmaker, as ladies considered she was driven to the deed by the badness of the fit.—*Boston Post.*

—Two white tramps have been sent to the chain-gang for throwing kisses at the young ladies of a Georgia seminary. The privileges of the American citizen seem to be getting very limited indeed. —*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The average age of different men is put down thus: Merchants, 55; physicians and lawyers, 58; farmers, 61; clergymen, 64; and great geniuses, 75. It will be observed from the above that the journalistic profession tends to longevity.

—Edith—The fact that you do not know what "rock salt" is shows that you have never kept house. Rock salt comes in little bags labeled "best family table salt." It has to be pounded with a flat-iron before you can get any out.—*Philadelphia News.*

—There is one good thing about this two-cent postage. The swarm of spring poets won't be compelled to face the dreadful fact that the stamp on the envelope is worth three times as much as the poem inside. It will only be worth twice as much.—*Chicago Times.*

—Little George, age four, saw and heard a violin for the first time. He thought it very funny, and this is the way he described it: "Why, mamma, I couldn't help laughing. The man had the funniest little piano you ever saw, and he held it up to his neck and pulled the music out with a stick."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution*, after giving an account of the attempted suicide of a woman who choked herself with one of her stockings, adds: "I am informed that the stocking was a red and blue striped." Accuracy in detail is an important article in the stock in trade of a newspaper man.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A bashful young man went three times to ask a beautiful young lady if he might be the partner of her joys and sorrows and other household furniture, but each time his heart failed him and he took the question away unpopped. She saw the anguish of his soul and had compassion on him. So the next time he came she asked him if he thought to bring a screw-driver with him. He blushed and wanted to know what for. And she, in the fullness of her heart, said she didn't know but he'd want to screw up his courage before he left. He took the hint and the girl.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The latest discovery is coal-tar sugar. Its advantage is said to lie in its superior sweetness.

—An electric light about the size of a small bean has been constructed and used successfully in illuminating interior portions of the human body.—*Cleveland Herald.*

—A citizen of Laurens County, South Carolina, has sixty specimens of wood grown on his plantation at that place. The blocks are round and show the girth of the trees with the bark on them.

—What one single industry is capable of doing by way of consuming what may be called raw-material may be learned from the following: It is only, comparatively speaking, a few years ago that photographers began to use what they call albumen paper. Now in the United States alone three factories consume about 2,000,000 eggs a year in making that kind of paper.—*Exchange.*

—There has been an unusual awakening in scientific circles in Cincinnati during the past few months; a Polytechnic School has been organized; a State Forest Association formed, with its headquarters in Cincinnati; and courses of popular lectures on chemistry, zoology, botany and history have been given at the afternoon school in popular science and history.—*Scientific American.*

—Bromide of ethyl is the new substitute for chloroform. It is a powerful agent, and a teaspoonful, when inhaled, will put any one to sleep in thirty seconds, and keep him utterly oblivious to what is being done. The unconsciousness lasts only from three to four minutes, when the patient awakes as from a natural sleep without headache or other disturbances of any kind.—*Chicago Times.*

—The average distance at which thunder can be distinguished is declared to be seven miles, while the lightning of an ordinary thunderstorm, at midnight, may be seen forty miles. Perhaps lightning sometimes occurs at too great an elevation for the thunder to reach the earth's surface, particularly in the tropics, where the thunderstorms are at great heights. In rare instances, in Europe, lightning is observed in the zenith, followed at an interval of twenty seconds by faint rolling thunder immediately overhead. A slight increase of altitude would doubtless render the thunder inaudible.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The bee has long been a type of the industrious worker, but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. Some patient apiarian enthusiast, who has watched their movements, concludes that the proboscis of the bee must, therefore, be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubes sucked by bees.

West Point Hardships.

"The boys who pass the examinations are only furnished with cap and jacket at first, and have to go about in their civilian trousers. On the first day I was about dead. Going through the severe physical examination is hard enough work itself. I reported in the old hospital building, and was ordered into a back room to prepare for examination. There were fourteen or fifteen other young fellows there, all with the same amount of clothing on that I had, which is just about as much as you wear in a Turkish bath, barring the towel. There we sat, like so many beautiful young cupids. We talked a little, and sympathized with each other. Each of us was given a number, and when our number was called out we went out into the surgeon's hands. He fired me around pretty lively, made me run around the room three or four times to see whether my heart was all right, and then made be blow in a respirator to test my lungs. I was so confused I couldn't make the thing stir. He said I was nervous, and should try it again, and in a few minutes I made the old thing hum. After examining every muscle in my body, I guess, and looking for more, he said I was a very good specimen, and passed me. I felt as if I might have been sewed to a card like a horn button and sold at six for a quarter.

"Then I was marched to the quartermaster's, or some place, and furnished with a mattress, a wash-stand, two pails, and a whole lot of bachelor housekeeping truck. A cadet officer took me in charge and took me to barracks. He put on more airs than a hand-organ, and I couldn't do anything to suit him. He made me open what little baggage I had and show him everything I brought along. He was particularly anxious about tobacco and cigars, I guess because he wanted some, for they used to let the cadets smoke in those days. He was hardly gone before another cadet officer slammed open the door, bounced in and made me go all through my baggage again. The room was a fair size, with two little alcoves and an iron bedstead in each, for each room is occupied by two cadets, each with a bed to himself. I had to put my bed in shape and fix up the room. Then they brought me some red stuff, and I had to make a curtain for the window. All this time cadet officers were coming in, ordering me to do this and that till I was about wild and nearly dead. I had to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to them all, and it was impossible to do anything to please them.

"The second day I was here," the ex-cadet continued, "one of the first-class fellows walked into my room without knocking and began to talk to me. I had a little onyx pin in my scarf, for I had not yet put on the cadet clothes, and I saw that he had a wicked eye on it. After a while he said: 'That pin of yours makes me feel very bad, Mr. Smith. I had one exactly like it when I came here. It was given me by my grandmother, and had been in the family over a hundred years. I was so unfortunate as to lose it, and when I get home the first thing they will ask me about will be that pin. I suppose you wouldn't care to part with yours, Mr. Smith?'

"I was not quite so fresh as some of the boys coming from New York, and of course I saw the dodge. So I told him I could not part with the onyx pin, but that I had a small cameo pin in my trunk, that I would be happy to give him, when it was unpacked. He said he supposed that would do nearly as well, and he would call in the next morning to get it.

"'What is your name?' I asked him; and his face immediately stretched out about a yard long. Of course, he had no notion of telling me his name, and he was so taken back by my effrontery in asking it that I had to laugh, and this made him as mad as a hornet.

"'Don't you know, you beastly, ill-mannered young plebe,' said he, 'that the greatest affront you can give a cadet after asking his name is to laugh in his face!' I told him I didn't know it, and that I was very sorry to have offended him. So he went off, and I never saw anything more of him. I still have the pin. A few days afterward I was in need of a postage stamp, and a cadet I had got acquainted with said he would find me one if I would go with him to his room. I went, and when he handed me the stamp I offered him three cents. He looked at me as if I had asked him to black my boots. 'Young man,' said he, 'as long as you're in this academy never offer money to a cadet. A cadet never takes pay for anything!' One evening during visiting hours four or five fellows had come into my room, and we had been smoking pipes till the smoke was so thick you could cut it. We were all fresh enough about the rules, and were singing a song. Suddenly the door flew open and a cadet officer looked in. He was fairly paralyzed at first to see what was going on, but as soon as he recovered his breath he gave us a good rating and told us if we wanted to be reported we should just open our heads again that night. Nobody dared say a word for you don't know the dignity of a cadet officer, I tell you. They are very strict about having the rooms kept in order and having everybody in. At 'taps,' which is at ten o'clock, all lights have to be out and everybody in bed. Sometimes there are three cadets in a room, and one of them is appointed orderly and held responsible for the others being in bed and everything in order. The minute the taps cease a cadet officer comes flying around, bangs open the door and asks:

"'All in?'

"'All in, sir,' replies the orderly and the door slams and the officer skips on to the next room. If anybody is out, or not in bed, the orderly has to report it. There are no locks on the doors, and a cadet officer is likely to bounce in at any minute, day or night, to see that everything is all right. When he comes in the night without a lantern he challenges the orderly, and the orderly has to answer him. But if he comes with a lantern he goes right up to the beds and flashes the light in your face to see that you are there. Sometimes at taps the boys have not taken time to undress and pile into bed with their clothes on. If the cadet officer suspects anything he comes in to see that everybody is undressed, and if he finds a man in bed in his clothes there is music. Every morning a cadet officer and a regular officer go around inspecting the rooms. The cadet throws open the door and the officer marches in as stiff and dignified as a statue. If he finds as much as a scrap of paper on the floor he points to it, the cadet makes a minute of it in a book, and you get so many demerits for it. The officer swings around on his heel, the cadet slams the door, and they go on to the next room. Oh, it's a lovely time of it the boys have. And I'm so sorry I studied too hard and got bounced out."—*Ex-Cadet, in N. Y. Times.*

How Pacific Coast Codfish were First Discovered.

To Captain Jim Townsend, of the Reno *Gazette*, belongs the credit of the first discovery of codfish on the Pacific Coast. In 1858 he and Captain Tom Smith, an adventurous old salt, were knocking about up and about Alaska, hunting seals, trading in furs, and prospecting the northern waters for whatever might turn up.

In calms they did a good deal of fishing, and while loafing about near Chounmagin Island, to the surprise of all aboard the schooner they began to pull up codfish from the "briny deep." They soon satisfied themselves that codfish were very abundant in the waters about the island. It was agreed to keep the matter quiet until they could return to the grounds prepared to take and preserve a full cargo of the fish, but it does not appear that any of the original discoverers ever returned to the spot.

In 1862 Captain Townsend was foreman of the *Territorial Enterprise* (the office then being on North C Street). Townsend frequently said that he knew of a better thing than any silver mine; he knew of a place up on the north coast where could be caught any quantity of codfish. He had the place down to a dot, as he said, both latitude and longitude.

The Captain tried to enlist J. T. Goodman, then one of the owners of the *Enterprise*, in the matter; he also was after D. E. McCarthy, another *Enterprise* owner, hot and heavy, to go into the codfishing speculation. The discovery of codfish in Pacific waters was looked upon as one of Captain Jim's yarns, though he swore that this was "no funny business"—that he was in dead earnest.

Captain Jim's codfish discovery was for a time a standing joke in the office, even the "devil" having his grin about it. Presently Captain Jim slipped off down to San Francisco, determined to go for the codfish. At the bay he arranged with Dewar & Gherick, a prominent shipping firm, to fit out the schooner Metis for the trip.

They had worked several days at overhauling the rigging and mending the sails of the Metis had their stores on the wharf and were about ready to put out to sea when Sam Brannan, one unlucky morning, came poking about among the shipping. He soon found out what was up, and told the owners of the Metis that there was nothing in it. He said that he came from a codfish State, and was confident that there was not a codfish on the Pacific Coast. In short, he so frightened the owners of the schooner that they withdrew from the whole business, saying it would prove a mere wild-goose chase.

Much disappointed, Captain Jim came back to the Comstock. He was still occasionally "joked" about his "codfish mine," as some of the boys called it, but one day in 1863 Jim had his triumph. In glancing over the San Francisco *Bulletin* he found an item to the effect that a vessel called the Timandra had just reached port from the north coast with a cargo of 80,000 codfish. The vessel had found Captain Jim's fishing ground. The codfish brought down by the Timandra sold for twelve and one-half cents pickled, which was about equal to thirty-seven and one-half cents for the dried article.

After this, when Captain Jim told about the white elephant he used to ride in India when fighting on the side of the natives, not a man dare dispute a word he said.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

"Pink Balls" in Paris.

White muslin balls have been found insipid. They can only interest mammas and professional match-makers. A young and well brought up French demoiselle is not a person with whom to while away an hour agreeably in a ball-room. She is only out to be married, and in a business-like way, just as a lamb is taken to fair or market to be sold. As she can have no voice in the matrimonial negotiations of which she may be the object, it would be worse than useless for a cavalier to attempt to impress her favorably. When not dancing she sits still and tries to look vacant. "A rose," in the ball-room slang of the day, means a very young matron. It not being allowable to peer into birth certificates, "roses" are classed according to the number of years they have been married. In the first year of wedded life there is the blush rose (la France). When eight or nine years of matrimonial bliss have been run, and beauty is boldly imposing, there is the "Paul Neron" and the "Reine d'Angleterre." Next is the "Gloire de Dijon," a tea rose, very lovely in its way, but yellowish, and therefore not admissable to a pink rose-party. Pink, it is found, is not becoming after thirty. Ladies, therefore, of a "certain age," are excluded from rose balls. Fetes of this kind are too often given by charming beings who look best in a roseate hue. Invitations are generally limited, and those favored with them are selected because they will look frightful in the pink livery that is de rigeur. A sallow face will be at a dreadful disadvantage, so will be a pensive countenance, or one that grief has touched without spoiling. There are insignificant blondes who are utterly effaced in the fresh brightness of a pink party.—*London Truth.*

It should always be carefully borne in mind that in bare wires, out of doors, erected for the purpose of conveying electricity, there is always more or less danger to person or property.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Our Young Folks.

STEALING DIMPLES.

I was going to kiss the dimples from out the little cheeks,
Where they ripple and they dance every time she laughs or speaks.
She said I shouldn't do it; but I held her fast and tight,
And kissed and kissed the rosy little face with all my might.

And then a pair of eyes twinkled very gravely out,
And a pair of little lips gathered up a doleful pout,
With little drooping corners—[illegible], you will say,
To see such bonny, bonny dimples stolen all away.

I thought I should have kept them for just a little while;
But little teeth were soon peeping through a little smile,
And then a laugh like sunshine was over all her face,
And every dimple I had stolen was back again in place.

—*Sidney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

A CUNNING LITTLE MOTHER.

Two little birds sat in a tree-top talking very earnestly about the nest they were going to build, for they had been married several days, and, having taken a bridal trip through the neighboring woods, and having spent a whole day down by the beautiful little brook that danced so gayly along under the trees, they began to think it was time for them to begin housekeeping and settle down to sober family cares as well as pleasures. They were very pretty little birds—blondes we might call them—for their bills and eyelids were blue, and their heads of a beautiful golden yellow, so that they looked as if they had blue eyes and golden hair. Their breasts, too, being of the same bright color, they looked like living sunbeams as they flew back and forth. Well, there is one good thing about the birdies—when they make up their minds that a thing ought to be done, they go to work and do it without any putting off till to-morrow. So now our little blondes flew from one tree or bush to another till they found a spot just to their minds, low down in a thick bush, where there were plenty of briers to prick the fingers of bird-nesting boys. Having decided that this was just the spot for them, they at once flew off for materials, and a busier, happier couple than they it would be hard to find, as they flew back and forth bringing bits of flax and tow and horse-hair. The little wife did most of the architectural work, but that was not because her husband was lazy or "shirking." No, indeed! she would have pecked your eyes out had you suggested such an idea; but she was more skillful in such work than he, and he did his share by bringing materials for her to use.

When the outside or frame-work of the nest was finished, both birdies flew off to a field or pasture where there were always cows to be found; it was not the cows that they wanted, however. They flew straight to the trees against which their sharp eyes had often seen the cows rub themselves, and there on the rough bark they found plenty of loose hairs that the cows had rubbed off. These hairs were just what they wanted now, so they carried off as many as they could take in their bills, and the little wife wove them in with downy hairs from fern stems, and thus made a soft, warm lining for a new home. You must not suppose, however, that our birdies worked right along without a pause or a rest. No, indeed! they were too wise for that; they would stop every now and then to chase each other through the wood, or to pick up the flies and bugs that were crawling around them, or perhaps they would fly down to the little brook and drink or bathe in its clear, cold water. Such happy little birds they were! Well, at last the nest was finished, and I believe they were almost sorry, for they had had such grand fun building it; soon there were four tiny eggs nestled together on the soft lining, and then the little bird-wife chased no more bugs or caterpillars, but sat on the nest all day, and her husband caught bugs or caterpillars for her, and brought them to her squirming like eels, and while she ate them he would stand beside her and sing aloud the joy and love of his happy little heart.

But one day, as the little wife sat thinking of the wee birdies in the eggs under her wings, a party of boys came through the fields, beating bushes and climbing trees in search of bird's nests and eggs. Oh, how the little creature's heart throbbed with fear and anxiety! not for herself—oh, no! she did not once think of herself, but only how she could save her home and her babies; for her mate was away just then. Suddenly a bright idea popped into her bright little head. Slipping softly from the nest, she crept silently and rapidly through the bushes till she was several yards from the nest, and then, flying up into a tall tree, she began to chirp and twitter, so as to attract the attention of the boys. They soon saw her, and with whoops and yells started for the tree, while she drooped her tail, stretched out her neck and trailed her wings along the branches, as if she were very lame and feeble. That was enough for the boys, who one and all began to climb the tree after her. No sooner were they all in the tree than the cunning little hypocrite dropped to the ground, and repeated her manœuvres, taking care, however, always to go away from the bush where the nest was. Down came the boys like overgrown squirrels from the tree, where she sat, pretending all the time to be just ready to tumble from weakness. So she kept on leading them farther and farther away, till she thought there was no danger of their finding her treasures, when she spread her wings and flew home by a roundabout way, leaving the boys half amused at her cunning, and more than half vexed at having been so cleverly "sold." This wise and cunning little mother is one of our American birds, and her name is Sylvia citrinella, or the blue-eyed yellow warbler.—*The Advance.*

A Pleasant Incident.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools not long since. It seems that the boys attending the school, most of whom are at the age of from seven to eight, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the window panes in a neighboring house. No clue could be obtained to the boy who had broken it, as he would not confess his act, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher. The next day a gentleman called to see the school, an acquaintance of the teacher, who knew how to talk to children. After telling him of the breaking of the glass and her inability to ascertain who of the boys had broken it, she asked him to make some remarks to the school and to speak of the wrong the boys were doing in not acknowledging the act.

The address to the school, therefore, was upon the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports. He told them in simple words that honesty, truthfulness and kindness should govern their conduct everywhere, even when they were alone and no one but themselves and God knew what they were doing. The scholars seemed interested and somewhat impressed by the remarks of the speaker.

A short time after he had left the school, a little boy arose in his seat and said:

"Miss Lane, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Dash's window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like stillness in the room as the little fellow was speaking, and it continued for a full minute after he sat down.

"I don't think it would be right for Charley Drake to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us who played ball then should pay something, because we were all playing the same as he was. I'll pay my part."

"And I."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the whole school at this display of honesty and of right feeling by the boys. The money was brought the next day, and the lesson will not be forgotten either by teacher or pupils.—*Exchange.*

Beginning Charity at Home.

To some young girls who wrote for counsel to the Wise Blackbird of *Wide Awake*, respecting the preparation of fancy work to be sent to distant city hospitals, that personage addresses the following excellent advice:

"But why, let me ask, undertake work that must go so far from home to reach its object? Have you no sick families in your own village to whom your attentions and help would be a grateful surprise? How is the poor-house furnished in your township? Would not the decorations and flowers in season be a thousand times more welcome to those who are overlooked by all, and who have forgotten to hope for any notice or pleasure? Hundreds of generous homes near by may send their offerings to the city hospitals while the same charities exist in every county to be aided and encouraged, but how few think of the crushed and hopeless within an hour's drive of their homes? Have you a village or even a county hospital, or if there is one, is it a good one? If not, why not turn your talents to starting one, where accidents may be treated with the best appliances, and the sick with chronic diseases find such quiet and care as would be difficult to secure at home. I would suggest making the mottoes and other pretty things for home decoration, and having a pleasant little sale to raise money for couches, invalids' chairs, water beds, spinal corsets, and appliances for distorted limbs, to be lent in the neighborhood to persons needing them who could ill afford to buy such things. This would be a noble work, and worth your efforts—nay, it is one so close to you that it comes within the line of sacred, inspiring duty, and any aid or suggestion I can give in such undertakings you may call for."—*Wide Awake.*

Find Out for Yourselves.

Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out. Every boy should think some thought that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, which is the most elastic, what will last longest in the water, what out of water, what is the best time to cut down trees for fire-wood? How many kinds of oak grow in your region, and what is each specially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or a feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a brick wall? Is there any difference between a deer's track and a hog's track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns, and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the largest, the throat or the funnel? should it be wider at the top, or drawn in? The boys see white horses. Did they ever see a white colt? Do they know how old the twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what that bird is? Do they know that a hop-vine always winds with the sun, but a bean-vine always winds the other way? Do they know that when a horse crops grass he eats back toward him; but a cow eats outward from her, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw, and has to gum it?—*Chatterbox.*

—According to the *Milling World*, sackcloth or canvas can be made as impervious to moisture as leather, by steeping it in a decoction of one pound of oak bark with fourteen pounds of boiling water. This quantity is sufficient for eight yards of stuff. The cloth has to soak twenty-four hours, when it is taken out, passed through running water, and hung up to dry. The flax and hemp fibers, in absorbing the tannin, are at the same time better fitted to resist wear.

—There are native Mexicans who still worship Montezuma as a god, who pray every night for his return to rule over them and look every morning for the coming of his golden chariot in the east.—*Detroit Post.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL.
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JULY 11 .1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	½ "	40
¼ "	½ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary entry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THOMAS CORBETT declines the race for the Senate in the Ballard district.

THE Cincinnati News-Journal has on hand libel suits amounting to $45,000.

JUDGE F. A. BOYD, of Newport, is a candidate for representative in Campbell county.

SUPERVISORS of tax in Owen county increased the valuation of taxable property $81,039.

ELIJAH HOGAN, at one time a citizen of this county is a candidate for the legislature in Gallatin county.

IN Owen county, local option is threatening to become epidemic, and four districts will vote on it at the August election.

OHIO has had a bloody war over the removal of a county seat; but as the battle was not in Kentucky it's of no importance.

IT is estimated that the production of whisky in Kentucky this year will be one-fourth less than that of last year. There has been no estimate on the number of drunks less.

IN Iowa, last year, 949 pairs of twins were born.—Ex.

If they are of democratic parentage, the state will soon change its political complexion.

THE county democratic executive committee through its chairman, addresses the democratic voters, this week, urging them to come out at the August election and poll a full vote. Let the democrats heed the request.

THE Lexington Transcript gave its readers a treat on the fourth of July by sending them the largest daily paper ever printed in that city, and it was brim full of interesting reading matter. The Transcript is growing very popular.

IF those who think Proctor Knott knows nothing about state affairs, will read his speeches, they will learn that he has some idea of how things have been conducted at home for many years. He has the whole subject thoroughly in hand.

WE have always been of the opinion that Boone county plays second fiddle to no county in the state when it comes to the production of its soil, and when we can, almost in the shadow of our sanctum, find timothy six feet tall, we are thoroughly convinced that our position is correct

OF late we have been reading so much about editors fighting duels, that when a man steps in to pay his subscription, we become so excited and nervous that, in filling out the receipt, we are as apt to write it for two years as one. Now, don't all rush in to pay us while in this fix.

THE Commonwealth says that Hon John G. Carlisle has not announced himself a candidate for United States Senator, but is in the hands of his friends. It appeared to us that Mr. Carlisle was putting too much on his plate to be consistent with his past record, and we are glad to hear that he has not made the alleged announcement.

IT is reported from Austin, Texas, that the grand jury has indicted from forty to fifty members of the legislature for gambling.—Ex.

Grand juries at the capitol cities of several other states have the same field for cultivation, but the prefix "honorable" seems to be a license in most states for those whom the Texas grand jury is investigating, while the less fortunate local gamblers are spotted every time.

ABOUT the only reason that there is such indifference in regard to the revision of the constitution is, that the people know that the work will fall into the hands of a lot of politicians whom they are not willing to trust with a matter of as grave importance as that of framing the fundamental law of the land. Let an election for delegates be called, and all manner of material will be popping up as candidates for the positions

A WASHINGTON dispatch has this to say about the troublesome trade-dollar: "Preston, acting Director of the Mint, says under the act which authorized the coinage of trade dollars, these pieces were coined for depositors of silver bullion at the mints and a charge imposed for coinage at a rate not to exceed the actual cost to the Government, of the manufacturer. By this act any owner of silver bullion could have the same coined into trade-dollars. They, therefore, were not issued or paid out by the Government in payment of obligations, or exchanged for other money. The Government has endeavored to keep the trade-dollar in its lawful and proper channel, and from ignorance of the law relative to this coin, parties have taken them in ordinary business transactions, when they could have been lawfully refused. Preston says there is no remedy, unless congress legislates upon the matter. His idea would be to call the trade-dollars in and redeem them congress fixing the rate at which they be redeemed."

Felix A. Barbee, of Cynthiana, in declining to become a candidate for county clerk of Harrison county, gives vent to his feelings as follows:

"I ran for office once—when I was young and foolish. I got defeated, and I am glad of it. I'd rather be a "yellow hound" and bay a moon made of green cheese than submit myself again to the moral crucifiction, button-holing, lying, sneaking, double dealing, back-biting, conniving, whispering, rot gut swelling, hand-shaking, foul-breathing, make-me-believe friendships and bare-faced treachery that must befall every man that runs for office—falsely said to be the gift of the people—in a great county like Harrison. In the gift of the devil would hit nearer the marks. No, no "Democrats" you may hang the ocean on a grape-vine to dry, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin to [illegible] volcano, skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, throw salt on the tail of a noble American eagle, post "for rent" on the moon, and put leather spectacles on the sun, but never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that I will ever allow my name to be used in connection with any office. Never, gentlemen, never! NEVER!! NEVER!!! Yours for something better. —[Bourbon News.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer has the following interview with Hon. John G. Carlisle, in which he said:

"Unless we make some great blunder in Congress during the next session, I regard the election of a democratic president in 1884 as almost assured."

"To what cause do you attribute the changes in public sentiment which you believe to have been made?"

"They are too numerous to be stated at length. Different causes have operated in different parts of the country. In the West the high tariff views of the republican party and its tendency towards sumptuary legislation alienated thousands of liberal voters at the last election, and the indications now are that they have determined to support the democracy hereafter, or that they will at least give us a fair trial before returning to their old party affiliations."

"Do you believe that Ohio will elect the democratic ticket this fall?"

"The election in Ohio this fall will show that the revolution is not going backward, and will, I think, demonstrate our capacity to carry the country in 1884. I think that the democrats will carry Ohio this fall. I think that there is not much room for doubt about it. The democrats have made strong nominations, and they will make a vigorous canvass. Judge Hoadly is an able and aggressive man and every speech he makes will strengthen his party."

"The country then, in your opinion, is prepared to trust the democracy?"

"We must not deluded ourselves with the idea that we can retain power permanently, simply because the people are dissatisfied with the republican party. They will give us a fair trial, but if we fail to make good our professions of retrenchment and reform, they will repudiate us at the very next opportunity."

"Is the outlook good for a Democratic victory in Iowa?"

"The Democracy have a splendid chance to carry Iowa this fall. Many of the best informed gentlemen in the State believe that they will elect a majority of the legislature and choose a Democratic United States Senator to succeed Mr. Allison."

WE have, of late, been repeatedly asked when and where the Teachers' Institute for this county will be held this year, but having heard the Commissioner say nothing as to the time when or the place where, we were unable to answer. The Commissioner will give due notice of the time and place, and as he is very earnest in the discharge of his official duties, he will do all in his power to make it interesting and beneficial to the teachers.

THE Milton Free Press has been enlarged. As Trimble county would not allow Brother Sarlls to go to the legislature he will give it a larger paper.

To the Democratic Voters of Boone County.

At a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee, of Boone county, held in Burlington, on Monday, July 2d, for the purpose of taking some action with regard to the approaching August election, it was deemed best in view of the short time now intervening, and the busy season of the year, to dispense with all forms of election for a democratic nomination, and let the canvass continue as between the democratic candidates, to the regular August election. While feeling that with the assured democratic majority of Boone there would be no danger, the committee would urge in connection with this announcement, vigilance upon the part of every voter and the necessity of thorough organization, and express the hope that as full vote may be polled as possible. They would also urge, that aside from the local election the necessity at this political period and from the prominence Kentucky enjoys as a democratic State, of swelling the state ticket to its maximum. Boone can contribute her mite, and it behooves every democrat to exercise his franchise, which is not only his duty as a citizen, but which he owes to party organization.

By order of the Committee.
J. G. FURNISH, Chmn.

NOT any of us are so good as we might be, and we of the South, especially, have grown accustomed to being considered especially wicked by our godly neighbors in the highly-cultured North, but there are some things that we are not guilty of. For instance, when we open a tannery down here, only the skins of the lower animals are manipulated. They do things differently in Massachusetts. Gov. Butler said the other day:

"I have got specimens of five different skins of human beings—only one of a negro—and I have presented here a pair of shoes, all ready to be put on to the feet of some person, cut out from the breast of a white woman (applause), and I have got the whole skin of the back of an other woman."

These ghastly specimens are the results of what have been apologetically referred to as the "freaks of students" in dealing with the deceased paupers of the Tewksbury Almshouse.—[Courier-Journal.

The Staff of Life.

Christian county will not have an average wheat crop.

Grayson county farmers are counting on 15 bushels to the acre of wheat.

It is estimated the wheat yield of Daviess county will not average over ten bushels to the acre.

Grant county farmers are busy harvesting their golden grain, which is heavier than they anticipated.

Two farmers in Logan county have 600 acres in wheat, which they think will average 25 bushels per acre.

Owingsville Outlook: The harvest season has opened in this section. Our farmers are paying $2 50 per day for hands. In many portions of the county there is a splendid crop.

Most of the wheat crop of the county has been harvested, and from the best information we can gather there has been about one-half the average crop harvested. The quality, howevrr, is much better than usual.—Crittenden Press.

Our farmers are busy saving their wheat and rye. The wheat yield will be much better than was expected some time ago, though not as thick on the ground as it ought to be, the heads are large and well filled. It is thought that the average will be ten bushels to the acre.—[Owen Democrat.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Silver has been discovered near Montvale Springs, Tenn.

—A Jackson county (Ga.) negro claims to be the father of forty-two children.

—An egg was broken in Rome, Ga. last week that had a perfectly formed egg inside the yolk.

—A turnip is growing in St. Augustine, Fla., that measures two and a half feet in circumference.

—The fruit and vegetable growers in the vicinity of Hazlehurst, Miss., have organized for protection.

—The boys and girls of Coltax, La. played a game of base-ball last Sunday, the girls winning the game.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes is expected in Rugby in the fall, leaving England about the 1st of September.

—The cattle that were shipped from Georgia recently are dying on the Texas prairies. The weather is too hot for them.

—A cave on the Colorado river, over one mile in length, and in some places thirty feet in width, is attracting considerable attention at Lampasas, Tex. This cave is about sixteen miles from the town, and has two small streams running through it, which are about two feet deep.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

From JULY 1st, to AUG., 1st, Custom Made suits will be on the average $5 less. Ready Made suits have been reduced 25 per cent.

The stock is large and must be disposed of to make room for my Fall Goods, let every one take advantage of the great reduction. H. F. BLASE, 540 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES.

Early Breakfast Stoves have been submitted to the severest tests and have successfully stood the trial of years. They have become, and are now, recognized as the standard Stove of America. They are guaranteed not to have a single ounce of scrap iron in them, and to have more labor saving conveniences than any Stove in the Land.

THE MONITOR COAL OIL STOVE

has far exceeded anything of the kind in the past, and this year it comes out with many New and valuable Improvements. No one should buy a Coal Oil Stove until they have examined the Monitor, no one should be without one. For sale only by

W. H. & J. M. McCLUNG,
537 Madison St., Covington, Ky.
All Kind of Stoves Repaired.
All Kinds of Roofing, Guttering.
DONE TO ORDER.

—J. W. Johnson, the colored lawyer who was admitted to the Austin bar at the present term of the District Court, has filed a petition in the County Court, claiming $1,000 damages from the Texas Central railroad for a violation of the Civil Rights Bill. He claims that the defendant company damaged that amount by not permitting him to ride in a first-class car.

—It is said that Mr. Tulane will appeal to the Louisiana Legislature, backed by the strong public sentiment of the State, asking that the property generously given by him to the cause of education in New Orleans be released from the burdens of taxation. He has just added property to his donation, which will increase the revenue of the prospective Tulane University $200 a day, bringing the donation up to $600,000.

—A queer accident happened to a little girl in Atlanta, the other day. She was working with a sewing machine, and was running it at a good speed when the driving-rod, which was made of wood, snapped in two, and one piece penetrated the fleshy part of her leg below the knee, tearing the flesh in a terrible manner. As soon as the broken rod entered the child's flesh the machine stopped and in order to remove the wood the wheel of the machine had to be turned by hand.

Telling it very Short.

"I'll tell it, sir, in few words if I can, but the story would fill a book if justice was done to it."

"Surely, Michael, but put it short this time so's I can squeeze it into a page of letter paper."

"Here you are, sir, then, and there are thousands of people here in Binghamton, N. Y., who will testify to the truth of what I say. My name is Michael Guilfoyle. I am seventy-four years old. For about nine years I was almost shut out from the world by rheumatism. I had peddled small wares in this city for years, and had to stop altogether. At the best of times I could only hobble miserably about with my cane. I was bent nearly double with pain and weakness, and my hands were useless to labor with. I was but the poor wreck of a once strong man. None of the medicines usually given for rheumatism did me the least good, sir. My old friends and customers forgot me, as though I were under ground,

'With the end of my nose and the tip of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.'

My days and nights were doleful and painful. I had no hope except death. That is God's truth, and Mr. Mosher, here, knows it.

"I can't tell you how, but PARKER'S TONIC cured me. That was three years ago. I'm lively as a cricket now, sir and go my business rounds every day, rain or shine. You may tell this to all the world, and refer the doubters to me."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change is made for two reasons: first, because ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, and secondly, because unprincipled inferior preparations under the name of ginger.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

NOTICE TO Contractors and Builders.

Sealed proposals will be received at the store of Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind., until seven o'clock p. m.,

Thursday, July 12th, 1883,

for the building of the Christian Chapel above the foundation, according to the plans and specifications.

Proposals for each part of the work separate will also be received.

Plans and specifications on file at the store of Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

The building committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids, and a sufficient bond must be furnished with the bids for the entire building, as a guarantee that the building will be completed according to the plans and specifications.

JOHN SORTWELL, Sr, J. H. RUSSE,
JOHN H. LOVE, A. G. TEBBS,
J. W. TEBBS, W. M. TERRILL
Building Committee.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., June 20, 1883.

Hay Conveyors.

We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns
BAKER & CRUTCHER,
35-4t Florence X-Roads.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at Burlington, Boone county, Ky., until the 21st day of July, 1883, for hauling and breaking the following amount of lime-stone rock on the Burlington and Bellevue Pike, bids to be for sections and distributed according to directions of the Board of Directors on each section as follows:—On section 1st, 10 rods; on section 2d, 8 rods; on section 3d, 8 rods; on section 4th, 10 rods; on section 5th, 5 rods; on section 6th 5 rods. A perch of stone broken to be 25 feet long, 1 foot wide and 1 foot in depth, and 12 perches as stated above to make 1 rod of broken stone. The stone to be broken so that the largest will pass through a 2½ inch ring. Contractors will be required to have the hauling and breaking done by the first of December next. The Directors reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

S. P. BRADY, President,
30-2t WM. WALTON, Secretary.

JNO. S. DORMAN & CO.

—DEALERS IN—

MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Clothing, Carpets, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.

LAWRENCEBURG, - - - INDIANA.

A. M. Elliott AND Co,

—DEALERS IN—

Threshers,
Engines,

SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE
Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders,
South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows.
Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.

Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

NOTICE.

Know all men by this notice: That Elzy Garrison, H. A. Hicks, B. L. Rice, C. C. Talbott, Wallace Garrison, John S Mason and C. A. Huey, under the name and style of the Richwood and Big Bone Turnpike Co., have associated themselves together to contract and operate a turnpike road, beginning at its intersection with the Union and Beaver Lick turnpike, just southeast of Dr. H. C. Lassing's residence, in Boone county, Kentucky, and running thence in a general westwardly direction along an established and surveyed route, in a main line to Elzy Garrison's gate, and consisting of said main line and a branch turnpike, beginning at Robert Willis' corner with Richard Howlett, on the old Big Bone and Union dirt road, running in a general northwardly direction until it intersects the general main line at a point S. E. of C. T. Rice's old homestead. Said main line and branch road shall be called the Richwood & Big Bone Turnpike.

Big Bone or some point on the road shall be the principal place of business.

The amount of capital stock shall be $10,000, to be paid in as the work progresses.

Said corporation shall date from June 9, 1883, and continue fifty years.

Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and five directors, all of whom shall be ellected annually on January 1st of each year.

It shall not subject itself, at any time, to a greater liability or indebtedness than $6,000.

Private property shall be exempt from corporate debts.

ELZIE GARRISON, H. A. HICKS, B. L. RICE,
WALLACE GARRISON, JOHN S. MASON,
COURTNEY C. TALBOTT, T. A. HUEY.
June 12, 4t.

LUMBER.

A. Corbin & Son.

—) BELLEVUE, KY., (—

Will sell the best Hemlock Stock Boards at $13 00.

Best Hemlock fencing at	$13 00
Standard Shingles at	$4 50
Weather boarding, white pine,	$18
Flooring, yellow pine, at	$35

Doors, Window Sash and blinds always on hands.

Prices subject to a chance without notice. Persons who contemplate building will do well to call and see us before purchasing.

A. Corbin & Son.,
Bellevue, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11¼ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

W. J. RICE.
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

LOOK HERE!

when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on

Winegardner

He has a large assortment of

Wall Paper!

And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.

Inks, Pens and Stationary
constantly on hand,
Headquaters in Lotton House.

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:—

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

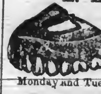
Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,



Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey,
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD."
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles, $5.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

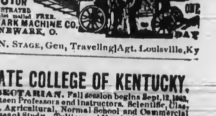
COLOGNE

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines,
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

$1000 REWARD

For any machine hulling and cleaning as fit for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR



VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE.
NEWARK MACHINE CO.,
NEWARK, O.

W. N. STAGE, Gen, Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.

UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $30 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 320 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogues apply to Judge W. B. Kinkead, or to James K. Patterson, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price, selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce **JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK** as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce **Dr. S. S. SCOTT** as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce **N. S. WALTON** as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Oats are ripening. Length good.

Everybody's potato crop looks well.

The wheat harvest is about finished.

Ice-cream freezers have been in demand the past week.

Fire had its old time pleasantness about it last Sunday.

Mrs. Gen Wallace and Miss Nettie Gardner spent Saturday and Sunday in Union.

James E. Duncan has a large field of wheat which is reported will make 25 bushels to the acre.

The tobacco crop is making a good start this season. There is no complaint of slow growth.

There is two kinds of men that can't commit forgery, viz.: A blind man or one who can not write.

An Owen county fox hunter had to kill seven of his hounds, they being bitten by a rabbid dog.

Judging from the appearance of mine host of the Boone House, he has the finest garden in the village.

That Joe-Cy-Joe eating match is very interesting, three times a day. The cook says, "nixy", though.

The Bellevue communication was received too late for last issue, but it is very good reading this week.

A bevy of young ladies called in last press-day to see the weary printers pant and toil to be ready to celebrate.

Some of the farmers claimed last week, that they had tobacco large enough to top at fourteen leaves.

The colored population was on the *qui vive*, Sunday, on account of the wedding of a couple that evening.

Every year increases the popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Recommended for all pulmonary troubles.

'Squire Baker has been having some janglimbie experience riding over to town lately. Ask him for particulars.

Don't forget the pic-nic at Viola Park next Saturday. In the evening the grounds will be beautifully illuminated.

There will be many "foul" corn fields this fall. The wet season has rendered it almost impossible to kill the weeds and grass.

While at Erlanger, the other day, we had a brief chat with attorney DeJarnett who came down on the train going to the city.

Camp meeting commences at the Stevenson camp ground, Corinth, Grant county, July 26th, and continues till August 5th.

Frank Kirkpatrick put this office under lasting obligations by the manner in which he administered to the relief of suffering humanity last press day.

The first watermelons of the season were brought to town last week. C. L. Crisler, of the Boone House brought them from the city. They were a southern production.

That handsome knight of the paint brush across the way from our abode, manipulates the guitar every evening for the amusement of his bachelorship, and we are regaled with the strains of his sweet music.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

A few days since Mrs. W. J. Rice, of Bullittsville, gave her little boy half a teaspoon full of paragoric, which turned out to be Fowler's Solution. The dose being large the child threw it up, and the doctor was not apprehensive of any serious result.

On the fourth inst., Miss Annie Cowen celebrated her birthday by entertaining handsomely some of her friends with ice-cream and other delicacies. Miss Annie never forgets the printers, and we return our thanks for a saucer of delicious ice-cream.

Rev. Mr. Gaines, of New York, will visit his relatives in this county this month, and it is reported through the county that he will occupy the pulpit in the Universalist church at this place next Sunday, which we are requested to say is a mistake.

The many friends hereabout of Timothy Horton, several years since a citizen of this place, will be glad to learn that he is located near Elrod, Ripley county, Indiana, on a fine farm. T. J. Porter made him a visit a few weeks since, and says that he is doing well and looking well.

Last week a floater was found in the river at Hamilton. At the inquest held by 'Squire Garnett, from papers on the corpse, it was ascertained that the deceased was a steamboat mate named Edward C. Kennedy, of Maple Hill, Mason county. Some believe that he had been knocked from a boat by rousta-bouts. The remains were buried at Hamilton.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Prof. Stephenson left Thursday morning after having spent several days in our midst.

Dudley Rouse, wife and son returned Monday evening, from a four days visit to Frankfort.

Benj. Crisler, of Ashby Fork was in town Thursday. Reed sent him home in a shining buggy.

Mrs. Wood Hume and daughter, of Covington, are visiting Mr. W. F. McKim, of this place.

Mr. Thomason and wife, of Petersburg, were the guests of Dr. Grant and wife, Saturday.

Miss Mitchell, daughter of George Mitchell, of Pendleton Co., was visiting relatives in this county a few days since.

Miss Gussie Kirkpatrick has returned home after a very pleasant visit with friends at Scattersville.

Master Willie Arnold and his sisters, Misses Katie and Lillie with their guest, Miss Mabel Bennett, of Louisville, spent the 4th with their sister Mrs. C. W Saxton.

We have in our office a bunch of timothy 6 feet 3 inches tall, which was brought to us by Mr. Benjamin Rice, and was grown on his farm. The stalks resemble young sapplings.

The following is a list of the Kentucky fairs:

Mount Sterling, July 31st, three days.
Sharpsburg, August, 7th, four days.
Richmond, August 14th, four days.
Cynthiana, August, 21st, four days.
Lexington, August 28th, four days.
Paris, September 4th, five days.
Falmouth, September 11th, four days.
Maysville, September 18th, four days.
Louisville, October 2d, four days.

Base-ball.

The game of ball between the Newport and Burlington clubs, at this place, on the fourth, was witnessed by a large crowd. The game was badly played throughout on both sides. At one time it looked as though the home team would gain an easy victory, but the tables turned and they were defeated in a score of 16 to 20. The boys seemed to be clear off.

Last Saturday the Almonts and the Speedwells (the latter playing four of the Burlington club) commenced a game on the grounds here, but only played six innings when the Speedwell team withdrew from the game, claiming that the umpire was ruling unfairly in improperly calling strikes on them when at the bat, and calling balls against their pitcher when in the gool. The Almonts led in the score from the beginning. The ruption caused no excitement, and the two teams and the spectators quietly meandered from the field.

Since we have been in our new office above the young harness maker, we have had various kinds of callers, some pleasant ones and some not quite so pleasant. Not many days ago a gentleman stepped in with a bridle in his hand, and staring around the office as if he was mad. We thought our time had come to be bridled and rode out, but when he asked for the harness shop we kindly told him it was one story below. We hardly got over our scare when a six footer stepped in with a black-snake whip in his hand, which to us looked to be about ten feet long. Our eyes felt as big as cart-wheels, and the hair on our head was standing up straight. We would look at the man then at the whip, (getting smaller all the time). After he looked around for some time (seeing how brave we were) he asked for the saddler, then we were so overcome with joy that we only wished that we had an elevator so that we could have let him down to the first floor. After recovering from our last scare in popped another with a set of harness. We drew a long breath, scratched our head and imagined all kinds of things, finally thinking it would be a curiosity to see an editor in harness, we raised courage enough to ask if there was anything we could do for him? when he replied, "excuse me I have got into the wrong place". We showed him the harness shop and were only too glad that that was the place he was looking for.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Constance.

Mrs Eva Anderson is very sick......Thos Hicks has cholera infantum,... .Sam Loder is on the sick list......We beg to be excused for not announcing the arrival of J. T. Haley and wife, of Washington, in our last.

Waterloo.

Corn is growing nicely, some will be layed by this week.

Potatoes never promised better for a full crop.

Oats look well. Meadows are fine and are ready for the scythe.

Mr. Jasper Sullivan's new residence will soon be completed.

Mr. Deck Clore and wife, Misses Nora Clore and Anna Wright are visiting friends in Carroll county.

Hebron.

Rev. Grough, of Ohio, will preach Mrs. Anderson's funeral next Sunday. He will also preach on the mode of baptism.

Mrs. W. C. C. Rouse is very ill at this writing.

Mrs. Susan McPherson has returned from visit to Falmouth.

Mr. Clayton has a hen that layed 18 eggs in four days.

Henry Aylor's bees have made four barrels of honey this season.

John Crigler is having a fine barn built.

The Hebron Sunday-school books are now ready for the scholars.

Misses Laura Hicks and Lina Snyder are visiting in Ludlow.

Scattersville.

Give us ice and palm-leaf fans.

Wheat harvest about all done.

The blackberry crop promises to be fine.

Lewis Conner was down one day last week, in search of fruit which is very scarce in this locality.

Miss Ora and Irba Conner, of Cincinnati, and Miss Lula Conner, of Burlington, were visiting at O. P. Conners, last week.

Some of our farmers spent their fourth in the harvest field, while other took their horses to Burlington to have them shod.

J. O. Huey talks of picking up a base-ball nine to beat Burlington. How do you like that Watt?

Beaver Lick.

Quite a number of the voters of both the Hamilton and Beaver Lick precincts have requested me to employ this means of calling, on Mr. Nathan Walton and Dr. Scott, our candidates for representative, to announce in the RECORDER a meeting at Big Bone Springs, for the purpose of discussing the local issues of the day. Many of the voters here are not acquainted with the candidates, and are desirous of listening to them in order to select a man to represent us. Gentlemen, set a day and come. We will do our finest to make it pleasant for you.

Our farmers are busy making hay while the sun shines. Tobacco looks well, and there is quite a large acreage of it in this locality. Corn is not thought to be growing as it should.

A nice game of base ball was played by the Brilliants and the Dewdrops, on the former's grounds at Big Bone on the 4th. A large number of spectators witnessed the finly contested game. The Dewdrops added another feather to their cap, winning by one run. That night a grand hop was given at the residence of Henry Stevenson Everything went well till the "wee sma' hours," when the youngsters disbanded for their envied couch to catch a bit of "tired nature's sweet restorer, sleep, balmy sleep."

Bellevue.

Considerable improvement has been made in our neighborhood thus far this season, and if we are to judge anything by what we hear, considerable will yet be done Mr. Jas. Roger's house is nearly completed. Mr. A. Carbin has just finished remodeling and repairing his residence, which adds very much to its appearance. The Christian church is nearly ready for service. It adds very much to the appearance of the east end of town.

In taking a run through the neighborhood, we observed that S. D. Rice has the finest piece of wheat; M. Clore the finest corn; R. A. Brady, the finest clover; Sam Wingate, the finest rye; I. Flick, the finest tobacco; Judge Clore, the finest bees; Bill Corbin, the finest melons, and everybody the finest potatoes.

Several of our farmers have been cutting their wheat, which promises a fair crop. Oats and rye are a good crop. Corn irregular and backward, but growing rapidly. [illegible] ...lure. Some small fruit and a fine crop of berries. Grass is splendid.

Madam rumor has it that several of our young folks are to change their way of living soon, and henceforth to live as one. Such being the case, we admonish ye quill-driver at the seat of justice, to be ready.

Our dealers are engaged, at present, in laying in their stock of lumber and coal They are now yarding about 25,000 bu. of coal and nearly 350,000 ft. of lumber.

We are sorry to say that our old friend J. E. Botts is again quite poorly......Mr. B. F. Garnett is able to take an occasional walk out......Mrs. M. E. Berkshire is quite poorly.

Plattsburg

Meadows are fine.

Squirrels are plentiful.

Ben Hensley has the finest piece of corn in the Woolper valley.

Several days, last week, the mercury stood at 90° in the shade at Senator Tolin's residence.

J. W. Smith, who was kicked by his horse, several weeks ago, is not able to be out yet. It was a narrow escape.

A spirit of improvement has struck our town again. Sid Gaines has whitewashed the store.

You hardly ever see a man pass the road but what he has some part of the running gear for a bee-gum.

If this awfully, awful hot weather continues, we will have one of those Missouri "sly coons."

Ben Stephens and Tom Watts, two of Bullittsville's clever young men, took a pleasant trip over our beautiful roads, last Sunday.

The gravel on the Woolper pike is nearly all washed off, and it will take more money to repair the road now than it will to build the two bridges.

John Allen has built him a nice little residence on the hill over looking the west end of town.

The ground that Barboursville this State stands on, belongs to one our citizens, Mr. William Hensley, sr., who, several years ago, brought suit for the recovery of the property, and was successful in the lower court; but the town authorities have taken it to a higher court, and it still remains unsettled.

Among the visitors spending the heated term in our town, are Mr. Ben Johnson and family, of Kansas City, Mo., Rev. Jno. E. Squires, of Bedford, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Nichols, of Ludlow, Ky.

Miss Sallie Carpenter, of Gallatin county, was visiting Miss Lena Smith week before last.

Having passed through nearly all the counties comprising the blue grass region of Kentucky, in the last few weeks, we find that the corn crop looks better in Boone and clearer of weeds than any county we passed through.

As Bro. Froh has thrown up his commission as preacher for the Ashby Fork congregation, they have sent for Old Bro. Bristow, and will have their annual basket meeting the fourth Sunday in August.

A number of voters in this vicinity would like to know how our candidates for representative stand for U. S. Senator.

The Comets, a base-ball club of this place will play the North Bend, Ohio, club next Sunday evening.

Francesville.

The glorious 4th of July, the great National Sabbath, passed off very quietly here, considering the excitement generally indulged in on such occasions. The small boys commemorated the day with fire crackers and toy pistols, while the older heads displayed their patriotism in congregating in groups of one and two in a place and discussed the topics of the day, while some rehearsed incidents of the revolution, such as the hanging of old John Brown, Washington crossing the Alps, and all such incidents as the speaker was familiar with. The whole was to have been concluded with fire works and a grand illumination of the town at night, but from some unknown cause the gas was not inflamable, and we were left in the dark. Fortunately we have no accidents to report.

Francesville has a lumber yard of its own to boast of now, a very valuable addition indeed. Parties desiring shingles would do well to call at No. 3, Sunflower street nearly opposite Dog-fennel Alley, and examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere.

As yet there seems to be but little excitement over the coming election here. We will take the liberty of suggesting in behalf of the citizens of this place that a majority of us will support either of the Hon. Candidates that will come out and say he will have a special act passed taxing the people of Boone county for the purpose of defraying the expenses of putting down side walks in Francesville, or we will support both of them if they favor this improvement.

Billy Hays is the business man of our town. He has built a slaughter house, has a butcher employed from Aurora, and is killing two beeves a week, which he finds no trouble in peddling out. He is quite extensively engaged in farming, and besides all this he is trading considerably in horses especially blooded brood mares. We think Billy is taxing his brain too much.

John R. Smith's mammoth barn is fast nearing completion. Henderson & Beall are the builders.

Mr. Scothorn is having the foundation rebuilt on the site where his house stood that burned a year ago. He will build his house in a short time.

Wheat and hay harvest are in order now. The wheat is generally harvested, the crop being small, though in quality we are informed better than last year. The oat and hay crop was never better than now. If the farmers have good luck in saving them, feed for stock will be plenty the coming year.

We had the pleasure of entertaining a brother last Sunday that we had not met in sixteen years.

The health of the neighborhood is remarkably good, considering the green apples and mulberries there are in market.

We are authentically informed that quite a remarkable accident occurred to Mr. Miller, living on Mr. Webb's farm, near this place. Last spring Mr M, cleaned up a piece of new land and planted it in potatoes, (the kind known as the mammoth pearl). One day last week he began digging them when to his surprise, on opening a hill, one broke loose from its fastening and rolled down, knocking him down, breaking one of his legs and otherwise injuring him. The potatoe finally lodged against a tree or it might have done greater damage. Mr M. in order to get it into a merchantable shape, had his men to get a cross-cut saw and rip it up, and on taking it to the Taylorport Saturday afternoon market, he realized $13 20 for the one potato. We would recommend these potatoes to those only, who have bottom land to grow them on, as there is too much danger attached in growing them on these prairies on end.

Mr. Allen Wainscott and wife, of Jessamine county, were visiting his father and mother at this place, last week......Edward Miller, of Dry Ridge, Ohio, was visiting friends here last week......Mrs. Batterson and Mrs. Graham have returned from Fla

Petersburg.

The distillery will shut down for repairs this week, and will not start up until September.

S. G. Botts has taken four barrels of honey from his bees this season.

The coopers are all on a loaf, as the shops are closed.

Mr. Chapin is going to build a business house on the corner next to the post-office, the stone for the foundation has been hauled.

O. T. Porter is on the sick list......Labin Lodge, of Indianapolis, was visiting friends here last week......Miss Sallie McWethy is visiting friends in Indiana ..... Miss Lizzie Gray, of Milford, Ohio, was visiting Mrs. Terrill, Saturday and Sunday......Mrs. Davis and daughter, Mrs. Keene, of Lexington, were visiting Morgan Davis, last week......Mrs. Harvey McNeely, of New Orleans, is the guest of Mrs. McNeely of this place...... Capt. N. B. McNeely, of Memphis, is here on a visit for his health......Mrs. Genia Coyl and family, of Pittsburg, Pa. are here on a visit....Alonzo Green spent the 3d and 4th inst., in Cincinnati.

Normansville.

Wm. Rust, a gay Lothario of seventy-three years, accompanied by Mrs. Anna Glore, a charming young widow of twenty odd summers, took a skiff on the 3d inst., at Hamilton, and sailed up the Ohio to Rising Sun, where they were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, after which they returned, looking as happy as a couple of sixteen. May they never have cause to seem otherwise.

No damage reported, as yet, to the various crops. Wheat and rye about all havested; though thin on the ground the grain is good, and the yield will be much better than was expected. Corn and tobacco doing well.

Mr. Fritz Feithau's son, Henry, was thrown from a horse last Thursday, and had an arm broken.

The fourth was passed very quietly in our little town, most of the citizens spending it elsewhere. J. W. Kennedy and Willie Carson, spent the day at Aurora. They did not see much, but they heard a great deal about what others saw, which afforded them great pleasure

A party of eleven chartered a boat to take them to Madison, but through some oversight, no eatables were provided, but it was no fault of the boat as boats do not furnish provisions when chartered.

Ed Krutz spent the day at home.

The latest—Permitting weather.

REPORT OF HE CONDITION

OF THE

Farmers & Traders National Bank AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, June 22 1883.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts		$596,257 38
Overdrafts............ ..		187 20
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents.........		56,025 45
Due from other National banks.......... .	5,440 88	
Due from State banks and bankers............	1,607 76	7,048 64
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid............		3,846 08
Premiums paid............		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items...		92 85
Bills of other Banks..		940 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies......................		47 81
Specie		2 965 00
Legal tender notes...		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)......		2,250 00
Total		$753,279 32
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund..........	1,200 00	
Undivided profits...	26,730 65	27,930 65
National bank notes outstanding........		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	342,731 38	
Due to other National Banks............	23,809 31	
Due to State Banks and bankers	13,807 98	380,348 67
Total		$753,279 32

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of June, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
J. H. MERSMAN, } Directors.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
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Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

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Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
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Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
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Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
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Where you can find everything in the Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '183

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THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

The Colors of Lakes and Rivers.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are, probably, many travelers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable differences in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green, or even yellowish. Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure hued, the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Taun, is blue. New York has both green and blue lakes. The colors of rivers differ yet more widely. The Rhone is blue and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. Anybody who has traversed the wonderful Adirondack region and fished in its waters must have noticed the remarkable differences in the color of its rivers and smaller streams which radiate in every direction from the central group of mountains. The waters of the Sacondaga are yellowish, while those of the Canada creeks and of the Mohawk are clear with perhaps a bluish tint in deep pools. Fish Creek is black or deep brown, and its neighbor, Salmon River, is colorless. Next comes the Black River, whose color is indicated by its name, and between it and the Grasse, which is also black or brown, is the Oswegatchie with clear white waters. The St. Regis, again, is black, but the Raquette is white. The St. Lawrence is blue. These various hues are not caused by mud or any opaque sediment, such as that which makes the Mississippi coffee-colored, but belong to the waters, like the golden color of tea, without greatly impairing their transparency.

The cause of the difference in color of lakes and rivers has engaged the attention of many celebrated investigators of nature, such as Tyndall, Bunsen, Arago, Sainte-Claire Deville and others. Recently Prof. Spring, of the University of Liege, has carefully investigated the question of the color of water, and has reached some interesting conclusions. According to him, absolutely pure water, when seen in masses of sufficient thickness, is blue, and all the varieties of color exhibited in lakes and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and in varying quantities. Water containing carbonate of lime in a state of almost complete solution remains blue, but if the solution is less complete the water will have a tinge of green which will grow stronger as the point of precipitation is approached. Prof. Spring concludes that if lime is added to blue water, in which so much carbonate of lime is already dissolved that the point of saturation is approached, the water will become green. In proof of this he cites the fact that water near the shores of lakes and seas, where it comes in contact with limestone, is generally of a greener hue than elsewhere.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Senecharib Sykes.

"Wall, why don't you eat your vittles?" inquired Mr. Senecharib Sykes, glaring at his eldest son, Oliver, at the breakfast table. "Are you sick, sweenied, or financially busted?"

"Oliver is by no means well," suggested Mrs. Sykes, "and I have no doubt but that a change of scene in another climate would be beneficial to him."

"What's the matter with you?" inquired Senecharib.

"I don't know exactly," answered Oliver. "I reckon it's some kind of general debility. I should like to go to some watering place."

"Go to some watering place!" whistled Senacharib, dropping a potato from his fork and shoveling a spoonful of salt into his coffee. "Weel, why don't yer go out to the horse-trough? I suppose yer want to take in Long Branch, don't yer? Want to blow in a couple of thousand dollars, or two hundred head of steers? I've got my opinion of these dished-up watering places. You'd like to go to Hot Springs, wouldn't yer, and mash some widder woman with her face calcimined, and the six children by her first husband in the background where yer never see 'em. Such creatures are always on the lookout for idiotic invalids with wealth. They are thicker than red ants at a picnic. Want to go to Newport, and be snobbed by the aristoc, don't yer? Want to go up to Waukesha, Wisconsin, and drink stagnant pond water flavored with carbonic acid gas? Want to go to Long Branch and rent General Grant's cottage, built with a small kitchen, nineteen smoking rooms, and a dozen dog kennels, don't yer? Think some of going to Saratoga, and get yourself steered on to a bunko game? Want to go to Rye Beach, and suck rye whiskey cocktails through a rye straw while the little German band plays 'Coming Thro' the Rye?'

"Yes sir, I've got my opinion of all these watering places, and it's a low one. You can't steal a side glance at the porter without paying him a dollar, and if you stub your toe its two and a half. They will sell you a cigar for six bits and charge you ten cents for a match. You can't move around on the gallery without fetching away the back breadths of a lady's dress, and you can't saunter into the bar-room without rubbing against a saucer-eyed dude. The butter is made in an iron kettle with a fire under it instead of a churn, and the spring chicken is as springy as an Injy rubber teething ring. My advice is to stay away from all such watering places, and, if you must recuperate your shattered constitution, why pack yer grip sack, pike for the banks of Newfoundland, and put a coating of hard-boiled corns on the palms of your hands hauling in mackerel and codfishes. That's me, that's your old dad, Senecharib, and he's got the Texas steers to pay the expenses."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Scotchman employed to build in London used steam cranes to hoist the bricks up to the required height, and, as the English workmen refused to have anything to do with a job where steam supplanted men, workmen had to be brought from Edinburgh to finish the hotel.

The Public Printer.

Very few of the great mass of humanity know who makes the beautiful public document with its plain, black binding and its wealth of statistics. Few stop to think that hidden away from the great work-a-day world, with eyelids heavy and red, and with fingernails black with antimony, toiling on at his case hour after hour, the Public Printer during the sessions of Congress is setting up the thrilling chapters of the *Congressional Record*, and between times yanking the Washington press backward and forward with his suspenders hanging down, as he prints this beautiful seaside library of song.

We are too prone to read that which gives us pleasure without thought of the labor necessary to its creation. We glide gaily through the *Congressional Record*, pleased with its more attractive features, viz: its ayes and noes—little recking that Sterling P. Rounds, the Public Printer, stands in the subdued gaslight with his stick half full, trying to decipher the manuscript of some reticent Representative whose speech was yesterday delivered to the janitor as he polished the porcelain cuspidore of Congress.

This is a day and age of the world when men take that which comes to them and do not stop to investigate the pain and toil it costs. They never inquire into the mystery of manufacture or try to learn the details of its construction. Most of our libraries are replete with books which we have received at the hands of a generous Government, and yet we treat those volumes with scorn and contumely. We jeer at the footsore bugologist who has chased the large, green worm from tree to tree, in order that we may be wise. We speak sneeringly of the man who stuffs the woodtick and paints the gaudy wings of the squash bug that we may know how often she orates.

Year after year the entomologist treads the same weary road with his bait box tied to his waist, wooing to his laboratory the army worm and the sheep scab larvæ in order that we, poor particles on the surface of the great earth, may know how these minute creatures rise, flourish and decay.

Then the Public Printer throws in his case, rubs his finger and thumb over a lump of alum, takes a chew of tobacco and puts in type these words of wisdom from the lips of gray-bearded savants, that knowledge may be scattered over the broad Republic. Patiently he goes on with the click of type, anon in an absorbed way, while we, gay, thoughtless mortals wear out the long summer day at a basket picnic, with deft fingers selecting the large red ant from our cold ham.

Thus these books are made which come to us wrapped in manilla and franked by the man we voted for last fall. Beautiful lithographs, illustrating the different stages of hog cholera, deck their pages. Rich oil paintings of gaudy tobacco worms chase each other from preface to errata. Magnificent chromos of the foot and mouth disease appeal to us from page after page and statistics boil out between them, showing what per cent. of invalid or convalescent animals was sent abroad and what per cent. was worked into oleomargarine and pressed corn beef.

And what becomes of all this wealth of information—this mammoth aggregation of costly knowledge?

Cast ruthlessly away by a trifling, shallow, frivolous and freckle-minded race!

It is no more than right that Sterling P. Rounds should know this. How it will gall his proud heart to know that his beautiful books and his chatty and spicy *Congressional Record* are treated by a jeering, heartless throng! Do you suppose that I would perspire over doubtful copy night after night and then tread a job-printing press all the next day printing books at which the bloodless, soulless public sneered and the broad-browed talent of a cruel generation spit upon? Not exactly.

I have a moderate amount of patience and self-control, but I am free to say right here before the world that if I had been in Mr. Rounds' place, and had at great cost erected a scientific work upon "The Rise and Fall of Betts in America," and a flippant nation of scoffers had utilized that volume to press autumn leaves and scraggy ferns in, I would rise in my proud might and mash the forms with a mallet. I would jerk the lever of the Washington press into the middle of the effulgent hence. I would kick over my case, wipe the roller on the frescoed walls, and feed my statistics to the hungry flames.

No publisher has ever been treated more shabbily, no compositor has, in the history of literature, been more rudely disregarded and derided.

Think of this, dear reader, when you look carelessly over the brief but wonderful career of the hop louse, or with apparent ennui dawdle through the treatise on colic among silk-worms and facial neuralgia among fowls.

This will not only please Mr. Rounds, the young and struggling compositor, but it will gratify and encourage all the friends of American progress and the lovers of learning throughout our whole land.—*Bill Nye, in Detroit Free Press.*

Health in Town and Country.

No opinion is more prevalent than that life in the country is more conducive to health and longevity than life in the city. This statement is generally received as an axiom. Painters, poets and novelists have all given their testimony in favor of life in the country as promotive of health and length of days. Their brilliant imaginations have pictured all the girls in the country with rosy faces, while those in the city have pale and sorrowful countenances. Country women at sixty are described as fair and robust, while those that attain that age in towns are represented as invalids. The hale old grandfathers who work and enjoy life at ninety are always found in and about farm-houses. Country children are invariably represented as "perfect pictures of health" and contentment. They are pictured as bees and birds are, constantly moving from flower to flower. City children, on the contrary, like the good little boys and girls whose lives are given in Sunday-school books, generally die very young. In the opinion of fanciful writers they are poisoned by breathing vitiated air, drinking skim-milk diluted with lake or river water and eating bakers' bread and tainted fruit and vegetables. To read the writings and listen to the talk of some people one would suppose that deaths never occur in the country except as the result of old age, mowing-machine accidents, the bites of rattlesnakes, or discharges of lightning. Sickly and debilitated city people who desire to secure "a lease of life are often advised to move on a farm, or at least to spend the summer months in the country, where they can breathe air purified by pine boughs and perfumed by clover blossoms, drink the water that gushes from a spring or is raised from a deep well by means of an 'old oaken bucket'" attached to a long sweep, and eat fresh fruits and vegetables. That many people who have become enfeebled by long confinement and close application to business in a city derive great benefit by passing some time in leisure in the country is altogether likely. That many farmers and many more farmers' wives would derive a still greater benefit by passing a considerable time in some great city is equally probable. Rest and change are what are wanted in either case. That the average country place is more conducive to health than the average city is questionable. The *American Engineer* has this to say on the comparative healthfulness of the country and city:

As the summer season approaches the prevailing idea that cities, according to size, are unhealthy, or the larger the city and the more densely populated it the more unhealthy it will prove, is again brought to our attention. The fresh air of the country, the salubrity of certain locations, the advantages of sea air and ocean breezes, are all enumerated as absolutely necessary if we, the city inhabitants, would live. We are advised, or coaxed, as the case may be, to seek the quiet of a country town, village or place; we are recommended to visit this or that watering place, this one because of the salt air, that one because of the high mountain location. But if we examine the records we find that, as a matter of fact, the death rate is much lower in crowded cities than in the more thinly-populated suburbs of the average country town. The environs of most of our large cities are harassed by malarial fevers and the like, from which the older portions and more densely-populated localities of the cities are comparatively free. The demand for quinine in the new districts, where streets and roads are being upturned by the progress of improvement, or in the country where the fields and farms are constantly being plowed into, or where the swampy growth of non-inhabitation exists in all these localities it will surely prevail to a profitable extent for the doctor or druggist. The city fashionable or the merchant townsman betakes himself and family off to the country, brimful of visions of healthy invigorations for winter follies, and is sadly disappointed to find that as he gets settled in this or that country place his own vigor and that of his family have perceptibly decreased instead of being improved or enhanced; all were in much better health and spirits while in town. He is informed, however, by the country doctor that his trouble is only a reaction of his city excesses, whether of business or pleasure, and that as he stays longer the more his family will improve.

It is the same bone of contention. While our city doctors, sanitarians and health boards are contending over a dense population and sanitary improvements, street cleaning and unhealthy gases from the waste and soil pipes, the country physician is racking his brain over a cure for malaria, where health should presumably be the leading feature, and the necessity for medicine at a minimum. It is a fact, confirmed by statistics of the most reliable character, that throughout the world the populous towns or cities, or the more densely populated portions of the same, are much more healthy than are the suburbs or the thinly populated portions. Numerous cities might be mentioned to confirm this, London, Rome, New York, being of the leading instances. Dr. Parkin, a well-known authority on such subjects, comes out most emphatic in this matter, and claims that "density of population—within certain well-defined limits, those in which the oxygen of the atmosphere is in its normal or nearly normal condition—instead of being injurious during the prevalence of endemic and epidemic diseases, is actually beneficial." While this is true in the main, it is naturally attributable to the watchfulness of the authorities as well as the easy access to physicians in time of need. The several causes of the endemic or epidemic diseases are more accessible and more easily reached in the populous regions than in the less crowded portions of the cities or in the more thinly inhabited portions of the country, where the extent is vast as compared to the population. Even the popular uncleanliness and offensive odors arising therefrom can not, according to Dr. Parkin, offset the general advantages of a massing of the population.—*Chicago Times.*

Nash, the Prince of Gamblers.

He drove about in a chariot flaming with heraldry, and drawn by six grays, with outriders, running footmen, and all the appendages which made an impression on the vulgar minds of the visitors of his kingdom. His dress was magnificent; his hat alone was always of the same color—white; and as the Emperor Alexander was distinguished by his purple tunic, and Brummel by his bow, Emperor Nash was known all over England by his white hat. It is due to the King of Bath to say that, however much he gamed, he always played fair. He even patronized young players, and after fleecing them, kindly advised them to play no more. When he found a man fixed upon ruining himself he did his best to keep him from that suicidal act. This was the case with a young Oxonian, to whom he had lost money, and whom he invited to supper, in order to give him his parental advice. The fool would not take the Beau's counsel, and "came to grief." Even noblemen sought his "protection." The Duke of Beaufort entered into a compact with him to save his purse, if not his soul. He agreed to pay Nash 10,000 guineas whenever he lost the same amount at a sitting. It was a comfortable treaty for our Beau, who accordingly watched his Grace. Yet it must be said, to Nash's honor, that he once saved him from losing 11,000, when he had already lost 8,000, by reminding him of his compact. Such was the play in those days. It is said that the Duke had afterward to pay the fine from losing the stipulated sum at Newmarket. He displayed as much honesty with the young Lord Townshend, who lost to him his whole fortune, his estate, and even his carriage and horses—what madmen are gamblers!—and actually canceled the whole debt on condition my Lord should pay him £5,000 whenever he chose to claim it. To Nash's honor it must be said that he never came down upon the nobleman during his life. He claimed the sum from his executors, who paid it.—*London Times.*

—When Dickens was in Louisville he saw pigs on the streets, and, in honor of Mr. Dickens, pigs have ever since been allowed to run in Louisville. "But what had Dickens's pen to do with pigs?" asks the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

—The members of the Massachusetts Medical Society were asked "Do you favor the admission of women to the society on the same terms with men?" and 709 said yes, 400 no, and twenty-three were indifferent.—*Boston Herald.*

Tale of a Crab and a Horse.

A Celtic fishmonger stopped his wagon in front of a house in West Twenty-sixth street yesterday afternoon. He jumped from his seat, took two bass from the rear of the wagon, and entered the basement door of the house. An aged darkey shortly afterward drove a hungry-looking horse, attached to a recollection of vehicular ruins, behind the fishmonger's wagon. He thrust his hands into the ruins, brought forth two boxes of strawberries, and carried them into the house adjoining the one that the fishmonger had entered.

In the rear of the fishmonger's wagon was a box of crabs covered with sea grass. The darky's weird and hollowed-eyed horse gazed upon the sea grass longingly. Then he sniffed it. Suddenly he plunged his nose into the box and got a large mouthful of grass, which he started to munch greedily. He stirred up a combative crab, which fastened itself on one of his nostrils. He jerked his head out of the box, emitted a wild neigh, and begin to plunge and kick with great enthusiasm. The fishmonger and the darky appeared simultaneously. The fishmonger [illegible] convulsed at the antics of the darky's steed. The darky was evidently displeased.

"Take dat crab offen my hoss's nose," he shouted.

"Take it off yourselluf," said the fishmonger.

"I'll smash de crab wif dis hyar stick," yelled the darky, as he picked up a piece of wood that his frightened horse had kicked off the seat of his wagon.

"Lave the crab alone," said the fishmonger. "Phat business had your horse ating my grass?"

At this critical stage of the dialogue the crab dropped from the horse's nose, and the fishmonger picked it up and tossed it into his wagon. The darky and the fishmonger then drove away.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The poet Bowles was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper. "What is that for, sir?" he asked. "For my horse, of course!" "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore told me that anecdote. She also told me that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift "From the Author."—*Retrospect of a Long Life—S. C. Hall.*

—In this age of adulterations even comparatively primitive Spain has not escaped. One Spanish magistrate, at least, has hit upon a highly original mode of dealing with them. A French paper quotes the proclamation of a certain Alcade whom Dogberry himself might envy: "All articles," runs this precious document, "in the shape of wines, groceries and provisions, which upon examination and analysis are proved to be injurious to health, will be confiscated forthwith, and distributed to the different charitable institutions."—*St. James' Gazette.*

—According to a return issued the other day at Berlin, 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation between 1864 and 1868, of whom only twenty-six were executed. Between 1868 and 1878 no fewer than 428 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In 1878 Hodel was executed for his attempt on the Emperor. In 1879 and 1880 there were no executions, and since 1881 there have been only three.

—An English critic thinks that the Hebrews have an inherited appetite for music, because the chosen people praised the Deity with musical instruments. This was Disraeli's opinion.

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and kindred Affections. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar coaled.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

The man who knows the most is not an owing man.

Young or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Why does a kiss raise the spirits?" "Because it's the cream of ta-ta."

Medical Skill Baffled.

T. C. Coyle, of Clarksburg, W. Va., writes: I am quite familiar with Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, or Blood and Liver Syrup, having used it for the past fifteen years as an alterative medicine, and can safely say that it is superior to any with which I am acquainted now in the market for the cure and control of those diseases of the blood that have baffled the skill of the masters of the medical profession.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 6, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	4 70	@ 5 40
HOGS—Common	5 00	@ 5 70
Good packers	5 75	@ 6 10
SHEEP	4 00	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 06	@
No. 2 winter red	1 02	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51¾	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	35	@
Rye—No. 2	54	@ 55
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	17 00	@17 50
Lard—Steam	9¼	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 17	@ 1 18
No. 1 white	1 07	@ 1 08
Corn—No. 2 mixed	59	@ 59½
Oats—mixed	38	@ 42
PORK—Mess	18 62½	@18 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07	@ 1 07¾
Corn—No. 2	48½	@
Oats—No. 2	25½	@
Rye	55	@
PORK—Mess	16 25	@16 30
LARD—Steam	9 32½	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 13¼	@ 1 13½
Corn—mixed	58½	@ 58¾
Oats—mixed	40	@ 42
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	20 00	@20 25
Lard—Refined	12½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 02	@ 1 03
Corn—mixed	52	@
Oats—mixed	38	@
PORK—Mess	18 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 02	@
CORN	49	@
OATS—mixed	30	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

Hay-Fever. Having been afflicted with Hay-Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. I have had no attack since using it. E. R. Rauch, Editor Carbon Co. *Democrat*, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Price 50c.

Old puns are not poetical, and yet they've all been metaphor.—*Philadelphia News.*

Elkton, Ky.—Dr. E. B. Weathers says: "I regard Brown's Iron Bitters as a medicine of unusual worth."

A "Ladies' Shoemaker" advertises himself as one of the luminaries of "the Sole her System."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Wolfesville, N. C.—Dr. I. C. McLaughlin says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo and I now feel like a new man."

When does a budding young damsel burst into fruit? When she becomes the apple of some one's eye.

When your wife's health is bad, when your children are sickly, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

Funny, isn't it, that you always see the night-fall before any stars begin to shoot.—*The Judge.*

Hay-Fever. Since boyhood I have been troubled with Catarrh and Hay-Fever, and was unable to obtain relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm. It has cured me. E. L. Clickener, New Brunswick, N. J.

Velvet lawns are so called because they must be kept vell vet to remain so.—*Boston Transcript.*

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. John D. Park & Sons, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. Crittenton, New York.

A wit being asked, on the failure of a bank: "Were you not upset?" replied: "No; I only lost my balance."

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic

Will cure indigestion, dyspepsia or loss of appetite. Colden's, no other.

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

Russia Salve is unrivaled for its speedy healing qualities. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cts.

Chrolithion Collars and Cuffs are cheapest in the long run. They wear longer than any others and you save cost of washing.

Inventors' Hand-Book—Free.—Just out. How great fortunes have been made. History of inventions; valuable to all who read and think. Order it by postal card. N. W. Fitzgerald, Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Wells' "Rough on Corns," 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

The umbrella is the check-rain of the human animal.—*Boston Transcript.*

NO HOME EXEMPT.

The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles That Come to Every Household Explained.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

Sir:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow, are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired, and can not account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body, and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I can not understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses, even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart-disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and graduate of the schools I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music in this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart-Disease," "Appoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common diseases, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart-disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptom of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am, throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements, based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. Henion, M. D.

Breaches of promise—Those your tailor didn't bring home.—*Chicago Herald.*

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

WE SHOULD HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Mr. Norman Hunt, of No. 169 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass., writes April 10, 1883, saying:

"Having the affliction caused by kidney and liver diseases, and after enduring the aches, pains, weakness and depression incident thereto until body and soul were nearly distracted, I sought for relief and a cure from my trouble, and was told by a friend, who had been cured by it himself, that the best and only sure cure was Hunt's Remedy, and upon his recommendation I commenced taking it, and the first few doses improved my condition in a very marked manner, and a continuance of its use has justified all that my friends claimed for it—that it was a sure and permanent cure for all diseases of the kidneys and liver. Several of my friends in Springfield have used it with the most gratifying results, and I feel it my duty as well as a pleasure to me to recommend Hunt's Remedy in the highest possible terms."

MANUFACTURER'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. H. W. Payne, manufacturer of harness, saddlery, trunks, valises, etc., No. 477 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., writes us under date of April 10, 1883:

"Gentlemen—I have used Hunt's Remedy, the best medicine for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder, and urinary organs, and have received great benefit to my health from its use, and I find that it will do just what is claimed for it. It will cure disease and restore health. I therefore pronounce it the best medicine that I have ever used."

BOSTON & ALBANY RAILROAD.

Albert Holt, Esq., paymaster Boston & Albany Railroad, at Springfield, Mass., writes April 23, 1883: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do, if used according to directions."

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

AN OPEN SECRET AMONG THE LADIES

The brilliant, fascinating tints of Complexion for which ladies strive are chiefly artificial, and all who will take the trouble may secure them. These roseate, bewitching hues follow the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm—a delicate, harmless and always reliable article. Sold by all druggists.

The Magnolia Balm conceals every blemish, removes Sallowness, Tan, Redness, Eruptions, all evidences of excitement and every imperfection.

Its effects are immediate and so natural that no human being can detect its application.

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over seventy years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. Mrs. Fannie Green.

$3,000 Lost.—"A tour of Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

Green B. Raum, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.

South Bloomingville, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs—I have been suffering ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. Boone.

Baby Saved!

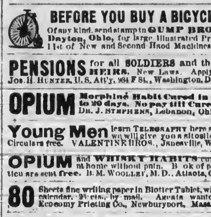
We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH



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ELY'S CREAM BALM will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.

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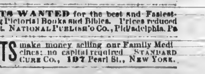

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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3-ton $35.00
4-ton $50.00
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

CUT THIS OUT And Return to us, with TEN Cents, and you'll receive by mail, a Golden Box of Goods, that will bring you in more money in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE Of any kind, send stamp to GUMP BROS., Dayton, Ohio, for large Illustrated Price List of New and Second Hand Machines.

PENSIONS for all SOLDIERS and their HEIRS. New Laws. Apply to Jos. H. Hunter, U. S. Att'y, 934 F St., Washington, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Young Men learn Telegraphy here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

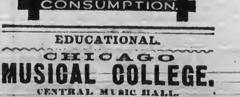
80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publish'g Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

$1000 REWARD For any machine hulling and cleaning 50 for market as much Clover Seed in one day as the VICTOR Double Huller. It has made $100 often IN ONE DAY



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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 100

EDUCATIONAL.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE. CENTRAL MUSIC HALL. DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President. All Instruments and Voice taught by the most skillful Instructors. Fall Term opens September 10, 1883. Send for Catalogue.

COM. B. H. TELEGR'H COLLEGE, Ann Arbor, Mich. Students wanted in Sept. Situations guaranteed.

A. N. K.—E. 933

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1883. NUMBER 38.

THE DAIRY.

—The quantity of milk a cow gives depends much upon the mode, time and regularity of milking. Cows do best that have one regular milker, and at the time of milking should be carefully attended to, and not be subjected to variation from day to day.

—A writer says that he has never failed to cure garget by the use of beans. He feeds one pint of bean meal, mixed with other meal, for four successive days, and has found that quantity sufficient to cure the worst cases. He thinks if cows were fed with bean meal several times a year they would never be troubled with garget.

—The following is one of the best recipes we know of for making a cow give an abundance of milk: "Give her every day water slightly warmed and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water." If the bran is real city bran, with no shorts or middlings in it, then add a double handful of oat or corn meal. You will be surprised at the effect on the milk-yield, though we will not guarantee the twenty-five per cent. increase claimed by a writer in the *Southern Farmer.—American Dairyman.*

—If the dairyman feeds his cows on cabbage or they get hold of wild onion, how quickly the taste is discovered in the butter! Fresh grass or clover imparts a high rich and aromatic flavor that everybody likes. This suggests the idea that the quality of butter depends immediately upon the character of the cow's food, and should put the cautious dairyman upon his guard to see that his cows cannot get at any kind of food that will injure the quality of the milk. Hence he should be sure to destroy all the weeds in his pasture even more carefully than he does in his corn-field; and as water, when tainted, will work the same evil as bad food, he should see that only a pure article is within reach of the cows.—*Elgin Advocate.*

Sources of Bad Flavor in Butter.

Much butter is worthless because of some bad flavor about it. The causes of this are various. Browsing on weeds in the pasture may effect the taste of the butter. Impure water which the cow is obliged to drink sometimes may be the cause. Prof. Law, of Cornell University, finding the cream on his milk to be ropy, examined it with a microscope, and discovered that it was infested with living organisms. Carrying his investigation further, he found that the herd had drunk the water of a stagnant pool located in a muddy swale. The water of the pool was found to contain the same organism as the milk did. Mr. Willard related an instance where the milk in the vat in a cheese factory during the heating of the curd gave off a smell like that of stagnant water. It was found that one of the farmers supplying cream had allowed his cows to pass through a narrow slough, the mud of which adhered to their udders. Particles of dust from this mud got into the pails at milking time, introducing fungi from the slough, which multiplied in the milk and spoiled the whole of it, giving it the odor of foul water. Inhaling the odor of putrid flesh may taint the milk and impart a bad taste to the butter. Setting milk in open pans which are exposed to the odor of vegetables, or food, or the fumes of cooking or tobacco smoke may impair the taste of the butter. The flavor of the butter may be spoiled after it is made by being exposed to odors, or by being packed in tubs which have not been properly cleansed, or by being kept in a room where there is kerosene oil, or other bad smelling substance. Thus it will be seen that there are many ways in which the flavor of butter may be spoiled. The butter maker, being mindful of all these dangers, should renew his diligence and increase his vigilance in guarding his product from all such sources of contamination.—*Exchange.*

Feeding Cows for Milk.

To the milk producer the quantity of milk each cow produces is an important item, and how he shall obtain that result is the question for him to solve. Can quantity be obtained, or increased, except at the expense of quality? Every experienced dairyman will answer this in the affirmative. A cow may be considered a machine for producing milk. She must be properly fed and cared for, or the result is unsatisfactory; it is as vain to expect that a cow will give milk without sufficient and proper food, as to expect the steam engine to afford power without sufficient water and fuel. If we feed the steam boiler with water in excess, or in insufficient quantity, and only fuel enough to merely keep the water warm, it is vain to look for power, and so it is to give a cow only just food enough to keep her alive without starving. If milk is desired in quantity, the cow must be fed a surplus beyond the other needs of the system, or all the rest is loss. I think it is calculated that about two-thirds of all a cow eats is needed to maintain her existence; all the profit comes from the other one-third, and too often this is withheld entirely.

The best of milk-producing food should be provided and fed in abundance at all seasons while the cows are giving milk; roots, grain and the best of hay and fodder during winter and good pasture with partial soiling during summer. This will necessitate the growing of green crops like a mixture of peas and oats, rye, Hungarian grass, corn or clover for summer and a dry time. Corn meal is good for quality, but bran or middlings should make the larger half or two-thirds of the grain ration. I would leave cottonseed meal out, or not feed over half a pint mixed with the other grain, at a feeding. Corn and oats ground together make an excellent grain ration. In feeding green corn fodder I would cut the stalks finely and mix with it the meal and grain, and allow them to soften somewhat before feeding. Hard glazed cornstalks, fed whole, are apt to make the teeth sore, fed freely.—*W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.*

—The English life-boats saved nearly nine hundred lives last year. There are now two hundred and seventy-three life-boats stationed along the coasts.

A Stage-Coach Dialogue.

The seat of honor and pleasure in a journey overland is by the driver, and there is always a scramble for it, and the one who succeeds in securing it is regarded as a lucky fellow. I got left in my contest for a seat on the top and found myself recently inside of the stage, with a clergyman and a man whom I took for a miner, during a trip to Silver City, N. M. The preacher and I sat on the back seat and the native sat facing us. He was dressed in the regulation costume of the country: Dark pants stuck in his boots and held up by a six-shooter buckled around the waist, blue flannel shirt, flaming red necktie, and a great sombrero. A knife was stuck in his boot and he carried a Winchester rifle on the seat beside him. Taking him all in all, he was about as ugly looking a specimen of humanity as I have met. As the stage rolled along, the miner looked out of the window as if in deep thought. The preacher and I entered into conversation, during which he asked my business. I told him, when he asked:

"Do the great papers buy literary articles?"

"Yes, sir, when they are good."

"Do they pay for them liberally?"

"They do, when they accept the articles."

"Well, I have got some very interesting subjects I could write about," he continued, as the stage jolted over the rough road, making it a little hard to distinguish what he was saying. "For five years I was a missionary at Siam and saw many strange and even startling things."

"What were those scenes you refer to?" I asked.

"Well, the punishment of criminals was exceedingly strange and is worthy of description. When a person is convicted of crime there he is taken out upon the public square for execution. His neck is bared well down upon the shoulders, and the executioner dips his finger in mud and with it makes a mark upon the neck of the doomed man."

"What kind of mud?" shouted the miner in a voice like a thunder-clap, while he glared at the parson savagely. I noticed that, although he kept peering out of the window, he had followed our conversation for some time.

"A sort of yellowish mud," replied the preacher, evidently disturbed by the miner's look and manner. But he continued:

"The executioner then takes his heavy sword and with one quick and decisive blow severs the victim's head from his body."

"It's an infernal lie," yelled the miner, in tones that might have been heard four miles. "The boys do occasionally hang a horse-thief there, and the town has a pretty bad name, but they never cut people's heads off. There ain't only one sword in the whole place, and that belongs to a militia Captain and wouldn't cut the head off of a turnip."

"But I was a missionary there for five years," meekly interposed the minister.

"And I was a barber there for seven years, and I never shaved you, neither."

"My friend, that can not be; for the people never shave there."

"That's another of your infernal lies; they're as clean a shaven set of people as thar is in the West. You're a nice man to be giving the town a bad name after you have left it. If it weren't kind of agin the fashion to hit a parson I'd knock your head off of you fur your lies," cried the miner, getting madder every minute.

"My dear friend," said the minister, imploringly, and evidently much disturbed for his safety, "there certainly must be some mistake. You do not mean to say that you were a barber in the Kingdom of Siam, where people never shave?"

"Oh! I thought you were talking about Cheyenne," said the miner, as he fell back into his chair disgusted.

I was the only man who seemed to enjoy this amusing incident, and even I found it good policy to show as little disposition to laugh as possible. The stage rolled on for miles after it occurred, and not a word was spoken by any one. The miner looked more intently than ever out of the window, and yet there was not an expression on his stolid face to indicate what his thoughts were. The preacher looked as intently out from the opposite side of the stage, and I spent my time watching the miner, looking at the strange region through which we were passing.—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

The Rattlesnake.

In favorable localities rattlesnakes occur in amazing plenty, and the stories to be heard in every State, of "dens," where they writhe in countless numbers and dreadful intimacy, have some foundation. De Kay cites an instance where two men, in Warren County, N. Y., about 1840, slaughtered 1,100 rattlesnakes in three days on the eastern side of Tongue Mountain. In 1877 a farmer killed seventy-six massasaugas in a cranberry marsh of Crawford County, Ohio, where are still harbored many serpents disappearing elsewhere. Some swamps and canebrakes in the far south swarm with the dreaded cottonmouth, and local species occur in thousands on parts of the plains and Rocky Mountains, particularly in the tufa craters of warm springs, in Utah. But perhaps the nearest approach to the "den" of the sensational picture is an island in Pyramid lake, Nevada, where during the warm months "it is absolutely dangerous to walk about those parts of the island where they are colonized."

This animal is easily killed or disabled, however, and has in man an implacable enemy not only directly but in many indirect ways; yet there are few localities favorable to him where he has been exterminated. You can find rattlesnakes in plenty, for example, within five miles of the center of New Haven. It is doubtful if any of the several species will ever suffer extinction.

Scales being undistensible and never falling out to be replaced, like hair and feathers (with which they have no homology), serpents get room for growth and renew their coats periodically by sloughing off the entire skin, underneath which a new external skin has formed and separated itself from the now faded and husky cuticule. This process occurs during August in the adult, two or three changes happening in a single summer with youngsters, who outgrow their vestments very speedily. It is a popular idea that this midsummer sloughing occupies a considerable period, during which the serpents are harmless, because blind. It is quite supposable that this might be so, since the outer layer of the cornea of the eye peels off with the slough, and during a few preceding days the eye has a dull and filmy appearance. But captive snakes, given active mice at this time, attack them without hesitation or missing. After the molt the eye gleams bright and cold like a jewel, but with a sullen, ferocious and relentless expression, for it is overhung by the bony penthouse of the broad, strong superorbitable bones that give a fulcrum for the powerful muscles of the jaws. This cruel eye and its fixed stare introduces the once vexing question of fascination; but before discussing it, some account of the food and feeding habits of our subject will be well.

The disposition of the whole family is sluggish and opposed to any active movement and even in taking its prey, beyond the one lighting swift blow that smites it down—so startling a contrast to the ordinary lethargy! The mocassin, to be sure, is somewhat an exception, since he is a good swimmer and chases in their element frogs, water snakes, tadpoles, and the less agile fishes, like the catfish.

The most rapid exertions of rattlesnakes are aroused in fleeing from danger; yet, when doing their best on open ground, their pace can easily be equaled by a child, without running, as I have seen on the plains, so that a blacksnake or a Eutania, could not only overtake, but circle round and round them. Their plan in food-getting, then, is not to pursue their prey, but to lie in wait for it and strike before their presence is suspected. Protected by his colors, that assimilate him to the haunts he most frequents, whether woods or rocks, as in the eastern crotalus, or the barren uplands chosen by the far western species; the shaded morasses threaded by the dark-skinned massasaugas; the lush meadows where the copperhead lurks; the stream-bank or rice-ridge where the cottonmouth plunges into the water; or the yellow weeds under whose mottled shadows the little ground rattlers become visible—hidden, and motionless for hours together in one or another of these resorts, the crotalus coils in patient vigilance. "Though aware of the passenger's presence, he either lies quiet or glides away to a more retired spot." His course is that of the darkey who was urged to follow one into the thicket and kill it: "Massa, I nebber bodders nuffin' wot don't bodder me; I makes dat a rule!" Here, again, nevertheless, an exception must be noted for the copperhead, and more especially for the moccasin—vicious reptiles, asking little provocation before inflicting their deadly wound. Holbrook says the moccasin "attacks everything that comes within its reach, erecting its head and opening its mouth for some seconds before it bites." All other snakes put in a cage with it show the keenest terror. No species of crotalus, however, will follow the object of its rage as do some of the non-venomous serpents.

Such are facts respecting the food-getting of the rattlesnakes, while those of other serpents would furnish an equally prosaic explanation; yet the notion that the small, bead-like eye, and tongue darting forked flame from black lips, exerted a charm or fascination upon smaller animals, luring them within reach of the fatal stroke, is as old as the fabled basilisk—older, indeed, for to it, no doubt, the very image of the basilisk owes its origin. Traveling westward, it came to America with the earliest bookmakers, and was at once attached to our subject and to the blacksnake. "Birds have been seen to drop into its mouth," wrote Penant; "squirrels descend from their trees, and leverets run into its jaws. Terror and amazement seem to lay hold on these little animals," etc., etc. "All agree," says old Catesby, of South Carolina, who confesses he never witnessed the phenomenon of fascination for himself—"all agree in the manner of the process, which is that the animals, particularly birds and squirrels, no sooner spy the snake than they skip from spray to spray hovering and approaching gradually nearer the enemy, regardless of any other danger, but with distracted gestures and outcries, descend though from the tops of the loftiest trees, to the mouth of the snake who opens his jaws, takes them in, and instantly swallows them."—*Ernest Ingersoll, in The Manhattan.*

—Several years ago a vessel was wrecked on Cape Cod, and among other portions of her cargo that floated ashore were a number of hardwood logs, which, after knocking about in the surf for some time until all the valuables were secured, were gathered up by the people in the vicinity and used for fuel. Some person with a better knowledge of wood than his neighbors bought it all up. They were actually burning fuel that was worth $800 a cord. It was, indeed, the finest and best quality of Turkey boxwood, which to-day would readily bring twelve cents a pound.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Half a century ago a Mr. Walden, of Portland, Me., had four strangely assorted pets—a parrot, a monkey, a tame fox and a Newfoundland puppy. The parrot has seen his companions, one after another, go the way of all flesh, and now, at the age of sixty years, is still one of the most important members of Lieutenant George Walden's family. Contemplation of the vicissitudes of life has subdued the loquacity which was formerly the parrot's chief failing, and the bird is now, to all appearances, one of the most profound thinkers in the State of Maine.—*Boston Post.*

—Newport this year proposes to be very asthetic. The regulation color of the village carts is to be crushed strawberry, and the donkey's ears are to be bound up in ribbons and his foretop banged, a la belle.—*Exchange.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—According to the Weisz system of type-setting, recently introduced in Vienna, the type is cast in syllables, common prefixes, suffixes, etc., instead of letters, and a great saving of time is thus effected, it is claimed.

—A piece of oyster-ground off Milford, Conn., containing six hundred acres, has been sold to parties in California, who have been shipping seed oysters quite extensively to that coast to plant in San Francisco bay.—*Boston Herald.*

—A New Orleans man has discovered a new mode of tanning and preserving the skin of Louisiana's bird, the pelican, by which the feathers are not damaged and the bird's skin with the feathers on it can be utilized for making turbans and hats for ladies.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Those who object to the odors of the disinfectants used at the present day will find charcoal unobjectionable on this account, while it absorbs gases in a surprising way; pieces can be laid on plates and put out of sight in a sick room.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The nettle, a growth common to nearly all of the States, and which has hitherto been a source of great trouble to farmers, has now been found to yield a fiber, which it is claimed, will supplement cotton in the manufacture of cloth. Cloth made from it, on trial, has been adjudged equal in texture and appearance to linen.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Swiss watchmaker in Pennsylvania has completed an automatic clock, which for intricate mechanism is said to surpass the celebrated one at Strasburg. During twelve hours it plays three musical selections, and 2,022 automatic movements are made. Of course, the machinery is so arranged as to permit the entire performance of the automatons taking place every fifteen or twenty minutes.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mr. F. L. Slocum has examined the ink for writing on glass and, according to the *American Journal Pharmacy*, reports that it is made by mixing barium sulphate, three parts; ammonium fluoride, one part; and sulphuric acid q. s. to decompose the ammonium fluoride and make the mixture of a semi fluid consistency. It should be prepared in a leaden dish, and kept in a gutta-percha or leaden bottle.

—Patent plastering was a novelty exhibited at a recent building exhibition held in London. It is claimed for it that it saves both time and labor. The material is prepared beforehand in slabs which are fixed to the joists direct, with great speed, forming the ceiling at once. Thus, plastering which would occupy weeks to execute can be accomplished by this slab system in as many days. It is also claimed for this patent that the ceilings are fire resisting.

—Turpentine is regarded by many persons as an antidote to poisoning by phosphorus. It is not the ordinary turpentine which should be given, but the acid French turpentine, or old turpentine which has been exposed to the air long enough to have become ozonized by absorbing oxygen. If this be administered while the phosphorus is still in the stomach it changes the poison into an inert substance which resembles spermaceti. After phosphorus has entered into the circulation the only remedy is transfusion of fresh blood into the veins.—*N. Y. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The sale of boot-jacks last year was 91,000 less than the year before. Is this country going to bed with her boots on?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Three-fifths of the fashionable alligator satchels and pocket-books are made from pig-skin. This, at least, is the allegation, but perhaps the allegator lies.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"I am saturated to the epidermis," said the high-school girl, throwing her gum boots into the corner. "I don't wonder at that," replied her mother; "they give you such hard lessons at school!"—*N. Y. Journal.*

—The Crow Indians have been caught putting rocks in the bales of hay they sell to the Government. The day is not far distant when all Indians will be civilized enough to vote.—*Philadelphia News.*

—In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. Whoever has invested in prize packages can imagine the feelings of the average young Egyptian as he gazes on his trinket for the first time.—*Modern Argo.*

—"A beautiful Boston girl has crossed to Europe in the steerage of the Cunard liner, just to see how it was," says an exchange. For the same reason her mother has been keeping boarders to pay the daughter's expenses.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—They were approaching an ice-cream saloon, and she said: "Oh, Charley, I'm going to have a new dress cut bias—Oh—oo. S-p-p-p!—there's an ice-cream saloon. Goody!" "Yes, and it is like your new dress, for it will be cut by us;" and the horrid old wretch led the pouting damsel across the street.—*New Haven Register.*

—Little Johnny says that when he was a baby, his mother tells him that he was as good as pie, and used to sleep all night and half the day. Now, when he does not get up the first time he is called, he gets a fearful scolding and occasionally something else beside. He can't see why what was praiseworthy in the infant should be reprehensible in the boy.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Miss Jenny Marks, of Baltimore, won a sewing-machine by making a guess at the number of pills in a bottle in a window. There were 25,100 pills in the bottle, and she guessed 25,190. There were over 5,000 guesses, and the worst one was a guess of 9,000,000. The man who guessed 9,000,000 was one of those fellows who get their education by reading gas-meters.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—An electric light introduced in a Pennsylvania coal-mine the other day scared a lot of mules there out of their wits; and miners said it was the first time one of the animals was ever known to show fear underground.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Second-Hand Building Stuff.

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" was asked of a man who was placing on a truck the remnants of a building that had been torn down in Sixth avenue.

"Take it to the yard," he replied.

"And then what?"

"Sell it."

The yard referred to is the headquarters of a dealer in second-hand building material.

"This business is fifty years old," the superintendent said. "We occupy nearly forty city lots. They are covered with second-hand building material. We can supply brick for the interior walls, or brown stone for front walls, or granite columns for ornamental high stoops or porticoes. It is all ready for use, and it is of known quality. We have thousands of feet of timber and lumber of various kinds. Every kind of lumber used in building a house can be found here, joists, flooring, studding, rafters and roof boards. The roof itself can be bad, too. Tin deteriorates some, but slates do not so much. We can supply tin roof that is as good as it was the day it was laid. We have several cords of slates. Our lumber is better than new. It is thoroughly seasoned. We supply the lumber for about all the swell mansions. Every piece of timber in Vanderbilt's house came from this yard. When men put thousands of dollars into frescoes they want no shrinkage in the timbers of their houses."

"You do not confine your attention to dwellings, do you?"

"Your question reminds me of a man from a neighboring village who came here. He said he guessed he'd got an order that would puzzle us to fill. He wanted a second-hand pulpit. He was astonished when I showed him a complete outfit. We had stained glass windows, crosses, altars, candle-sticks, rails, mourning benches, a sprinkling bowl, and a baptistery. I showed him a full assortment of pews for the body of the church. Then I offered him a second-hand steeple with bell, complete and all set up. He bought a pulpit and paid for it in silence. He was so astonished he couldn't talk."

"What else can you fit out?"

"Anything. Here's a good bar for a lager beer room, and back of it is an elegant arrangement of shelves to hold the cut-glass bottles. There are mirrors between to reflect the back hair of the bartender. If you want one we can supply you with a first-class stall fit for Maud S. There would be an iron manger in one corner, a solid mahogany door at the other, and a rosewood hay rack between, if you wanted it."

"You don't mean to say you've bought in second-hand stalls of that kind, do you?"

"Well, not quite that. We have everything but the hay rack, though, and have got the stuff for that. To return to the interior work of dwellings, we have everything necessary to fit out either a mansion in Fifth avenue or a shanty for a squatter sovereign. We just sold a pair of Italian marble mantels that probably cost $500 each when new. They are as good now as then. You can almost see through them they are so clear, and the carving is exquisite. We have mantels in various kinds of colored marble, and two in Mexican onyx that are beautiful. We get hold of hand-carved mantels and newel posts, stair rails, doors, and frames that would delight the heart of one able to appreciate the beauty of such work. There is a gas chandelier. The figures are extremely delicate. It is carved from solid walnut. In common articles it would tire you merely to hear them enumerated. You can not think of any article, door knobs, girders, gas pipes, ranges, book cases, mirrors, anything that is known under the head of modern improvements or as a part of the house itself that we cannot supply. We'll buy any kind of a building. Booth's Theatre is now making its way here piecemeal. The old bank building that stood at 40 and 42 Wall street is here. A part of the partition that once ornamented a Morrisania bank will go into Harry Miner's new theatre. It will make the handsomest box office you ever saw. He gets Booth's fancy iron orchestra railing also. We have a windlass here that was used in a down-town bank to hoist the gold up out of the vaults in the basement. In our office is a stool that was used in a succession of business houses for more than a hundred years. The clock, a round faced affair, two feet in diameter, is as old. It is more serviceable. An enormous eagle looks down on the book-keeper from between masks out of an old theatre. He sits at a desk that was made in the time of Queen Elizabeth."

"How do you get it all?"

"We have three buyers out all the time. Usually, the contractor who puts up a new house gets the old one in the bargain. We buy and remove it for him if he wishes, or we buy any part of it. We sell mostly to builders and large real estate owners. Everything is sold on its merits."

"And price?"

"About one-third that of new on the average. Some of the fine pieces which we sell to builders are turned in to the owners at ten times our prices. You can not say that it is a cheat either, because as such bric-a-brac goes the price is reasonable."

"How much of a business is it?"

"Ours is not the only yard. We sold $35,000 worth of firewood from the waste last year, and the total sales amounted to a little more than $250,000. We used to give away the kindling ten years ago. Now it keeps a good many teams going, especially in the winter. We have 317 men on our pay roll. Their pay is high. It takes as great skill to take fine work out of a house as to put it in."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Newburyport, Mass., is the only town in the world of that name, and gets spelled in all sorts of ways in consequence. The English give it "Newbury Port," and goods from France come to "New Buryport."—*Boston Post.*

—It is expected that the journey from Paris to Constantinople will soon be made in seventy-five hours. A through train with forty-two beds now runs twice a week.

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE BOY.

If I were a little bird,
I'd sing my sweetest song;
I'd take a journey to the sky,
And frolic all day long.

If I were a pussy-cat,
I'd chase the rats and mice,
And have sweet cream for supper,
And everything that's nice.

If I were a tiny mouse,
I'd gnaw the soft new cheese;
When Tabby wasn't in the way
I'd do just as I please.

But I am a little boy
Just learning what to do;
And every day, it seems to me,
I find out something new.

I get up in the morning
And play with Tom and Nell;
But when I am as old as they
I'll go to school as well.

I'm very little, to be sure,
But then I'm only four;
And some day I'll be older,
And know a great deal more.
—*Our Little Ones.*

HOW TO SCARE AN ELEPHANT.

Bobolo was only eight years old, but he was a person of considerable importance nevertheless; for his father was a King, and consequently he was a Prince. It is true that his father was only King of a Kaffir tribe of negroes in Africa, but, as he knew nothing about the great world away from the part of Africa he lived in, he fancied himself the greatest man in the world.

If Bobolo had not been a Prince, he might have been a very nice boy, but, as it was, he was so spoiled by being petted and told he was better than any other boy that he made himself so disagreeable that nobody could love him. But that fact did not make much difference to Bobolo, for he never knew it, because nobody dared to say it. He had a great many slaves of about his own age, and he made them his companions.

When he was in a good humor he would treat these little slaves very well, but when he was cross—which was most of the time—he would slash right and left among them with a little whip which he had which was made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus.

Sometimes he did not even wait until he was cross to whip his little companions; but would cut away at their bare legs just for the fun, as he said, of seeing them dance, for, though Bobolo was not very strong, his whip was very hard and he knew how to use it.

Among the slave boys, the strongest and quickest was Kami. He was a year older than Bobolo, and was as kind and obliging as any boy could be. These good qualities did not make Bobolo treat him any better than he did the others. On the contrary, Kami seemed to catch the whip oftener than anybody else. The reason for this was not that Bobolo disliked him, but because he liked him. He wanted Kami with him all the time; and so when he was angry poor Kami was sure to be near, and consequently was the easiest to beat. And what made it harder to bear was that the boys in Africa do not wear any clothes, and so there was nothing between Kami's skin and the whip.

One night when the boys were going to bed—Kami slept in the same room with Bobolo—Bobolo felt cross and would not be satisfied with anything that was done for him. It made him crosser still to see how contented Kami looked, so he took up his whip and suddenly struck him. Kami gave a great jump and cried out with pain.

"What's the matter with you?" said Bobolo.

"You hurt me," sobbed Kami, rubbing the place where he had been hit.

"Hurt you!" mocked Bobolo, striking him again. "You big baby! Now you've something to cry for. I wouldn't cry for a little thing like that!"

"Nobody ever struck you," sobbed Kami; "you don't know how it hurts."

"I should think not!" cried Bobolo, with a sneer. "Strike me! a Prince. But I know I wouldn't cry, anyhow!"

Kami did not answer again, for he knew it might only bring him another blow with the whip. He quietly laid himself down and prepared to sleep. But Bobolo was not sleepy, and he would not have Kami be so. He snarled like a little dog:

"Get out of there! You can lie on the ground to-night; I want your bed!"

Kami knew it would do no good to complain; so he quietly got up, dodged a blow of the whip, and waited patiently until his ugly master should lie down. Bobolo scolded a little while, and then took his place in Kami's bed.

It did not matter much to Kami, for his bed was only an antelope skin, and he could sleep just as well on the ground. He would have gone to Bobolo's bed, but he did not dare; so he crouched down in one corner of the room, and before long both he and his master were fast asleep.

Late that night there was a sudden commotion in the village. Somebody had given the alarm that elephants were coming; and the whole village was roused in an instant.

We who live in great cities far from wild beasts can not at first see why the coming of elephants should create such a stir; but when it is known how the negroes live, we can understand better.

Their huts are small and frail, and the only protection the villages have against the thousands of wild beasts in the forests round about is a slight fence of wood and vines. This does fairly well to keep out the smaller animals; but when a herd of elephants, each one as big and even bigger than Jumbo comes marching along, the fence is no more to them than a sheet of tissue paper would be to a man.

It is not that the elephants are wicked and wish to do any harm, but because they are so huge that they do not think anything more of crashing through a village than a thoughtless child does of putting its foot on a tiny ant's nest. So when the alarm was given this night, every man and woman in the village rushed out, shouting and screaming, some running this way and some that. The men at once caught up blazing torches from the fire to throw at the elephants, because they knew that the great creatures are afraid of flames. The women, at first, did not seem to know what to do, but suddenly one of them cried out: "The children! the children!"

You might have thought, to hear them, that they were afraid some harm might happen to the little ones; but it was no such matter. There is a belief in some parts of Africa that elephants are afraid of the voices of children. So it usually happens that when a herd of elephants is known to be coming, the women all rush to their huts and drag out the children and whip them well to make them scream. It is not very nice for the children, of course, but it is done, nevertheless, and consequently on this night, at the cry of "The children!" all the women rushed to their huts.

Among others Bobolo's mother ran to her hut. Not to get dear Bobolo, for he must never be touched with the whip, but to get Kami. She was in a great hurry, and rushed to Kami's bed, and taking hold of the little sleeper there, dragged him, half-awake only, out into the street, and there laid on the whip so soundly that the little fellow was moved to do his full share toward scaring the elephants. How he did yell! And the more he yelled and struggled, the harder she whipped.

The elephants were frightened away at last, and the children were led back to the hut and put to bed again.

There probably was never a more astonished boy than Bobolo was that night. He was so greatly overcome that he could not say a word, but lay all the rest of the night sobbing with pain and wondering what had happened.

The next morning there was an explanation when his mother saw her darling boy all covered with stripes where she had struck him. It seemed even to that stupid little fellow that there was something like retribution in his punishment, for as it turned out he had been flogged with his own cruel whip, which his mother had picked up by accident as she entered the hut.

However, the result happily was that Bobolo learned two important things. One was how to scare an elephant, and the other was that he would cry if he was struck with a whip. His poor slaves benefited by the last piece of knowledge, for he did not use his whip so freely after that.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Dangerous Toy.

The toy pistol is so safe, many ignorant persons think, because it carries neither shot nor bullet.

As I tried it once, I can tell you about it. First, I twisted one of the caps around a match, and set the match on fire. When the flame reached the paper cap there was a little explosion. Suddenly I felt a stinging sensation in my hand, and, on looking at it, I found several tiny black splinters sticking in the skin. I pulled them out, but I felt the pain for some time afterward. Then I placed a cap on the hearth and struck it with a hammer. This time I was well scared, and kept my hands as far away as I could. When it went off I felt the same stinging sensation in my left hand, which was more than two feet away. I had been struck again by a flying splinter. This thing was getting decidedly dangerous, and when I took up the pistol to try it, I carefully wrapped my right hand in my handkerchief. It went off beautifully, but—ah! There was the mischief! The handkerchief was dotted here and there with the black splinters from the exploded cap.

The insane desire of the small boy to carry a pistol is one of the wonders of the age; and the worse than folly of those who allow him to do so is almost incredible. Of what use is it? If the pistol will not go off, it is, as its owner would scornfully express it, "no good." If it does go off, it is a dangerous weapon that has power to maim and kill.

Did you ever think what it means to kill—to take away life? Who shall do so dire and terrible a thing as that? Are you fit to have a pistol? Are you wise enough to carry a revolver? No, sir. It is against the law in some States to carry pistols. Why, then, should you wish a toy-pistol, that will shoot nothing but the boy who holds it? If you live in the backwoods, and have to fight the terrible wild crow or the ferocious chipmunk, you may learn to use a good rifle. In cities and towns, where the most terrific wild beasts to be seen are the cats, a boy who carries a pistol is a boy without sense—a boy whom girls despise and brave boys call a coward.—*Charles Barnard, in St. Nicholas.*

What Is a Gentleman?

What is a gentleman? It is a very old question and has been answered in very different ways, but it is clear that the word at least has a relative and not an absolute meaning as some insist, and that it varies with the times. Here is what Lord Chesterfield says, which the members of the Four-in-Hand Club will read with interest: "A gentleman always attends even to the choice of his amusements. If at cards he will not play cribbage, all fours, or putt; or in sports of exercise be seen at skittles, leap-frog, foot-ball, cricket, driving of coaches, etc., for he knows that such an imitation of the manners of the mob will indelibly stamp him with vulgarity." In another of his letters to his son he says: "There are liberal and illiberal pleasures, as well as liberal and illiberal arts. Scottish drunkenness, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc, are infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker." And yet people who call themselves gentlemen do most of these things nowadays, and even those who are not gentlemen consider themselves such in consequence of doing some of them. Between Lord Chesterfield's ideas and Mr. Tennyson's on the subject, who is to decide?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—The general appearance of cattle on the Wyoming ranges of this year is said to be far better than the average of previous years. In some districts in Central Wyoming they are in superior condition. The loss by death in the winter was small, and the number of calves satisfactory.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mid-ocean telegraph stations have been proposed, and will probably be carried out some day.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JULY 18 .1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
"	½ "	40
¼ "	½ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
"	¼ "	10
"	⅛ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE lamb crop has been pretty much driven out of the county.

IF nothing happens to the crop, tobacco will be the source of a large revenue in this county again this season.

WITH the yellow fever in the south and the cholera in the east, it begins to look like the country is threatened with pestilence.

TOM THUMB (Charles Haywood Stratton) died of apoplexy on the 15th inst., aged 43 years; most of his life having been spent on the stage.

ONE of the attractions at the camp meeting near Corinth, Grant county, on the 1st and 2nd of next month, will be the sermons delivered by Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage.

THE seashore is at present attracting most of the local politicians of high and low degree. They bathe, they eat, they drink and in an informal way make the slates for the fall.

HOGS—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 20@5 40; fair to good packers, at $4 80@5 25; fair to good light, $5 40@5 65; common, $4 25@4 80; culls, $3 50@4 25; stock hogs, $4 25@5 00.

OUR old friend and fellow-citizen, William Nelson, now has charge of the local department of the Lawrenceburg Daily Press. Mr. Nelson has returned to his first love, and will make the Press spicy and interesting in all the details of its local news.

TOM BUFORD writes to Governor Blackburn from Indiana, that he is short $75 on his board bill, and that he wants the Court of Appeals to send him that $500 it owes him on account of his sister. Thomas ought to come over to Kentucky and collect up those little bills owing to him.

GOV. J. C. UNDERWOOD, Editor of the Cincinnati News-Journal, has written to the Directors of the Madison county Fair, offering a premium of fifty dollars in gold to the handsomest lady in attendance upon said fair. The premium will be awarded by a committee of five ladies, on the last day of the fair.—Richmond Herald.

VENNOR says for this August: The first week of the month is likely to give heat and some severe storms where these were experienced last year. Hail should be guarded against in Western sections. I think the fore portion of the month will be characterized by wide spread heat. First change to cooler weather after the 10th, when a very decided relapse to cool weather may take place with even snowfalls in the mountains.

WHILE the London authorities were dilly-dalying about protecting the city against an invasion by the cholera, the scourge quietly made its way into their midst, and great excitement now prevails there. The British shipping has never stopped sending its vessels through the infected districts, and it is probable that every ship that has passed through the Suez Canal the past month has carried the cholera out to other countries. People in this part of the world should take warning and make such arragements as the threatening scourge demands to baffle its effect.

LIVELY war is now being made on the trade dollar. Those who have it, want it off their hands, and those who have it not, refuse to take it except from 10 to 15 cents discount. In the mean time reliable Treasury officials advise all who possess the objectionable dollar to hold on to it, because at an early day the Treasury Department will urge Congress to provide for its redemption at par. This will be no more than fair and honest, but in the meantime most of the dollars will have found their way into the hands of the brokers who will be the only ones to profit by this tardy justice, while the poor and the wage workers, who are compelled to receive it at the face value will be the losers.

THIS AND THAT.

In some sections of our county the question of county aid, or county taxation for turnpike purposes is assuming a leading position in county affairs. The subject is one of vast importance to the county generally, and of special inportance to the property owners; for we may safely assume that whatever aid is given to turnpikes must come from them in the shape of an advalorum tax, because our capitation tax has now reached that standard, which to heighten will decrease the revenue derived from that source. The county expenses now absorb the poll tax, and will continue to do so unless someone will devise a plan to enable the sheriff to coerse payment from the polls not able to pay and have nothing to pay with, and thereby increase the county revenue by reducing the delinquent list, or in other words, teach the sheriff to draw blood from a turnip.

The people of this county are as able to stand any reasonable amount of taxation for a proper purpose as any farming community anywhere; but then they have no kind of hankering after, or a love for it, grateful as it may appear to those who have experienced its blessing in the shape of good school-houses, good roads and other useful, necessary public structures and conveniencies.

Our people are strongly inclined to oppose all and every improvement of a public nature attended by a tax, unless the thing itself be so located as to be bodily in sight and at each man's door. If a bridge is to be erected, all oppose it except the few who are in sight of the structure and must use it on all occasions. If a school-house for the public school is needed, those able to pay the necessary tax oppose it, and propose a subscription; but mark you, no objector to the tax heads or circulates the paper. "I pay for my children's schooling, let others do the same." That is the argument, and its conclusiveness is beyond question to those using it, though in many instances the schooling referred to is a myth. Suppose, now, the question of continuing the common school tax was submitted to the vote of this county at the August election, who doubts the result? The county of Boone would vote against that tax, vote it down by an overwhelming majority.

No word in the English language is more hideous to us than the word tax. School tax—that is fearful. It is robbery to compel one person to assist in educating another's children, as no one is interested in his neighbor's affairs. Especially is it the hight of tyranny to compel us to assist in educating our poor neighbor's children. No, let us do as we please with our money—every cent of it is ours. We make it, what care we about educating these poor children? Let them grow up in darkness and when they become men and women, if they don't behave and make good citizens, we will put them in some place prepared for them with the devil and his angels. We have no kind of interest in the education of any children except our own. And so we go on in that strain of logic, and irrationally, finally conclude that each man's entire interest and happiness is now and ever will be governed and circumscribed by the limits of his immediate household—that everyone lives to and for himself.

The school tax is a huge monster, fastened upon us, sucking away slowly our life blood, Bounty Fund tax, a great convulsion of the past, cyclones, tornadoes, hurricans, volcanoes, earthquakes, war, pestilence and famine all combined, from which a kind providence and human uncertainty ransomed us, though the fright will pass on with its electrical effect and fire sparkling and scissing as it goes down to our seventh generation. Turnpike tax next.

* * *

Now that Butler's chances for the Presidency are assuming a little definite aspect, the South arises and opposes such a step. Said a Virginia Senator the other day: "The Northern Democrats cannot afford to heap such an insult on the South as to shove Butler forward. The old feud is dead and forgotten, but the widows, the sons and daughters of those that fell cannot forget or forgive the actions of some men when they were in power. The nomination of Butler would insure the election of the Republican candidate."

THE courageous act of a lady, who found her husband at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, dining with a gay young woman and cowhided her, will have the effect of dampening the ardor of many an industrious Lothario, who is never too weary to take out ladies other than his wife.

GRAVES county is sorely troubled with flux and cholera morbus, the former being an epidemic, from which a number of deaths have resulted.

The Commonwealth Distribution Company an Illegal and Fraudulent Lottery—How Buyers of Lottery Tickets are Swindled.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.]

In your issue of the 13th of June appeared a communication of mine, containing the following assertions, among others, relative to the Commonwealth Distribution Lottery Company, of this city.

First—That it is an illegal lottery.

Second—That it is utterly irresponsible, there being no liability whatever in law on either the managers or any other person to pay any prize that may be drawn.

Fourth—That every person who in Kentucky buys a ticket from this fradulent and illegal lottery is himself liable to a fine of $100.

Fifth—That, because its fradulent and illegal character is so well known in this State, the company has ceased selling lottery tickets here, and is confining its swindling operations to other States, where its proper standing is not known.

I cited the decision of our Court of Appeals in the case of Meredith against the Barrows, announced February 17, 1882, in which most of the foregoing allegations were directly sustained. I dare the Commonwealth Distribution Company to deny the statements contained in my communication. I challenge them to appear in print over the signature of any one of their authorized agents, and to name the grant under which they are operating.

Have they accepted my challenge? They have not, and furthermore, they dare not.

You know this company Mr. Editor, as well as I, and perhaps much better. Their offices are in your building, and they are sending circulars by the hundred thousand all over this country, in which they have the stupendous audacity to use your well-known and highly-respected name as a reference for the legality and honesty of their fradulent concern. I have a copy of that circular now in my possession, the opening sentence of which is a reference to the Courier-Journal as to the legality and honesty of this lottery

Just think of the company's hardihood! Although an outlaw in its own State; although declared illegal and irresponsible by the highest court in this State; although not daring to sell any tickets in this State because of its established illegality; although several of its officers are under indictment in the Circuit Court of this county because of operating an illegal lottery, and although its principal manager R. M. Boardman, was put on trial in that court before Judge Jackson, and on the 14th of June, 1883, was convicted and fined $500, still in the face of all these facts which are matters of record, this company has the prodigious cheek to use the fair and esteemed name of your paper as a voucher for its false claims to legality and honesty.

Honesty, indeed! Here is an affidavit, Mr. Editor, and I have two others containing the same statements, which will show the public how exceedingly "honest" this fraudulent lottery is:

"CITY OF LOUISVILLE, STATE OF KENTUCKY, ss.: Henry Ellis Foster, being duly sworn, says: "My name is Henry E. Foster, am thirty-two years old; reside at No. 717 West Chestnut street, Louisville, and have lived there since September, 1882; am an insurance agent. I attended the monthly drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Company which took place to-day, June 30, 1883. I was at the door of the office at 5 o'clock in the morning. The door was not then open. I waited around until the door was opened which occurred at a quarter past 7 o'clock, and at once went in. I had to show my ticket in order to get in. I was the first one to get in of the spectators, of whom there were four others. When I got in all the tickets had been already placed in the wheel, and no opportunity whatever was given me to see whether the number of the ticket I held was put in the wheel or not. The tickets had been put in before the door was opened, for when I got in all the employes were at their respective posts and the drawing was in operation. The drawing was completed at a quarter past 9.

H. E. FOSTER.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1883.

S. W. D. STONE,

"Notary Public, Jefferson co., Ky."

I have, also the affidavit of Mr. James D. Gilman, who resides at 120 West Jefferson street, Louisville, and who has lived in this city and vicinity all his life, in which he says that he tried to gain admission to the drawing this morning, but, not having a ticket, they would not let him in.

If this drawing is honest, will Mr. Boardman tell us why it takes place at such an early hour as 7 o'clock in the morning?

If this drawing is honest, will Mr. B. tell us why he holds it in his private office instead of in Macauley's Theater, as he used to do formerly?

If this drawing is honest, will Mr. B tell us why the tickets are put in the wheel before the door is opened and before any outsider can get in to see what tickets are put into the wheel?

If this drawing is honest, will Mr. B. tell us why no opportunity whatever was given the three or four spectators who were present this morning to see whether the numbers on the tickets held by them had been placed in the wheel or not?

The fact is, Mr. Editor, and everybody here in Louisville knows it, the numbers of those tickets only which have not been sold are put in the wheel, the number of the sold tickets being left out so that no ticket-holder has any chance whatever to draw a prize. Of course the company do sometimes, just for a blind, give a small prize here and there, but this is done to gull the credulous patrons of their lottery.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I would say that every lottery is to a certain extent a necessary evil. But men will speculate in chances. This however is no reason why they should be swindled out of their money by giving them no chance to get any return at all for their investment. This is what the Commonwealth Distribution Company is doing; it is confessedly illegal and fraudulent—an out-and-out swindle, and a disgrace to the State of Kentucky.

CITIZEN.

—Louisville, (Ky.) Courier-Journal, July 1.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

From JULY 1st, to AUG., 1st, Custom Made suits will be on the average $5 less. Ready Made suits have been reduced 25 per cent.

The stock is large and must be disposed of to make room for my Fall Goods, let every one take advantage of the great reduction. H. F. BLASE, 540 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

$88.00 FOR ONLY $59.00 FREIGHT PREPAID.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS ONLY $59

Regular Price, $83.00 without BENCH, BOOK and MUSIC.

24 STOPS. 1-Cello, 8 ft. tone, 2-Melodia, 8 ft. tone, 3-Clarabella, 8 ft. tone, 4-Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone, 5-Bourdon, 16 ft. tone, 6-Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone, 7-Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone, 8-Diapason, 8 ft. tone, 9-Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone, 10-Grand Expressione, 11-French Horn, 8 ft. tone, 12-Harp Æoline, 13-Vox Humana, 14-Echo, 8 ft. tone, 15-Dulciana, 8 ft. tone, 16-Clarionet, 8 ft. tone, 17-Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone, 18-Violina, 4 ft. tone, 19-Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone, 20-Piccolo, 4 ft. tone, 21-Coupler Harmonique, 22-Orchestral Forte, 23-Grand Organ Knee Stop, 24-Right Organ Knee Stop.

This Organ is a triumph of the Organ Builder's Art. IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, BEING EXACTLY LIKE CUT. The Case is of Solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Music Pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

FIVE SETS REEDS. Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE Stop, the Famous French Horn, Solo Combination, New Grand Organ, Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the knee, if necessary. Five (5) sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: A set of powerful Sub-Base Reeds; set of 3 Octaves of VOIX CELESTE; one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, and 2½ Octaves each of Regular GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS. Besides all this, it will be fitted up with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also sounding Board, &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of Rubber Cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with Steel Springs and the best quality Pedal Straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are Polished Metal of neat design, and never get out of repair or worn.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER. If you will remit me $59 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date of this Newspaper, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for $88. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full warrantee for Six Years. Given under my Hand and Seal.

Daniel F. Beatty

COUPON On receipt of this Coupon and $35.00 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express Prepaid, or by Check on your bank, if forwarded within 10 days from the date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this coupon for $24, as part payment on my celebrated 24 Stop $88 Parlor Organ, with Bench, Book, etc., provided the cash balance of $59 accompanies this coupon; and I will send you a receipted bill in full for $88, and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from the date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed.) DANIEL F. BEATTY. $24

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you (provided you order immediately, within the 10 days,) I agree to prepay freight on the above organ to your nearest railroad freight station, any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, at your very door, all freight prepaid, at manufacturer's wholesale prices. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find $59 for organ. I have read your statement in this advertisement, and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forward it, at six per cent, according to your offer. Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price, PROVIDING ORDER IS GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

Address or call on the Manufacturer, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

New Style No. 1215.—Height, 72 ins. Depth, 24 ins. Length 46 ins. Weight, boxed, about 400 lbs.

THE political teapot in Washington begins to simmer mildly. Prominent parties, here, who have the opportunity to keep posted, argue that the workingmen are going to have a very great and decisive influence, not only in the Presidential election next year, but in the nomination. This is a strange doctrine to be enunciated in Washington, where the workingman is not recognized as a factor in anything beyond the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, but it is asserted that they are better organized now than at any period in the history of the nation, and that they feel their power. They have been knocking at the doors of Congress for legislation for years, and now they are about ready to demand, as a right, what they have heretofore asked as a favor. They want among other things, an eight hour law that will be general in its operation, and they want more pay. These are the two pivotal ideas in the briefest way it can be put. How they are going to work on the parties is not yet made manifest. There is, however, a foreshadowing that the workingmen may take up Ben. Butler, who seems now to be making himself very popular with this class.

A COLORED man named Armistead, of Virginia, is making speeches in eastern Kentucky in the interest of the democracy. He spoke in Frankfort Saturday night.

Down in Ballard county they have a candidare for the legislature whose nickname is "Honey." Up in Owsly county they have another candidate for the same body whose nickname is "Peach." Should they both be elected, their brother members will not have to depend on the Frankfort saloons for "Peach and Honey."—Breckenridge News.

BEING marshal of a Kentucky town is about the most serious business a man can engage. At least half a dozen of them have been murdered since the 1st of January, and every man of them carries his life in his hands. Saturday night Marshal Kensley, of Greensburg, and four deputies attempted to arrest a man named Owen on a felony warrant. Owen and a number of friends were waiting for the Marshal, and the result was a battle, in which Kensley and one of the deputies were killed.—Louisville Post.

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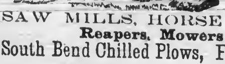

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Threshers,

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SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders, South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows.

Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.

Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

NOTICE.

Know all men by this notice: That Elzy Garrison, H. A. Hicks, B. L. Rice, C. C. Talbott, Wallace Garrison, John S. Mason and T. A. Huey, under the name and style of the Richwood and Big Bone Turnpike Co., have associated themselves together to contract and operate a turnpike road, beginning at its intersection with the Union and Beaver Lick turnpike, just southeast of Dr. H. C. Lassing's residence, in Boone county, Kentucky, and running thence in a general westwardly direction along an established and surveyed route, in a main line to Elzy Garrison's gate, and consisting of said main line and a branch turnpike, beginning at Robert Willis' corner with Richard Howlett, on the old Big Bone and Union dirt road, running in a general northwardly direction until it intersects the general main line at a point S. E. of C. T. Rice's old homestead. Said main line and branch road shall be called the Richwood & Big Bone Turnpike.

Big Bone or some point on the road shall be the principal place of business.

The amount of capital stock shall be $10,000, to be paid in as the work progresses.

Said corporation shall date from June 9, 1883, and continue fifty years.

Its officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and five directors, all of whom shall be elected annually on January 1st of each year.

It shall not subject itself, at any time, to a greater liability or indebtedness than $6,000.

Private property shall be exempt from corporate debts.

ELZIE GARRISON, H. A. HICKS, B. L. RICE,
WALLACE GARRISON, JOHN S. MASON,
COURTNEY C. TALBOTT. T. A. HUEY.
June 12, 4t.

LUMBER.

A. Corbin & Son.

—) BELLEVUE, KY., (—

Will sell the best Hemlock Stock Boards at $13 00.

Best Hemlock fencing at	$13 00
Standard Shingles at	$4 50
Weather boarding, white pine,	$18
Flooring, yellow pine, at	$35

Doors, Window Sash and blinds always on hands.

Prices subject to a chance without notice. Persons who contemplate building will do well to call and see us before purchasing.

A. Corbin & Son.,
Bellevue, Ky.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. O. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

W. J. RICE.
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS On Short Notice,

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

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Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-6

Erlanger Hotel.

JOHN L. CONNER, Prop.
C. F. PETTIT, Clerk.

First-Class Hotel Accommodations, with a thorough Feed and Sale Stable attached.

Having returned to my Hotel stand after a years absence, I will be glad to have my old patrons and friends, and new ones I hope to make, call upon me, when we will use every effort to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. 25-3m

LOOK HERE!

when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on

Winegardner

He has a large assortment of

Wall Paper!

And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.

Inks, Pens and Stationary

constantly on hand.

Headquarters in Lotton House.

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk; A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Lader fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."

Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."

Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use. Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

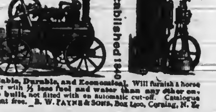
FLORESTON COLOGNE

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ½ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1200, Corning, N. Y.

$1000 REWARD For any machine hulling and cleaning as fit for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR Double Huller.



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STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.

UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 13, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $20 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 320 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogues apply to Judge W. B. KINKEAD, or to JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 120 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles works of character; great variety; low in price, selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Nice rain Saturday night.

Our doctors are having a vacation.

The hum of the threshing machine is next to be heard.

Miss Mary A. Thompson's school closed last Friday.

Many thanks to Mr. William Rouse for some nice apples.

A very lively wind storm visited this section last Friday night.

Hay harvest about done, and the grass was put up in good order.

An unusual quiet has prevailed in our town since harvest commenced.

A. O. Hall has been manipulating the mail on this route for the last two weeks.

Our County Clerk has been on the sick list for two or three days, but able to attend to business.

Bullittsville is organizing a base-ball nine to be composed of the best material to be had in the county.

The good effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla on a debilitaded person are felt at once, and a cure follows its use.

Dudley Rouse has erected a porch in front of his store room, which adds much to the comfort of his building.

Laura A. Baker, daughter of Thos. Baker, of Union, was adjudged a lunatic by the County Court last Thursday.

In this issue we publish the order calling for a vote on the local option question in the Hamilton voting district.

Happy Jack has a splendid "crap" of "turbacker." A "bumble" bee can stand flat-footed on the ground and suck the blossoms.

Rev. Ad. Gaines will occupy the pulpit in the Universalist church, the morning and afternoon of the fifth Sunday in this month.

The Lawrenceburg Register of last week contains an advertisement of a sale of real estate by an administrator that occupies two and one-half columns, very small type.

We hear that Dr. Maxwell is again giving his mental apparatus some exercise over the perpetual motion problem. Doctor, if you make it work, your name will be perpetuated.

We have received the catalogue of premiums for the approaching Lawrenceburg fair. It is quite lengthy and the premiums offered are very liberal. Kentucky patronizes that fair extensively.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

We met Alf. Gaines on the Lexington pike, the other evening, driving seven or eight hundred very fine lambs, and he did not bear the appearance of a man who was going to lose a couple of dollars on each lamb; but vice versa.

Last Saturday James Bills and Lizzie Meyers, from Constance, came to town and securing the necessary papers, repaired to the residence of Elder H. J. Foster, where they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony and sent on their way rejoicing.

Tim Westbay convinced us, last press day, that he is one the cleverest fellows in town, and we shall keep our No. 10's in readiness to do some lively tripping of the light fantastic, when he celebrates the event that will endow him with the qualifications of a juror.

The school commissioner requests us to announce that the board of school examiners will meet in Burlington on the third and fourth Saturdays in July and August for the purpose of examining those who desire certificates to teach the public schools in this county. All desiring certificates are requested to be on hand one of those days. The examination will commence promptly at 10 o'clock a. m.

There was a good attendance at the picnic Saturday afternoon, and had it not been for the rain that evening Viola Park would have been the scene of much of Boone's beauty and chivalry. After it became evident that the rain would interfere with the dancing if continued in the woods, the crowd went to Morgan Academy where the amusement was kept up till near midnight. Everything passed off nicely, and everybody present had a nice time.

John D. Norris, the well-known turfman of Boone county, now has eight fine horses quartered in the new stables on the fair grounds. Several of them are very speedy, and will make the winner of the races in which they are entered trot for all there is in them to win. Morgan Davis has charge of the flyers. Mr. Frank Grant, of Petersburg owns one of the fast ones in charge of Mr. Davis, and great things are expected of this horse. If he possesses half the energy of his owner, this horse's success on the turf is assured.—Lawrenceburg Register.

Dog-fennel is in bloom.

James Conner has handled 1700 lambs this season.

News scarce this week. Everybody is in the havest-field.

The warm, damp weather is calculated to injure the wheat in the shock.

The Sunday-school Convention convenes at Sand Run church day after to-morrow.

Wm. Belloney, colored, and Jeannett Victor, white, were married at Catlettsburg the other day.

The frequent showers have been somewhat annoying to the farmers who had grass to save.

The blackberry brigade will be mustered into service in a few days. The crop of berries will be good.

Michael Reets, of New York, while reading the Bible was struck by lightning and killed, on the 13th inst.

Quite a procession of seiners left town Tuesday morning for the river where they anticipated taking a large quantity of brain food.

The price of admission to the Southern Exposition at Louisville will be fifty cents, which will evidently curtail the attendance.

An emigrant's wagon passed through town Tuesday morning headed for the West, where the driver expects to grow up with the country.

Our old friend, Isaac McMullen, aged 75 years, takes two good horses to the field with him when he goes to plow, being able to make them both weary before night-fall.

Walter Ryle, constable in the Carlton district, was in town Tuesday morning after Attorney Tolin, who was wanted at Rabbit Hash to prosecute a negro man that has been giving that locality trouble. The negro it is said is either crazy or a very mean animal.

Commencing with to-day, I will run a comfortable passenger conveyance from Burlington to Cincinnati by the way of Covington, every Wednesday, leaving at 6 o'clock a. m., returning, will leave Cincinnati at 3 o'clock p. m. Round trip, $1 25. JAS. WESTBAY.

M. T. Garnett, C. L. Crisler, Charles Fowler, Frank Kirkpatrick, Georgie Piper and the writer, visited Joe Schlosser's ponds near Covington, last Friday, with a view to taking some of the fine German Carp and other varieties of the fish with which those ponds abound. Having replenished Joe's exchequer to the tune of $8, they were granted the privilege of the ponds, when they cast their lines and the fun commenced and continued till late in the afternoon, resulting in the capture of about a dozen fine carp that weighed from one pound to two and one-half pounds each, besides near a half bushel "small fry." The proprietor was with the boys nearly all day, expatiating in his jovial manner on the merits of the carp, apparently knowing the age and weight of every fish that inhabits the ponds, and there are myriads of them, both great and small. The boys, while they are well pleased with their day's sport, anticipate taking an immense quantity on their next visit, from the fact that they intend to have Schlosser and Crisler wade through the ponds, which will result in forcing the water out, when they will have nothing to do but scoop up the fish.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Major Sandford took in Burlington yesterday.

Miss Susie Rich is the guest of Mrs. W. F. McKim.

Capt. G. W. Terrill, of Petersburg, was in town Tuesday.

Owen Utz, of the Union neighborhood was in town Monday.

Miss Paulin, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Miss Mary A. Thompson.

John Sherrill and Joe Weston, of Cincinnati, were in town Sunday.

Miss Laura Zinn and Miss Kittie Riddell are the guests of Miss Nettie Gardner.

Mrs. T. W. Finch and children returned Sunday, from a visit to Williamstown.

J. K. Armstrong, of Covington, accompanied by a handsome lady, made the town a flying visit last Sunday.

Mrs. Parish, and her husband and mother, all of Owen county, were the guests of Mrs. B. K. Sleet, last Saturday

Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, and Miss Lottie Reed and Mr. Davrainville, of Cincinnati, were the guests of Mrs. F. A. Hall Sunday.

Miss Bessie Rouse, grand-daughter of Uncle Billy Rouse, returned, Monday, from Cincinnati where she has been visiting since the 4th inst. She is highly pleased with her visit, and says she made two mashes.

Died.

At the home of her parents in Hancock county, Illinois, Miss Susie M. Cloud, after a long and painful illness. The deceased has many relatives in this county.

Mrs. E. A. Tucker, daughter of Allen Conner, of Florence, died last Saturday afternoon. She was a victim of consumption, and leaves many friends who sympathize with her family and husband in their sad bereavement. The funeral was preached, Monday, by Rev. C. C. Conner, after which the remains were taken to Spring Grove Cemetery, back of Cincinnati, for interment.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Geo. Knapp got the fingers on one hand so badly mashed, that the end of two of them had to be amputated.

Henry Aylor has taken 10 barrels of honey this season.

Harrison Clore has 61 acres of oats in one field.

Miss Gussie Hinton, of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting Michael Clore's.

Richard Gordon lost a valuable horse this week.

Miss Mamie Gedge is visiting Mrs. L. B. Terrill.

Beaver Lick.

Mr. George Miller is about finishing the beautiful two story front he is building, and when it is done, if nothing goes to the contrary, a nice hop is promised the young friends of his family.

Mr. John H. Slater has a couple of pigs that are a remarkable curiosity, and it is worth the worry of a long trip to see them. They are a month old and doing well. If they live, Mr. Slater intends presenting them to the Zoological Garden of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. William Howlett has taken thirteen barrels of honey from his bees this season. This shows that Boone county certainly is a kind of sweet place.

Our bird fanciers, Ed Williams and Bill Dickison, each have a pair of young, southern mocking birds in cages, which the parent birds are feeding. This will be quite a nice addition to Beaver's feathery minstrelry, and don't you forget it.

During the present month the Hughes Chapel will be finished, and on the first Sabbath in August it will be dedicated by Bishop Covanaugh, assisted by many of the leading divines of the country. Dinner will be served on the grounds at the church, and everybody is invited to come and bring their baskets well filled. A general good time is promised all who may meet with us.

Dame Rumor has it that some couple is going to get married about Beaver soon, if there isn't something done to prevent it. This event has been anticipated many times within the knowledge of "us," but somehow it would never materialize just right.

Florence X-Roads.

Miss Florence Seaman and Miss Florence Smith, of Covington, are visiting Miss Octavia Rouse.

Miss Eva Stephens, of Covington, is visiting Miss Anna Crigler.

J. W. Rouse and wife have been on the sick list for a few weeks with malarial fever.

Elder Gran preached a very lengthy and interesting sermon on the mode of baptism, at the Hebron church, last Sunday evening.

Petersburg.

This is soda water weather.

The town is flooded with loafers since the distillery stopped.

The largest Irish potato we have seen this year was raised by A. B. Parker. It weighed 17 ounces.

Early & Rariden have the contract for plastering the Christian church.

The serenaders were out last Friday night, and furnished some good music.

Capt. N. B. McNeely will return to his home in Memphis, Tenn., sometime this week much improved in health.

Miss Hattie Thompson, of Rising Sun, was visiting Mrs. Bowman, last week.

John Comer, of Cincinnati was home on a visit last week.

Miss Brodbeck, of Lawrenceburg, was the guest of Miss Allie Snyder, last Saturday and Sunday.

Saturday week the Almonts and the Speedwells, the latter playing four of the Burlingtons best players, commenced a game of ball on the Burlington ground, but only seven innings were played when the Speedwells withdrew, claiming that the umpire was ruling unfairly; but not so. The umpire was doing the best he knew how, and showing no partiality to either side. The Almonts were too many for the Speedwells, and they knew it, and also knew it was no use to rule the umpire out, for they were beaten and could no help it, as the Almonts led in the beginning, and at the end of the 6th inning the score stood 19 to 5. The Almonts claim the game and the ball which they did not get. Boys, you cannot play ball a little "bit," but you are good kickers.

The Rabbit Hash ball team failed to put in its appearance, from some cause, last Saturday.

Stott Bros. have the nobbiest cigar sign in town. It's a daisy.

Mr. Robert Huey, son of J. S. Huey, and Miss Lulie Carver, grandaughter of S. P. Brady, will be married in the Baptist church at Bellevue, by Rev. E. N. Dicken, to-morrow evening at 8 o,clock.

The hog market took a big tumble the other day, and those buying hogs for July delivery will have pains in the region of the pocket-book.

Telling it very Short.

"I'll tell it, sir, in few words if I can, but the story would fill a book if justice was done to it."

"Surely, Michael, but put it short this time so's I can squeeze it into a page of letter paper."

"Here you are, sir, then, and there are thousands of people here in Bingham, N. Y., who will testify to the truth of what I say. My name is Michael Guilfoyle. I am seventy-four years old. For about nine years I was almost shut out from the world by rheumatism. I had peddled small wares in this city for years, and had to stop altogether. At the best of times I could only hobble miserably about with my cane. I was bent nearly double with pain and weakness, and my hands were useless to labor with. I was but the poor wreck of a once strong man. None of the medicines usually given for rheumatism did me the least good, sir. My old friends and customers forgot me, as though I were under ground,

'With the end of my nose and the tip of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daises.'

My days and nights were doleful and painful. I had no hope except death. That is God's truth, and Mr. Mosher, here, knows it.

"I can't tell you how, but PARKER'S TONIC cured me. That was three years ago, I'm lively as a cricket now, sir and go my business rounds every day, rain or shine. You may tell this to all the world, and refer the doubters to me."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change is made for two reasons: first, because ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, and secondly, because unprincipaled inferior preparations under the name of ginger.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN, Ky.—On Cincinnati Southern R.R.

Located in the healthy and beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, 55 session opens September 3rd, 1883. Instruction in all branches of a College education. Experienced Professor. The degree of B. S., A. B. and A. M., conferred. Useful course for those who can spend only one or two years in College. Terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address to

R. M. DUDLEY, D. D., President.

Hay Conveyors.

We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns

BAKER & CRUTCHER,
35-4t Florence X-Roads.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

James West, Plff.,
vs.
James Marshall, Deft.
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 6th day of Aug, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 9 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

A tract of land in Boone county, Ky., near Richwood church, beginning at a corner of Black, Hughes and Cleek; thence running with Cleek's line to a sugar tree; thence back into the farm of the grantor so as to strike a point from which a line run to Hughe's line will include taking the line first run and Hughes' line for two of the boundary lines and the other two lines to be so run as to make the tract mortgaged contain 50 acres said tract is more completely bounded thus: Beginning at stone corner to H. Hughes and Thos. Finch, thence with said Finch's line N 38 W 23:10 chains to a stone, thence N 50:1 E 31:20 ch. to a stone in Robt. Cleek's line, thence S 4 W 31 ch. to a stone, thence S 26¼ W 1:50 ch. to a stone corner to H. Hughes and Robt. Cleek, thence N 64 W 3:50 ch. to a stone, thence S 60 W 7:50 ch. to the beginning containing 50 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $983 39

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

ELECTION NOTICE.

BOONE COUNTY COURT.
Regular Term, April 2, 1883.

Numerous voters, (20 in number) of the HAMILTON voting precinct, of this county, having petitioned for the holding of an election on the first Monday in August, 1883, for the purpose of taking the sense of the legal voters therein on the proposition whether or not spirituous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold therein, it is therefore ordered that the sheriff of Boone County be and he is hereby directed to hold said election at the time and place above directed. Said sheriff in his action herein will be governed by the law authorizing this proceeding. The fees were deposited as required by law.

A copy Attest: M. T. GARNETT, Clerk.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on the 6th day of August, 1883, in pursuance of the above order, at the time and place for the purpose mentioned therein. J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S. B. C.

JNO. S. DORMAN & CO.
—DEALERS IN—
MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Clothing, Carpets, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, &c.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at Burlington, Boone county, Ky., until the 21st day of July, 1883, for hauling and breaking the following amount of lime-stone rock on the Burlington and Bellevue Pike, bids to be for sections and distributed according to directions of the Board of Directors on each section as follows: On section 1st, 10 rods; on section 2d, 8 rods; on section 3d, 8 rods; on section 4th, 10 rods; on section 5th, 5 rods; on section 6th 5 rods. A perch of stone broken to be 25 feet long, 1 foot wide and 1 foot in depth, and 12 perches as stated above to make 1 rod of broken stone. The stone to be broken so that the largest will pass through a 2½ inch ring. Contractors will be required to have the hauling and breaking done by the first of December next. The Directors reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

S. P. BRADY, President,
36-2t WM. WALTON, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Farmers & Traders National Bank

AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, June 22 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$596,257 38
Overdrafts		137 20
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		56,025 45
Due from other National banks	5,440 88	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,607 76	—7,048 64
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		3,816 08
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		92 85
Bills of other Banks		940 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		47 81
Specie		2,965 00
Legal tender notes		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$753,279 32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund	1,200 00	
Undivided profits	26,730 65	—27,930 65
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	342,731 38	
Due to other National Banks	23,809 31	
Due to State Banks and bankers	13,807 98	—380,348 67
Total		$753,279 32

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss;
I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of June, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
J. H. MERSMAN,
} Directors.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞ Office over Dudley Rouse's Store. ☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. H. I. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
☞ Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, JEFF UTZ,
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FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
R O U S E.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE. GLASSWARE AND TINWARE
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S,

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES.)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

TRADE MARK.
Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCANC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK,
Covington, Kentucky,
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H. Dills, F. P. Helm,
L. C. Stephens.
The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar7-tf28 J. W. Talbott.

UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets,
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired,
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., HEBRON, KY.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE
At Farmdale, P. O., Franklin Co., Ky., [illegible] from Frankfort. Has the most healthful and beautiful location in the State. [illegible] and able College Faculty. Expenses as moderate as any [illegible] begins Sept. 3. For Catalogues, etc., address as above COL. R. D. ALLEN, Supt.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

THE PERENNIAL MAUD.

Maud Muller worked at raking hay,
And cleared her forty cents a day.

Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine,
And so she worked in the sweet sunshine,

Singing as glad as a bird in May
"Barbara Allen" the live-long day.

She often glanced at the far-off town,
And wondered if eggs were up or down;

And the sweet song died of a strange disease,
Leaving a phantom taste of cheese,

And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda water and ginger cake.

The Judge rode slowly into view,
Stopped his horse in the shade and drew

His fine cut, while the blushing Maud
Marveled much at the kind he "chawed."

He was "dry as a fish," he said, with a wink,
And kind o' thought that a good, square drink

Would brace him up, so the cup was filled
With the crystal wine that the old spring spilled,

And she gave it him with a sun-browned hand;
"Thanks," said the Judge, in accents bland,

"A thousand thanks, for a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand"—but then he laughed.

And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day,
And raked in the Judge instead of the hay.
—*N. O. Picayune.*

HOW HE GOT OUT OF IT.

"For goodness' sake! what's the matter, Dod?" exclaimed Sidney Stitt, looking up from the bachelor occupation of sewing on a button, in which his friend's sudden entrance caused him to lose a stitch and prick his fingers—"you look as if all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune had made you their target for a month!"

"Matter!" growled Dodanim Dothan, flinging himself into a chair, and glowering angrily at the world through the window—"there's enough the matter; *I* should say!"

Sidney sucked his punctured finger, and waited till the spirit of confidence should move Dodanim to unbosom.

"Sid," he said at length, "I'm in a mess! You know what I told you about Phidyle Bates."

"You said you had made her an offer of marriage, and that she had promised a speedy answer."

"Yes, and she kept her word, too, confound her punctuality!"

"That is to say, declined with thanks."

"No—accepted with the eagerness of a despairing maiden clutching at the last matrimonial straw to keep from sinking in the Slough of Despond!"

"Well, what more can you wish?"

"To get out of it!" said Dodanim. "You see, Phid Bates, as I happened to discover, was down in her rich aunt Hesketh's will for the old lady's entire fortune; and the latter, being turned of ninety, the man lucky enough to become Phid's husband might fairly hope to realize his golden dreams without vexatious delay. I made a bold push to be that happy man. I pressed my suit, proposed, and, as already stated, was accepted. For twenty-four hours I was the happiest of men. But, alas! how soon was the blissful chalice dashed from my lips! A note from Phidyle announced that her aunt, on being informed of her engagement, in a fit of rage called in her lawyer and made another will, leaving everything to the—I forgot what she called it—Society.

"I hoped the letter would wind up with an offer to release me in view of these altered circumstances. But not a bit of it! 'I'm *real* glad it's happened so, dear Doddy,' she added in a postscript: 'for now everybody will know, as *I* did always, that you sought me for myself alone.'

"Now, Sid, that's the scrape I want you to help me out of. If I was only free from Phid, I could work my way back into Carrie Sewell's good graces when she gets back from the visit she's gone upon. She's got a few thousands of her own, and is as pretty as a pink. I only dropped her because I thought I saw a better chance."

Sidney Stitt having finished his sartorial labors, and put away his needle and thread, sat for a few moments wrinkling his majestic brow in thought.

"There's one plan that *might* work," he said at length.

"Out with it!" cried Dod, jumping up and grasping his hand. I knew *you* could help me if anybody could."

"Phid Bates is a high-strung piece," continued Sid. "If you could only lead her to suspect that all along your heart has really been another's, I believe she'd send you packing without a moment's ceremony."

"But how to manage such a scheme?"

"Oh! that's simple enough. Write a strong love-letter to some other woman—a fictitious one, if you like. Direct it; put it in your pocket unsealed, as though you meant to add or inclose something before mailing it; call on Phid; talk as lovingly as ever; and before coming away, accidentally drop the letter and leave it. Trust to female curiosity for the rest."

"Capital!" shouted Dod, slapping his friend's shoulders. "Let's about it at once;" and drawing a chair to the table on which were pen, ink and paper, he sat down.

"Don't you think it had better be addressed to an actual person?" he asked. "To somebody Phid knows for instance? She'd be more apt to think it real. Stay—I have it!—What say you to Nepenthe Hooker?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sid—"why, she celebrated her semi-centennial the other day, and is uglier than she's old; but no matter—she'll do as well as any."

"But isn't there danger Phid may see through the joke?" suggested Dod.

"No—a jealous woman never takes *anything* as a joke; besides, as Miss Hooker owns a small annuity, Phid will scent a motive for your perfidy."

Dod, after spoiling several sheets of paper, submitted the following for his friend's approval:

> DEAREST NEPENTHE—After many attempts and failures to suitably express the ardent passion that has for years consumed my heart, I abandon the effort in despair. I would throw myself at your feet, and pour out my feelings in a torrent of earnest, burning words, but for the dread that your answer might doom me to hopeless misery! Permit me, then, through the imperfect medium of the pen, in plain and simple terms, to declare my undying love for you, and you alone—whatever idle tongues may have chosen to report. Dearest! I now offer you my heart and hand. Do not break the one by declining the other. I would go to seek your answer from your lovely lips, but lack the courage. Please reply by early post. And now, darling, having committed to paper this faint expression of feelings long pent up, I shall seal and dispatch it as soon as I have gained sufficient nerve.
>
> "Your devoted DODANIM DOTHAN."

"Bravo! Dod," applauded Sid. "You ought to get up a new and revised edition of 'The Approved Letter-writer, and Love-maker's Assistant,' for the use of enamored swains of defective literary training."

"By George, though," said Dod, "if the story ever gets out, I'll be the laugh of the town!"

"Have no fear of its getting out. Phid'll never let it be known that she read a letter addressed to another."

It was not till the next evening that the friends again met.

"Your hand, Sid!" cried Dod, with boisterous glee. "It worked like a charm. I went to see Phid last night, had a long, cozy chat, and in pulling out my handkerchief to hide a tear at parting, managed to let drop the letter. I called again this morning, but the servant said she had orders not to admit me any more. So, you see, the business is done!"

Sid was warm in his felicitations.

"Now for Carrie Sewell!" said Dod.

"Hal—what's this?" ejaculated Sid, glancing at a newspaper that he had picked up, and from which he read hurriedly:

"'Married, at West Felicity, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Splicer, Miss Carrie Sewell, of Chipperdale, to Mr. Midas Muchtya, of Chinkington.'"

Dod looked thunderstruck. The pet part of his project was irretrievably "dished!" Wishing Sid a hasty good evening, he hastened home to his reflections.

They weren't very pleasant, on the whole, and were less so the next morning when the postman delivered a letter in Miss Nepenthe Hooker's stiffest hand, formally acknowledging receipt of Mr. Dothan's very flattering favor, declaring that the gratifying sentiments it so delicately conveyed had long been secretly reciprocated, and graciously accepting the offer he had honored her by making.

Here was a second thunderstroke for Dod. It was evident that Phidyle Bates had revenged herself by posting his letter to Nepenthe Hooker.

What was to be done? Dod would have applied to Sidney Stitt for counsel; but he shrank from disclosing his ridiculous plight even to him.

He formed the desperate resolve of going to Miss Hooker herself and explaining that it was all a joke. But it was no joke on her side, the lady declared; and on learning how her tender affections had been trifled with, she went into a fit of violent hysterics that roused the neighborhood, and Dod was fain to beat a hasty retreat to escape being mobbed.

He resolved to run away next morning; but the Sheriff, with a warrant for his arrest for breach of promise, was beforehand with him.

Dod tried to find bail, but couldn't. His friends, it seemed, weren't among the solid men of substance. Then he sought to make terms with the fair plaintiff. But her only terms were marry or go to jail! Like Mrs. McStinger, she held her grip, and like the immortal Jack Bunsby, Dod yielded to his fate, and was led a victim to the altar.

MORAL: *He deserved it.* —*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Remarkable Case.

"It was only a blister, but this particular blister, unlike others, sloughed, gangrene set in, followed by absorption or blood-poisoning, and death ensued," said Dr. Van Winkle yesterday. The victim was little Jacques Wurzburger, a bright German lad, five years of age, the son of Adolph Wurzburger, a florist of No. 605 Broadway, but living at No. 238 East Seventy-first street. The child died on Thursday morning of one of the most remarkable cases of blood-poisoning recorded in medical annals. Little Jacques' disease baffled the skill of physicians for weeks. The blister was first discovered early in June on the left side of the child's abdomen, just above the groin, and was about the size of a man's hand. How it was produced was not known at the time. The lad's parents summoned Dr. Van Winkle, who examined, punctured it to let out the watery fluid, and then applied a simple ointment. The doctor regarded it as a trivial affair and thought it would heal in a few days. The child's parents informed the physician that it was the result of chicken-pox. Afterward they said that Jacques put matches in his pocket and perhaps that caused the trouble. A few days afterward Dr. Van Winkle called again, when the mother said:

"Jack, after I questioned him, told me that he picked up a piece of chalk in the street and put it into his pocket. I found, on examination, that it was not chalk, but a lump of lime."

The doctor then discovered that the skin about the blister was in a gangrenous state, slowly but steadily eating inward. This sloughing began two weeks after the doctor's first visit. Little Jacques tossed about and exclaimed amid his sobs:

"Oh, mamma, do take me up." She often carried him round the room and held him in her lap.

"After the sloughing began," said Dr. Van Winkle, "I applied a bread and milk poultice to the blister. But this did not help it. He would sleep for an hour or two and then awake and cry. I never saw him delirious, but no doubt his mind was wandering some of the time. All at once his appetite disappeared, and I began to grow uneasy. From last Sunday week he rapidly grew worse. The gangrene kept eating deeper and deeper and destroyed the cellular tissue, but did not spread. My theory is that the lime, which is a powerful escharotic, irritated the skin, producing the blister. What caused the sloughing I am not able yet to determine. The decomposed matter was absorbed, producing blood-poisoning. This is the most remarkable and peculiar case I ever heard of."—*N. Y. World.*

Doing Him a Favor.

The occupant of an office on Larned street desired to drop 5,000 circulars to as many residents of Detroit regarding a new household patent, and he had just completed the weary work of directing the envelopes, the other day, when in came a telegram calling him out of the city for a day or two. He ran into a law office and left his key, and explained that he was sorry he didn't have time to mail his circulars before going. When he had departed the lawyer said to his office boy:

"My son, what is life worth without the good opinion of our fellow-men?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Of course not. This afternoon you go over and stamp all his circulars and get them into the post-office. It will be a favor and a surprise to him."

At three o'clock in the afternoon the boy said he had used up all the stamps, and he was directed to mail the circulars and wait for his reward. It came in a manner to astonish him. When the circular man returned he rushed into the law office white with rage, drove the boy into a corner, and shrieked out at the top of his voice:

"You infernal idiot! You licked three cents on each circular!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The stoves used in the United States cost one dollar a head each year in 1840 they did not cost over six cents a head.

HOME AND FARM.

—If a person has been bitten by a mad dog, tie a cord tightly about the wound, apply warm water to encourage bleeding, suck the wound and apply caustics.—*N. Y. Times.*

—In the *Ohio Farmer* a correspondent recommends growing potatoes under a covering of straw, put on about the time the tops are coming through. The covering keeps the ground moist in a dry time. The straw was put on in some instances to a depth of ten to twelve inches.

—Corn Bread: Two two cups of Indian meal allow one cup of white flour, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two and a half cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, one tablespoonful and a half of melted butter; steam for two hours in a well buttered tin, and dry off in the oven.—*Exchange.*

—The *Rural New Yorker* says tomatoes raised in poorish light soil will ripen ten days earlier than those raised in rich soil. We know this from the actual test during the past season. If large, showy tomatoes are wanted, regardless of flavor or time of ripening, then the rich soil and the rank growth are needed. Cutting off all but one or two fruits of the clusters while they are small and green will also cause those remaining to grow to a larger size.

—Says a lady writing to the *Country Gentleman:* Few housekeepers properly estimate the value of providing covers for pillows in common use, thinking if the cases are changed each week the pillows are properly protected. This is a real mistake, as any one can see by putting a white cover underneath the case and noticing how soon it becomes soiled. Old pillow cases can be used, by tearing off the buttons and putting buttonholes in the hems.

—Poached Eggs and Toast: Pour some boiling water into a frying pan; then break the egg into a saucer very carefully, and slide it off into the hot water. The water must not be boiling hard, or the eggs would fly in pieces. The water must be boiling hot to begin with, but afterwards merely simmer until the white is cooked so that no limpid part remains; then the yolk will be sufficiently done. Toast and butter some evenly-cut slices of bread, and lay them on a plate; then with a skimmer carefully lift out the eggs, and place one on each piece of toast.—*Boston Post.*

—E. P. Howell, for many years known as an extensive and successful fruit-grower, says that the experience of every grower of fruit for market is that the most important matter in beginning as a pomologist is to plant a very few varieties. Not less than four-fifths of our good fruits are unprofitable. They will serve the purpose of the amateur, whose main object is to supply his table with a succession of good fruit; but they will not pay the gardener. An orchard with a large number of varieties demands incessant work and constant anxiety.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dyspeptics and the Drug-Store.

But nine out of ten dyspeptics resort to the drug-store. They get a bottle of "tonic bitters." They try Dr. Quack's "Dyspepsia Elixir." They try a "blue pill"—in the hope of rousing Nature, as it were, to a sense of her proper duty.

Now, what such "tonics" can really do for them is this: they goad the system into the transient and abnormal activity incident to the necessity of expelling a virulent poison. With the accomplishment of that purpose the exertion ceases, and the ensuing exhaustion is worse than the first by just as much as the *poison-fever* has robbed the system of a larger or smaller share of its little remaining strength. The stimulant has wasted the organic energy which it seemed to revive. "But," says the invalid, "if a repetition of the dose can relieve the second reaction, would the result not be preferable to the languor of the unstimulated system? Wouldn't it be the best plan to let me support my strength by sticking to my patent tonic?"

Yes, it would be very convenient, especially in times of scarcity, if a starving horse could be supported by the daily application of a patent spur. It would save both oats and oaths. Even a fastidious nag could not help acknowledging the pungency of the goad. But it so happens that spur-fed horses are somewhat short-lived, though at first the diet certainly seems to act like a charm. For a day or two the drug stimulates the activity of the digestive organs as well as of the mental faculties, but the subsequent prostration is so intolerable that the patient soon chooses the alternative of another poison-fever. Before long the pleasant phase of the febrile process becomes shorter and the reaction more severe; the jaded system is less able to respond to the goad, and, in order to make up for the difference, the dose of the stimulant has to be steadily increased. The invalid becomes a bondsman to the drug-store, and hugs the chain that drags him down to the slavery of a confirmed poison-habit.

Circumstances may differ. A dyspeptic who intends to make his own quietus within a month or two, and in the meanwhile has a certain amount of work to finish, would be justified in stimulating his working capacities by all means, in order to improve to the utmost whatever chances of mundane activity may remain to him. But he who intends to stay has to make up his mind that recovery can not be hoped for till he has not only discontinued his drug, but expiated the burden of sin which the stimulant outrage has added to the cause of the disease. Nature has to overcome the effects both of malnutrition and of malpractice. The drug has complicated the disease.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—At Austin, Tex., in excavating in the Colorado River for the water-works, the workmen brought up a spur of curious workmanship and of evident Spanish origin. From the description of a fine spur said to have been lost by Gen. Bustamente in the river when he was retreating before Santa Anna, many believe this to be the same spur. And, near the same spot, was unearthed the framework of a clock. It is of metal, and, though oxidation has marred its luster, of course, traces of a high polish can still be seen on it, and practicles of rich and valuable pearls, with which it was overlaid, are still visible.—*Chicago Times.*

—They have found a breech-loading cannon under the citadel at Aleppo, where it must have been buried two hundred and fifty years. Its mechanism is almost precisely like those invented in these late years. Perhaps somebody will sometimes find a telephone loaded with helloas buried deeply below the surface somewhere; for every day some evidence is brought to prove that there is nothing new under the sun.—*Detroit Post.*

How a Great Fortune Was Made, Etc.

On the 4th of May I returned to Rio and am preparing to return to England. On my arrival I was shown over the finest residence in Brazil—the chateau of the Baron of Nova Friburgo (New Freiburgh). It is situated on the Cattete, and is surrounded by spacious gardens, which stretch to the shores of the bay of Rio. The house is of fine granite, every stone of which is said to have been imported from Europe. The structure is square, with rather plain facades, here and there broken by niches and ornamented with statutes. The owner is said to possess the finest plantation in Brazil. It is situated somewhere near Petropolis, and is regarded as a model establishment. It is openly stated in Rio that the vast fortune of the original Baron of Nova Friburgo was gained by forgery and counterfeiting. Upon expressing astonishment that so heinous a charge should be made, my informants—there were several of them—would exclaim: "Tut, man, that is nothing. There are few or no rich families in Rio who have not made their fortunes either by dealing in slaves or false notes, so that the Baron of Nova Friburgo—or Notas Falsas, as we call him—was no worse than the rest." It seems that some twenty years ago the father of the present Baron was intrusted by the Government with the business of superintending the printing of a new emission of Government paper notes, and that on the execution of this trust he took care to have a few millions printed for himself. These notes were printed in Germany, and so wretched was the engraving and so flimsy the paper that a few years ago they were obliged to be called in and replaced by greenbacks printed in New York. Many of the old notes are without signatures, but the people are so ignorant and the Government so accommodating that this never interferes with their currency. The former receive and pay them out without scrutiny; the latter redeems them in taxes without question.—*Brazil Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

How the Moujiks Get Drunk.

Moujiks are curious when drunk. They hardly ever quarrel, but become affectionate and embrace each other. Their idea of drinking is to imbibe until they are quite insensible. When I was in Russia I had a coachman who once a month used to come and ask me for leave to get drunk during two consecutive days. Upon inquiry I found that only on these conditions would a coachman remain sober during the rest of the month. Having obtained leave, he would go to a drinking house, show the proprietor his money, and state how long he would remain there. Then he would sit down at a table with some spirits before him. Gradually and solemnly he would get drunk, place his arms before him on the table and recline on them. Thus he would remain for two days and nights, the proprietor supplying him with more drink whenever he looked up. His time up, the proprietor would drag him outside the house and set him down in the snow against the wall, having first filled his cap with snow. Every charitably disposed brother coachman passing by would box his ears. In about half an hour this discipline would sober him; he would get up, shake himself together, and resume his duties. One man's poison is another man's meat, and so I suppose that he enjoyed himself.—*London Truth.*

—A tender-hearted Toledo man was annoyed greatly by a big, worthless dog hanging around his house. He didn't like to give it a button, and was not steady-nerved enough to shoot it, so he concluded to make it run away. He got a coil spring out of an old clock, wound it up tight, put it in a piece of beefsteak, and threw it to the innocent brute. The meat was gulped down without a tremor. In a short time the meat was digested sufficiently to let the spring loose. That spring ran the dog down the street so fast that thirteen baby wagons were upset, children knocked down and teams scared. The cry of mad dog was raised and the whole police force called out. The dog was finally shot.—*Toledo Blade.*

—They have a "curfew" ordinance in San Francisco which, unlike the provisions of the ancient curfew, apparently applies only to boys and girls and is silent as to the old requirement about putting out fires and lights. An item in one of the San Francisco papers states that the police will rigorously enforce the ordinance, and admonishes parents to see that their boys and girls are not out after the curfew bell rings.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Somebody told a young English nobleman that to be popular in Boston society he must profess to be very fond of baked beans. And so, when he dined at Mrs. Beaconstreet's, he said in a loud voice to the servant: "Pass the baked beans, please." There were none, of course, and the hostess said she was insulted.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—More than 700 miles of subterranean telegraph lines are completed in France, and 1,300 miles are in course of construction, and will be completed by the end of the year.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 13, 1883.		
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 50
Choice butchers	4 70	@ 5 40
HOGS—Common	5 00	@ 5 70
Good packers	5 75	@ 6 10
SHEEP	4 00	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 05	@ 1 06
No. 2 winter red	1 04	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	52	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	36	@
Rye—No. 2	53½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 75	@15 00
Lard—Steam	08	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 11⅞	@ 1 12
No. 1 white	1 10	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	56	@ 60
Oats—mixed	41	@ 45
PORK—Mess	16 00	@
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 04	@
Corn No. 2	51¼	@ 50½
Oats—No. 2	34⅛	@
Rye	53½	@
PORK—Mess	13 00	@13 75
LARD—Steam	8 17½	@ 8 20
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 13¼	@
Corn—mixed	57¼	@ 58¼
Oats—mixed	38	@ 40
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	17 50	@
Lard—Refined	11	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	95	@ 97½
Corn—mixed	51½	@
Oats—mixed	35	@
PORK—Mess	16 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 02	@
CORN	41	@
OATS	34	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

—John Bright is as cool as he is clever. A few nights ago, while addressing an English audience, he had occasion to remark: "Job has said, 'Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward,'" but that upon the whole he "did not agree with Job." Whereupon one of the audience of 4,000 arose, and objecting to hear Job spoken of so, shouted: "Three cheers for Job." The three cheers were given with an enthusiasm which might have discomforted a less ready man than John Bright.

—For the last four years a St. Louis man has not missed attendance at any session of the Criminal Court. No one knows what his name is, or anything about him, except that he is mildly insane. His devotion to the court is supposed to have an element of romance in it, for it is said he hopes to find again there a young woman whom he saw years ago on the witness stand and fell in love with her. Indeed, it is asserted that the face which haunts his memory is the cause of his madness.—*St. Louis Globe.*

A LARGE proprietary medicine house in Baltimore, Md., who run St. Somebody-or-other's remedy for rheumatism, recently expended over $1,000 in giving its employes a day's excursion in the country. This is genuine philanthropy.

THE sleepy brakeman knows what a carbuncle do in a tight place.—*N. O. Picayune.*

YOUNG and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT does not matter how well the gardener tries to do—he is always slipping.—*Boston Star.*

"Now Well and Strong."

SHIPMAN, Ill.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong.

Very truly yours, REV. I. N. AUGUSTIN.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

PEOPLE pretend to go to the salt sea to get the fresh air.

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered from the last ten years from Hay-Fever. I desire to testify in favor of Ely's Cream Balm. My short use of it demonstrated its efficacy. J. MAIDHOF, 401 Broadway, N. Y. 50 cts.

CLOSE quarters—The twenty-five cent pieces hoarded by a miser.—*N. Y. News.*

Sick-Headache.

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, O., writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

THE man who drinks can not conceal it from the world. His habit is red in his nose.

LADIES and sickly girls requiring gentle and reliable stimulant, will find Brown's Iron Bitters beneficial.

WHERE are the fragments of the boy who "burst into tears?"

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed by Three Important Interviews.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred:

"That article of yours, doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart-disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly open in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and *force* of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishops Haven and Peck, and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids, he had provided a vial, the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe, then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience. What was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope, and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it, and upon critical examination find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused, and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make can not for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing, and that it can be cured.

A CARPENTER is a plane man.—*Arkansaw Traveller.* This augurs well for whoever adz to it.

WRIGHTSVILLE, PA.—Rev. Elijah Wilson says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have permanently cured me of chills and fever."

HANLAN is called the aquatic lion, and when he is in his scull the lion can row'er.—*Somerville Journal.*

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Rev. T. J. Reilly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

FRUITS of the seas-on—Wrecks. "Cutting up shines"—the worker in precious stones.—*Boston Star.*

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

THE warm weather brings the dogs to muzzlin' and summer pants.

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered for eight years with Hay-Fever. In July I resorted to Ely's Cream Balm, have been entirely free from the fever ever since. E. C. HILLMAN, State Arsenal, Trenton, N. J. 50 cts.

"CAN a man serve two masters?" Certainly, sailors on schooners can.—*The Judge.*

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Communicates freshness and purity to the complexion. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

WALK MORE, AND SLEEP SOUNDLY.

Mr. JOHN W. COLE, Principal of the Gale School Troy, N. Y., writes us:

TROY, N. Y., April 7, 1883.

"Having been afflicted for several years past with illness, the cause of which was unknown to me for a long time, and my continued disability getting to be of so serious and distressing a character as to cause great anxiety with my family and friends, I became satisfied upon close investigation that the cause of my sickness was the diseased condition of my kidneys and liver. At this time by accident a friend who had similar symptoms to mine informed me of the great improvement in his health by taking Hunt's Remedy, and persuaded me to try it. I immediately commenced taking it, and from the first bottle began to improve, and its continued use affords very encouraging results. I can sleep soundly, walk better, am free from pains, and the severe attacks of headache from which I suffered so much have disappeared, and I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy for all purposes for which it is advertised. I will add in closing that my wife has used it very successfully for preventing the attacks of sick headache with which she had been afflicted from youth."

ALMOST DISHEARTENED.

A prominent citizen sends us the following statement:

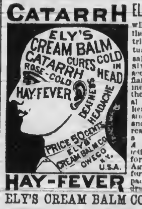
"For several years I have been very seriously afflicted with a severe pain in the back, which I long supposed to be lumbago or rheumatism of the back. More recently the pains had become more severe, so much so that it was with difficulty that I was able to get out of bed in the morning. I had tried various remedies without any apparent relief. By the earnest solicitation of a friend I commenced taking Hunt's Remedy, about three weeks ago, and its instantaneous benefits are wonderful, for I have had no pains in my back since taking the first three doses, and am relieved from the pains, aches and exhaustive weakness, the painful symptoms that usually accompany diseases of the kidneys. And I confidently expect to be completely and permanently cured by the use of it. I must cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who are afflicted with any kidney or liver disease.

"WILLIAM G. ARNOLD,
"Walnut Street, Providence, R. I."

March 29, 1883.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



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—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

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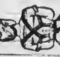

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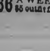

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A. N. K.—E. 934

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1883. NUMBER 39.

THE INQUISITIVE FISHERMAN.

Once there was a fisherman
Who went to catch some fish;
He took with him a basket
And a little china dish.
"I'll use one for the fishes,
The other when I sup;
For, if they meet my wishes,
I'll cook and eat them up!"

He fished and fished the whole day long,
From morn till late at night;
He baited hooks and watched his bob,
But could not get a bite.
He then threw down his rod and line,
And vowed he'd go below,
To find out what the reason was
The fish had used him so.

The fish all gathered round him,
Each wagging his own tail,
From the little polly-woggy
To the great gigantic whale.
Some fish were looking scaly,
And some exceeding thin,
But all were glad to see the man,
And offered him a fin.

They said: "We have no china dish,
Nor basket snug and light;
But we are very prudent fish,
Who think before we bite.
We do not need to cook our prize
Ere we sit down and sup."
And so, before his very eyes,
They ate that fisher up!

—*St. Nicholas.*

"MUCH ADO," ETC.

A True Story.

"Papa, I want to go to Hartford with you!" called out little Lotty Park, as she saw her father open the door to go down stairs, for it was almost train-time, and Mr. Park was station-agent at West Waring.

"Not to-day, Lotty. I can't go till to-morrow; you may come along then, if mamma says so."

The next morning, Lotty was duly dressed in her prettiest clothes, and looking like a dolly, only far sweeter and prettier than the best of dollies, she went down to the platform, for Mr. Park's house was the upper story of the picturesque passenger depot.

Before long the train came screaming and hissing in from the west, and Mr. Park locked up the office and came out to where Lotty stood. Tom Scott, the baggage-master on the train, looked out of the sliding door to see Lotty, for whom he was always prepared with a flower, an apple, a bit of candy, or some other dainty, for he loved the rosy little thing dearly, and all the more that his own little girl lay asleep in the Sharon graveyard.

Mr. Park swung Lotty up into Tom Scott's arms. "Here!" said he; "check this bit of baggage through to Hartford."

Catching her, with a laugh and a kiss, he sat her down on a big trunk and gave her a cooky out of his dinner-pail.

Just then Mr. Park caught sight of the very man on whose account he was going in to Hartford. Mr. Coe was a manufacturer in Waring and there had been trouble about his freight rates, which Mr. Park had to go into the office of the road to see about; he had not got all the information he wanted, for Mr. Coe had been West, but here he was, just come back, on his way to the Waring station, half a mile below West Waring.

So Mr. Park talked to him all the time the engine was taking in water, and then got into the car and sat beside him, still talking so earnestly that he got off at the Waring station, quite forgetful of Lotty, Hartford and everything else, and followed Mr. Coe to the wagon which was waiting for him in his earnestness to fully inform himself about this matter.

The clatter of car wheels called him back in a moment; the train was off, off beyond his reach, but it would go easily down to the Tuck Junction, a few rods off, and stop there, according to law, to cross the other track. Mr. Park tore after it like a crazy man, caught his foot in a rail, fell, scrambled up and rushed on, but all too late!

The train hissed away far ahead of the frantic follower; there was but one thing to do: telegraph to the next station, East Hartland, to have her put off there and sent back on the next train.

He ran back to the Waring station, but the telegraph operator had gone home to dinner, and he had to hunt him up and get the key; but now the train was overdue at East Hartland; he must signal to Parsonsville.

This village happened to be a mile from its station, and before the operator could send up a message the train had gone. Mr. Park could have cried if he had been a woman; being a man, he expressed his distress otherwise, but quite as forcibly. The next thing was to signal Hampton.

"Ask Conductor Cone to stop train at B. Brook siding; fetch girl Tom Scott has along."

The train in from Waring went on to a siding just before you reached Hampton, and waited for the Hartford train ten minutes. At Hampton the telegraph operator was also gone to dinner. No answer came back till Mr. Park was ready to despair, then it said: "Both trains gone before your message came."

There was but one thing left to do now; he must telegraph to Hartford, and another message spun along the wires:

"Ask Cone to fetch the little girl Tom Scott took in out on the evening train."

The answer that came back was dreadful to the anxious father.

"Tom Scott left train at Wintonbury. No child on board."

To be sure; Tom Scott's old mother lived at Wintonbury. Once a week he stopped off the train at this last station to see her, and took the return train there, for she was very old and infirm, and lately had been dangerously ill.

But "No child on board!" What could this mean? Had Lotty run into the next car to find her father and slipped unseen between the cars, while careless Tom stepped off at Wintonbury and thought no more about her? Oh, poor Lotty! was she lying on that ghastly track that had slaughtered so many before her? Mr. Park shuddered and hid his head in his hands; he was not an imaginative man, but everything that could possibly happen, to his darling ran through his mind; may be she had fallen from the door of the baggage-car and been lost in the woods, if she escaped uninjured. Perhaps she lay in that cold, black river the train crossed so many times, which only a few months ago had engulfed a score of others, each perhaps as dear to some one as Lotty to him: and all because of his own carelessness! How could he have forgotten her? What was business of any sort compared with Lotty?

He was not habitually a praying man, but with the instinct that drives many of us—most of us—to an Almighty power for help when trouble and danger press, he lifted up a fervent prayer to God to help him; to bring back his lost Lotty.

Poor man! he dare not go home and face his wife, who was feeble always, and now worn out with the care of a sick baby. He could not bear to think of going to her with the truth of the case—which he could not know himself until the evening train brought out Tom Scott; and he would not go to her with a dreadful uncertainty.

There was nothing for him but to wait at the station till the train came in.

His brother George was in the ticket office at West Waring, filling his place, on the supposition that he and Lotty had gone to Hartford, so he need not go back there.

It was two o'clock by this time; in fifteen minutes the milk train would come along. There was just a chance Lotty might have been put on to the milk train from the platform at Bright Brook, which was a flag station close by the siding, when Tom Scott found her father had not come aboard.

Why had he not thought of this before? A wild thrill of hope ran through his heart, he could scarce wait for the train to come up; why should he? he could run down to the Tuck junction and get on the cars there; so off he went again at full speed, and boarded the train the instant it slowed.

"Is my little Lotty aboard?" he called eagerly, turning a white, worn face and hungry eyes toward Conductor Smith, who stood in the caboose door.

"No, sir; nobody but them you see settin' before you," smiled the conductor, quite unaware of the agony his answer gave the expectant father.

Mr. Park dropped into a seat that was luckily vacant close beside. There was no child there, but a small boy of about Lotty's age—a boy as black as black could be, who turned and looked at him with a grin.

Mr. Park laughed; he was so tired, so anxious, so cruelly disappointed, that he laughed aloud, but it was a laugh worse than a cry.

Everybody turned to look at him, but the train stopped, and being close to the door, he got out first, went over to the freight station, sat down on a cheese box, and leaned his head against a beam, entirely worn out.

The freight-master asked him some trivial kindly question, but the poor man shook his head silently; he could not speak; so the other went his way and let him alone. He saw that something was the matter he could neither meddle with or help, but he told his wife that night that he did wonder what ailed Park; for he never saw such a face in all his life as his was that day.

It seemed as if the afternoon never would go by; he heard three o'clock strike from somebody's house near by, and as the minutes wore on he thought that the clock had run down, but he pulled out his watch and it was a quarter of four. Almost time for the Western train to come in; then arose the question in his mind whether the suspense would be shortened if he got on that train and went down to East Hartland to wait for the evening train out. He would know sooner, but what would he know? Was a horrible certainty easier to bear than suspense?

Some men would have accepted the alternative at once, but he shrank from it, partly because he was weakened and worn with the terrible strain of the last few hours, and actually felt unable to make the exertion; partly because, like more than half the other people in the world, he wanted to delay a shock that was probable as long as it could be done.

The train steamed in; he heard the hotel-porters crying out their short, sharp invitations; he heard laughter, the buzz of tongues, the driving off of carts and carriages, the clatter of an unruly horse's hoofs, and the objurgations of his driver, but he never lifted his weary head.

His thoughts took a new turn; he went back to the day Lotty was first laid in his arms, a little, helpless, fretting baby of a day old. But how proud he was of his girl, even from her babyhood! how he had watched every new trick, and laughed with delight at her broken baby-language! how scared she was at the locomotives the first time he took her down on the platform, hiding her fair head in his breast and sobbing with terror!

Poor little soul! he wondered if she had been frightened when she fell off the train, or if she had been spared that terror by instant death. He shuddered at the idea, and made a great effort to control himself, and dispel the dreadful fancies that haunted him. He got up and walked up and down the freight-depot, then he went over to the waiting-room, picked up a New York paper somebody had left behind, and sat resolutely down to read it. There was a great deal of news in that paper, but he never knew it. All he saw was—

"Lotty! dear little Lotty! lost Lotty!"

The words seemed to dance up and down the columns everywhere. A boy came along with apples; he bought one of them and tried to eat it, but it choked him.

Time would fail me to tell of his efforts to make the day fly; it only crept the slower. His very agony wore itself out at length; he was dull and dumb, like one who walks in a bad dream.

At last the half-hour after five came, and he rose from the box where he had been sitting on the street side of the station, and went round to the railway platform where the cars would come in.

The wind was in his favor; it blew from the southeast. When he had stared at the clock-face in the waiting room, through the window, at least fifty times, and counted out ten minutes, he heard a distant shriek of the whistle, and his heart stood still. Only ten minutes more! for the train was due at 5.50 P. M.

But what minutes! Ten! there were ten hundred of them at the least! and then—there it came—slowing carefully up to the platform, and there was Tom Scott's pleasant face, and his athletic figure at the door of the car, ready to hand out trunks.

"Tom! Tom Scott!" cried a strange, hoarse voice, as a man pushed fiercely through the astonished crowd to the baggage-car, "where's my girl? where is Lotty?"

"Lotty!" ejaculated Tom, pausing in the act of sliding a big trunk to the platform.

"Lotty! why, man alive, where do you s'pose she is? to home, aint she? where she'd oughter be."

"Did you fetch her—send her, I mean, on the 2.10 train?"

"Bless your crazy soul! I never took her! When I see you didn't get aboard this noon I jest took an' dropped her into George's arms—he stood there alookin' on; and sez I, 'Take her hum, George; he ain't a-going to-day, as I see.' So he ketched her and went off with her. Didn't she kick though?" And Tom Scott laughed at the recollection.

Mr. Park would have liked to knock him down on the spot; but the relief, the revulsion, was so great he had scarce strength to drag himself up into the car. A few pants of the engine, a short tug up the heavy grade, and they were at West Waring station, and there, running across the street toward the station, rosy, dancing, smiling, came Lost Lotty.—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Youths' Companion.*

Where Bears Were Thick.

Said Major Jim: "B'ars will leave when you make it too hot for 'em, sir. when I was doin' business for old Jedge Smides, down in Madison Parish—plantation lay right on the river—Mississippi River you know—one night I was sittin' on my gallery smokin', sir—everything jest as still as er dead mule, sir. Well, first thing I knowed I heerd a kinder noise way up 'cross the river, and it sounded sorter low like at first, and then it kept gittin' louder and louder, twell I couldent stand it no longer, sir. I jest jumps up on my feet and I says: 'Old ooman, old ooman, a hurricane's comein', sure as you're born.' Says she: 'Major O.'—she always called me Major O. when she wan't in a hurry—'how in the name o' sense can a hurricane be a comein' when there ain't a cloud in the sky?' 'Well,' says I, 'there's the deuce to pay somewhere.' So I picks up my double-barrel and I breaks out for the levee, and when I gits there I lissen, and I hears that roarin' 'cross the river gittin' louder and louder, jest like a nigger funeral, when they begin to blow the mud out their bilers, sir. And I looked where the moon was shinin', and I seen that whole river turnin' black, sir, and comin' closer and closer up to where I was standin'. Skeared! I reckon I was skeared. Why, sir, my hair would a lifted a cotton bale. I would a put up and dusted, and I did kinder inch back er little, but I dazzent run, sir, with Susan Ann a standin' there on that gallery. There she stood, sir, and first she'd sing 'Old Hundred,' and then she'd git down on her marrow bones and moan out her little prayer, and then every once in a while she'd holler out, 'Jim, what is the matter?' as if I wouldn't a given six quarts of Dexter's best jest to a half knowed what was the matter. If you'd a seed me, sir, a standin' there havin' one agur on top of another faster'n you could count 'em, and the cold sweat runnin' out the holes in my boots, you'd a knowed, sir, how happy I was, sir, when I seed somethin' black riz up out that river and shuck hisself. I jest up and hollered to Susan Ann not to be carryin' on like a mooniack and makin' a durned fool of herself; but I had jest as well hollered at a loggerhead turkle, for Susan Ann and every nigger on that hill had lit out for the canobreak, sir. So I jest stood there lonesome by myself, and I jest poured it into them b'ars right and left when they topped that levee and shuck theyselves, twell broad daylight, sir. It looked like the whole world was full of b'ars, sir. I jest stood in my tracks and I killed thirty-eight of 'em, sir—the biggest in the drove, and when I stopped shootin' there wasn't a livin' soul on that plantation 'cept me and them dead b'ars. Every nigger, sir, little and big, and Susan Ann to boot, was clean gone, sir. I got some nigger dogs and I ketched the old ooman down on Joe's Bayou the next day, but some of them niggers never did git back, sir, never did. Yes, sir, b'ars will travel when you makes it hot for 'em."—*Forest and Stream.*

An Indian's Stoicism.

From a London (Canada) paper we copy the following account of the cat-o'-nine-tails:

"Doxtator was brought out. He is a muscular, heavy-set Indian, and had a laugh on his face. His back was bared, his wrists were strapped to the upper parts of the arm of the triangle, and his knees and ankels to the lower part, throwing his back out. The only sign of nervousness manifested was a quick look at the cat-o'-nine-tails which was in the hand of a stout expert, who had been a drummer in the Twenty-third British regulars. The cat had a short handle and nine thongs of hard, heavy cord a yard long, with nine knots in each. At the command of the Sheriff the cat was flourished around the whipper's head with a quick jerk, whistled through the air and fell with a sharp thud over the left shoulder-blade, making large blue marks. At the third the flesh was cut open, but the prisoner's muscles never quivered, though of sixty spectators, fully half of them sickened and turned away. Twenty-five lashes, given with all the power of a strong man in one place, caused the flesh to creep up in purple welts, which were cut transversely into small squares, out of which the blood trickled. But few of the crowd could look at it throughout. The Indian never flinched, and after the last blow, which was given with extra vigor, the Sheriff cried 'enough,' and Doxtator laughed and said:

"'Bully for Injun.'

"When he was released the *porter* asked him how he felt. He answered, 'Feel him back very much.' The Indian asked the whipper for a 'chaw baccer,' and grabbed a pipe out of the turnkey's mouth and went to smoke, but it was taken from him. The wounds were washed with salt and water to prevent inflammation, and that made Josiah wince worse than the flogging."

Religious.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

What shall I wish thee, maiden, to-day,
As we gather to greet thee bright and gay,
And tender congratulations?
Shall I wish for thee presents costly and rare,
A flower, a pearl for thy braided hair;
Some purchased gew-gaw dazzling and fair,
Or still richer presentations?

Shall I wish thee days of unbroken health?
Or wish thee a fortune of untold wealth,
And friends and admirers many?
Shall I wish thee houses and lands and flocks,
Riches in dividends, bonds and stocks;
Wardrobes of costumes, robes and frocks;
Wines in Burgundies, sherries and hocks,
And a husband rarer than any?

Nay, wishes like these are but empty things,
For what are jewels, and trinkets, and rings?
Or what is pleasure or mirth?
Or what are lands, or houses, or gold?
Or what a fortune of wealth untold?
Or what is aught that is bought or sold,
Whatever its cost or worth?

For jewels are trash, and gold but dross;
All pleasure pain, all gain but loss,
To a soul that must live forever,
If that soul and God be not reconciled;
If life be not pure and undefiled,
If the heart be not lowly, meek and mild,
Like the heart of a spotless Heavenly child,
That sin has sullied never—

Then I'll wish for thee pardon, and rest, and peace,
A life of faith that will ever increase,
And a hope that will ever burn bright;
A soul that God keeps calm with His smile,
A heart that no evil shall ever defile,
A mind that no doubt shall ever beguile,
Till the shadows and shades of earth's "little while"
Are lost in Heaven's bright Light;

Yes, then shall thy life be happy and blest,
Then shall thy heart be ever at rest
Wherever thy footsteps roam;
Then shall thy riches be richer than gold,
And the worth of thy treasures remain untold
Till God's pure Light thy Life unfold,
And God Himself thine eyes behold
In thy far-off Heavenly Home.

—*Christian Commonwealth.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 22	—[illegible]eated at Ai	Josh. 7:10-26
July 29	—The Reading of the Law	Josh. 8:30-35
Aug. 5	—The Cities of Refuge	Josh. 20: 1-9
Aug. 12	—The Last Days of Joshua	Josh. 24:14-29
Aug. 19	—Israel Forsaking God	Judg. 2: 6-16
Aug. 26	—Gideon's Army	Judg. 7: 1-8
Sept. 2	—The Death of Samson	Judg. 16:21-31
Sept. 9	—Ruth and Naomi	Ruth 1:14-22
Sept. 16	—A Praying Mother	1 Sam. 1:21-28
Sept. 23	—The Child Samuel	1 Sam. 3: 1-19
Sept. 30	—Review.	

NOT A FAILURE.

"Her life began so brilliantly," said my friend, "it is a pity that it has turned out such a failure."

We were speaking of one who in her girlhood gave exceptional promise of scholarship and literary culture. Her powers were uncommon, and were equaled by her ambition. Stimulated by admiring parents and teachers, and filled with a genuine love of knowledge, she studied so incessantly that her health broke down, and there came a period of enforced repose.

Rallying, the same course of severe effort produced the same result, and the studies had to be laid aside. The lamp burned brightly, but the vase was fragile and so the flame was obscured. It could never become a beacon sending its rays far and wide, through mirk and gloom. But it could and did burn steadily on with a mild, pure radiance, shedding its cheerful luster over the home circle.

Contented to abide in lowly ministries, the gifted girl, finding that she could not spend days and nights over Greek and Latin, determined to become that rare thing, a perfect housekeeper. She learned patiently and thoroughly the various secrets of housework; those occult processes by which neat, beautiful and well-ordered homes are kept going as if by magic.

Reading the other day about Solomon's temple, and the great blocks of hewn stone and massive beams of cedar, which were prepared and brought to it, all ready for use, so that the grand edifice was reared in dignified quietude, without noise or confusion, I thought, how like to this is the work which must take place in the household, if things are to be carried forward in order. Nobody builds a beautiful home temple without pains and care, and we must do our polishing and hewing out of sight, if we would be successful architects.

The young girl I am speaking of (I will call her Lillie) learned to brew, to bake, to sweep, to dust, to sew, to manage servants and to entertain guests, every one of these occupations being in a manner uncongenial to her, since she was by nature shy, retiring, and a bit of a recluse. The variety and exercise necessary to homely housekeeping did not tax her strength as did intense devotion to books, yet she continued frail, and was sometimes laid aside for months.

I suppose nobody learns how to sympathize with the sick in any other way than by learning pain suffering. Our Lillie became a tender visitor in shadowed homes. She would come with her soft step, her gentle words, her sweet face and her unerring tact into a sick room, and when she left it the patient felt encouraged. So, there was one work she did for the Master, not less precious that it was a very unobtrusive one.

She taught class after class in the Sabbath-school; and as the years went by, and the girls and boys who had been under her instruction grew up, they remembered her counsels and prized her continued friendship. They sought her for advice, told her their perplexities, and were influenced by her in their maturity, as they had been guided in their childhood.

Lillie's brothers and sisters married and went here and there to their new homes. Neither love nor marriage were appointed for her, and she staid on with her parents through their declining years, always their comfort, and gradually their main dependence. She retained, as it seems to me some single women do, in a marvelous way, the simplicity of her child-heart through all her years; and now that her hair is sprinkled with silver, and her foot-fall is less firm than of old, she is still everything that a daughter can be to the aged ones who lean on her.

Lillie has never written a poem, nor painted a picture, nor made a discovery in science, nor dazzled a drawing-room. She has spent her life humbly, in a shady place, but she has made the shadows sweet with the perfume of Christ's love, and the world has been the better for her. Such a life is anything but a failure. *Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.*

The Skeptics and Christ.

The study of Christ's character and life has always commanded the profoundest thought of men. In the days of His humanity all who saw and heard Him wondered at the impersonation of grace and virtue and wisdom which they recognized in Him; and through all the centuries He has been studied by both friends and foes, until He holds the chief place in the literature of the world. How He is esteemed by His followers we need not attempt to show; but the judgment of His character by His enemies, while scarcely less exalted, is still more surprising.

The familiar testimony of Rosseau, one of the most polished of all the skeptics, is a remarkable confession of Christ's divinity: "If the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." So exalted was his conception of the character of our Lord that Mr. John Stuart Mill was compelled to say: "Religion can not be said to have made a bad choice in pitching upon this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." And even Strauss, in his second "Leben Jesu," 1864, concedes "that in many respects Jesus stands in the first line of those who have developed the ideal of humanity." Of course none of these skeptics acknowledge the deity of Christ; and, to break the force of their concessions, they make exceptions, and presume to say there were sides of excellence in His character that "were only faintly indicated, or not even hinted at." But, in spite of their unbelief, they are not able to escape the conviction that Christ and His religion present supernatural features which, though they can not understand, they dare not deny. It is a suggestive question of Mr. Mill: "Who among the disciples of Jesus or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels?" And the negative answer which the question anticipates only expresses the judgment of the most thoughtful and candid of his class of doubters.

Yet there is a wide difference between the views held of Christ by skeptics and Christians; for while the former yield him reverence on the ground of His unapproachable moral excellence, the latter worship Him as the incarnate God. Skeptics like Renan, with a look of great liberality, say: "The Sublime Person, who daily presides still over the destiny of the world, we may call divine, not in the sense that Jesus absorbed all the divine, or, to use a scholastic word, was adequate to it, but in the sense that Jesus is the individual who has made His species take the greatest step towards the divine." This, however, is paying Him no more homage than did the men who in the days of His flesh admitted that He was a prophet but denied that He was the Messiah. The declaration of Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," expresses the Heaven-taught estimate which all Christians hold of Christ.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Wise Sayings.

—The way to forget our miseries is to remember our mercies.

—Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—*Sterne.*

—This world can not explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.—*Cotton.*

—Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.—*Augustine.*

—Consecration is not a religiously selfish thing. If it sinks into that, it ceases to be consecration.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

—I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—*Rutherford.*

—There is, perhaps, no better test of a man's real strength of character than the way in which he bears himself under just reproof. Every man makes mistakes; every man commits faults; but not every man has the honesty and meekness to acknowledge his errors and to welcome the criticism which points them out to him. It is rarely difficult for us to find an excuse for our course, if it's an excuse we are looking for. It is, in fact, always easier to spring to an angry defense of ourselves than to calmly acknowledge the justice of another's righteous condemnation of some wrong action of ours; but to refuse to adopt this latter course, when we know that we are in the wrong, is to reveal to our own better consciousness, and often to the consciousness of others, an essential defect in our character. He is strong who dares confess that he is weak; he is already tottering to a fall who needs to bolster up the weakness of his personality by all sorts of transparent shams. It is not in vain that Scripture says: "Reprove one that hath understanding and he will understand knowledge;" for one of the best evidences of the possession of that discreet self-judgment which stands at the basis of moral strength, and one of the best means of gaining it when it is lacking, is just this willingness to accept merited reproof, and to profit by it when accepted.—*S. S. Times.*

—A man who died in Cincinnati a few days since, had suffered from a decayed tooth, and often determined to have it removed or filled. About two weeks ago he had it taken out, and was unfortunate enough to catch cold in the cavity. An abscess formed, and this, in breaking, let some of the poisonous virus into his blood. Medical aid was at once summoned, but the deadly poison had already done its work, and he died after only a couple of days' serious illness.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Eight young women of Elizabeth, near Pittsburgh, Pa., were arrested recently for singing "Rock of Ages" under a window of Mrs. Martha Taylor's house. When the matter came before the Burgess Mrs. Taylor failed to make out a case and was obliged to pay the costs.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Our Young Folks.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS I KNOW.

I know a little girl
(You! Oh, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so—
She brings a dozen wrinkles out
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips
And then she does begin:
"Oh dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,
Who says: "When I'm a great big girl
I'll sit up late;
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile and the eye so blue,
And—why, yes, now I think of it,
She *looks like you.*

—*Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE WOMAN.

She was a very little woman, not more than four years old, and I am afraid she was running away.

Perhaps I ought not to say running; for she walked gravely and deliberately along the street, looking about her with an observant air. She had on a ruffled white apron, and a brown stuff dress, and over her head she had thrown an apron of blue and white check in place of a bonnet. The apron was so large, and the little woman so small, that, while the chubby hand held it snugly under her round chin, one corner trailed on the ground behind her. The apron also served as a shawl for a rag doll with no features to speak of, whose head, with a ghastly wound on top, peeped out under the little mother's arm. A great many people were coming and going, but the little woman did not notice them. She was singing to herself and the doll:

"'Tis His hand that leadeth me."

She only knew this one line, so she sang it over and over as she went on, walking close to the fences, and peeping into yards where flowers were growing, and into basements, where she had glimpses of tables covered with red cloths, and shining casters towering in the middle like revolving batteries. She was directly in the wake of a fat woman, who turned the stream of travel one side, and left a quiet little path for her small follower.

Presently the little woman stopped. She had come to a yard, filled with trees and flowers, around an old-fashioned brick house. The flowers were old-fashioned, too, but they were all of the sweetest, and over them the cherry-boughs were like one great white bouquet. The little woman forgot to hold the apron under her chin, and it slid down to the sidewalk. She took her doll from under her arm, and held her close to the fence that she might see, too, and smell the blossoms, and hear the fine, clear piping of the bees at work among them. There was a wonderful bird flashing about the trees like a great golden blossom. The bird seemed always just about to launch into a song, but was so busy he broke off at the first syllable. A man came across the lawn with a wheelbarrow, in which was a green shrub. He dug a hole in the turf, and began to plant the bush: but he saw the eager little face, and the dolly with her wooden brains oozing out behind. He nodded good-naturedly.

"Where you going, sis?"

"Anywhere," said the little woman.

"What you looking at?"

"God's flowers," was the grave answer.

The man laughed again, and pushed up his hat.

"Them's the Guv'nor's flowers; want some?"

The little woman only nodded, but her eyes grew large and round with wonder and expectancy as the man broke a white bough from the cherry-tree, and a purple spike of a hyacinth. He put them in her hand, saying: "Now run home, or that there young lady will be took up by the p'lice; looks like she'd had a row."

The little woman had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the flowers. The man went back to his work, and she went slowly on. One block, two blocks, six blocks, then she came to a little triangular park at the intersection of the streets—a very small park, with only grass and a few trees in it, and an iron drinking fountain for horses just outside the fence. Two dusty horses were drinking from the round iron bowl, and a dog was eagerly lapping the slender stream that spilled over upon the stones below. The little woman went into the park, and sat down under a tree. She was just beginning to be afraid she was lost, but she could not be very unhappy while she had her flowers. She sat very still looking at them, and to her great delight a brown bee came sniffing at the white cups for an instant as he passed. Stretched on the grass near her was a boy—a big boy; the little woman would have called him a man. He had red hands and a sunburned face, and coarse, clumsy clothes. You would not have looked twice at him, but the little woman looked and looked, and saw he was crying. She looked again, and then crept a little nearer, holding her doll very tight.

"Does you want some of God's flowers?" she asked, holding the sweet things toward him.

The boy took them eagerly—took them all; but just as the little woman was going to cry he gave them back to her, so she broke off a piece of the cherry bough and one little stemless hyacinth, and gave them to him. The boy had but lately come to the city. He was hungry, he was friendless, he was utterly discouraged, he had taken the first step downward. But when he smelt the familiar scent of cherry blossoms, and saw the pure, pitiful eyes of the little woman looking at him, it brought back the homely brown house among the hills, and the little sisters who believed in him and trusted him.

"I'll try one day more," he said resolutely, "and if I can't get work, I'll go home; I won't stay here and go to the bad."

Surely they were "God's flowers" which the little woman had given him.

She sat quietly under the tree, talking sometimes to her doll, and counting the hyacinth bells over and over. She knew now she was lost, but was not really frightened. She felt sure some one would come by and by and find her.

The market-house clock began to strike twelve. With the first stroke a babel of sounds broke in. Steam-whistles in every key, bells that clanged slowly, bells that rang wildly, clocks striking from a dozen steeples, and through them all the slow, deep poom of the market-clock. The street was full of hurrying people, going home to dinner. Clattering over the pavement came an empty express wagon; the driver hesitated, then turned up to the brimming water-basin, and let the big gray horse plunge his nose in the cool water. A flock of brown sparrows were taking shower-baths in the overflow; and as the driver waited his eyes followed them with amusement from the water to the branches where they dried their feathers. What was that under the tree? A child lying asleep on the grass?

"Looks like my little woman," said the driver, jumping over the fence, and coming up to the tree in three strides.

"Sure's you live it's herself," he said, as he picked the little sleeper up in his strong arms. He stooped again for the doll, and thrust it head first into his pocket; but the little hand clung to the flowers even in sleep. The big horse whisked away, but with the jolting of the wagon the blue eyes opened.

"What ye s'pose mother'll say?" asked the driver, pressing the soft cheek against his rough coat. "Where was ye goin', anyhow?"

"Just went a-walkin," said the little woman, "and I couldn't go back cause the house got lost."

When the terrified mother had assured herself that her darling was safe and sound, when the little woman was eagerly crowding her withered flowers into her tin cup, the father looked up from his dinner to say:

"Curious how I happened to drive by the park to-day; haven't been that way in a week."

"'Tis His hand that leadeth me," sang the little woman over her flowers.

The father looked at the mother and nodded.

"May be," he said, thoughtfully.—*Emily Huntington Miller, in S. S. Times.*

The Canoe of the Water Moth.

The gnat builds his egg boat. The water moth, another little creature, puts together a real canoe. It is a very curious thing, made of bits of straw and reeds all matted together. It is just the shape of the caterpillar that lives in it. The insect breathes with gills just like a fish, and yet can not swim.

So he fastens this straw and grass together, winding them all around with his own silk. The body of the caterpillar is soft and delicate, you know, and might get hurt if it was left exposed. This is the reason why he covers it so carefully, all but his head.

This funny sort of canoe is open at both ends. It is so fixed that when the grub is tired of sailing he can sink down upon the sand. Reaching out of the upper end are his six little feet, with which he drags his small boat after him whenever he wants to get his dinner or put up for the night. After several days he not only creeps out of this strange house, but out of his skin, at the same time taking on moth wings.

Many people call these queer creatures "laddis worms." If you hunt for them with your young eyes, you can find these little nests of stone, and gravel, and leaves, made by the grubs, though they are very small. They seem to have great taste in fixing them. You should see the houses they make of fresh leaves, curiously put together. They hang from their shoulders like so many wings. They are even more like a bud just ready to open.

These pretty cases of leaves are glued together, leaving an opening at its top just large enough for the little creatures to put out their head and shoulders when they want to look about for food; others of the same species cut pieces of reed or wood into lengths or strips, and join them together as they go on with their work. They use a certain kind of cement, which is better able to stand water than any ever made by man. And they often finish up the whole by putting a broad piece, longer than all the rest, overhead, to shade the doorway, so that no one shall see them work. Some of these funny grubs break off bits of the stems of rushes, which, you know, grow in the water, and weave them into a sort of round ball. Then they hang them together on the stem of some other water plant, making a little cell in the middle to live in. Some use tiny shells even, with snails and other animals alive in them. They keep these poor things just as if they were in prison, and drag them all about with them.—*Our Little Ones.*

A Queer Wedding Present.

This is a month of weddings, and what to send as a present is a vexatious subject to many. At a recent wedding in New York there were five card-receivers of the same kind, and inquiries on the part of the donors revealed the fact that all had been purchased at the same place, and because recommended by the storekeeper, who found they caught the fancy and consequently advised them to all. At another there were four sets of after-dinner coffee cups. In this connection a good story occurs. A gentleman in impecunious circumstances wished to make a handsome present to a friend entering the bonds of matrimony. He wrought out for himself a little scheme. He went to a wholesale store and asked to see some of their broken ware. Among other stuff he was shown a very handsome vase that was badly broken, which in a good condition would have been worth seventy-five dollars; the remains would sell for five dollars. He purchased the "remains" and had them carefully packed and forwarded with his card, the recipients, of course, imagining that they had got broken on the way, and not informing him of the fact lest he might go to additional expense. Rather a clever dodge, as dodges go! But he told this to a friend who went and did likewise. He, however, was misunderstood by the dealer who, in sending the "remains" had each piece carefully packed so as to prevent further breakages, and consequently, the ruse was exposed. The system, though, of wedding presents is carried to an absurd extent.—*N. Y. Journal.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. JULY 25 .1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	"	40
¼ "	½ "	20
⅛ "	1 "	20
"	½ "	10
"	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (except ing the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

ISAAC COOPER, a pioneer citizen of Covington, died last Saturday.

DIRELY, the negro arrested by Alf Burnett, has obtained warrants for his arrest. Its Direly's day now.

IN a recent interview Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn says he will not support Randall for Speaker under any circumstances.

SAM BULGER, the negro who plead guilty of rape and was sentenced in the Mason circuit court last week, will be hung on the 4th of September.

JOE BLACKBURN refuses to daddy the Washington interview in which he is represented as saying that more than half the Kentucky delegation is pledged to him for Speaker.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 50@5 85; fair to good packers, at $5 25@5 60; fair to good light, $5 75@6 00; common, $4 50@5 20; culls, $3 50@4 25: stock hogs, $4 50@5 25.

THE Clinton Democrat says that the wheat crop in that section is proving a varied one. Some crops are yielding an increase over last year's while some are falling short. The quantity of grain is very good in the main. and the aggregate yield will be but little less than last year.

IF the representative that this county elects, votes for anyone but John G. Carlisle for United States Senator, he will make Rome howl in old Boone, for nineteen out of every tweenty voters in the county are for him. There seems to be no disposition to call the candidates out on that question, when it is really *the* question of the day.

THE crop is flourishing in Kentucky, Ohio, part of Tennesee, West Virginia, Indiana and Missouri, but is not doing so well in Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland and parts of Tennesee where the prospects for even a moderate yield of "bright" are not encouraging. In the Seed Leaf states the Tobacco is growing well and the yield will be an average one, as the decreased acreage in a few sections is offset by an increase in the balance.—Western Tobacco Journal.

W. H. O'BRIEN, the genial junior editor of the Lawrenceburg Register, and Secretary of the Lawrenceburg Fair, remained over night here last Tuesday. He was canvassing this part of Boone in the interest of his fair which commences on the 22d of next month, which will be unusually attractive this year. Liberal premiums will be given in the different departments. There will be a race each day, and the purses are such as will bring good horses into competition. Nothing short of a good fair can be anticipate. For further particulars see advertisement in another column.

IT may be interesting to know that the Kentucky Penitentiary was completed in 1799, and only had enrolled from 1799 to 1815 inclusive, the total of 184 convicts. The first prisoner was John Turner and the second Samuel Moss. Gov. Garrard was the first to issue a pardon, which he did in the following words, copied from the official record:

James Garrard Governor of Commonwealth of Kentucky, to all whom these presents may come greeting:.

WHEREAS, It has been presented to me by James Blair, Richard Apperson, Thomas Love and Daniel Weiser, Esq. inspectors of the jail and penitentiary-house, that Samuel Moss, who is confined therein, has, during his confinement, behaved in a very industrious and orderly manner and discovers a penitence for the crime of which he was convicted; and whereas, the exercise of mercy toward him may be productive of favorable impression on his mind, and may have a tendency to encourage a like industrious and orderly deportment in others; therefore, know ye, that by virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution, I do pardon the said Samuel Moss for the offense of which he has been convicted, and do hereby order that he be discharged from confinement accordingly.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State the 18th of Mach 18[illegible].
By the Governer, JAMES GARRARD.
HENRY TOULMIN, Sec'ty of State.

THE question of calling a convention to amend the constitution of Kentucky, is to be voted upon at the ensuing election. Our present constitution, democratic as it is may be in most respects, cannot be considered so in its provisions regarding the mode of amending it.

The principle that a majority should rule, supposed to be fair and just in a democratic community, is most thoroughly ignored by article twelve in our constitution. By that article, the question of calling the convention, is not determined by the affirmative vote of a majority for the convention; but, on the contrary, every voter actually casting his vote on the question at the election, may vote for the convention, and yet no convention will be called, unless it should so happen that a majority of all the citizens of the State entitled to vote have voted for calling the convention, for upon one side is counted for the call only those who actually vote, while against it is counted every voter in the State who has not voted on the question, thus placing and counting against the call all who have no choice—all who favor the call but fail to vote as well as all who are against it. Thereby pursuing a mode of determining the result of a popular election at variance with the manner so well favored and known, and so general with us in all other questions submitted to the decision of the people through the plan of elections.

The people of this State, we presume, are not against the old idea of submitting to the will of the majority expressed by an actual vote at the polls, and should be as ready to apply that principle to a question of calling a convention as to anyother. A full vote, a free vote and a fair count are as necessary and proper now as at any time, and here as anywhere.

It seems that the wrong of counting a vote not cast, or of counting the vote of one not casting it for the the reason that the voter had no choice; or of counting the vote of one not casting it because of necessary absence from the polls, who, if present, would give it against the way his absence will cause it, by the law to be counted, is too palpable to need comment. Yet our present constitution permits all this on this question. But if by chance the friends of the convention should succeed at the ensuing election in mustering sufficient votes to overcome all these difficulties, and to poll a majority of all the votes in the State on their side of the question, they will then have accomplished only a part of the work necessary. The constitution, same article, as if to tie, as lastingly as possible, the hands of the people in this matter, requires that the vote shall be taken again two years hence on the same question, in the same way and the same result determined by the same unfair mode of computation.

This article twelve of our constitution tying the hands of the people as it does, and for so long a period, and permitting, under its sanction, such gross wrong and injustice, may at some future time, drive the people into revolution.

If our constitution was good in every other respect, this twelfth article, of itself, is so far undemocratic and unjust as to justify and demand the calling of a convention to amend it.

DAN TIMBERLAKE, COL., convicted of rape, was hung in Lexington, last Friday.

STATE NEWS.

—Boyle county has an immense crop of Irish potatoes.

—Columbia Spectator: Mr. Robert C. Gilmer found a guinea's nest on his farm last week containing sixty-three eggs.

—In the Lexington Insane Asylum there are 645 patients, and at Anchorage 623—a total of 1,268 in the two institutions.

—Prof. L. R. Martin, of Woodville, McCracken county, announces himself a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction on the Prohibition ticket.

—Bowling Green Gazette: The man who stole his girl from the upstairs window, with the aid of a ladder, is supposed to have belonged to a hook and ladder company.

—Lexington Press: Unless we greatly mistake the temper of the metal of which the General of the Army and Navy of Kentucky is composed, he will sit squarely down on Atjt. Gen. Nuckols' refusal to permit the use of the army tents of the State to the men of the Morgan reunion.

—Owingsville Outlook: A more luxuriant grass crop never grew than now carpets the pastures in this county. The wheat has been saved, corn looks well and the stand of tobacco is excellent. All in all, our farmers are a fortunate class, and should be the happiest set of men in the world.

—Lexington Press: Mr. S. K. Chevis, who got judgment against the State last April for something over $16,000, but on one excuse and another he has been kept out of his money and hasn't got it yet. The excuse now is that there is no money in the State Treasury. Mr. Chevis says that if he is not paid immediately he will stop the collection of taxes in the hands of every Sheriff in the State.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—There is $800,000 in the State Treasury of Texas.

—A snow white squirrel was killed a few days ago at Brazo Bend, Tex.

—The Natchez, Red River and Texas railroad is to be repaired and completed to Black River.

—Sassasfras root is on a boom in Winston, Miss., where a mill has been started to grind it.

—Very favorable reports come from the tobacco-raising districts of Virginia and North Carolina.

—An association of the farmers of West Tennessee will be organized at Jackson on the 16th of August.

—The owners of the oil mill at Port Gibson, Miss., have been indicted for running their mill on Sunday.

—Fifty-two students are registered at the colored National School at the Lincoln Academy, at Tallahasse.

—[illegible] Killberew, of Tennessee, has gone to Mexico to work the Polk mines. He says they are worth $3,000,000.

—Hale county, Ala., has a colored dwarf, a girl about twenty years old, who is only three feet and three inches in height.

—Eight of the graduating class of the University of Virginia, this year have been called to professorships in other colleges of the South.

—A band of men calling themselves "Second Adventists" are successfully playing an alleged religious racket in Fairfax county, Va.

—A petition is being generally signed in Baltimore asking the School Board to appoint colored teachers for the public schools of that city.

—The crop reports from all over Alabama say that corn is generally good, but behind last year. Cotton is from two to three weeks later than last year.

—Mr. William Brannan, of Fredericksburg, Va., has invented a fire escape by means of ladders, which are raised from a truck by an ingenious mechanical device.

—A herd of 4,000 cattle, mostly cows and heifers, passed through Fort Worth, Texas, the other day, for the New Mexico Land and Cattle Company, a Boston corporation.

—A company organized in Washington, D. C., lately has purchased six thousand acres of land in Polk county, Fla., and will raise oranges, limes, lemons and other tropical fruits.

—People of Graysville, Ga., are turning out en masse to slay the mad dogs, which are becoming very numerous. A goat bitten by one recently went mad and butted its brains out.

—It will require four cars to bring the Escambia county, Ala., big tree to the Louisville Exposition. It is 117 feet long, and will be used as a flag pole in front of the Exposition building.

—In a portion of Leak and Attala counties, Ala., a worm resembling the cotton-worm has made its apperance. Several head of mules have been killed by eating oats with the insect on them.

—Mrs. Mary Tanner, a widow lady of Walton county, Ga., has in the last eleven months wove over a thousand yards of cloth. One day she wove seven yards and made it into two shirts, and got through before sundown.

—An insect has appeared in Fauquier and neighboring counties in Virginia this summer which attacks peach and pear trees by perforating numerous little holes in the trunks and branches the size of a pin's point The tree soon withers and dies.

—An ex-soldier of the Confederacy, on trial for larceny at Beaufort, S. C., the other day, was defended by a colored lawyer, who made a pathetic appeal for the man who had lost an arm in the service, but all the same the court gave him two years in the penitentiary.

—It is stated that there is now living near Boydton, Mecklenburg county, Va., a colored woman, now in her hundreth year, who has never taken a dose of medicine of any kind in all her life. She is hale and hearty and seems likely to live quite a number of years longer.

—A colored divine down at Greensboro, Ala., belonging to the "A. M. E. Zion Convention," whatever that is, is peddling out among his people "A Copy of a letter from Jesus Christ," at ten cents a copy. He tells his breddren whoever buys a copy "de Lord will abide wid 'um an, bless 'um!"

—What may prove to be an important discovery was made near Vicksburg, Miss, a few days since. In digging in a gravel pile a substance believed to be kaolin was found. and is now in the hands of a scientific gentleman for analysis. The result of analysis thus far is encouraging. If proves to be kaolin, it is the first and only bed ever discovered in that state.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

From JULY 1st, to AUG., 1st, Custom Made suits will be on the average $5 less. Ready Made suits have been reduced 25 per cent.

The stock is large and must be disposed of to make room for my Fall Goods, let every one take advantage of the great reduction. H. F. BLASE, 540 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

A. M. Elliott and Co,
—DEALERS IN—
Threshers,
Engines,
SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE
Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders.
South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows,
Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.
Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

GRAND EVENT OF THE YEAR!

The Lawrenceburg Fair,

AUGUST 22nd to 25th, 1883.

RACES Every DAY.

PROGRAMME:

Wednesday, August 22.
Jack and Mules, Heavy Draft Horses.
Boone and Dearborn County Trot, Purse $60 00
Running Race, Purse, $100 00

Thursday, August 23.
Address by HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE.
Cattle, Saddle Horses, Hogs and Sheep.
Three minute trot, Purse, $200 00
Running Race, Purse, $150 00

Friday, August 24.
General Purpose Horses, Sweepstakes on Hogs and Sheep, Matched Horses, Sweepstakes on Stallions, Purse $50 00
Two Thirty Trot, Purse $200 00
Free for all Pace, Purse $300 00

Saturday, August 25.
Herds of Cattle, Purse $150 00
Light Harness Horses, Sweepstakes on General Purpose Horses, Purse $50 00
Running Race, Purse $200 00
Free for all Trot, Purse $400 00

STEAM FERRY at Lawrenceburg during Fair week, Commencing Wednesday, August 22nd.
No Entry Fees for Competition. Send for Premium Lists.
W. H. O'BRIEN, Secretary,
Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, June 22 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$596,257 38
Overdrafts		137 20
U.S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		56,025 45
Due from other National banks	5,440 88	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,607 76	7,048 64
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		3,846 08
Premiums paid		9,000 00
Checks and other cash items		92 85
Bills of other Banks		940 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennics		47 81
Specie		2,965 00
Legal tender notes		20,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$753,279 32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund	1,200 00	
Undivided profits	26,730 65	27,930 65
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	342,731 38	
Due to other National Banks	23,809 31	
Due to State Banks and bankers	13,807 98	380,348 67
Total		$753,279 32

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of June, 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
M. C. MOTCH,
J. H. MERSMAN,
} Directors.

ELECTION NOTICE.

BOONE COUNTY COURT.
Regular Term, April 2, 1883.

Numerous voters, (20 in number) of the HAMILTON voting precinct, of this county, having petitioned for the holding of an election on the first Monday in August, 1883, for the purpose of taking the sense of the legal voters therein on the proposition whether or not spirituous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold therein, it is therefore ordered that the sheriff of Boone County be and he is hereby directed to hold said election at the time and place above directed. Said sheriff in his action herein will be governed by the law authorizing this proceeding. The fees were deposited as required by law.

Acopy Attest: M. T. GARNETT, Clerk.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on the 6th day of August, 1883, in pursuance of the above order, at the time and place for the purpose mentioned therein. J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S. B. C.

LUMBER.

A. Corbin & Son.
—) BELLEVUE, KY., (—

Will sell the best Hemlock Stock Boards at $13 00.
Best Hemlock fencing at $13 00
Standard Shingles at $4 50
Weather boarding, white pine, $18
Flooring, yellow pine, at $35
Doors, Window Sash and blinds always on hands.

Prices subject to a chance without notice. Persons who contemplate building will do well to call and see us before purchasing.

A. Corbin & Son.,
Bellevue, Ky.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.
GEORGETOWN, Ky.—On Cincinnati Southern R.R.
Located in the healthy and beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, 55 session opens September 3rd, 1883. Instruction in all branches of a College education. Experienced Professor. The degree of B. S., A. B. and A. M., conferred. Useful course for those who can spend only one or two years in College. Terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address to R. M. DUDLEY, D. D., President.

Hay Conveyors.

We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns
35-4t BAKER & CRUTCHER, Florence X-Roads.

LOOK HERE!
when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on
Winegardner
He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationary
constantly on hand.
Headquaters in Letton House.

Washington & Lee
UNIVERSITY, Lexington, Va.
Instruction in the usual academic studies, and in the professional schools of Law and Engineering. Location healthful. Expenses moderate. Next Sept. 20. For catalogues, address "Clerk of the Faculty." G. W. LEE. President.

LAW SCHOOL OF
WASHINGTON & LEE UNIVERSITY
GEN. G. W. LEE, President.
Instruction by text-book and printed lectures, with courses of lectures on special subjects by eminent jurists. Tuition and fees, $80 for session of nine months; beginning Sept. 20. For catalogue and full information, address CHAS. A. GRAVES, Prof. of Law, Lexington, Va.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
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WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Billous Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

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OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, NO. 920 LOCUST ST.
CHAS. L. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.
This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to
CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.
BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.
DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.
WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.
FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.
Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.
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Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
TESTED FOR 5 YEARS
by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.
Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.
(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great sea fights of the World. By Medical Director Shippen, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price, selling fast; needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

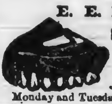
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Rylo, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



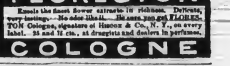
E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

Rev. Father Wilds'
EXPERIENCE.
The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:
"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."
The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S
CATHARTIC
PILLS
—Best Purgative Medicine—
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Billous Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
FLORESTON
Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.



Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
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26.999 NOW IN USE.

All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our Improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. All are warranted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.
W. N. STAGE, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.
UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $20 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 320 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogue apply to Judge W. B. KINKEAD or to JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

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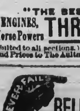
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.



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RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce **JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK** as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce **Dr. S. S. SCOTT** as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce **N. S. WALTON** as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Miss Sophia Finch is visiting friends in Frankfort.

John F. Green, of Patriot, Ind., was in town Monday.

Miss Nannie Bristow, of Union is the guest of Mrs. B. K. Sleet.

Oscar Huey, of Big Bone was registered at the Central, Friday evening.

Mrs. Hattie Arnold, of Williamstown, is visiting her sister at this place.

Mrs. Kate Ashburn, of Cincinnati, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lillie Hall.

Mrs. Cy Bruce, of DeKalb county, Missouri, is visiting relatives in this county.

Mrs. Lettie Jett, who has been visiting here for several weeks returned to Frankfort last week.

Mrs. Leathers, wife of Sheriff Leathers of Kenton county, was visiting her sister at this place last week.

Misses Anna and Lina Loder, two of Indianapolis' fair danghters, spent the latter part of last week visiting relatives at this place.

Dry and hot.

Streets very dusty.

Threshing wheat is now in order.

The hot wave struck here on Saturday.

New wheat is bringing 90 cents a bushel.

The knowing ones say that the cholera will appear in this country next year.

The farmers north of here were very busy, last week, harvesting hay and oats.

The watermelon crop in the bottoms has been materially injured by the wet weather.

Burlington, at present, has three passenger conveyances to carry people to and fro.

The English sparrows are destroying much of the wheat since being cut and put in the shock.

John Stephens, of Bullittsville, has a 16 acre field of wheat that will make 35 bushels to the acre.

Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula, should be treated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

We are for John G. Carlisle for United States Senator and Buddie Cropper for Coroner. Now, who are you for?

The Speedwell and Walton teams had a closely contested game here, Saturday, the score being 22 to 23 in favor of the former.

Elder Wm. Rupard, of Clark county, Ky., will preach in the Court-house in Burlington, on the third Saturday in August at 11 o'clock a. m. and at night.

On the fourth Sunday in this month Rev. J. A. Kirtley and E. N. Dicken will exchange pulpits, at which time the latter will preach a temperance sermon at Big Bone.

Bishop Kavanaugh will dedicate Hughes' Chapel on the first Sunday in August. There will be a basket dinner. Everybody is invited to bring a basket and eat dinner with us.

The trustees in school district No. 6, have employed W. T. German to collect the tax voted at the recent election there, and give this notice that all may be ready to settle same when called upon.

Petty thieves have been doing the county hereabout, and in the last few days Mrs. Kittie Gaines has lost a lot of side meat, G. T. Gaines a lot of chickens and A. O. Hall fourteen turkeys and twenty-two ducks.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

When congress meets we intend to petition it to redeem those tin tags put on tobacco and to pass a law prohibiting their further use, for every time we see one lying on the street we think we have found a dime. This deception causes a laboring man much loss of time.

Under the law providing for taking a vote on the proposition to call a constitutional convention, the County Judge appointed the following tellers. The law will be found in General Acts, page, 136:

Burlington, S. K. Dempsey, Oscar Gaines.

Florence, Perry Carpenter, Lewis Rice.

Taylorport, A. B. Whitlock, Ed Webb.

Petersburg, Jno. Berkshire, Sandford Botts.

Bullittsville, Thos. Watts, Abe Wainscott.

Bellevue, Albert Corbin, Harry Botts.

Carlton, Charles Wilson, John P. Craig.

Union, A. D. Riley, M. L. Rouse.

Hamilton, G. M. Allen, G. W. Baker.

Beaver, Andrew Ellis, J. S. Noell.

Verona, J. T. Roberts, S. R. McPherson.

Walton, W. G. Stansifer, Abe Stansifer.

If any of the tellers should fail to act, the law provides that the judges of the election shall appoint.

The Sunday-School Convention.

The Sunday-school convention convened in the Sand Run Baptist church last Friday morning. Rev. W. H. Felix delivered a very interesting introductory, after which the convention organized by electing N. S. Walton chairman and Mr. Avery, of Cincinnati, secretary. The ministers present were W. H. Felix, A. M. Vardiman, E. N. Dicken, J. A. Kirtley, R. E. Kirtley and Mr. Harvey, State Superintendent of Sunday-schools. The attendance was not large but was highly entertained by the able and earnest manner in which numerous questions pertaining to Sunday-schools were discussed. One of the interesting features of the day's programme, and an exercise in which all took part, was the sumptuous dinner spread for the occasion. When the church building was repaired a table was constructed beneath the trees just in front of the doors, and Friday it was laden with all the delicacies the season affords, prepared by the skillful cooks of that neighborhood.

SATURDAY

The attendance was largely increased, there being more than the seating capacity of the church could accommdate. The programme of the convention was concluded by noon, having been entertaining throughout the session of the convention, and no doubt the interchanging of views on the several questions pertaining to Sunday-schools will greatly increase the interest in that branch of religious duties in this county. At the conclusion of the business of the convention a collection for mission purposes was taken up when $59 was received. This was followed by the feast prepared for the day, and the large crowd was more than entertained in that particular. In the afternoon Rev. Dicken preached an interesting sermon to the large congregation. The convention was a success in every particultar, and much good will be the result of the meeting.

Ten is too many for Nine.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

In your communication from Petersburg last week there was a little "wind" item in regard to the game of base-ball that was commenced at Burlington between the Almonts and Speedwell nines on the 7th inst.

"He says that the Speedwells claimed the umpire was ruling unfairly." That is true they did claim unfairness from the umpire, and also did the majority of the outsiders.

Again he says: "The umpire was doing the best he knew how." We admit that, but it was plainly to be seen that he didn't know how. He makes a good umpire for nine men, but when it comes to umpiring for eighteen men he is N. G.

Again he says: "The Almonts were too many for the Speedwells." Everyone there could see the Almonts were too many for the Speedwells (one too many) as they did not agree to play but nine men, but when the tenth man was put in and he a better player than the other nine it was time for them to kick. We don't think the champions of Cincinnati could beat the Almonts if they had the same umpire and he would do the best he "knew how."

Again he says: "The Speedwells cannot play ball a little bit, and they would not give up the ball." It looks like the Almonts cannot play ball a "little bit" unless they have ten men, and the tenth man did the playing. As to their not giving up the ball, it would be a hard matter to decide who the ball belongs to the umpire or the players, but we think the umpire won the ball as he did the best he "knew how."

He says: "The Speedwells are good kickers." There we beg to differ with him, for if they had been good kickers they would have kicked that umpire out after the first inning was played.

A PROFESSIONAL.

Mrs. James Thomas, an aged lady who lived near Edgar Cropper's, died, last Saturday night, after several days illness. Her attending physician, Dr. Smith, says that she had every symptom of cholera, and suffered intense pain.

Rev. A. G. Gaines, of St. Lawrence University will preach at the Universalist Chuach in Burlington next Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

For sale—A good two-year-old bull.
L. S. POPE.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Waterloo.

Farmers will finish their oats and hay harvest this week.

One of the candidates for the legislature was visiting friends here one day last week.

Mr. J. N. Humphrey is building a large tobacco barn. J. T. Marshall architect and builder.

Mr. A. J. Barker and Johny Stewart both claim to have the largest tobacco in the neighborhood. Both of them are topping.

Waller Marshall caught a large red fox in a steel trap. Reynard had been visiting Waller's hen roost.

Deputy Sheriff German was collecting school taxes here last week.

Hebron.

T. A. Rouse's team got frightened at a train of cars in the city, the other day, and ran off and crippled him badly.

The Sunday-school at this place is in a flourishing condition, there being about 175 scholars enrolled, 100 being in attendance last Sunday, the largest ever had.

Willis Clore and John Moxley have dissolved partnership.

Farmers are not through harvesting. Hay is not as good as it was last year.

Jeff Clayton has gone to Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. W. C. C. Rouse died on the 17th.

Adam Zeter, of Cincinnati, is visiting Mr. Abe Clore.

Judge Riddell sold his farm near here for $3,000 cash.

Scattersville.

Everybody is about done cutting hay, and most all of it was saved in good order.

The oat crop is about all gathered.

Wheat stacking is the order of the day at present, but very few in this locality have commenced stacking.

J. O. Huey is going on crutches at present. He has a rising on one of his feet.

We began to think all of our candidates had forsaken us, (and you know we felt bad about it) but at last here came our friend N. S. Walton looking around to see if all was right.

One of our Boone county boys come from Rising Sun, one day last week, all fitted out for a fishing expedition, bringing with him plenty of that good 'old lager. The boys say they had lots of fun and took in a fine lot of fish. We did not ask the boys how they caught them, but of course they did it fair.

Well, well, Bobbie has taken to himself a fair young bride, to make him happy the remainder of his days. We wish them much happiness.

Our batchelor friend, Peter Lawell, has left our neighborhood. He has been working for John Mitchell.

Bullittsville.

Ripe home-grown tomatoes are one of our luxuries of the table.

Young grass of this year's sowing is of thrifty growth.

The majority of our farmers are industrious enough to raise plenty of blackberies for home use, and have some to spare.

New Irish potatoes bring forty cents per bushel in the Cincinnati market.

What say the the farmers about this year's harvest? Does it not surpass any year within the recollection of the oldest for lateness? For instance; the oat crop just ripe enough for the sickle July 24th.

Wilson Gaines and Charles Duncan after sojourning in the West a few weeks, concluded that pioneer life is not as pleasant as life at home, and hence both have returned to their native soil.

The many friends of the accomplished Miss Lou Kendall are honored with her presence in their midst.

Fred Youmans is a good harvester, when he becomes tired, as man naturally does, he rests.

The Misses Kennedy are visiting their relative G. C. Graddy.

Our new club has been named the Boone B. B. Club. J. C. Terrill, President; W. C. Watts, Secretary, and Ed Duncan, Captain.

Elder Thompson will preach at Mt. Pleasant next Sunday.

Petersburg.

Dr. Craig formerly of this place, but now of Rising Sun, was in town Monday.

W. R. Gordon is doing the carpenter's work on Mr. Chepin's new building.

Mr. Harry Newman, of Rising Sun, is the guest of our druggist, S. C. Buchanan.

Little Reuben, our genial barber, spent last Thursday with his brother barbers in Lawrenceburg.

Harry Lyon has made him a new paling fence around his house.

Our old friend Mr. Shepherd says he wants to marry and he'll be d—n if he don't marry—a wise idea Judge. Get a wife and settle down is our advice.

Mr. H. Appleton, of Pittsburg, was visiting Col. Wm. Appleton, last week,

Miss Nora Jackson was on the sick list last week.

The M. E. Church has got a new carpet and the old one was sold, last Thursday night, at public auction, to Dr. W. H. Terrill.

W. T. Snyder and wife attended the Sunday-school convention at Sand Run.

Smith McWethy on arriving home from East Bend last Thursday lost a fine piggie, weighing about 40 lbs. He brought it with him on the Steamer Queen and had it put off at the landing, and came up in town to get a team to haul it up. When the team got to the river the piggie was gone and has not been heard of since. The town was arroused but it could not be found. $1 00 reward is offered for its recovery.

Union.

Geo. W. Dunlap and wife, evangelists, are laboring again at Independence. Much religious enthusiasm prevails, and a union church will probably be built there soon.

DIED—At her home on Saturday last, Mrs. McHatton, wife of Mathew McHatton. She had been a confirmed invalid for many years—perfectly helpless. She was a sister of Gen. John Wallace and Mrs. Elzie Garrison. During all her year of helplessness, she was nursed by her daughter, Miss Herriet, whose pure and untiring devotion to mother, elicited the admiration of all who knew her. Deceased outlived the appointed days of man—three score and ten—had long been a member of Big Bone Church, and died as she had lived, in the full assurance of a home beyond the "tolling and the weeping," faithful to the end. Rev. James A. Kirtley preached her funeral at Union, last Sunday, from the text, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," and appropriate and consoling were his remarks upon the central thought, the Resurrection of the body.

Her remains were committed to rest in the Hopeful vault, to be finally interred at Big Bone.

Miss Junia Crouch is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Huey......Miss Bessie Dickey has returned from Louisville, where she has been visiting her sister......John Bradford is the happiest man in Union, all because he now has two beautiful little girls at his house......A basket-meeting will be held at Big Bone Church Saturday and Sunday, by Elders Kirtley and Dicken. Three immersions will be attended to at 3 p.m., and Sunday morning Rev. Dicken will preach. Subject—Temperance...... Mrs. Susie Wallace Parish and her handsome baby, and Mrs. Riley, her mother, are guests of Dr. Blanton and family ... . Mr. Weller, atty., of Virginia, has just been the guest Miss Theresa Lassing, at her elegant and hospitable home, Elm Tree,

CHAPTER 40.

AN ACT to take the sense of the people of this Commonwealth as to the propriety of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution, and to regulate the manner of taking the list of qualified voters.

WHEREAS, It is the sentiment of this General Assembly, and many good citizens of this Commonwealth, that experience has pointed out the necessity of calling a convention with the view of amending the Constitution of this State; therefore,

§ 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:* That it shall be the duty of the sheriffs and other officers, at the next general election held for Representatives after the passage of this act, to open a poll for, and make a return to the Secretary of State for the time being of, the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives who have voted for calling a convention.

§ 2. *Be it further enacted,* That any sheriff or other returning officer failing to perform the duty imposed by the first section of this act, shall be subject to a fine of six hundred dollars, to be recovered by indictment by any grand jury in any court having jurisdiction thereof; and also subject, upon conviction of such failure, to removal from office.

§ 3. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to have this act advertised in the columns of one weekly newspaper in every county in this State, for two consecutive weeks immediately preceding the election, and in one of the daily newspaper in the city of Louisville, for thirty days immediately preceding the election: *Provided, however,* There is no weekly newspaper in any one or more counties of this Commonwealth in which said advertisement can be made, it is made his duty to have posted a printed copy of said bill, in handbill form, at the courthouse door of such counties, for at least two consecutive weeks preceding said election.

§ 4 *Be it further enacted,* That the public printer shall, upon a separate sheet, print ten thousand copies of this act, and deliver them to the Secretary of State, who shall send 75 copies of the same to the clerk of the county court of each county in the State at the time of forwarding the Acts of the General Assembly; and said clerk shall deliver the same to the sheriffs of their several counties.

§ 5. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the clerks or judges conducting the said general election to propound to each voter the following question: "Do you vote for calling a convention or not?" and if he answers in the affirmative, his name shall be recorded as having voted for calling a convention.

§ 6. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the assessors of tax to open a column in their assessor's book, and enroll therein the name of each citizen entitled to vote for Representative in the year 1883; but the assessors shall only enroll the names of those whom they know to be entitled, at the time, to vote for Representatives, such knowledge to be based—1. Either upon the personal knowledge of the assessor; 2. Or upon satisfactory information obtained by the assessor directly from the person whose name is enrolled; 3. Or upon satisfactory information under oath, from those who, of their own knowledge, testify to the facts which are necessary to such qualification; and for enrolling names without such knowledge or information, such assessor shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined twenty dollars for each and every name so improperly enrolled, which fine shall be enforced in any court of competent jurisdiction, and be for the benefit of the common schools of the Commonwealth; and they shall be governed, in all cases, in ascertaining who is entitled to vote by the laws then in force to prevent illegal voting; and this column, written in a fair and legible hand, shall be transmitted, with the assessor's books, to the Auditor, who shall make out a copy thereof, and deposit the same in the office of the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit the same to the next Legislature as a list of those who are entitled to vote for Representatives, in order that the Legislature may have the means to ascertain whether a majority of the citizens of the State entitled to vote for Representatives have voted for a convention.

§ 7. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of each assessor of tax, who shall be in office in the year 1883, as soon as he shall be advised of the passage of this act, to go before a justice of the peace and take the following oath: "I do solemnly swear I will, to the best of my ability, fairly ascertain the number of qualified voters in the district in which I was elected for the year 1883, and report the same, with my book made as assessor of tax, before the first day of May, 1883."

§ 8. *Be it further enacted,* That the assessors of tax may, and they are hereby required to, examine, on oath, any person in relation to his right to vote for Representatives when he has doubt as to his right to vote; and any person who shall knowingly swear falsely before the assessor, and shall thereof be convicted, shall be subjected to all the pains and penalties of the crime of perjury.

§ 9. *Be it further enacted,* That the assessor shall write "sworn" opposite the name of each person sworn by him.

§ 10. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the public printer to print five hundred copies of the seventh, eighth, and ninth sections of this act immediately after its passage, and deliver them to the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit them forthwith to the county clerks, to be delivered by them, as soon as possible, to the assessors of tax for 1883.

§ 11. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Approved January 7, 1882.

TO THE VOTERS OF BOONE COUNTY.

At the solicitation of many friends from different parts of the county, I was induced to announce myself a candidate for the Legislature. I hoped at that time to be able to visit the different voting precincts and exchange opinions with the people upon the probable issues before they were called upon to vote; but, after having made a partial canvass, my health has failed me to such an extent that I am now confined to the house, and will be compelled to confide my interests in the canvass to the care of my friends, hoping, at the same time, that I yet will be able to get out and see at least a portion of the people before the August election, as my health is now improving.

S. S. SCOTT.

Twists and Twinges.

"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage one bright autumnal Sunday, "here is a lesson from the cornfield. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted. Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking-peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possible; but nobody wants to be husked, for all that, and nature teaches us to resist the process therefore, we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N. Y., M. Alfred Bour, a French gentleman, writes:

"I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me. But PARKER'S TONIC gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name.

Messrs Hiscox & Co., call especial attention to the fact that this preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine, if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

James West, Plff.
vs
James Marshall, Deft. } Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 6th day of Aug, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 9 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

A tract of land in Boone county, Ky., near Richwood church, beginning at a corner of Black, Hughes and Cleek; thence running with Cleek's line to a sugar tree; thence back into the farm of the granior so as to strike a point from which a line run to Hughe's line will include taking the line first run and Hughes' line for two of the boundary lines and the other two lines to be so run as to make the tract mortgaged contain 50 acres said tract is more completely bounded thus: Beginning at stone corner to H. Hughes and Thos. Finch, thence with said Finch's line N 38 W 23:10 chains to a stone, thence N 50½ E 31:20 ch. to a stone in Robt. Cleek's line, thence S 4 W 31 ch. to a stone, thence S 26¾ W 1:50 ch. to a stone corner to H. Hughes and Robt. Cleek, thence N 64 W 3:50 ch. to a stone, thence S 60 W 7:50 ch. to the beginning containing 50 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $983 39

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at Burlington, Boone county, Ky., until the 21st day of July, 1883, for hauling and breaking the following amount of lime-stone rock on the Burlington and Belleyne Pike, bids to be for sections and distributed according to directions of the Board of Directors on each section as follows: On section 1st, 10 rods; on section 2d, 8 rods; on section 3d, 8 rods; on section 4th, 10 rods; on section 5th, 5 rods; on section 6th 5 rods. A perch of stone broken to be 25 feet long, 1 foot wide and 1 foot in depth, and 12 perches as stated above to make 1 rod of broken stone, the stone to be broken so that the largest will pass through a 2½ inch ring. Contractors will be required to have the hauling and breaking done by the first of December next. The Directors reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

S. P. BRADY, President,
WM. WALTON, Secretary.

30-3t

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UMDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW,
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington. - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. R. I. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81.

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
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With J P. ULREY.
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LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora. Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky. | J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

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FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
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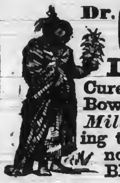
M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.



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Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK. *Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.*
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '18

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
mar7-tf23 J. W. Talbott.

UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE
At Farmdale, P. O., Franklin Co., Ky., six miles from Frankfort. Has the most healthful and beautiful location in the State. Lit by gas, as well as heated by steam. A full and able College Faculty. Expenses as moderate as ... Forty-fifth year begins Sept. 3. For Catalogues, etc., address as above. COL. R. D. ALLEN, Supt.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

Perfumes from Flowers.

"Good perfumes are made directly from flowers, and not out of cheese, coal tar, and so on, as people have been led to suppose," said an up-town chemist. "Take the jessamine, for instance. That's always a favorite, and is used in the make-up of many perfumes. Two different specimens of the flower are used, but the perfume is made principally from the *Jasminum grandiflorum*. In France the cultivation of this plant for the perfumery trade is an important industry, though the plant is somewhat difficult to raise. Very hot seasons are most favorable for it—the hotter the weather the richer the perfume. Old ladies take to lavender in any shape, and the lavender shrub produces a powerful volatile oil that is used not only in perfumery and for flavoring dishes, but in medicine also. Lavender produces three distinct oils known to the trade. The poorest is commonly called spike oil. Two other kinds are distilled from a species of the shrub which is common in England and the French mountains. The English oil is the best—worth ten times as much as the French. The villagers about Bedington and Wellington, England, and other places at one time raised the entire supply. The supply is now growing less, and consequently the price is going up, and the business of raising lavender is a paying one. The English crop, if you can call it a crop, is gathered in July and August. Then the flowers are in full bloom and do not require any cleaning or trimming. Boys and girls pick them, and flowers and stalks are distilled together, every fifty pounds giving about ten ounces of oil. The imported oil mostly comes from France, though a great deal comes from Algeria and north Italy. Although the English oil is the best, the foreign grades probably sell better in England and this country, one reason being the cheapness and the fancy names the French put on the bottles. Lavender water finds an enormous sale among barbers, many of whom make their own decoctions out of anything they can get hold of. Real lavender water is made from lavender oil, mixed with rose and orange water. A cheap kind is called essence d'aspic, and is distilled from a wild plant and doctored with turpentine and camphor.

"Thyme is an old-fashioned sort of a plant, but *thymus vulgaris*, common in France, Greece, and many other countries, gives us a valuable perfumery oil. In France they take from it two entirely different oils, red and white, the gathering being done in the summer months. In the same localities the rosemary is cultivated, and, being a popular perfumery, is in great demand at a high price. Patchouli comes from the oil of the *rogosteneon patchouli*, a plant collected by the natives of the Malay islands. It is extremely powerful, a little of it going a great ways when the wind's fair. It is always in fashion and is used with attar of rose.

"In attar of rose there is probaly more deception than in any other perfume. Certain kinds come from Turkey, done up in curious bottles, and I learned some time ago, on good authority, that these bottles and their contents were manufactured in a Connecticut town, and the profits were about seventy-five cents on a dollar. Even in the East, where the genuine attar of rose is made, it is adulterated with oil of rose geranium and the oil of a grass found in India, and so great is the cheating that the trade in this grass alone is an important one. The headquarters of the trade are in Turkey. The genuine thing comes from Turkey and Bulgaria. Symrna furnishes a great deal. The natives of the valley of the Ganges also produce a great deal for home consumption, and some is produced in France. Any one who knows the business can tell the genuine article at a glance. To be good it should congeal at fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and in appearance the crystals should be rich, clear, and partly transparent. If the bottom of the bottle contains a sediment, you may know that some handler has adulterated it with paraffine wax or spermaceti. The rose from which this valuable oil is taken is the *rosa Damascena*, and rose water is made from a decoction of the leaves of the same plant. The petals of *rosa Gallica*, grown in Asa Minor and various parts of England and Europe, are greatly valued, and the leaves also bring a high price. The same deception is found in these, those imported from France being often dyed with some aniline. A drop of ammonia, however, detects the fraud.

"The funereal tuberose produces a powerful perfume, but the violet is most esteemed for its chaste odor. The *viola odorata* is the one we use, and in France its cultivation gives employment to hundreds of men, women and children. The harvest of violets is from February to April.

"Verbena was at one time a favorite perfume. It comes from the lemon-grass plant, common at Singapore. In Provence the cultivation of the rose geranium is an important business. From this plant also comes the famous essence of African geranium, valued as an adulterant for attar of rose, it being nearly as expensive, 2,000 pounds of the raw material producing only two pounds of the essence.

"Mignonette is liked as a perfume, and is variously imitated. Bergamot also has its admirers. The latter is an oil taken, not from a flower, but from the fruit of the lemon—like *citrus bergamia*. In Sicily the trees are cultivated in great numbers. The fruit is picked when green, about 200 producing six ounces of oil. Most of the oil is shipped from Palermo and Messina.

"One of the most popular perfumes is heliotrope, but it does not come from the flower of that name, as one might suppose, but is made from a combination of violet and vanilla. The beautiful lily of the valley is largely used in France for making perfumery. The daffodil, which is found everywhere, is also much used. The lemon also is used in perfumery, and so is the orange."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The severe storm of the other day caused one of the most wonderful land slides on Flume Mountain, Franconia Notch, ever known in the White Mountains. About one mile from the Flume House, and plainly seen from there, a great volume of water rushed through the flume, carrying rocks weighing many thousand tons through to Pemigewasset River, half a mile below. It has made the celebrated place more wonderful than ever, having extended the high walls some 505 feet. The scene as the water subsided was grand beyond description. No pecuniary damage was done.—*Boston Herald.*

A Broken Neck Repaired.

Patrick Clarke, familiarly known as "Dublin Tricks" among his friends and acquaintances, is the most remarkable patient they have ever had in Bellevue Hospital. He is only the second person on record who survived after his neck was completely broken, and although he is greatly deformed, he finds no difficulty in performing all the necessary acts of eating and breathing, and is in good health and spirits. Clarke is a man with a history, even outside the fact that he still lives after having had his neck broken in an involuntary contest of "hard-heads" with an ice-barge in the North River. Born in Dublin, Ireland, and full of animal spirits and strength, he soon became known as a rounder in his native city. Among other feats which he performed at the rough-and-ready age of eighteen was to enter the prize-ring and keep up an hour's hard fighting with Jim Ringwood, a famous Dublin boxer, whom he defeated, spreading his nose all over his face, and leaving him with a couple of broken ribs as mementoes of his huge fists.

After this Clarke thought he was able to venture from home and take care of himself. He went out to the gold coast, Africa, with a party of adventurers and led a wild life there for two or three years, being finally recognized as the champion knocker-out of the coast. Like Alexander, longing for other worlds to conquer, he worked his way on a bark from the African coast to the United States twenty years ago. Since then he has made trips to Australia and to other countries, but always found his way back to New York as his favorite place of residence. On the 28th of December, 1881, while working on an ice-barge lying at the foot of Eleventh street, North River, he fell overboard, going down between the barge and the end of the wharf. He remained down long enough to drown a man, and when he was hauled up his body was twisted out of all natural proportions, and his face was crushed down flat against the chest. The vertebræ were completely broken, and the general spectacle he presented was horrible. It was considered a useless task to convey him to the hospital, but as he continued kicking and showing signs of life an ambulance was summoned, and he was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, in Eleventh street, near Sixth avenue. Here he remained unconscious for nearly three days. The physicians there had no hopes of his recovery at first, and outside placing him in as easy a position as possible, they did not attempt to do anything for him. However, on the third day, when he recovered consciousness, the doctors began to think otherwise, and set to work upon him. It was a most difficult piece of surgery they were called to perform, to set a broken neck, but they went to work to do their best.

Clarke describes his sufferings as fearful; but, being a man of iron nerve and great courage, he bore it all in a spirit of desperate bravery and "never said die." He was not able to take any food, and the means of supplying nourishment usual in such cases was resorted to. In a week he was able to take liquid food, and the broken vertebræ began to knit. His suffering for weeks and months was excruciating, but this was compensated for to some extent by the assurances of recovery, which daily grew stronger. He remained in St. Vincent's hospital until the 18th of December, when he was transferred to Bellevue and placed in Ward No. 2. The deformity of his huge frame and neck gave him an almost hideous appearance. The neck shot out behind like a good sized bump, the head bent forward and the back retreated way in, crushing the chest out very prominently. Prof. Smith and Dr. Nichols consulted regarding straightening him out, but that the crooks had got into such a firm, fixed set that this could no more be done than to mold him all over again. Under their care, however, Clarke progressed rapidly in gaining strength, and when seen by a *Mercury* reporter last Friday, looked decidedly healthy and vigorous. In appearance he is the most remarkable specimen of humanity the *Mercury* ever saw. The back being concaved in, the head bent forward, and the back of the neck protruding out in very bold relief, and himself standing over six feet in height, he looks like a twisted and gnarled old trunk of a tree. His hands, which are of huge size, look like oaken buckets slung to his sides, and the three last fingers on each hand are bent inward, giving them the appearance of grappling-irons.

He works around the hospital and goes messages for the doctors. Being possessed of a pure streak of genuine Irish wit, full of anecdotes and stories of adventure, and still retaining a Dublin brogue, he is a source of great amusement to the hospital people. His wit has even been able to overcome the moroseness of the man with the finger-nose—that is, a nose supplied from his own finger, the original one having been eaten away by cancer. Clarke is now forty-five years of age, and says he has a green old age before him, and if his neck ever gets broken again he hopes it will not be by an ice-barge or on the gallows. He has a wife and four children in the city, and the wife provides for the family. Clarke says he does not care so much for the loss of physical beauty as for the obstacle that his contorted form may be to his getting employment when he feels thoroughly strong to engage again in laboring work.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Hog Against Rattlesnake.

A friend tells us of a fight he witnessed, last week, between a rattlesnake and a hog. To use his own language: "I had just started up the steep hill beyond Toms Creek, going to Roans Creek, when my attention was attracted to a hog near the road, champing and walking around with bristles erect, with two smaller hogs some few feet away looking on. Reining to a better view I saw a good size rattlesnake coiled, head erect, and his rattles sounding the note of anger. The sow, with head down and bristles erect, was slowly walking around the snake, champing her teeth together and the foam running from her mouth. Presently the snake struck at her but missed his aim, the sow springing to one side at the moment the snake struck. Instantly the snake was again coiled and his rattle ringing. The sow renewed her circling, the snake following, with his head always facing the hog. Soon he struck again and fastened his fangs on her jaw below the ear. She raised her head and the snake was raised to her. Instantly she caught the snake in her mouth, put her feet on his tail and stripped the skin up. Renewing her foothold on the body of the snake, she took another pull and tore the snake in two, and then, tearing off a part of the quivering snake, she complacently set to eating it up. The other two hogs now advanced, but the sow took up the pieces of the snake and walked off a few steps, and set to finishing the feast. I had seen enough and rode on."

HOME AND FARM.

—Nice Corn Bread: One egg, one teacup of sugar, two cups of corn meal, two cups of flour and two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted together, two-thirds cup of lard, two cups of sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of salt. Should only the half be required, be sure and use the one egg.—*The Household.*

—A large and good "batch" of cookies can be made from this receipt: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sour or butter milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, with flour enough to make a moderately stiff dough.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Purslane, or "Pussley," as we were taught to call it, is, like green clover, excellent for pigs. Hens in confinement also eat it readily. It is a great nuisance in the garden, and the best way to get rid of it is to cut it off with the hoe or pull it up and take it to the pig-pen or the poultry-yard.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The following remedy, when applied within six hours after a bite from a rabid animal, has been successful in preventing hydrophobia: Make a strong wash, by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of chloruret (chloride) of lime in half a pint of water, and instantly and repeatedly bathe the part bitten. The poison will in this way be decomposed. The fact "that chlorine has the power to decompose and destroy the deadly poison of the saliva of the mad dog" was first published in this country by Prof. Silliman.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A celebrated military surgeon recommends for quenching thirst and sustaining strength oatmeal water as superior to any other drink. Boil a quarter pound of the meal in two or three quarts of water, add one and a half ounces of sugar, if sweetening is desired; use cold in summer and hot in winter, shaking before taking. If a supper is to be missed, or extra demand made on the system, as some day in harvest time, the proportion of meal may be advantageously increased to half or three-quarters of a pound.—*Exchange.*

For mice-gnawed trees, a correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* recommends covering the wounds with grafting-wax at once, then pile earth and pack it around high above the place to keep covered, as it will settle and wash down some. This, if done early, will save thousands of trees that have been injured by mice and rabbits. Make wax of one pound beeswax to four pounds resin and a half pint of linseed oil. If too soft, add more resin; if too hard, more oil. The wounds must not be neglected until they are hard and dry.

Hints on Bathing.

All are agreed that bathing is a healthful practice; first, because it is cleanly, and second, because it is a precautionary measure against risk to life by drowning. We are fully prepared to indorse the proposition that boys should be allowed to bathe as often and as freely as may be practicable. It is, however, necessary to raise a protest against the recklessness which too commonly attends the recourse to bathing as an exceptional, or at most a seasonable, exercise by those who are, though eager, perhaps not always physically fit to bathe. There is, practically, less danger in bathing all the year round than doing so only at certain periods. When to begin bathing, in what weather to bathe, and under what conditions of the bodily state to bathe, are questions of considerable perplexity, and by no means always easy to answer. The general rules which should guide the judgment are doubtless, in the main, physiological—that is to say, they relate chiefly to the functions of life and their healthy performance. Obviously, it is not right to dare the dangers of a "chill" either when undressing or by immersion in the cold water. Speaking generally, the "reaction," on which everything depends, will take place in proportion to the healthy circulation of the blood and the natural heat of the body when the bath is taken. If there be much moisture on the surface, it is difficult to tell what the actual temperature of the organism really is. In most cases a sweating surface indicates some measure of exhaustion already set in. In any case, it is unwise to bathe when copious perspiration has continued for some hour or more, unless the heat of the weather be excessive, or the sweating has been induced by loading with clothes rather than by exertion. When much perspiration has been induced by muscular exercise, it is unsafe to bathe, because the body is so fatigued or exhausted that the reaction—that is, the return of the momentarily displaced blood to the surface—can not be insured, and the effect may be to congest the internal organs and notably the nerve centres.

It is from congestion of the nervous center we get cramp, so often fatal in bathing. The fact of the "reaction" does not, of course, constitute the whole phenomena of bathing; but it is so important and comprehensive that we may take this as the point on which everything turns. Conditions under which a vigorous return of blood to the surface can not be confidently counted upon are not favorable to bathing. If, therefore, the weather be "chilly," or there be a cold wind so that the body may be rapidly cooled at the surface while undressing, it is not safe to bathe. Under such conditions the further chill of immersion in cold water will take place at the precise moment when the reaction consequent upon the chill of exposure by undressing ought to occur, and this second chill will not only delay or altogether prevent the reaction, but convert the bath from a mere stimulant to a depressant, ending in the abstraction of a large amount of animal heat and congestion of the internal organs and nerve centers. The actual temperature of the water does not affect the question so much as its relative temperature as compared with that of the surrounding air. Practically, there ought to be a good deal of difference between the two, the water being much lower than the air, and the body being—without great or long persisting perspiration—much warmer than the water, of course, but not so much warmer than the atmosphere as to be chilled by undressing. In short, the aim must be to avoid two chills; first, from the air, and second, from the water, and to make sure that the body is in such a condition as to secure a quick reaction on emerging from the water, without relying too much on the possible friction by rubbing. Thinking these brief hints out, it will be obvious that both weather and wind must be carefully considered before bathing is commenced, and that the state of the organism as regards fatigue and the force of the circulation should also be considered, not merely as regards the general habit, but the special condition when a bath is to be taken. These precautions are eminently needful in the case of the young or weakly.—*London Lancet.*

The Motherly Affection of a Bird.

A very pretty little story comes from a neighboring town, and it is true. A nest of the orchard oriole (improperly called the "English robbin") was discovered by the owner of the lot, whose child wanted the young birds, and the child was duly gratified. The nest was taken home, to the delight of the child and the grief of the parent birds, and the fledgelings were placed in a cage, outside the house. To the surprise of the persons who had put them there, he found, one day, that the mother bird had discovered her lost children, and were feeding them through the wires of the cage. This proof of parental affection was continued, till at length the person who had removed the nest from its place and put it in the cage was moved to restore it to its place on the tree, with the young birds in it. The unbounded delight of the old birds proved a full compensation for the sense of his (or rather his child's) loss by the restoration of the young birds to their mother.—*Hartford Times.*

No Trouble to Show Goods.

"Good morning, Smith. How's the grocery trade?" "Slow—very slow." "Let's see. How long have you been here in business?" "Seven years." "And how many times have you failed?" "Never, sir." "Ah! I see. Well, I'll put you down for a September failure; creditors accept ten per cent.; business removed to larger and more commodious quarters. Mr. Smith, let me call your attention to $10,000 worth of worthless railroad, canal and bridge securities which I can lump you off at $75. They'll count you face value in settling with creditors, and show where your profits went. Busy? Ah! I'll call again. No trouble to show goods."—*Wall Street News.*

—Quite gorgeous railroad cars are run between Paris and Bucharest. They are carpeted with Smyrna rugs two inches thick, and the sides of the compartments are covered partly with embossed Japanese leather paper and partly with Gobelin tapestry. The dining-room cars, in which triumphs of French cookery are served, are supplied with handsome clocks, damask curtains, and Venetian mirrors. Breakfast consists of five courses and dinner of eight. The sleeping cars are splendidly furnished, and have hot as well as cold water. The average speed is forty miles an hour.

—A new postal regulation in regard to letters went into effect July 1, of which many people are not aware. It compels the prepayment of all letter postage as a condition of the letter being forwarded. If the postage is deficient and there is a return card on the envelope the letter will be returned to the writer. If not, notice will be forwarded to the party to whom the letter is addressed that such a letter awaits him upon which there is so much postage due, and that the same will be forwarded upon receipt of the postage. The order of the department for the enforcement of this rule is peremptory.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An amateur snake-charmer in the Yellowstone region has twenty-nine adders that think so much of him that they follow him around like dogs. On washday each one takes the tip of a companion's tail in his mouth, and the allow themselves to be hung up on poles for clothes-lines. In the summer time they braid themselves into a most ingenius hammock, in which the snake-charmer lies and and reads novels on the front stoop.—*Chicago News.*

—The deepest running stream that is known is the Niagara river, just under the suspension bridge, where it it seven hundred feet deep by actual measurement.—*N. Y. Times.*

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully, MRS. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.

WHY are hens immortal? Because their sons never set. Why have they no hereafter? Because they have their necks twirled in this.—*Golden Days.*

IF you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

LOGIC is logic, and it does not follow that Noah brewed beer in the ark because the kangaroo went on board with hops.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

A SWAIN who is courting a girl and trying to please the old man at the same time is said to be very par tickler in his attentions.

Terrible Sufferings.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and, as a result of its use, she is perfectly well. J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y.

WOMAN'S sphere—The darning-ball. In fact, many a woman fears it.—*Boston Times.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 20, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25 @ 3 50
Choice butchers	4 70 @ 5 40
HOGS—Common	5 00 @ 5 70
Good packers	5 75 @ 6 10
SHEEP	4 00 @ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	5 25 @ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 09 @
No. 2 winter red	1 06½ @
Corn—No. 2 mixed	58 @
Oats—No. 2 mixed	38 @
Rye—No. 2	54 @
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00 @ 10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8 @ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 75 @
Lard—Steam	8¼ @
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30 @ 32
Prime Creamery	25 @ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—	
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15 @ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00 @ 4 50
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40 @ 4 00
Good to choice	4 50 @ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14 @
No. 1 white	1 13 @ 1 14
Corn—No. 2 mixed	58 @ 51
Oats—mixed	40 @ 43
PORK—Mess	16 00 @
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50 @ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 06 @
Corn—No. 2	50¾ @ 51
Oats—No. 2	34 @ 34½
Rye	58½ @
PORK—Mess	14 25 @ 14 30
LARD—Steam	8 82½ @ 8 85
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	$5 00 @ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14½ @ 1 15
Corn—mixed	58½ @ 59
Oats—mixed	38 @ 40
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 50 @
Lard—Refined	11 @
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25 @ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	98 @ 1 00
Corn—mixed	51½ @
Oats—mixed	35 @
PORK—Mess	16 00 @
INDIANAPOLIS.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	$1 07 @
CORN—mixed	50½ @
OATS—mixed	33½ @
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—	
Butchers' stock	2 75 @ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25 @ 6 50

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love," and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

(New York World.)

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents, to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true, Miss Granger, that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the Eastern and Western States."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before, but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that woman by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theater for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theater in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experiences and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

A HOG may be considered a good mathematician when it comes to square root.—*Tennessee Contributor.*

NERVOUS debility, the curse of the American people, immediately yields to the action of Brown's Iron Bitters.

A DELAWARE man keeps his favorite fruit in a refrigerator because he believes in freeze peach.

HAY-FEVER. I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms. I used it, and with the most wonderful success. T. S. GEER, Syracuse, N. Y.

A PITTSBURGH clothier advertises "Gents' Refrigerator Clothing." The outfit probably includes a nice chest protector.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

HAY-FEVER. I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it is, in my opinion, a sure cure. I was afflicted for 25 years, and never before found sure relief. W. H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.

WHY is conscience like the strap on an omnibus? Because it's an inward check on the outward man.

KEOKUK, IOWA.—Dr. E. E. Fuller says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results."

KEPT on draught—the blast furnace.—*Boston Star.*

ELM GROVE, N. C.—Dr. G. N. Roberson says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters and find it all it is recommended to be."

A LAUGHING stock—A collection of good jokes.—*Boston Courier.*

INVENTORS' HAND-BOOK—FREE.—Just out. How great fortunes have been made. History of inventions; valuable to all who read and think. Order it by postal card. N. W. Fitzgerald, Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

RUSSIA Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and flesh wounds.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Is recommended for salt-rheum, itch, scald head, impetigo or any other skin eruption.

WHY don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

CHROLITHION Collars are made in different styles, both standing and turn-down. The cuffs are reversible.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

THE PROFESSION A UNIT.

MR. C. H. DRAPER, of No. 223 Main Street, Worcester, Mass., volunteers the following:

"Having occasion recently to use a remedy for kidney disease, I applied to my druggist, Mr. D. B. Williams, of Lincoln Square, this city, and requested him to furnish me the best kidney medicine that he knew of, and he handed me a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, stating that it was considered the best because he had sold many bottles of it to his customers in Worcester, and they all speak of it in the highest terms, and pronounce it always reliable. I took the bottle home and commenced taking it, and find that it does the work effectually; and I am pleased to recommend to all who have kidney or liver disease the use of Hunt's Remedy, the sure cure."

April 11, 1883.

WE ALL SAY SO.

MR. GEORGE A. BURDETT, No. 165 Front Street, Worcester, Mass., has just sent us the following, directly to the point:

"Being afflicted with ailments to which all humanity is subject sooner or later, I read carefully the advertisement regarding the remarkable curative powers of Hunt's Remedy, and as it seemed to apply to my case exactly, I purchased a bottle of the medicine at Jannery's drug store in this city, and having used it with most beneficial results in my own case, my wife and son also commenced its use, and it has most decidedly improved their health, and we shall continue its use in our family under such favorable results."

April 17, 1883.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

PENSIONS speedily procured; delayed cases completed; Lost Horse claims collected; no advance fee; experience 18 years; write for circular; best references. A. W. McCORMICK, Pike's B'd'g, Cincin't, O.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

Blessed Benefactors.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well-known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors. These Bitters are compounded from Hops, Buchu, Malt, Mandrake and Dandelion and other oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other medicines, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Kidney and Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. ☞$500☜ will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is the purest and best medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope." No person or family should be without them.

"I was troubled for many years with serious Kidney and Liver Complaint, Gravel, etc.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood is pure, kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72.—FATHER."

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more, and I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom, and two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars.

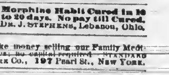
"H. W——, Detroit, Mich."

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE Lungs.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

$1000 REWARD For any machine hulling and cleaning as fast as market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR



VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE. NEWARK MACHINE CO., NEWARK, O.

Double Huller.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 100

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

CUT THIS OUT And Return to us, with TEN Cents, and you'll receive by mail, a Golden Box of Goods, that will bring you in more money in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

-✦1883.✦-

—THE—

GRAND EVENT OF THE YEAR.

11TH Cincinnati Industrial Exposition.

OPENS SEPT. 5th—CLOSES OCT. 6th.

A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF

MANUFACTURES—ARTS—INVENTIONS—PRODUCTS.

RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE AS THE

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ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

☞ Exhibitors from every State in the Union.

No charge for space or steam power. Special arrangements made for transportation of exhibits and visitors. For full particulars, address, Wm. H. STEWART, Sec'y.

-✦1883.✦-

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

A SURE RECIPE For Fine Complexions.

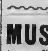
Positive relief and immunity from complexional blemishes may be found in Hagan's Magnolia Balm. A delicate and harmless article. Sold by druggists everywhere.

It imparts the most brilliant and life-like tints, and the closest scrutiny cannot detect its use. All unsightly discolorations, eruptions, ring marks under the eyes, sallowness, redness, roughness, and the flush of fatigue and excitement are at once dispelled by the Magnolia Balm.

It is the one incomparable Cosmetic.

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warrants 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE Of any kind, send stamp to GUMP BROS., Dayton, Ohio, for large Illustrated Price List of New and Second Hand Machines.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

DR. F. ZIEGFELD, PRESIDENT. All Instruments and Voice taught by the most skillful Instructors. Fall Term opens September 10, 1883. Send for Catalogue.

Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

A. N. K.—E. 935

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1883. NUMBER 40.

PITH AND POINT.

—The duration of a kiss has been found to be from half a second to one and a quarter minutes, according to who you are kissing.

—A pawnbroker named his boy Cyclone because he thought people would come to him sooner when they wanted to raise the wind.—*Detroit Post.*

—When Henry was courting Sarah he used to boast that he had a "boss" girl; now that he is married he finds that he has a "boss" wife; but he never mentions it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Alaska diamonds are made in New York at about $1.15 per quart. It doesn't seem as if one of the little pieces of glass would make a young man think he owned half a town, but it somehow does.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast: "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage.—*Earlier Jokes of Ancient Greece.*

—"I detest slang phrases," said an old lady to the pastor, "especially when used by women. Why, the other day I heard a girl say that she had flirted with a fellow, and made a 'mash.' She thought I didn't know what she meant, but I tumbled to it, all the same."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Some clever young ladies have invented a new plan for securing husbands. They go out boating with the man of their choice, contrive to upset the boat, and then grab him and save his life. The victim, in the first burst of gratitude and admiration, generally makes the desired proposal to his heroic preserver.

—A Frenchman, living in Louisiana, whose wife deserted him, amused his neighbours by telling how he got her back without trouble. "Did I run after her and beg her to come back?" he dramatically asked. "No, I did not run after her. I zhust publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn fifty tousand dollaire in ze lottery, and she vas back much quicker as no time."—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"What is the difference, George," said Mr. Dusenberry to the dude reporter, "between a bag of salt and a man whose eyesight has been impaired by working in a cloth renovating establishment?" George said it would be too fatiguing, you know, to try to guess. "Why," said Mr. Dusenberry, "one is chloride of sodium, the other sore-eyed-of-clo' dye-em."—*Jersey City Journal.*

—We all know, or profess to know, and it is even patent to those who are not cognizant of the fact, that in all ages, from the very remotest to the æons in the misty future, man has, or has not, according to his inalienable rights and prerogatives in the premises, through the organism of the mind—which connects the understandableness with the intelligibility of the dynamic energy of the body—an underlying, inherent inclination, on multifarious occasions, as if propelled by an unseen force, to seek the magnetism and stimulation that is co-existent with, and analogous to, a fermentous extraction of.—*Concord School Philosopher, in Puck.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Gloversville (N. Y.) business directory contains the names of 122 glove manufacturers.

—Flour mills are being erected this summer in various parts of Nevada. Those already in operation make excellent flour and are kept running steadily.

It is a fact not generally known that most of the stems from North Carolina tobacco factories are shipped to Germany to be manufactured into snuff for the German peasants. They are collected by a Winston firm and shipped thence in immense quantities.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A railroad only six thousand feet long, but with a grade of one-fifth rise in every five on the average, and at the steepest one in three, has been built straight up Green Mountain, near Bar Harbor, Maine. The roadbed is solid rock, cut away to a plane, upon which the ties are bolted. The locomotive pushes a passenger car up the ascent by means of cog-wheels plying in a center rail, as on the Mount Washington road.—*Boston Herald.*

—Dr. Horace T. Evans, of Philadelphia, believes mushrooms contain some of the poisonous property which, when present in excess, cause accidents—that is, sickness and death from eating mushrooms. Even those which are ordinarily considered safest and best are at times objectionable, owing to conditions affecting their growth. This explains why experts in the selection of edible fungi are sometimes mistaken. It isn't their fault, but the fault of the mushrooms, which are evidently a dangerous luxury.—*Health Monthly.*

—The production of sugar cane is increasing in Mexico. The climate and soil are reported as well adapted to it. It is stated that there is nothing in the form of sugar cane in Louisiana which can compare with the luxuriant growth to be found in Mexico. Many of the largest sugar districts in Mexico have abundant water which can be utilized for machine power as well as for irrigation. As for facilities for transportation, Mexican sugars are put up in small packages of conical shape, which are easily transported by pack animals to any distance required.—*Chicago Times.*

—Massachusetts has the credit of having the largest shoe manufacturing interest of any State in the Union, and it is due chiefly to her enterprise that America is conceded to have attained the highest perfection in the art of shoemaking of any country in the world. Perhaps few are aware that the shoe and leather interest of the United States is next in importance and value to the agricultural, and largely exceeds that of iron, coal, woolen, or even cotton. The annual sales of shoes and leather mount up to something like $250,000,000.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

—Up in the Catskills the Mountain House has been conducted by the Beach family for fifty-two years.—*N. Y. Times*

New York's Pet Dogs.

Come with me to Central Park. There are miles and miles of beautiful drives, and thousands of every sort and kind may be seen there every pleasant afternoon. It is an even bet that in right out of ten carriages, single or double, in which there are ladies, there will be dogs. I remember when Lina Edwin, a charming comedienne, who, with George Clark, now of the Madison Square theater, had a little bandbox for comedy up town, startled the proprieties by appearing on Broadway with a beautiful silken-haired lap-dog under her arm. Little by little the exception became the rule, and to-day fat women, thin women, old girls, young girls, every variety of the feminine gender has its dog. There are pretty little silken-haired dogs, slender little greyhounds, funny little tootsie-wootsies, apparently all hair, with an apology for a tail and two twinkling black eyes, hidden in hairy recesses. These, and now and then a magnificent Newfoundl and or a superb and stately greyhound, are what can be seen on the promenade of Fifth avenue and Broadway, in stages, in buggies, in little jerk-me-up and jerk-me-down dog-carts, in barouches and in every place known to feminine caprice. This morning I rode from South ferry in a Broadway omnibus. There were six men and six women all told. One woman had a black and tan in her lap. The dog may have been six inches long and three inches high, but I doubt it. Next to her sat a very uncomfortably fat woman. She had a long, thin dog, with a face like an Irish setter. The dog was too unwieldy for her to hold in her lap—in fact she had no lap to speak of. She was chiefly stomach and knees. So she placed the dog between herself and a Chinaman who sat next her. The Chinaman didn't like the dog, and the dog knew it. The dog didn't like the Chinaman, and the Chinaman knew it. Hostilities were early developed, greatly to the amusement of everybody except the old lady and the Chinaman. The fun continued for some time, when, the day being hot, the dog grew tired and indicated his desire to suspend hostilities by jumping from the seat clear across the stage into the lap of a very pretty girl, one of the prettiest sixteen-year-olders I ever saw, with long braids down her back, beautiful blue eyes and charming red cheeks, in whose arms (one in each) were cuddled two of the cunningest little Skyes. Precisely what the setter intended he alone knew. The effect was patent. The girl was frightened, and with a sudden twist to the left unfortunately threw one of the dogs into the street, and in less time than it takes to tell it the heavy wheel of the lumbering stage put an end to his suffering, too clearly indicated by two short, sharp, decisive yelps. The agitation of the girl may be imagined. The general upsettedness of the stage-load of passengers may possibly be conceived, but the astonishment of the setter, who was grabbed quickly by his hind leg, and also by the Chinaman, and slung with inconceivable rapidity through the open window in the door, it would be difficult to depict. So would the universal roar that followed the Chinaman's ejaculation of exultation, and so, too, would the indignation of the fat woman whose dog had been thrown away, when, rising upon her sturdy limbs, with one hand she yanked the strap leading to the driver's foot, and with the other, holding her parasol, she belabored the grinning Chinaman over the head and shoulders until the stage was stopped, and with difficulty she got out. Whether she secured her dog or not, I don't know, for the stage moved rapidly on.

We are used now to dogs in public conveyances, to dogs in restaurants, to dogs in parlors, in bed-rooms, in ladies' laps, but it will take us some time to become accustomed to dogs in churches, although it is but a week since I looked into the cooling interior of Trinity church, where possibly 150 fortunate sinners were loudly proclaiming themselves as miserable sinners, following the lead of a $50,000 a year rector, Morgan Dix. Accepting the courteous invitation of the sexton, I took a seat in the aisle on a tolerably hard bench, although there were at least 1,200 nicely-cushioned seats unoccupied. Hardly had I accustomed myself to the board beneath me when my eye detected in a pew occupied by a well-known millionaire, his wife, one son, and two little girls, the prettiest black and tan I think I ever saw—the merriest, jolliest, waggiest-tail, black and tan in the world. The youngest child held him in her arms as she might a baby. His little head rested lovingly on her shoulder, while his black eyes merrily twinkled as he took the congregation in. If I had been as nearly ten years of age as I am fifty, that little girl and that little dog would have had a cheerful time during the rest of the service, for I certainly should have attracted the attention of both. As it was I contented myself with making a series of grimaces, unseen by any but the dog. At first he regarded me with unfeigned amazement. Gradually his little tail withdrew from its convenient shelter between his hind legs and waved over his back. He pricked up one ear, then the other, until, exasperated beyond endurance, he stiffened himself up, and, standing straight in the little girl's arms, gave one, to me, tremendous bark. The miserable sinners, with one accord, forsook their pious endeavor and turned to see the source of the unaccustomed noise. The slipper-shod sexton moved gently down the aisle. I, of course, was immersed in thought, but the speedy exit of the little girl, accompanied by her elder brother, who buried the dog's head in the roomy recesses of his hat, afforded me ample revenge upon the sexton for having given me a board when I asked a cushion. Had I behaved, the dog would have behaved, and the little girl wouldn't have had a chance to play among the graves as she did, until the fifteen minutes' sermon was over, when her father joined her, and, having administered a parental rebuke, took her, with the rest of the family, to a roomy barouche waiting for them in front of the church.

That was the only time I have ever seen a dog in the sacred precincts; but if it was possible for one little girl to take one little dog into one church it is possible for 100,000 little girls to do the same thing with 100,000 little dogs, and the consequences you can tell as well as I. Precisely what effect this mania for dogs will have upon the rising generation it is difficult to predict. The dog that I saw in the stage was not a pleasantly-odored dog, and his hair didn't seem to be securely fastened to his skin. The consequence was that he was offensive to the nostrils of all that sat near him, and when he was flung from the stage at least 150 of his chestnut-colored hairs flew from his back and found lodgment on our respective coats and trousers. A magnificent Newfoundland, a full-booded Siberian greyhound, a noble mastiff, these are delights to the eye and companions to the best of men. But these are rarely seen in New York, and we are compelled to watch the tender affections of the female sex expended upon the pet poodles, of no earthly value either as objects of interest, of curiosity, or worth. Children are neglected for dogs. Women who would never think of taking a child to walk with them absolutely love to promenade our prominent streets carrying in their arms these precious pets. Miss Rose Coghlan, the popular leading actress in Wallack's Theater, is often seen upon the street with two dogs, one under each arm. Clara Morris has all sorts of dogs, and other ladies in that line of life are noted for canine pets, costing all the way from fifty dollars to $500 each. Some of the members of our codfish aristocracy make themselves peculiarly conspicuous in the dog line, all of which can be borne if such things must be, like the old-time bustle, the hoopskirt, the French heel, and the make-believe stomach. Dogs in the back yard, dogs upon the hearthstone, dogs on the steps in front of the house, dogs on the promenade are well enough and in certain times and places are desirable; but these little make-believe dogs, hugged to bosoms intended for other purposes, attended and nursed in place of children, receiving the homage, the attention, and the lavish care which might much better be bestowed upon animals with more brains and fewer legs—this sort of thing is obnoxious and offensive to the last degree.—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

A Live Man in the Hearse.

When returning to this city a few days ago from Belle Isle, where he had made a burial, an undertaker overtook a decrepit old German who had scarcely vitality enough to drag himself out of the way of the undertaker's team. Perceiving the condition of the old man, the undertaker reined his horses and asked him where he was going. "Hotel, Geddes," he said. "Would you like to ride?" the undertaker asked. "Yah!" was the curt reply. The undertaker got down from his high seat and told the worn travler that the only place he had for him to ride was within the hearse, and if he would accept such accommodations he was perfectly welcome to do so. "All right," he said, and the undertaker threw open the doors of the hearse and assisted the old man into it. He placed his bundle underneath his head, lay down on the floor of the hearse, and the undertaker closed the doors and resumed his journey. Canal boys stopped their horses, passers-by gazed in amazement, small boys followed the hearse for miles, and dumfounded people looked out from their windows or front yards at the strange spectacle. "Stop! the man's not dead!" shouted a crowd just outside the limits of Geddes, but the undertaker drove on all the more rapidly, with the threatening yells of the crowd ringing in his ears. When the undertaker reached Geddes he released his passenger, who was profuse in his thanks for the hospitality extended. Between one and two hundred people collected at the spot where the man was let out and demanded an explanation of the undertaker, who drove away without satisfying them.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

A Wag Wants Postage Stamps.

Sometimes clerks in the departments (a Washington correspondent says) do not read letters exactly as they are written. This occurred not long since in the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. An assistant postmastmaster at a very considerable office sent in a requisition for stamps, postal cards, etc., and signed it in his official capacity as assistant postmaster. He was answered by an overworked clerk that supplies could not be furnished him as acting postmaster unless the postmaster was actually dead, etc. To this he replied:

"Your communication received, in which you state that supplies cannot be furnished upon my signature unless the postmaster is dead and I am acting on authority of the sureties of the deceased postmaster. This starts up a circus. What are we to do? This is a two-horse office, and we are out of stamps and in the fix the boy was after the ground hog—we must have 'em. I have purchased stamps of neighboring offices with my personal funds, but they vanished like fresh butter before a pack of hungry hounds. Our postmaster is not dead, but alive and kicking in jail charged with prevaricating on the stand in favor of a young dude who was sued for breach of promise to marry one of our flirts. The citizens sympathized with him and willeth not his demise unless the department demands it, and then, like obedient servants, we can get him on a shutter. We anxiously await your reply whether we shall kill him here or send him securely sacked to Washington to be slaughtered. The stamps we ought to and must have. Please wire your choice or answer by letter at your convenience.

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER."

"By authority of the sureties."

* * *

—After shooting at it eight or nine times, Mr. W. H. Richardson finally killed, with a ninth shot, a few days ago, a milk-white deer in the forest near Bigbee, Ala. The negroes think that white deer are akin to witches, and are probably delighted that one of them has been laid low. Two more of the beautiful creatures have been seen recently in the forests of Washington County, Ala.

* * *

—Mustardville is the name of a new town in Washington Territory.

Religious.

"THY ROD AND THY STAFF."

Erstwhile I looked across the Valley's border,
Where lie Death's shadows desolate and drear,
And held strange parley with its ghostly warder,
While one I loved to his domain drew near.

I trembled, in Life's twilight, as I pleaded
That he would spare the idol of my heart;
That as my stay and staff my boy was needed,
And my half-wearied feet should first depart.

The warder of the vale in voice grew tender,
As my wild prayer he answered with a sigh:
"'Twas his—obedience to his Lord to render,
And the beloved lad's—not mine—to die."

On the drear margin of that valley's darkness,
I felt amazed, my terror fainter grew;
And a soft veil fell o'er the warder's starkness,
As, in his arms, I saw my darling go.

For the dread shape, less drear, had softly spoken,
Or, somehow, to my tranced sense had come,
Across the shadowy edge, a blessed token
That he I'd loved and lost was taken home.

"Thy 'stay and staff' of which Death has bereft thee,
Were but ill-chosen for thy coming stress;
And in their stead my rod and staff I've left thee,
For comfort when thy feet the dark paths press."

And now, I humbly say, or sing, with David:
"Though I walk through the Valley of Death's shade,
From all its evils and its perils saved—
Since God is with me—I am unafraid!"

—*William C. Richards, in Youth's Companion.*

The Preacher and His Sermons.

The preacher can hardly give too much pains to the preparation of his sermons. Let him dismiss from his mind the canting temptation to imagine that he renders himself liable to the charge of egotism if he makes much of the business in which he is the sole actor, or the [illegible] influence, timed to fit his presence in the pulpit, will, if he is earnest in the main, save him the necessity of previous human trouble. Let him rather encourage the thought that when he preaches the interest and influence of his sermon depend upon the serious and honest pains he has taken in its preparation. A gardener who wants a good crop is not content with reliance on the beneficent aid of nature. He choses the best seed he can get. He takes the utmost care to see that it is sown under the most promising conditions. He feels that his personal credit is at stake in the matter, and that the blame for failure can not be altogether thrown upon the weather and the soil. And, in like manner, the preacher who desires his seed to bring forth well will neglect nothing which is likely to make it wholesomely acceptable. And he can not do this in a hurry. He can not do it when he has allowed his power of application to be frittered away by a multitude of petty interruptions. He must sit down to his work, whether he preaches what is called "extempore" or not, with a reserve of force. He must have a good head of steam in his boiler, which is hardly possible if he has been whistling and shunting himself about in sidings all day. Look at an engine waiting to drag a train. See how it glows and bubbles with suppressed energy as it stands ready in the shed. We may be sure that the preacher will acquit himself best, and make the best impression upon his people, who deliberately assists the accumulation of his power before he settles himself down to the preparation of his sermon, and who dares to resent the pressure of other less important business that he may seat himself at his desk with a clear head and a warm interest in the work to be done. He never approaches that work without secret prayer; but he locks his door, and does his utmost to put his message into a shape most likely to invite healthy attention and leave a wholesome result. Whether he preaches with or without a book, he uses his pen. He arranges his subject, he chooses his words with care, and patiently reconstructs clumsy or dull sentences, until he feels that, according to his abilities, he has created a fresh and original fabric. He will then go into his pulpit with the encouraging reflection that he has something to say, and that he is prepared to say it in the best way within his power. And I would ask whether a higher influence is not then most likely to accompany his work.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

How to Meet Temptation.

The experience of temptation is universal. No one can pass through this world and escape. We hear a great deal in pulpits and elsewhere about the solemn nature of death; we are exhorted to make preparation for it as for the most critical point in all human experience. Yet, when we think seriously of it, it is not half so solemn a thing to die as it is to live. To one who lives aright, death is but the passage from surroundings of sin and sorrow to a realm of purity and joy. No Christian was ever lost, or even harmed, in the experience of dying. * * * *

Just how to live so as to be victorious is the present question of practical interest. We may be sure, at the very outset, that Christ does not help us by keeping us out of the conflicts. All the best things in life lie beyond the fields of struggle, and we can get them only by overcoming. Temptation met and victoriously resisted puts new fiber into our souls. It would be no kindness to us were God to withdraw us into some sheltered spot whenever there is danger, or if He were so to fight our battles for us that we should never ourselves have to struggle. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world," was our Lord's prayer for His loved ones, "but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil one."

"He who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm."

We must meet temptations, and we must make up our minds, also, that we have something to do in getting the victory over the temptations which we are called to meet. Men and devils may tempt us, but men and devils can not *make* us yield to sin. We are sovereigns in our choices while the right and the wrong stand before us. Other wills may seek to influence us, may plead, entreat, persuade, but they can not compel. We can not avoid being tempted, but we ought to avoid yielding to temptation. An old divine said, in illustration of this truth, that "we can not keep the birds from flying around our heads, but we can prevent them building their nests in our hair." We can not hinder temptations from buzzing about our ears, but it is our own fault if they make their nests in our hearts. We must not expect God to lock the doors, and hold His hand on the lock all the time, to keep us, by force of omnipotence, from letting the tempter in. This shutting and opening is our part of the responsibility. Even God Himself will never come into our heart unless we voluntarily open it to Him. We are never forced to do wrong. Our duty, therefore, is unwavering resistance—an unalterable *no* to every solicitation to sin. If we settle this point, we have learned one of the best lessons in spiritual strategy.

Often, however, *avoidance* of temptation is the true course of wisdom. Because Christ does not keep us out of all struggles, we are not, therefore, to rush presumptuously into danger at every opportunity. We pray daily: "Lead us not into temptation." We must not, therefore, enter into temptation voluntarily. Lord Macaulay tells us that at the siege of Namur, while the conflict was raging, William, Prince of Orange, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw with surprise and anger, among his staff officers, Michael Godfrey, the deputy-Governor of the Bank of England. He had come to the King's headquarters on business, and was curious to see real war. "Mr. Godfrey," said King William, "you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here." "Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more hazard than your Majesty." "Not so," said William, "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you—" Before the sentence was finished a cannon-ball laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet. The King's words were true, and the truth is just as applicable to temptations and spiritual dangers as to the perils of war. When duty calls us into any place we are safe; God will protect us. But otherwise we venture without any promise or claim to protection. It is not courage, but foolhardiness, that prompts one to rush into temptations, uncalled, unled and without necessity of duty; and it can only lead to ruinous consequences. The true rule is: Never seek a temptation: meet one only as God leads you up to it in the path of duty. Most people who fall, fall in places where they ought never to have gone at all.

When we are doing God's will, we may confidently count on protection, however sore are the dangers. "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." And, even more than this: Christ Himself is personally interested in each individual soul in its earthly struggles, and watches from Heaven, ready, when the enemy seems about to gain the advantage, to give instant help, or to provide some way of escape. When our duty leads us through perilous paths—but only then—we may intrust ourselves with unwavering confidence to the Divine protection, assured of victory.

"I have known a timid traveler," says one, "whose route lay across the higher Alps, on a path that, no broader than a mule's foothold, skirted a dizzy precipice, where we saw the foaming river, far below, diminished to a silver thread—find it safest to shut her eyes, nor attempt to guide the course, or touch the bridle, where a touch were fatal, throwing the steed and rider over, to bound from shelf to shelf, and be dashed to pieces in the valley below. And there are times and circumstances when to be saved from falling . . . the believer must, if we may say so, shut his eyes, and, committing his way to God, let the bridle lie on the neck of Providence, and walk, not by sight, but faith. . . . When we are walking in darkness and have no light, there is nothing for it but to trust in the Lord and stay ourselves on God."

There come times in every life when this is just the picture for us, when all that we can do is to shut our eyes and let God lead us through the peril. In such cases He will never fail; and if we are faithful in our duty, we shall not fail.—*S. S. Times.*

He Left It.

They told Lord Erskine that a certain man was "dead, and that he had left £200,000." His lordship replied: "That's a poor capital to begin the next world with." What a failure was that man's life! He got no good of his £200,000 in this world and did not get himself ready for the next. What did he do? What is the grand result of his life, of his toil, of his anxious days and sleepless nights? He raked together £200,000. What did he do with it? Kept it as long as he could. Why did he not keep it for ever? He died. What became of it? He left it! To whom? To those who came after and to the squabbles of courts. If any good to the world ever came out of this £200,000 no thanks are due to him. He kept it as long as he could, and left it only because he could not bring it with him. There was not room enough in old Charon's boat for him and his £200,000. If he had only "converted" it, as the bankers say! And it was convertible into the blessings of the poor, into the sweet consciousness of having done some good while he lived, into the good hope of perpetuating his influence when he was dead and gone. But he did none of these things. He raked it together, kept it, died, left it, and made his last bed no softer.—*Dr. J. B. Thomas.*

Gems of Thought.

—Christianity gave mankind the idea and word *humanity.*

—There is no refuge from God except in God.—*Persian Proverb.*

—Consolation is the dropping of a gentle dew from Heaven on desert-hearts beneath; it is one of the choicest gifts of Divine mercy.—*Spurgeon.*

—If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice;
Old friends, old scenes will lovlier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

—*John Keble*

Our Young Folks.

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather: it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet-smelling hay."

—*M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

A TRUE STORY.

Over twenty-five years ago, in a small Indiana village, which was situated on the banks of a pleasant stream, stood an old, red-brick school-house. The village is still there. It has not yet grown into city ways, and probably never will. The river, too, is there, and is still the same pleasant, high-banked stream it was twenty-five years ago. But the dear, old red-brick school-house has given place to a more pretentious modern structure, and the little boys and girls who romped upon the school-house play-ground then are all men and women now, with little boys and girls of their own.

Children have grand events in their lives, as well as older people. Wonderfully exciting incidents occur to them, narrow escapes and startling adventures which they remember all their lives. It is one of these narrow escapes, one of these startling adventures of child-life, that I am about to tell to the little boys and girls of to-day, and the story is no "make believe;" it is true—terribly true it seemed to six little girls who attended school at the old red-brick so long ago.

Just back of the school-house was the play-ground, and just back of the play-ground, with only a high board fence between, was the railroad track, where trains thundered past at all hours of the day.

The fence between us was high, and the most agile boy in the play-ground could not climb to its top, but they could, and did, beat down the boards with miniature battering-rams, constructed for this purpose.

These openings would sometimes escape the notice of the teacher for days, even weeks, at a time, and the children would crowd their round, bright faces into them to watch the trains go past.

At first they remained within the inclosure, and only glanced through at the forbidden grounds beyond, but they finally grew bolder, and ventured into the tall grass which grew on either side of the track.

The boys converted the newly-acquired territory into a ball ground, while the girls began to search for a suitable location for a play-house.

There were six little girls who belonged to one play-family, representatives of six different real families in the village. Minnie Wells, the minister's little daughter, was only six years old; Dot Williams belonged to the village merchant, Nellie Dodd to the grocer; Fay Ferris represented the aristocracy, in French merino and high-heeled boots, while Sallie McConald came from the lower ranks of society.

These little girls were all about seven years of age; but the mother of this interesting family, Mary Washburn, was older and was also the cause of the terror and humiliation which came to them one autumn day.

It was during the noon intermission that Mary joined her family, with eyes aglow with excitement, exclaiming:

"Oh, my! I guess I've found a house for us now—a really, truly house—and we can have a bed-room, and a kitchen, and a parlor, and everything we want, and we won't let a single boy into it—not a single boy!"

"Oh, where is it?" chorused the other voices, excitedly.

"You just follow me, and see what I've found," Mary answered, as she led the way, with grave importance.

And, sure enough, there it stood, a "really, truly" house, as Mary had said, with roof, and floor, and great slide doors on either side—just the loveliest play-house in the world, the children thought—and they prepared to move in and take possession at once.

"But there ain't any steps to it, and how'll we ever get in?" asked Fay, dolefully, as she glanced up at the great, open door, so far above.

"We'll make us some steps," answered Mary, who was equal to almost any emergency.

A large box lay near, and the six little girls set to work to roll it to the side of the new house, under the door, regardless of white aprons and clean hands; and then, with shrieks of delight, they clambered in and explored the premises.

"The family that moved out wasn't the leastest bit neat," said Nellie, viewing the floor in dismay.

"We'll have a *thorough* house-cleaning," said Mary, energetically. "Now, children," she added, "I want you to all go to the old play-house, and move the furniture and dishes to our new house just as quick as ever you can. I should be mortified to death if Mrs. Judge Baxter or the minister's wife should call and find us in such a muss."

And then, oh, how hard they *did* work, those six little girls! Pieces of carpets, bits of broken crockery, odds and ends of almost everything, which the real mothers at home had contributed to the play-house at different times, were brought by armfuls to the new house, and great drops of perspiration stood out under the edge of brown, yellow and sandy hair, the result of their energetic enthusiasm.

Water was brought, in an old, battered tin dinner-pail, from the depot, which was quite near, and the floor was scrubbed with an old cast-away broom, until, as Susie remarked, "'twas plenty clean enough to eat off from."

"And, oh my! Just the cutest little shelf for our dishes!" said Dot, as she placed them carefully in a row on a beam which extended across the end of the house.

"It's the nicest house I ever *did* see," exclaimed Sallie, drawing in a long, delighted breath.

By this time the household goods had all been conveyed to the new house, and lay in piles of confusion on the floor.

"Now, *do* work spry, children!" said the busy mother, brushing about excitedly. "We *must* get things straightened before the school-bell rings. There it goes," she cried, in dismay. "Oh, dear me! It's just as I expected. I *know* that Mr. Donald hasn't given us half an hour's nooning to-day."

"The mean old thing!" cried Nellie, indignantly.

At that instant, without a moment's warning, the two great doors on either side of the house slid to with a bang, that brought six wildly palpitating hearts into six throbbing little throats, as the terror-stricken children stood in the awful darkness of their prison-house.

They were too frightened and astonished to speak or move for a moment, and during that short space of silence they heard a great, rough voice, just outside, say:

"I can get a good big price for 'em out West, where there ain't no little girls. I'll couple this 'ere night-car right on to the engine, an' take 'em off afore they're missed."

And then the "new home" began to move along the track, slowly at first, but gaining rapidity at every turn of the wheels, and a wail of anguish, which was simply terrific, went up from the entire family within.

Dot and Nellie danced right up and down, and screamed at the top of their voices, tossing their chubby hands about in a most frantic manner.

Sallie and Fay lifted up their voices in a dismal wail of anguish. Little Minnie dropped on her knees, and began to say: "Now I lay me," getting it sadly mixed with "Oh, I want my mamma!"

While Mary threatened her captor with every conceivable manner of vengeance if he did not release her at once; but her terrible threats were drowned by the united voices of her sobbing children.

"Oh, what shall we do? What shall we ever do?" cried Nellie, in despair.

"I s'pose he's goin' to sell us to the people who eat up fat little girls—and what will our mamma do then?" sobbed Dot.

Then followed another burst of uncontrollable grief and lamentation, louder and longer than the first, in the midst of which the giant's heart must have relented, for one of the great doors slid suddenly open, letting in a flood of sunlight—letting out six sorrowful little girls, with tumbled clothes and tear-stained faces.

They did not wait to find the step, but jumped out in such reckless haste that they fell upon each other in a bewildering heap of bright-colored dresses, from which protruded six pairs of small shoes struggling to extricate their owners from the heaving mass. This was finally accomplished, and just as the second reading class were taking their places on the recitation seats, six forlorn little objects filed into the school-room.

But their troubles were not at an end. To be sure, they had lost all of their household goods; had bruised themselves dreadfully in their fall from the car; had soiled and torn their dresses, so that an explicit explanation must be rendered at home; but the most terrible part was yet to come. They fully realized this when Miss Birch bade them stand in a line, and await Mr. Donald's verdict. Trembling with apprehensive forebodings they stood there, while the copious tears flowed afresh.

At length they heard his step in the hall, the step which they feared at any time, but which seemed like a knell of doom as they awaited his coming.

He entered the room, heard their pitiful story, and then their punishment began.

Mary, being the oldest, was placed foremost, and the rest directly behind her, in a line.

"Forward, march!" said the principal, in a voice of stern command; and the melancholy line advanced.

Mr. Donald stood at the door, leading into the hall, and as they passed him he administered a stinging box on the six left ears turned toward him. He then marched solemnly in advance, and led them up the stairs into the august presence of the young ladies and gentlemen of the school, after which he again took his station at the door, and administered a box of equal severity on the six right ears.

The little culprits then took their seats, with hot cheeks and hotter ears as reminders of their offense.

For days afterward they took no interest in play-houses or games, but would go away by themselves and talk over their dreadful adventure, and surmise and wonder what terrible things would have happened to them if their captor had not finally relented and set them free.—*Ruth Hartwick, in Golden Days.*

Incubation of the Ostrich.

Some will sit throughout with the most solicitous maternal instinct; . . . others manifest such anxiety that, when the hen has been a little late in taking her morning turn upon the nest the male has gone out, and, hunting her up, has kicked her to the nest in a most ungentlemanly manner. Some are very affectionate over their young, others the reverse; thus do individuals differ even among ostriches. As a rule the cock-bird forms the nest, sits the longest, and takes the burden of the work of hatching and rearing. Contrary to what has been currently understood, and what is still stated in recent colonial accounts, the cock-bird sits at night. In this peculiarity, the *London Field* thinks the hand of Providence may be seen, for the worst enemies of the nest appear at night, and the cock, being stronger and braver, is better able to resist them; moreover, the same authority concludes that, the feathers of the cock being black, night-sitting does not expose him to the exhaustion from the sun's rays which would ensue if he sat during the day; while at the same time the gray feathers of the female are less conspicuous while she sits during the day.—*Scientific American.*

* * *

—The American half-dollar and quarter-dollar are taken at a discount in Canada. It is suggested that business men on this side fix a date beyond which they will not receive Canadian coins at their face value.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald,*

THE RECORDER.

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THE Owen Democrat was full of Knott-(y) editorials last week.

THE county needs a good rain worse than it needs a representative.

THE Southern Exposition was opened to visitors in Louisville today.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR died in Washington on the 27th ult. He was an ex-Postmaster General.

THE body of Charles Menninger, of Cincinnati, was taken to Washington, Pennsylvania, and cremated last Friday.

GOV. FOSTER and Judge Hoadley, of Ohio, have indulged in a card writing, but pistols and coffee have not been ordered yet.

THE other day a New York lady bought 30,000 acres of Martin county, Kentucky land. Real estate has taken quite a raise in price.

THE Teachers Institute for this county will be held in Morgan Academy August 28th, 29th and 30th. Programmes will be out to-day.

THE attendance at the Corinth Camp Meeting last Sunday was near 12,000. John Ninor, son of Orrin Minor, has charge of the grounds.

ANOTHER editor has developed pugilistic accomplishments. Capt. Murphy, editor of the Danville Tribune, and Logan McKee had an old fashioned fisticuff the other day.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 50@5 85; fair to good packers, at $5 25@5 60; fair to good light, $5 75@6 00; common, $4 50@5 20; culls, $3 50@4 25: stock hogs, $4 50@5 25.

THE reunion of Gen. Morgan's men at Lexington, last week, was a grand success in every particular, and many a hearty hand shake was indulged by those who fought side by side in the dark and bloody days of late unpleasantness. About 2,000 of the old command were present.

THE election of a United States Senator is a matter in which the people of Boone county are interested, and how many of them know how the candidates for the legislature would vote on that subject? The people have a right to know who they are for and ought to make them say.

MONDAY morning the body of a boy that went down with the Southern depot in Cincinnati when it gave way during the flood last February, was exhumed. It was standing upright with hat and overcoat on and was well preserved The head was near the surface. The boy's father had spent $2,000 hunting him.

THE jury in the case of ex-Treasurer Polk, at Nashville, Tenn., brought in a verdict of guilty of embezzlement, and fixied the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for twenty years, and imposed a fine to the full amount of his embezzlement, $336,540 10. A motion for a new trial was enter d.

IF those chronic grumblers about the inefficiency of the laws would turn their attention to the officers to whom the laws are entrusted for enforcement, they would discover that inefficiency lies at the door of the officers. A large array of officers are out of their sphere when in official position, and so long as such men are elected, just so long will the evils complained of continue to exist.

IT is asserted that one of the candidates for United States Senator is furnishing money to many of the candidates for the Legislature in this State, and to reciprocate the favor the candidates are to cast their votes for the Senatorial aspirant next winter. The candidate who would accept money from such a source is not only selling his own vote, but the votes of the people he represents."—Owen News.

Just so, Judge Orr. It seems that money and not brains is to be made the qualification for United States Senator in this State.

IN our last issue we attempted to present to our readers the reason why the twelfth article of our constitution should be amended. The question now presenting itself is, supposing we are correct in all we said last week in relation to the difficulties to be overcome before a constitutional convention can be called, and as to the undemocratic character and wrongs fastened upon us by that article of the Constitution: what can a constitutional convention do to help us? We do not know what the wisdom of the convention might point out as the most suitable method of making future amendments to the Constitution; but we believe that a Constitution like ours recognizing all power as inherent in the people, and that all free governments are formed upon their authority; and that the people have, at all times, an inalienable and indefeasable right to alter or abolish their government in such manner as they think proper, should contain within itself some appropriate method by which that right, when necessary, might be exercised in such reasonable time as would surely prevent actual revolution, or to at least remove all reasonable excuse for such a step.

It requires about five years time to make an amendment to our Constitution as it now reads—longer than it took the United States to put down the rebellion, restore the union and amend the Federal Constitution in more than one respect. Would it not be better to remove from the Constitution article twelve with all its circumlocution and costly machinery, and substitute something less intricate, more economical and more speedy in its action, and more democratic in principle? Would not it be more in harmony with the idea of popular government to provide a plan by which amendments to the Constitution may be proposed and voted upon directly by the people at any general election, as we now vote upon laws submitted by the legislature? In that way any proposed amendment to the Constitution may be submitted to the people, and be considered and acted upon by them, entirely freed from all obscurity. Each proposed amendment would then stand upon its own merits or fall by its own demerits.

We say let a majority of those voting decide all elections, whether it be on local option or amending the Constitution; and let the people have, at all times, ready at hand, suitable and speedy means for the removal of their grievances arising from defects in their laws.

Section 10, article 3, of the Constitution, gives the governor, we might say, unlimited power to pardon criminals, remit fines, &c. A jury may convict, the judge pronounce the sentence of the law, and the sheriff take to the penitentiary or the gallows, but the governor can annul it all and say "go" to the vilest wretch. So our Constitution has it. Our present governor is charged with an abuse of this power—not an illegal use of it, however, for the Constitution makes him sovereign in that matter. If he were to turn every convict in the penitentiary loose, the Constitution would say, "bully boy" to it, and we have no power to put one of them back without violating that instrument. He can remit all the fines, turn lose all the convicts legally, says our supreme state law. Now, is such a power to be entrusted to any human? We don't care what has been the course in this or other States, no human should be trusted with such authority. Cannot this be bettered? We do not doubt it. Cannot the pardoning power and the power to remit be so hedged about by checks and common sense as to leave those who are entitled to relief from unjust judgments, in a condition to get it, without leaving it possible for the governor to open all the jails and the penitentiary, and give back all the fines in all the courts assessed for misdemeanors? What our governor has done may be a president to be greatly improved upon hereafter.

The constitution is, also, in some particulars objectionable in its qualifications for office. By it a justice of the peace may be the most ignorant and corrupt man in his district; he need not know how to read, write, cipher, or spell his name; yet, under our law he may become county judge in some instances, and at all times constitutes one of the county court in doing the county's financial business. A constable needs no higher qualifications than the justice. The county judge may be an ignoramus; may never have read a law-book or a line of law; may be unable to read or write; have so little intelligence and mind as not to be able to comprehend his duty as judge of the court, or to understand the laws he is called to apply and enforce.

Now let us amend and place the qualifications for these offices on a higher level and by constitutional provisions guard securely these official positions from the intrusion of those who, from ignorance and want of ability can bring but disrepute upon themselves and the offices they mayhold, and, it possible, let us exclude, all dishonesty and unfitness in all its phases from such seemingly public approval.

The people need have no fear that if the convention is called, that we will thereby haul in the anchor and start out on a cruise we know not where to end. They have within their control all the protection necessary against such a result. If the convention is called, elect only men of good, strong, practical, common sense, the best who will accept the trust. Let the idealist and the visionary alone, and then a great improvement in our organic law will be assured. Voter: when the officers of the election, at the polls, ask you if you are in favor of the convention, say yes.

MONDAY William Gibson and Grant Hensley were adjudged lunatics. Hensley had been taken to the Asylum some days previous, and Tuesday morning George Blythe left for Anchorage with Gibson.

CHAPTER 40.

AN ACT to take the sense of the people of this Commonwealth as to the propriety of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution, and to regulate the manner of taking the list of qualified voters.

WHEREAS, It is the sentiment of this General Assembly, and many good citizens of this Commonwealth, that experience has pointed out the necessity of calling a convention with the view of amending the Constitution of this State, therefore,

§ 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:* That it shall be the duty of the sheriffs and other officers, at the next general election held for Representatives after the passage of this act, to open a poll for, and make a return to the Secretary of State for the time being of, the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives who have voted for calling a convention.

§ 2. *Be it further enacted,* That any sheriff or other returning officer failing to perform the duty imposed by the first section of this act, shall be subject to a fine of six hundred dollars, to be recovered by indictment by any grand jury in any court having jurisdiction thereof; and also subject, upon conviction of such failure, to removal from office.

§ 3. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to have this act advertised in the columns of one weekly newspaper in every county in this State, for two consecutive weeks immediately preceding the election, and in one of the daily newspaper in the city of Louisville, for thirty days immediately preceding the election: *Provided however,* There is no weekly newspaper in any one or more counties of this Commonwealth in which said advertisement can be made, it is made his duty to have posted a printed copy of said bill, in handbill form, at the court-house door of such counties, for at least two consecutive weeks preceding said election.

§ 4 *Be it further enacted,* That the public printer shall, upon a separate sheet, print ten thousand copies of this act, and deliver them to the Secretary of State, who shall send 75 copies of the same to the clerk of the county court of each county in the State at the time of forwarding the Acts of the General Assembly; and said clerk shall deliver the same to the sheriffs of their several counties,

§ 5. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the clerks or judges conducting the said general election to propound to each voter the following question: "Do you vote for calling a convention or not?" and if he answers in the affirmative, his name shall be recorded as having voted for calling a convention.

§ 6. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the assessors of tax to open a column in their assessor's book, and enroll therein the name of each citizen entitled to vote for Representative in the year 1883; but the assessors shall only enroll the names of those whom they know to be entitled, at the time, to vote for Representatives, such knowledge to be based—1. Either upon the personal knowledge of the assessor; 2. Or upon satisfactory information obtained by the assessor directly from the person whose name is enrolled; 3. Or upon satisfactory information under oath, from those who, of their own knowledge, testify to the facts which are necessary to such qualification; and for enrolling names without such knowledge or information, such assessor shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined twenty dollars for each and every name so improperly enrolled, which fine shall be enforced in any court of competent jurisdiction, and be for the benefit of the common schools of the Commonwealth; and they shall be governed, in all cases, in ascertaining who is entitled to vote by the laws then in force to prevent illegal voting; and this column, written in a fair and legible hand, shall be transmitted, with the assessor's books, to the Auditor, who shall make out a copy thereof, and deposit the same in the office of the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit the same to the next Legislature as a list of those who are entitled to vote for Representatives, in order that the Legislature may have the means to ascertain whether a majority of the citizens of the State entitled to vote for Representatives have voted for a convention.

§ 7. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of each assessor of tax, who shall be in office in the year 1883, as soon as he shall be advised of the passage of this act, to go before a justice of the peace and take the following oath: "I do solemnly swear I will, to the best of my ability, fairly ascertain the number of qualified voters in the district in which I was elected for the year 1883, and report the same, with my book made as assessor of tax, before the first day of May, 1883."

§ 8. *Be it further enacted,* That the assessors of tax may, and they are hereby required to, examine, on oath, any person in relation to his right to vote for Representatives when he has doubt as to his right to vote; and any person who shall knowingly swear falsely before the assessor, and shall thereof be convicted, shall be subjected to all the pains and penalties of the crime of perjury.

§ 9. *Be it further enacted,* That the assessor shall write "sworn" opposite the name of each person sworn by him.

§ 10. *Be it further enacted,* That it shall be the duty of the public printer to print five hundred copies of the seventh, eighth, and ninth sections of this act immediately after its passage, and deliver them to the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit them forthwith to the county clerks, to be delivered by them, as soon as possible, to the assessors of tax for 1883.

§ 11 This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Approved January 7, 1882.

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LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

From JULY 1st, to AUG., 1st, Custom Made suits will be on the average $5 less. Ready Made suits have been reduced 25 per cent.

The stock is large and must be disposed of to make room for my Fall Goods, let every one take advantage of the great reduction. H. F. BLASE, 540 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

A. M. Elliott AND Co,

—DEALERS IN—

Threshers, Engines, SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders.

South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows.

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Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

GRAND EVENT OF THE YEAR!

The Lawrenceburg Fair,

AUGUST 22nd to 25th, 1883.

RACES Every DAY.

PROGRAMME:

Wednesday, August 22.

Jack and Mules, Heavy Draft Horses.

Boone and Dearborn County Trot, Purse $60 00

Running Race, Purse, ... $100 00

Thursday, August 23.

Address by HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE.

Cattle, Saddle Horses, Hogs and Sheep.

Three minute trot, Purse, ... $200 00

Running Race, Purse, ... $150 00

Friday, August 24.

General Purpose Horses, Sweepstakes on Hogs and Sheep, Matched Horses, Swepstakes on Stallions, Purse ... $50 00

Two Thirty Trot, Purse $200 00

Free for all Pace, Purse $300 00

Saturday, August 25.

Herds of Cattle, Purse $150 00

Light Harness Horses, Sweepstakes on General Purpose Horses, Purse ... $50 00

Running Race, Purse $200 00

Free for all Trot, Purse $400 00

STEAM FERRY at Lawrenceburg during Fair week, Commencing Wednesday, August 22nd.

No Entry Fees for Competition. Send for Premium Lists.

W. H. O'BRIEN, Secretary,
Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

A. G. P. DODGE, of the Kentucky Union railway, has donated $7,500 to aid education in Breathitt county; $3,000 to go toward building an academy at Jackson, to which also citizens of that town will contribute; the residue, $4,500 is to assist deserving youths on the road to learning.

Thanks! Thanks!! Thanks!!!

PETERSBURG, July 30th, 1883,

To the Editors of the Recorder:

Permit us, through the medium of your excellent paper, to extend to the citizens of Petersburg and vicinity, our sincere thanks for their alacrity, endurance and efficiency in arresting the progress of what threatened to be a most destructive fire, occurring on our premises on Sunday morning, 29th inst, Our thanks are also due to the Aurora, Ind., fire department for their ready response to a call for their service, being on the way, and eager to render assistance, were notified by special messenger, that the fire was under control, reluctantly turned back. We also heartily thank Mayor Roberts and the gallant fire company of Lawrenceburg, Ind., who on being notified that a fire was raging here, boarded the ferry-boat, and arrived in time to put a quietus to all danger, and allay all fear of a further spread of the burning ruins; and replenish several cisterns that were exhausted in subduing the fire. Great praise is due all, and we thank you all. BOONE CO. DISTILLING CO.

Twists and Twinges.

"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage one bright autumnal Sunday, "here is a lesson from the cornfield. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted. Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking-peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possible; but nobody wants to be husked, for all that, and nature teaches us to resist the process Therefore, we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N. Y., M. Alfred Bear, a French gentleman, writes:

"I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me. But PARKER'S TONIC gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name.

Messrs HISCOX & CO., call especial attention to the fact that this preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & CO., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ELECTION NOTICE.

BOONE COUNTY COURT.
Regular Term, April 2, 1883.

Numerous voters, (20 in number) of the HAMILTON voting precinct, of this county, having petitioned for the holding of an election on the first Monday in August, 1883, for the purpose of taking the sense of the legal voters therein on the proposition whether or not spirituous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold therein, it is therefore ordered that the sheriff of Boone County be and he is hereby directed to hold said election at the time and place above directed. Said sheriff in his action herein will be governed by the law authorizing this proceeding. The fees were deposited as required by law.

A copy Attest: M. T. GARNETT, Clerk.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on the 6th day of August, 1883, in pursuance of the above order, at the time and place for the purpose mentioned therein. J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S. B. C.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

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Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 65½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN, Ky.—On Cincinnati Southern R.R.

Located in the healthy and beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, 55 session opens September 3rd, 1883. Instruction in all branches of a College education. Experienced Professor. The degree of B. S., A. B. and A. M., conferred. Useful course for those who can spend only one or two years in College. terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address to R. M. DUDLEY, D. D., President.

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We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns

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Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable as to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

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Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles. It has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporise while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as it never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

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One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

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New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

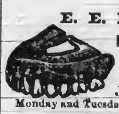
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comar, Constable.

Union—N. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



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Rising Sun, Ind.
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AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

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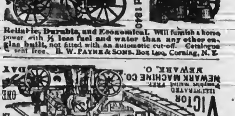
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines. 2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1490, Corning, N. Y.



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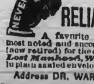

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A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness* and *Decay*. Sent in plain sealed envelope *free*. Druggists can fill it.

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PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any *clean* pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Local News.

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. CLUTTERBUCK as a candidate for Sheriff at the August election, 1883, subject, however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SCOTT as a candidate to represent Boone county in the next General Assembly, subject however, to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorised to announce N. S. WALTON as a candidate for the legislature, subject to the action of the democratic party.

BASE-BALL.

RED STOCKINGS, of Riverside, O.

AGAINST,

BOONE'S, of Boone County.

At Bullittsville, Saturday, Aug., 4th, Game called at 2:30 sharp.

Rain badly needed,

Locust leaves are dying rapidly.

No applicants for teachers' certificates last Saturday.

Blackberry pickers have been on the alert for several days.

Three deaths in the county near Burlington last Wednesday.

Happy Jack has chartered an ox team to haul voters with next Monday.

Next week we will tell our readers who Boone's next representative will be

Wonder if our Union correspondent has ever seen any snakes about his boots?

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hughes entertained a party of Burlington belles last Friday.

Rev. A. G. Gaines occupied the pulpit in the Universalist Church at this place last Sunday.

Work has commenced on the Lawrenceburg levee. They are going to build a substantial one.

Ayer's Pills are palatable, safe for children, and are more effective than any other known cathartic.

Croquet has broken out again in Burlington. The ring of the mallet accompanies the 9 p. m. breezes now.

Wood Sullivan says he expects to have to cut some of his tobacco in a few days to save it. It is firing badly.

J. W. Kirkpatrick left, Monday morning, for J. H. Hughes' where he will build a large barn. In his absence, W. E. Piper will attend to his undertaking business.

The Southeastern Indiana Agricultural Association failed to raise sufficient means to make their tract ½ of a mile. Aurora ought to have a good tract at her Fair grounds.

This end of the county is pretty well plastered over with posters proclaiming the advent of the Lawrenceburg Fair. O'Brien, the Secretary, championed the bill poster on his tour through Boone.

Mat Coffman, a few days since, added to our agricultural display by bringing to us a mammoth raddish, which measured 17 inches in circumference and 15 inches in length. It had not gone to seed.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Much complaint is being made about the corn and tobacco crops, which at present are said to indicate small returns. Corn has tassled very low, and has not a healthy look. Some tobacco has commenced firing, while some has ceased to grow, but tobacco is a crop that comes out wonderfully in a very short time.

The following is the republican State ticket:

For Governor, Col. T. Z. Morrow; for Lieutenant-Governor, Gen. Speed S. Fry; for Attorney General, Lewis C. Garrigus; for Auditor, Leroy R. Hawthorn; for Treasurer, Capt. Edward Farley; for Superintendent of Public Instructions, Prof. J. P. Pinkerton; for Register of the Land Office; Rev, J. W. Asbury.

The other night Dudley Rouse went into his store when he scented burning sulphur as he thought. He commenced searching the room and upon lifting the lid of a large tin match safe a dense volume of smoke arose from it, when he hastily carried the box and contents to the cistern to extinguish the conflagration; but before water was obtained the smoke all disappeared and there were no signs of fire. Dud says he was badly fooled, but what was the matter with the matches?

Drowned in a Spring.

Last Wednesday afternoon Church Deer, who lives on Gunpowder, was found dead with his head lying in the spring from which his family used water. He had been missing for several hours, and his wife and children had been up and down the creek in search of him, and when she returned to the house she went to the spring to get a bucket of water when she made the horrible discovery. He was subject to fits and it is supposed that he had a fit, fell into the spring and drowned. Esquire Baker held the inquest, and the following verdict was returned:

"We, the jury having heard the evidence and examined the body of Churchwell Deer of Boone county, find that he came to his death by drowning on the 25th inst., he having accidentally fallen in a spring."

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. J. M. Grant is visiting her parents in Newport.

Col. M. F. Crigler, of Hebron, made our office a pleasant call last Friday.

Mrs. Dempsey and her son, Grant, are visiting relatives in Ohio.

Mr. Ed Grant and wife, of Carrollton, passed through town Sunday.

R. H. Sandford and family, went to Corinth, last Saturday, to attend the camp meeting.

Dr. J. F. Smith has been on the sick list for several days, but is about able to be out again.

Mrs. W. F. Ashburn, who has been visiting her sister at this place, has returned home.

Mr. S. A. Palmer and family, were visiting his brother at Lawrenceburg, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Jimmie Campbell and family, of Covington, were the guests of Mrs. J. O. Campbell, Sunday.

Dr. Cowen and Miss Ella Hastings, of East Bend, were the guests of Samuel Cowon and family, Monday.

Misses Fannie and Sallie Campbell, of Cincinnati, are the guests of Misses Fronie and Jennie Campbell,

Omer Perkins and sister, Miss Milly, of Rising Sun, Indiana, were visiting Mrs. R. C. Green, Sunday.

Mr. Sam Hall and sister, Miss Louisa were attending camp meeting at Loveland, Ohio, Sunday and Monday.

Miss Wilson, daughter of Richard Wilson, who lives near town, died of congestion of the brain one day last week. The young lady was sick but a short time.

The Fair Grounds are beginning to glow with the activity of the fair. Norris and Riddell have the following horses in the stables, some of which are in training on the tract every morning:

Allie N., (Almont) a fine red chesnut sorrel stallion, well known and approved in this vicinity; Bird Holabird, red sorrel stallion of good point and reputation, of fine form and handsome appearance; Black Gelding, L. A. Hogan, has many admirers; has fine style and movement; bay mare Bessie G., the property of J. Frank Grant, Petersburg is a promising trotter; Grafton, a dark chesnut four-year-old, is a very promising trotter; Anna T., a fine young Hambletonian mare, three-years-old, is a finely gaited colt of her years; red sorrel gelding, three years, has just begun his training; Joe Davis, a bright bay four-year-old gelding, Bidwell Almont stock, a very promising colt; sorrel mare by Crittenden, six years old. The trainer is Morgan Davis, of Lexington, Ky., in which good school for a horse trainer he seems to have learned his business thoroughly, as the rapid progress of his pupils on the Fair Grounds will testify. —Lawrenceburg Press.

Petersburg came near having a very large fire last Sunday morning at the distillery. About the time the people had donned their Sunday duds the carpenters shop at the mill was discovered to be on fire, and for two hours the citizens battled against the flames which were not controlled till the carpenters shop, a large ice house and about 27,000 staves were destroyed, entailing a loss of about $2,500. A fire engine from Lawrenceburg was sent down on the ferry-boat and arrived in time to render great assistance. The Minnie was cut loose and let float to Aurora, by which time she had gotten up steam, but the fire was under control before she could load the engine and start back. There are various opinions as to how the fire originated. The citizens of Petersburg are loud in their praise of the heroic manner in which the Lawrenceburg fire boys aided in subduing the fire, and recognize in the Aurora company a willingness to fly to the relief of their distressed neighbors. The fire was within 12 ft. of the mill, which was saved only by well directed efforts.

Several of the Petersburg men were slightly burned about their faces and hands.

Base-ball.

The Boone base-ball club, a new aggregation of base ballists, being run by a stock company of the north part of the county, played its initial game at Bullittsville, last Saturday with the Cleves, Ohio, team, a strong amateur club. The Boone boys played almost a faultless game, succeeding in presenting their opponents with nine goose eggs while they made 24 scores. Duncan and Fowler were the battery for the home team. The game was witnessed by a crowd of five hundred enthusiastic spectators who cheered lustily the good playing of both clubs.

The following were the positions of the Boone club: E. W. Duncan, c; Chas. Fowler, p; Jeff Snyder, 1b; C C Hughes, 2b; Wat Brown, 3b; R Gordon, s s; H Quick, r f; C Hankins, c f; Jack Smith, l f.

NOTES.

The boys looked dandy in their new suits.

Instead of base-ball shoes, the president, Dr. Jonas Terrill, furnished each player with a pair of new yarn socks,

Elijah Howard had charge of the turn-stiles.

With a little work the ground can be made as good as any in the city.

Quick was quick enough to make a home run.

N. B.—People in Bullittsville and vicinity must not get sick on Saturday.

The Speedwells and the Burlington Clippers, the strongest amateur nine in Kentucky (?), had a very close contest last Saturday at this place. The Clippers made the remarkable score of 23 runs and 240 errors, while the Speedwells made 40 runs and twice as many errors. Time of game 4½ hours; Col. J. F. Blythe umpire; water very bad

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

W. E. Rouse is painting for Willis Clore.

Conner & Clayton sold 19 mowing machines this season.

Frank Clayton is very sick.

Misses Annie and Belle Clayton are visiting at Fairfield, Indiana,

Charlie Davis has returned from Rushville, Indiana.

Rev. Grau will preach at this place next Sunday morning and evening,

Scattersville.

We are having some fine weather at present; a good shower would help things.

Most of our farmers are about up with their work, and are now ready for the first threshing machine that comes around.

We are sorry to learn that old father Mitchell, of Gunpowder, is quite low.

Now is the time to clean your garden and sow your turnips.

John Rue is feeding a small lot of hogs. He says they are looking nice, Look out Conner.

Taylorport.

Morgan Helm is quite ill with malarial fever.

Dr. Smith's new residence will be completed some time in September.

Wm. Sprague has resigned his position as second baseman of our base-ball club.

The latest report from Wall street is to the effect that Wesley Quick will open one of the largest general stores in Boone Co. He will begin operation August 1st.

The authorities have erected a new station house on the corner of 2d and Walnut streets,

Beaver Lick.

The past week has given the farmers a fine opportunity to put up their hay and quite a lot of it has been put up.

Mr. J. C. Hughes, who had a tobacco barn covered with pitch paper recently, found it no good, so he removed the "stuff" and put on a good pine shingle roof.

John S. Moore has a number of hands engaged on the farm of Joe Hughes, sawing and hauling walnut logs to the saw-mill. When Mr. Moore gets through with this lot of timber the Beaver precinct will be about clear of walnut timber.

John S. Johnson, one of our best farmers, was compelled to top several acres of his tobacco, week before last. He says it is a little the earliest topping he has ever done, in a long experience in tobacco culture,

Born—To Eddie Williams and wife, on the 15th, a bouncing baby boy. Ed says "dare vas nodding dot gifs a feller more bleasure den dot very leedle ding."

Bullittsville.

Mr. James W. Howe has been in this neighborhood trying to buy a farm.

Miss Ella Gaines, daughter of Logan Gaines, of Carrollton, is the guest of Miss Fannie Duncan,

Moses Rice and family, of Covington, were the guests of W. J, Rice and wife, Sunday.

A number of young people were handsomely entertained by John S. Gaines and wife Saturday evening.

A. S. Gaines and wife entertained a number of friends from the city Saturday and Sunday,

Miss Lou Kendall has purchased a fine $600 piano.

Thieves have been raiding the bee-hives of James E. Duncan and Edgar Cropper.

Tomatoes, 25 cents a bushel. Blackberries, 50 cents a bucket.

Waterloo,

Health of the neighborhood not very good. Mrs. Jane Kelly has been on the sick list for several weeks. Uncle Tudor Marshall was quite sick a few days last week, but is now convalescent.

Farmers are busy killing weeds in their tobacco patches. Since the dry weather set in crops are beginning to suffer for rain.

Canning and preserving blackberries are the order of the day with our house-keepers.

Mrs. Ellen Rice is visiting her son-in-law, John Humphrey and wife.

Our School Commissioner Snyder says that the Teachers Institute will be held at the Morgan Academy about the last of August. Due notice will be given. Dave has always been a friend to the cause of education and will do all in his power to make it a success.

Mr. John P. Ryle, of Rabbit Hash, has announced himself a candidate for sheriff, at the August election.

Constance.

Blackberries are plentiful indeed. The market is running over, prices ranging from 50 to 75 cents.

Mashes are not uncommon these days. Doc Anderson had his foot badly mashed at the saw mill, but is rapidly improving.

The saw mill is coming out—a plaining mill and a new partner has been attached.

J. T. Heley and wife left last Wednesday for Watertown, Tenn., where they will make their future home.

Geo. Brown has sold his steam thresher to Dr. Bruce Grubbs who has quit making pills and gone to earning bread by the sweat of his brow.

Al, a colored man driving team for J. L. Riley, was attacked on the river hill Wednesday evening and robbed of $34. Another negro came out from the city with him, and when half way up the hill hit him on the head with something knocking him senseless, he then took his money and started for Cincinnati, being unable to cross at Anderson's Ferry he made for fifth street, where he was captured, but being unable to prove anything he was let lose again.

Union.

Leonard Lassing, mine host of Elm Tree, lost a horse valued at $250 from over heating. A month since he lost a very superior mare.

Meadows fine. Small grain making about one-third crop. Corn promises an abundant yield and is measurably clean.

A fine young mule colt of little Bob Adams had a foot cut off in attempting to jump the cutter-bar of a mower.

Many of the blue-grass pastures in this and the Richwood neighborhood are being taken by the Canada thistle.

Many plum orchards are dying because of a superfluous growth along the branches. Will some one name the disease and suggest a preventative or cure. [Cut the trees down that will stop it. The disease is dzrqhkdtaahstsfgpy.—EDS.]

Wanted—72 fat, fine chickens at $1 80 for 12 to be furnished by the RECORDER team.

The Richwood and Big Bone pike is progressing rapidly, and some progress is being made on the Hamilton, Big Bone pike and a pike from Leander Setter's place to intersect the Richwood and Big Bone pike at Elzy Garrison's gate, is under contemplation and subscription,

Larry Judge, last week, found a snake athwart his path, when walking home at night, and thought to kill it by jumping on it. His snake-ship, an immense copperhead, dodged Larry's No. 10 carlisles, and seized him by the pants leg, and persistently held on until it was finally killed. No native snake is so poisonous as the copperhead, and happily there are but few of them in Boone,

L. B. Stephens, a Richwood farmer, found a black snake upon his premises, a few days since, at least 10 feet long and large around in proportion. This is one of what he calls his pet snake, and all tenants and hands on his place are strictly forbidden to kill this one, or indeed, anyother black snake. [This is the worse case of snakes we ever heard of,—EDS.]

Petersburg.

Our old friend Mr. Trummell Passon, who moved to Illinois some time ago, has returned, and is once more a citizen of this place.

Born—To Capt. Fenton and wife, a girl on the 25th. ult.

The Almonts crossed bats with the Rabbit Hash club Saturday week and put it on them to the tune of 38 to 15.

Rev. W. S. Keene preached here last Sunday morning and night to quite a large and attentive audience.

Misses Sue and Ida Smith, Anna Bolen, Lina Loder and Theresa McNeely, accompanied by Chas. Schramm, Bob and John Bolen and Charley McWethy started out for a skiff ride last Monday and landed at Lawrenceburg where they visited several places of business, such as the court-house and—we won't say what their business at the court-house was, as we failed to learn.

Mr. Clarence Gleason, of Rising Sun, was in town Saturday......Miss Mamie Stewart, of East Bend, was the guest of Mrs. Rena McWethy, last week......Mrs. T. B. Mathews, of Covington, is visiting her many friends here......Miss Nannie Whitlock is the guest of L. A. Loder and family......Misses Anna and Lina Loder, of Indianapolis, are spending a few days with relatives here...... John Williams, of Newport, Ky., is the guest of Mrs. Levi Lemons...Jas. Salt, of Covington, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Wade was here last Thursday shaking hands with his many friends.

Rabbit Hash.

Two threshing machines are at work in our midst, and that branch of business will soon be completed. The yield of wheat is generally very light.

Henry Berkshire will begin at once to have an addition built to his house on Maple Hill, and when completed will take up his residence there.

Miss Millie Perkins and neice, of Rising Sun, spent several days last week, with friends in our midst,

The skiff race last Saturday afternoon from Middle Creek to Rising Sun drew an immense crowd to the river on both sides. The first prize was awarded to the Long Bros., of Rising Sun.

Quarterly meeting was held at East Bend M. E. Church, Saturday and Sunday, Rev. Taylor, presiding elder, was present and preached able and interesting sermons. A basket meeting was the order of the day on Sunday, which was attended by an immense crowd, and surpassed anything of the kind ever held here in abundance, variety and delicacies of viands. Among the visitors present were Mrs. Cy Bruce and son, of DeKalb county, Mo.; Richard Ryle and wife, near Burlington; Chas. Baker and wife, near Union; Messrs Snyder and Barrett, near Petersburg and Messrs Leathers and Rich, of Kenton county,

D. W. Calvert, of the News Journal, spent Sunday in our neighborhood.

Plattsburg

Self praise is half slander,

Mrs. J. C. Hensley is in bad health.

The blackberry trade from this place to Aurora is immense.

There are seven masons at work on the abutment of the Woolper bridge.

Tobe Kidwell, of Bellevue, is camping in town, and hauling the stone for the bridge,

A little son of Elijah Parkers, swallowed a pin last Sunday, and for a while it was thought the little fellow would choke to death.

The Jews had a picnic at Splitrock last Sunday, and some of the boys were immersed in beer.

John Thomason, of Aurora, is in town this week.

In Ohio, John Kollick married Sallie Cramp. From cramp to colic is out of the frying pan into the fire.

Ed Botts has sold his fine young Almont horse to J. Frank Grant for $300.

The town folks of sweet Pete pay 5c, for Sunday's Enquirer, and country jakes have to pay 6c. How is this, Allen?

Subscribe for the RECORDER if you want the news from the Woolper valley.

Capt. A. B. Praker was in town last Monday. The Capt. says since the cattle have been moved from the distillery in Petersburg, the flies have taken the town.

Old Aunt Polly Grant, of Bellevue, and Mrs. Lizzie Kelly, of East Bend, are visiting relatives here.

Prof. O. Snyder has bought him a brand new threshing machine, and—we were going to say something else, but then everybody knows that, and w wont say anything about it this time.

Tobacco is looking fine in this part of the county. Ben Grant has 20 acres; Jim Thompson 20 a; Jake Klopp 10 a, and they are all nearly done topping.

A party of Lawrenceburg ghouls come over on this side, every once in awhile, and make themselves very prominent by carrying on in a hilarious manner. They seem to think the Kentuckians have no law or order in their State, and they come over here to take advantage of it and make a show of themselves.

The turnpike fever has broke out in this neighborhood again, and there is strong talk of building a pike from the Aurora ferry through W. H. Grant's to the Woolper pike.

WHAT WE DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

Our school-house go to rack.

The boys seine the creek about every other night.

Our Petersburg man so badly pumeled by a professional.

Members of a church go to a picnic and dance.

So much dry weather when the corn crop depends on an immediate shower.

Bellevue was beaten by the Walton nine Saturday, 28 to 27.

Dr. Ed. Terrill and Mr. Botts, of Petersburg were in town Tuesday!

Joshua Rice, a prosperous farmer from the vicinity of Waterloo, was on our streets Monday.

D. D. Grant, after a lingering illness with consumption, died at his residence near Florence, Monday morning.

A Stroke of Paralysis.

Malinda, wife of Walker Gaines, co'., dropped dead last Wednesday while preparing dinner. It is thought she had a stroke of paralysis, as she had been attacked by it once before.

Some person or persons tried to break into the bar-room at the Boone house last Saturday night. Joe Hitter heard them, and before he could arouse Mr. Crisler, the proprietor, they "smelled a rat" and took their departure.

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C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
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GRANITE
WORKS,
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Marble and Granite Monuments,
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F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
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Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
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EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
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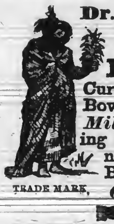
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.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Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood, *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN,
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
TRADE MARK,
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Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.
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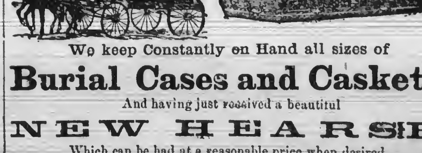
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THE RECORDER.

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BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

The Beautiful City! Forever
Its rapturous praises resound,
And we fain would behold it—but never
A glimpse of its glory is found.
We slacken our lips at the tender
White breasts of our mothers to hear
Of its marvelous beauty and splendor;—
We see—but the gleam of a tear!

Yet never the story may tire us—
First graven in symbols of stone—
Rewritten on scrolls of papyrus,
And parchment, and scattered and blown
By the wings of the tongues of all nations,
Like a litter of leaves wildly whirled
Down the rack of a hundred translations,
From the earliest lisp of the world.

We compass the earth and the ocean,
From the Orient's uttermost light,
To where the last ripple in motion
Laps hem of the skirt of the night,—
But The Beautiful City evades us—
No spire of it glints in the sun—
No glad bannered battlement shades us
When all our long journey is done.

Where lies it? We question and listen;
We lean from the mountain, or mast,
And see but dull earth or the glisten
Of seas inconceivably vast:
The dust of the one blurs our vision—
The glare of the other our brain,
Nor city nor island elysian
In all of the land or the main!

We kneel in dim fanes where the thunders
Of organs tumultuous roll,
And the longing heart listens and wonders,
And the eyes look aloft from the soul,
But the chanson grows fainter and fainter,
Swoons wholly away and is dead;
And our eyes only reach where the painter
Has dabbled a saint overhead.

The Beautiful City! O mortal,
Fare hopefully on in thy quest,
Pass down through the green grassy portal
That leads to the valley of rest,
There first passed the One who, in pity
Of all the great yearning, awaits
To point out the Beautiful City
And loosen the trump at the gates.
—*James W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

BORN TO GOOD LUCK.

Patrick O'Rafferty was a small farmer in the County Leinster. He and his father before him had been yearly tenants to Squire Ormsby for fifty years on very easy terms.

Patrick—more uneasy than his sire—now and then pestered the Squire for a lease. Then the Squire used to say: "Well, if you make a point of it, I will have the land valued and a lease drawn accordingly." But this iniquitous proposal always shut O'Rafferty's mouth for a time. He was called in the village Paddy Luck; and certainly he had the luck to get into a good many fights and other scrapes, and to get out of them wonderfully. It was he who set the name rolling; his neighbors did but accept it.

He professed certain powers akin to divination, and they were not generally ridiculed, for he was right one time in five, and that was enough, for credulity always forgets the usual and remembers the eccentric.

This worthy had a cow to sell, and drove her into the nearest fair. He put twelve pounds on her and was laughed at. She was dry and she was ugly. "Twelve pounds! Go along wid ye." "Never mind *her*," was Pat's reply. "I'm Paddy Luck, and it's meself that will sell the baste for twelve pounds, and niver a ha'penny less." This was his proclamation all the morning. In the afternoon he condescended to ten pounds, just to oblige the community. At sunset he managed to get eight pounds, and a bystander told him he was a lucky fellow.

"That is no news, then?" said he. It was dark, and he was tired; his home was twelve Irish miles off. He resolved to sleep in the town. In the meantime he went to a tavern and regaled his purchaser, drank, daffed, danced, showed his money, got drunk, and was robbed by one of the light-fingered gentry who prowl about a fair.

The consequence was that the next time he ordered liquor on a liberal scale—for he was one who treated semicircularly in his cups—he could not find a shilling to pay, and the landlord put him out into the street. He cooled himself at a neighboring pump, and went in search of gratuitous lodgings. The hard-hearted town did not provide these; so he walked out of it into sweeter air. He was not sick nor sorry. Quite the reverse. He congratulated himself on his good luck. "Sure, now," said he, "if I had sold her for twelve pounds, its four pounds I'd be losing by that same bargain."

Some little distance outside the town he found a deserted hovel; there was no door, window nor floor; but the roof was free from holes in one or two places, and there was a dry corner, and a heap of straw in it. Paddy thanked his stars for providing him with so complete and gratuitous a shelter, and immediately burrowed into the straw, and was about to drop asleep when the glimmer of a lantern shot in through the doorway, and voices muttered outside.

Patrick nestled deeper in the straw; he was a trespasser, and it seemed too late and yet too early for the virtues, charity included, to be afoot.

Two men came in with a sack, a spade and a lantern; one of them lifted the lantern up and took a cursory glance over the premises. Patrick, whom the spade had set a-shivering, held his breath. Then the man put the lantern down, and his companion went to work and dug, not a grave, as poor Pat expected, but a big round hole.

This done, they emptied the sack; out rolled and tinkled silver salvers of all sizes, coffee-pots, tea-pots, forks, spoons, brooches, necklaces, rings—a mine of wealth that glowed and glittered in the light of the lantern.

Patrick began to perspire as well as tremble. The men filled in the hole, stamped the earth firmly down, and then lighted their pipes and held a consultation. The question was how to dispose of these valuables. After some differences of opinion they agreed that one Barney was the fence they would invite to the spot, and if he would not give £100 for the spoil they would take it to Dublin. It transpired that Barney lived at some distance, but not too far to come to-morrow evening and inspect the booty. Then, if he would spring to their price, they would go home with him and receive the coin.

"My luck!" thought Patrick. "What need had they to light their pipes and chatter like two old women about such a trifle, without searching the straw first, the omadhauns!" The thieves retired, and lucky Pat went quietly to sleep.

He awoke in broad daylight, and strolled back into the town. He walked jauntily, for, if he had no money, he possessed a secret. He was too Irish and too sly to go to the police office at once; his little game was to try and find out who had been robbed, and what reward they would give.

Meantime he had to breakfast off a stale roll given him by a baker out of charity. About noon he passed through a principal street, and lo! in a silversmith's shop was a notice, written very large:

"FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

"Whereas, these premises were broken into last night, and the following valuable property abstracted—"

Then followed an inventory a foot long.

"The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as may lead to the conviction of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen goods, or any considerable part thereof."

Patrick walked in and asked to see the proprietor. A little fussy man in a great state of agitation responded to that query.

"Are you in arnest, now, sorr?" asked Pat.

"In earnest! Of course I am."

"What if a dacent poor boy like me was to find you the silver and thieves and all?"

"I'd give you the fifty guineas, and my blessing into the bargain."

"Maybe ye wouldn't like to give me my dinner an' all, by raison I'm just famishing with hunger?"

This proposal raised suspicion, and the proprietor asked his name.

"Patrick O'Rafferty. I'm tenant to Squire Ormsby."

"I know *him*. Well, Patrick, I suppose you can give me some information. I'll risk the dinner, anyway."

"Ah, well, sorr," said Patrick, "they say 'fling a sprat to catch a whale.' A rump steak and a quart of ale is a favorite repast of mine; when I have had 'em I'll ar'n 'em, by the holy poker!"

"Step into my back parlor, Mr. O'Rafferty," said the silversmith.

He then sent for the rump steak very loud, and for a policeman in a whisper.

The steak came first, and was most welcome. When he had eaten it the modest O'Rafferty asked for a pipe and pot.

Whilst he smoked and sipped calmly the disguised policeman arrived, and was asked to examine him through a little window.

"Does he look like crime?" whispered the silversmith.

"No," said the policeman. "Calf-like innocence and impudence galore."

The jeweler asked O'Rafferty to step out. "Now, sir," said he, "you have had your dinner and I don't grudge it you; but if this is a jest let it end here, for I am in sore trouble, and it would be a heartless thing to play on me."

"Och, hear to him!" cried Patrick, with a whine as doleful as sudden. "Did iver an O'Rafferty make a jest of an honest man's trouble, or ate a male off his losses? But what is a hungry man worth? I could not see how to do your work whilst I was famished, but now my belly is full, and my head fuller, glory be to God!"

"I don't know how it is," said the jeweller, aside to the detective, "he tells me nothing, and yet somehow he gives me confidence. But, Mr. O'Rafferty, do consider: time flies, and I'm no nearer my stolen goods. What is the first step we are to take?"

"The first step was to fill my belly; the next step is to find me—och, murther, it is a rarity!"

"Never mind," said the disgusted officer. "Find you what?"

"A policeman—that isn't a fool."

II.

This was a stinger, and so sudden; his hearers looked rather sheepish at him. It was the policeman who answered:

"If you will come to the station, I will undertake to find you that."

Patrick assented, and on the way they made friends; his companion revealed himself, and forgave the stinger, and Patrick, pleased with his good temper, let him into the plan he had matured while smoking his pipe and appearing to lose time. All Patrick stipulated was that he should be the person in command; and as he alone knew where the booty was, and was manifestly as crafty as a badger, this was cheerfully acceded to. So, an hour before dusk, four fellows that looked like countrymen drove a cart full of straw up to the hovel, and made a big heap by adding it to what was there already.

Then two drove the cart back to the edge of the town, and put the horse up, and rejoined their companions in ambush, all but one, and he hid in a dry ditch opposite. They were all well armed, and the outside watcher had a novel weapon—a powerful blue-light in the shape of a fat squib.

It is a dreary business waiting at night for criminals who may never come at all, or, if they do, may be desperate and fight like madmen or wildcats.

Eight o'clock came—nine—ten—eleven—twelve; the watchers were chilled and stiff, and Patrick sleepy.

One of the policemen whispered him: "They won't come to-night. Are you sure they have not been and taken up the swag?"

"Not sure; but I think not." The policeman growled and muttered something about a mare's-nest.

"Hush!" said another.

"What?" in an agitated whisper.

"Wheels?"

Silence.

They all remained as still as death. The faint wheels, that would have been inaudible by day, rattled nearer and nearer. It was late for a bona-fide traveler to be on the road. Would the wheels pass the hovel?

They came up fast; then they stopped suddenly. To the watchers everything was audible and every sound magnified. When the drag stopped it was like a railroad train pulling up. Men leaped out, and seemed to shake the ground. When three figures hustled into the hovel it sounded like a rush of men. Then came a thrilling question. Would the thieves examine the premises before they looked for the booty? The chances were they would.

Well, they did not. They were in great anxiety, too, but it took the form of hurry. They dug furiously, displayed the booty to Barney all in a hurry, and demanded their price.

"Now, then, £100, or take your last look at 'em."

"One hundred pounds!" whined Barney. "Can't be done."

"Very well; there's no time to bargain."

"I'll give eighty pounds. But I shall lose money by 'em."

"Blarney! They are worth a thousand. Here, Jim, put 'em up: we can do better in Dublin."

Barney whined and remonstrated, but ended by consenting to give the price.

The words were barely out of his mouth when the hovel gleamed with a lurid fire, so vivid and penetrating that every crevice of it and the very cobwebs came out distinct.

The thieves yelled with dismay, and one ran away from the light, slap into danger, and was dazzled again with opening bull's-eyes, and captured like a lamb. The other rushed blindfold at the entrance, but his temple encountered a cold pistol, and a policeman immovable as a statue. He recoiled, and was in that instant of hesitation pinned from behind and handcuffed—click! As for Barney, from whom no fight was expected, he was allowed to clamber up the walls like a mouse in a trap, then tumble down, until the four-wheel they had come in was brought up by Paddy O'Rafferty. Then the thieves were bundled in, and sat each of them between two honest men, and the fence was attached by the wrist to a policeman, who walked him to the same destination; but like Virgil's bull, *multa reluctantem*, hanging back in vain, and in vain bribing the silent, impenetrable Bobby.

Pat slept at the station, and next morning the jeweler gave him his fifty guineas with a good heart, but omitted the blessing. Patrick whined dismally at this very serious omission, and the worthy little fellow gave it him with glistening eyes. "For," said he, "I'll own now the loss would have ruined me. I find by my books they cost me £1,300." So then he blessed him solemnly, and Pat went home rejoicing. "I'll have more luck than ever now," said he. "I'll have all sorts of luck—good, bad and indifferent."

When he got home he told the story inaccurately, and like a monomaniac; that is to say, he suppressed all the fortitude and sagacity he had shown. These were qualities he possessed, so he thought nothing of them.

Luck and divination were what he prided himself on. His version ran thus: He had the luck not to sell his cow till nightfall, the still better luck to be robbed of his money and compelled to sleep in the neighborhood. Then, thanks to his superlative luck, the Queen's jeweler had been robbed of silver salvers the size of the harvest-moon, two-gallon tea-pots, pearls like hazelnuts, and diamonds as big as broad beans, and seeing no other way to recover them, and hearing that the wise man of Ganachee was in the town, had given him a good dinner and his pipe, and begged him to use all his powers as a seer; of all which the upshot was that he had put the police on the right track, and recovered the booty, and caged the thieves, and marched home with the reward.

In telling this romance he was careful to take out the fifty sovereigns and jingle them, and this musical appeal to the senses so overpowered the understandings of his neighbors that they swallowed the wondrous tale like spring water.

After this a few were bold enough to resist his pretentions to luck and divination. He was often consulted, especially about missing property, and as he now and then guessed right, and sometimes had taken the precaution to hide the property himself, which materially increased his chances of finding it, passed for a seer.

One fine day Squire Ormsby learned to his dismay that his pantry had been broken into and a mess of valuable plate taken. Mr. Ormsby was much distressed, not only on account of the value but the length of time certain pieces had been in his family. He distrusted the police and publicity in these cases, and his wife prevailed on him to send for Patrick O'Rafferty.

That worthy came and heard the story. He looked at the lady and gentleman, and his self-deception began to ooze out of him. To humbug his humble neighbors was not difficult nor dangerous, but to deceive and then undeceive and disappoint his landlord was quite another matter.

He put on humility, and said this was a matter beyond him entirely. Then the Squire was angry, and said bitterly: "No doubt he would rather oblige his neighbors, or a shopkeeper who was a stranger to him, than the man whose land had fed him and his for fifty years." He was proceeding in the same strain when poor Pat, with that dismal whine the merry soul was subject to occasionally, implored him not to murder him entirely with hard words; he would do his best.

"No man can do more," said Mr. Ormsby. "Now how will you proceed? Can we render you any assistance?"

Patrick said, humbly and in a downcast way, he would like to see the place where the thieves got in.

He was taken to the pantry window, and examined it inside and out, and all the servants peeped at him.

"What next?" asked the Squire.

Then Patrick inwardly resolved to get a good dinner out of this business, however humiliating the end of it might be. "Sorr," said he, "ye'll have to give me a room all to myself, and a rump-steak and onions; and after that your servants must bring me three pipes and three pints of home-brewed ale. Brewers' ale hasn't the same spiritual effect on a seer's mind."

The order was given, and set the kitchen on fire with curiosity. Some disbelieved his powers, but more believed them, and cited the jeweler's business and other examples.

When the first pipe and pint were to go to him a discussion took place between the magnates of the kitchen who should take it up. At last the butler and the housekeeper insisted on the footman taking it. Accordingly he did so.

Meantime Patrick sat in state digesting the good food. He began to feel a physical complacency, and to defy the future; he only regretted that he had confined his demand to one dinner and three pots. To him in this frame of mind entered the footman with pipe and pint of ale as clear as Maderia.

Says Patrick, looking at the pipe, "This is the first of 'em."

The footman put the things down rather hurriedly and vanished.

"Humph," said Pat to himself, "*you* don't seem to care for my company."

He slipped and smoked, and his mind worked.

The footman went to the butler with a scared face, and said: "I won't go near him again; he said I was one."

"Nonsense!" said the butler; "I'll take up the next."

He did so. Patrick gazed in his face, took the pipe and said, sotto voce:

"This is the second;" then, very regretfully? "Only one more to come."

The butler went away much discomposed, and told the housekeeper.

"I can't believe it," said she. "Anyway, I'll know the worst."

So in due course she took up the third pint and pipe, and wore propitiatory smiles.

"This is the last of 'em," said Patrick, solemnly, and looked at the glass.

The housekeeper went down all in a flutter. "We are found out, we are ruined," said she. "There is nothing to be done now but——. Yes, there is; we must buy him, or put the comether on him before he sees the master."

Patrick was half dozing over his last pipe when he heard a rustle and a commotion, and lo! three culprits on their knees to him. With that instinctive sagacity which was his one real gift—so he underrated it—he said, with a twinkling eye:

"Och, thin, you've come to make a clane hrist of it, the three Chrischin vartues and haythen graces that ye are. You may save yourselves the throuble. Sure I know all about it."

"We see you do. Y'nre wiser than Solomon," said the housekeeper. "But sure ye wouldn't abuse your wisdom to ruin three poor bodies like us!"

"Poor!" cried Patrick. "Is it poor ye call yourselves? Ye ate and drink like fighting cocks; y'are clothed in silk and plush and broadcloth, and your wages is all pocket-money and pin-money. Yet ye must rob the man that feeds and clothes ye."

"It is true! it is true!" cried the butler.

"He spakes like a priest," said the woman. "Oh, alanna! don't be hard on us: it is all the devil's doings; he timpted us. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Whisht, now, and spake ," said Patrick, roughly. "Is it melted?"

"It is not."

"Can you lay hands on it?"

"We can, every stiver of it. We intinded to put it back."

"*That's* a lie," said Patrick, firmly, but not in the least reproachfully. "Now look at me, the whole clan of ye, male and faymale. Which would you rather do—help me find the gimcracks, every article of 'em, or be lagged and scragged and stretched on a gibbet and such like iligant diversions?"

They snatched eagerly at the plank of safety held out to them, and from that minute acted under Mr. O'Rafferty's orders.

"Fetch me another pint," was his first behest.

"Ay, a dozen, if ye'll do us the honor to drink it."

"To the dickens wid your blarney! Now, tell the master I'm at his sarvice."

"Oh, murder! what will become of us? Would you tell him, after all?"

"Ye omadhauns, can't ye listen at the dure and hear what I tell him?"

With this understanding Squire Ormsby was ushered in, all expectation.

"Yer honer," said Patrick, "I think the power is laving me. I am only able to see the half of it. Now, if you plaze, would you like to catch the thieves and lose the silver, or to find the silver and not find the thieves?"

"Why, the silver, to be sure."

"Then you and my lady must go to mass to-morrow morning, and when you come back we will look for the silver and may be, if we find it, your honnor will give me that little bit of a lease."

"One thing at a time, Pat; you haven't found the silver yet."

At nine o'clock next morning Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby returned from mass, and found O'Rafferty waiting for them at their door. He had a long walking-stick with a shining knob, and informed them, very solemnly, that the priest had sprinkled it for him with holy water.

Thus armed, he commenced the search. He penetrated into outhouses, and applied his stick to chimneys, and fagots, and cold ovens, and all possible places. No luck.

Then he proceeded to the stable-yard and searched every corner; then into the shrubbery; then into the tool-house. No luck. Then on to the lawn. By this time there were about thirty at his heels.

Disgusted at this fruitless search, Patrick apostrophized his stick: "Bad cess to you, y'are only good to burn. Ye kape turning away from every place; but ye don't turn to anything whatever. Stop a bit! Oh, holy Moses! what is this?"

As he spoke, the stick seemed to rise and point like a gun. Patrick marched in the direction indicated, and after a while seemed to be forced by the stick into a run. He began to shout excitedly, and they all ran after him. He ran full tilt against a dismounted water barrel, and the end of the stick struck it with such impetus that it knocked the barrel over, then flew out of Patrick's hand to the right, who himself made a spring the other way, and stood glaring with all the rest at the glittering objects that strewed the lawn, neither more nor less than the missing plate.

Shouts and screams of delight. Everybody shaking hands with Patrick, who, being a consummate actor, seemed dazzled and mystified, as one who had succeeded far beyond his expectations.

To make a long story short, they all settled it in their minds that the thieves had been alarmed and hidden the plate for a time, intending to return and fetch it away.

Mr. Ormsby took the seer into his study and gave him a piece of paper stating that for a great service rendered to him by Patrick O'Rafferty he had, in the name of him and his, promised him undisturbed possession of the farm so long as he or his should farm it themselves and pay the present rent.

Pat's modesty vanished at the Squire's gate; he bragged up and down the village, and henceforth nobody disputed his seership in those parts.

But one day the Sassenach came down with his cold incredulty.

A neighbor's estate, mortgaged up to the eyes, was sold under the hammer, and Sir Henry Steele bought it, and laid some of it down in grass. He was a breeder of stock. He marked out a park wall, and did not include a certain little orchard and a triangular plot. The seer observed, and applied for them. Sir Henry, who did his own business, received the application, noted it down, and asked him for a reference. He gave Squire Ormsby.

"I will make inquiries," said Sir Henry. "Good morning."

He knew Ormsby in London, and when he became his neighbor the Irish Gentleman was all hospitality. One day Sir Henry told him of O'Rafferty's application, and asked about him.

"Oh," said Ormsby, "that is our seer."

"Your what?"

"Our wise man, our diviner of secrets; and some wonderful things he has done."

He then related the loss of his plate, and its supernatural recovery.

The Sassenach listened with a cold, incredulous eye and a sardonic grin.

Then the Irishmen got hot and accumulated examples.

Then the Sassenach, with the obstinacy of his race, said he would put these pretensions to the test. He had picked out of the various narratives that this seer was fond of a good dinner and pretended it tended to enlighten his mind; so he laid his trap accordingly.

At his request Patrick was informed that next Tuesday, at one o'clock, if he chose to submit to a fair test of his divining powers, the parcel of land he had asked for should be let to him on easy terms.

Patrick assented jauntily. But in his secret soul he felt uneasy at having to encounter this Sassenach gentleman. Sir Henry was the fortunate possessor of what Pat was pleased to call "a nasty glittering eye," and over that eye Pat doubted his ability to draw the wool as he had done over Celtic orbs.

However, he came up to the scratch like a man. After all, there was nothing to lose this time, and he vowed to submit to no test that was not preceded by a good dinner. He was ushered into Sir Henry Steele's study, and there he found that gentleman and Mr. Ormsby. One comfort, there was a cloth laid, and several silver dishes on the hobs and in the fender.

"Well, Mr. O'Rafferty," said the host, "I believe you like a good dinner?"

"Thrue for you, sorr," said Pat.

"Well, then, we can combine business with pleasure; you shall have a good dinner."

"Long life to your honor!"

"I cooked it for you myself."

"God bless your honor for your condescinsion."

"You are to eat the dinner first, and then just tell me what the meat is, and the parcel of land is yours on easy terms."

Patrick's confidence rose. "Sure, this, it is a fair bargain," said he.

The dishes were uncovered. There were vegetables cooked most deliciously; the meat was a chef-d'œuvre—a sort of rich ragout done to a turn, and so fragrant that the very odor made the mouth water.

Patrick seated himself, helped himself and took a mouthful; that mouthful had a double effect. He realized in one and the same moment that this was a more heavenly compound than he had ever expected to taste upon earth, and that he could not and never should divine what bird or beast he was eating. He looked for the bones; there were none. He yielded himself to desperate enjoyment. When he had nearly cleaned the plate he said that even the best-cooked meat was none the worse for a quart of good ale to wash it down.

Sir Henry Steele rang a bell and ordered a quart of ale.

Patrick enjoyed this, too, and did not hurry; he felt it was his last dinner in that house, as well as his first.

The gentlemen watched him and gave him time. But at last Ormsby said:

"Well, Patrick——"

Now Patrick, whilst he sipped, had been asking himself what line he had better take; and he had come to a conclusion creditable to that sagacity and knowledge of human nature he really possessed and underrated accordingly. He would compliment the gentlemen on their superior wisdom, and own he could not throw dust in such eyes as theirs; then he would beg them not to make his humble neighbors as wise as they were, but let him still pass for a wise man in the parish, whilst *they* laughed in their superior sleeves. To carry out this he impregnated his brazen features with a world of comic humility.

"And," said he, in cajoling accents, "ah, your honors, the old fox made many a turn, but the dogs were too meay for him at last."

What more of self-depreciation and cajolery he would have added is not known, for Sir Henry Steele broke in loudly: "Good heavens! Well, he *is* an extraordinary man. It was an old dog-fox I cooked for him."

"Didn't I tell you?" cried Ormsby, delighted at the success of his countryman.

"Well, sir," said Sir Henry, whose emotions seldom lasted long, "a bargain's a bargain. I let you the orchard and field for—let me see—you must bring me a stoat, a weasel and a polecat every year. I mean to get up the game."

Mr. O'Rafferty first stared stupidly, then winked cunningly, then blandly absorbed laudation and land; then retired, invoking solemn blessings; then, being outside, executed a fandango, and went home on wing; from that hour the village could not hold him. His speech was of accumulating farms at peppercorn rents till a slice of the county should be his. To hear him, he could see through a deal-board, and luck was his monopoly. He began to be envied, and was on the way to be hated, when, confiding in his star, he married Norah Blake, a beautiful girl, but a most notorious vixen.

Then the unlucky ones forgave him a great deal; for sure wouldn't Norah revenge them? Alas! the traitress fell in love with her husband after marriage, and let him mold her into a sort of angelic duck.

This was the climax. So Paddy Luck is now numbered amongst the lasting institutions of ould Ireland (if any).

May he live till the skirts of his coat knock his brains out, and him dancing an Irish fling to the "wind that shakes the barley!" —*Harper's Magazine.*

Getting Furs Ready.

Manufacturers of fur garments are making up sacques, dolmans, muffs, tippets and other articles for the fall and winter trade, which begins in August and lasts until February. There are not half a dozen houses making any quantity in New York. The head of one of the largest houses in the trade said that only from six to eight thousand seal skin sacques were made in New York, and the number for the whole country was from twelve to fourteen thousand. There is an ample supply of sealskin, and all other skins as well, this year, so sealskin sacques will not be higher in price than usual this fall. They will be worth from $125 to $250, according to the style and quality. A sacque can be turned out of a shop in less than two days, and an endless amount of work is put on in that time. One who sees the back of the skin is apt to think the body is all made up of little pieces. That is not the case, although the skins have often to be patched to make them the required size. The slits are where imperfections are cut out of the skin, and frequently they are made to lengthen out the skin while decreasing the width. All this requires great dexterity. The skin has to be cut in such a way that the fur will join nicely when sewed together and not show the existence of the seam. The workmen ply their knives rapidly, and when they get through the skin looks more like a lot of holes than anything else. Skilled women sew up the slits; the skin is saturated and nailed on a board and then cut for the garment. It takes four or five skins to make a sacque. With good care and usage, a sacque will last four or five seasons.

Moths are the destroyers. Furriers say they have seen every particle of fur, where moths had been at work, drop off when a sacque was taken from its resting-place, leaving the skin bare. In the shops the furs are constantly beaten to keep the moths from destroying them. A man takes a long, limber stick in each hand and beats them with vigor. In beating muffs he shows much adeptness. Under the beating the muff rolls back and forth, and the sharp blows make a clatter like boys pounding on a barrel with sticks. The natural color of seal is light brown after the hair is pulled out of the fur. The fur is dyed to give it the rich dark-brown color. The dying is done in England mainly, where the greatest perfection is attained and the facilities are adequate. Trouble is experienced in matching skins in color exactly. Mink will be the popular lining for sacques and dolmans this season, the dealers say. Ermine and squirrel skins also. Fox-hair trimmings are said to be out of date. Imitations of seal are made of muskrat, rabbit and mink skins, but they can be easily detected. In Europe skunk skins are much worn in muffs and trimmings, but not here. Beaver is made up in this country, to a large extent, into muffs, tippets and trimmings. Otter is to be worn by children. In Canada beaver sacques are sold largely. They are considered too heavy in the United States. Cat, dog, wolf and nutria skins are used for robes.—*N. Y. Times.*

"Mind Your Business."

An anecdote is told of a clockmaker who, being employed to construct a new clock for the Temple, London, was desirous of a suitable motto to be placed under the clock. One day he applied to the benchers of the Temple for the motto, while they were at dinner, and one of them annoyed at the unseasonable interruption, testily replied: "Go about your business." Understanding this to be the selected motto, the clockmaker inscribed it under the clock, where it still remains to admonish all to attend to business.

The Continental cent, usually known as the Franklin cent, because its legend was proposed by him, gives the same advice in the words: "Mind your business." This is frequently misquoted and corrupted to "Mind our own business," which, instead of a counsel to business is a rebuke to meddling. Franklin's advice was an admonition to perform duty and to care for the concerns which make life successful. It contains the very kernel of all business wisdom. A homely adage is that "It is better to drive your business than to let your business drive you," better to be a master and manager of your business than to be its slave and victim. This is the essence of the Franklin cent motto, and, whether acknowledged in so many words or not, it is the actuating principle and the underlying cause of all business management and business success.—*Scientific American.*

Was Into Oil.

"Now, then, what is it?" queried a New York broker as his daughter came tripping into the library.

"Father, Charles Henry has asked me to marry him."

"He has, eh? Wants to marry you, eh? Well, what are his prospects?"

"He has $40,000 up on a deal in oil. What answer shall I give him?"

"None at all, my love—not just now. Wait and see how oil goes. If it goes booming, answer him yes. If it drops tell him that you have made up your mind that you can never be happy except with a husband who deals in railroad stocks. Never put yourself in a condition to be closed out.—*Wall Street News.*

—Prof. John Stuart Blackie has enlisted with all his soul in behalf of the Highland crofters. At a recent meeting in London he said that he had resigned the Greek chair at Edinburgh that he might do something better, and he had found something immeasurably better in aiding the crofters. "Let Greek die," he cried; "Let Hebrew die; let learning go to the dogs; but let the human beings live, and let human brotherhood and charity live."

—Jay Gould—now here; we know there is such a man, we are confident we have seen his name in print somewhere about something; he was one of the injured in the Brooklyn bridge disaster or got squeezed or squeezed somebody; we don't recall how it is just now, but he's a newspaper correspondent or play actor or something. We know there is such a man, but we don't just exactly get on to his identity.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Two youths, Rutschi and Ehrsam, pupils in the superior cantonal school of Aarau, Switzerland, and fast friends, spent an evening in a tavern, departed amicably, and were never seen alive again. The next morning they were found lying side by side, dead, each with a bullet in his head. It is supposed that, by arrangement, one first shot the other and then himself, but as to their motive nothing is known.

—Hidesabro Saze, a Cornell University graduate of last year, has returned to Japan, his native country, after marrying a young lady of Indianapolis, and is employed at a salary of $13,000 a year by the Japanese Government in its Agricultural Department.

—The Monroe (Ga.) *Advertiser* reports that people in that section have begun to dig pits near their residences for hiding places in case of a visitation by tornadoes.

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

Some men are known by the company they—can't get into.

A Bonanza Mine

of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

"I have struck bed rock," said the tired baby when they put him in the cradle.

"Enjoy Your Life"

is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

The farmer should be a man able to talk on anything that comes up.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 27, 1883.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$2 25	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 25
HOGS—Common	4 60	@ 5 25
Good packers	5 25	@ 5 70
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 12	@
No. 2 winter red	1 08	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51¼	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	35½	@
Rye—No. 2	56	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 00	@
Lard—Steam	8-85	@ 8-60
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, primo, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14¼	@ 1 14½
No. 1 white	1 15¾	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62½	@
Oats—mixed	39	@ 43
PORK—Mess	16 00	@
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$4 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07	@
Corn—No. 2	52¼	@
Oats—No. 2	34¼	@
Rye	56½	@
PORK—Mess	14 10	@15 00
LARD—Steam	9-07½	@ 9-10
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15¾	@ 1 16
Corn—mixed	60½	@ 60¾
Oats—mixed	41	@ 44
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 50	@
Lard—Refined	11	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 00	@ 1 03
Corn—mixed	52	@
Oats—mixed	35½	@
PORK—MESS	15 75	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red new	$1 05	@
CORN—mixed	49	@
OATS—mixed	33½	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

The reason we are proud of summer is because pride goeth before a fall.—*N. Y. Post.*

Hay-Fever. My brother Myron and myself were both cured of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August by Ely's Cream Balm. Up to Dec. 28 these troubles have not returned. Gabriel Ferris, Spencer, N. Y.

Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep? Because there are more of them.

Lewis, Iowa.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

Garfield, Iowa.—Dr. A. T. Hensk says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

When credulity comes from the heart it does no harm to the intellect.—*Joubert.*

Hay-Fever. I was afflicted for twenty years with Hay-Fever. I used Ely's Cream Balm with favorable results, and can recommend it to all. Robert W. Townley, (ex-Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

When is a man like a brick? When he is hard pressed.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

(Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

"One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children all in bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good-bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good-bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it, and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine!"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good-bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you, and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not *over*-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

The distance between New York and Brooklyn is only a span.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. John D. Park & Sons, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. Crittenton, New York.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Is a common remedy for skin diseases. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Liver disease, headache, and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

"Anytime" is the name of a post-office in Kentucky.

NO REST DAY OR NIGHT.

In the fall of 1873 my sufferings were terrible. I was swollen to such proportions that I feared my limbs would burst. I had the best medical talent obtainable, and at the worst stage of my illness, when my husband and many friends had given me up to die, the late Dr. John Woodbury made a thorough examination of my water, and pronounced my case acute kidney disease, bordering on Bright's disease, and accompanied by gravel, and recommended the immediate use of Hunt's Remedy. At this time I was suffering most terrible pain in my back, limbs and head, and could find no rest day or night for weeks, and I was growing weaker daily until this kind physician ordered me to take Hunt's Remedy. Before taking half of one bottle I commenced to improve, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. This was nearly eight years ago, and I have had no return of the disease. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to others in similar cases, and it has never failed to cure. I have also used it for sick headache, and found in it a sure relief. I think it the best medicine made, and cheerfully recommend it to all. MRS. W. H. STILSON

No. 16 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.

April 18, 1883.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

Hunt's Remedy having been recommended to me for kidney and liver complaints, I purchased some at the "People's Drug Store" and used it in my family, and found it to be a very valuable medicine, and I gladly recommend it highly to my friends, knowing it to be beneficial to those troubled with kidney or liver disease. Respectfully yours,

ELISHA NOYSE.

April 14, 1883. 63 G St., South Boston, Mass.

A LAST MANUFACTURER.

I have used Hunt's Remedy for the kidney complaint, and, having been fully restored to health by its use, I can testify to its value.

Daily I recommend it to some one of my friends, all of whom I know have been benefited by its use.

Gratefully, GEO. P. COX.

MALDEN, MASS., April 23, 1883.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY'S CREAM BALM CO. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

will, when applied by the finger into the nostrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Unequaled for cold in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. 50 cents a package, by mail or at druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

"DRINK FAIR, BETSEY, WOTEVER YOU DO."
—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

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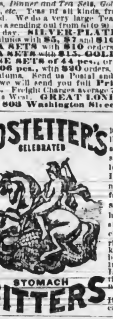
We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $13. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS, of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight Charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



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No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Grocers and Dealers

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TEA AND COFFEE.

Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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TRY IT USE IT

It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers

(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

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25 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 100

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

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1883. The NEW CALENDAR of the NEW ENGLAND 1884

CONSERVATORY of MUSIC

Beautifully illustrated, 64 pages. SENT FREE to yourself and musical friends. Send names and addresses to E. TOURJEE, Frankl'n Sq., Boston, Mass. *The Largest and best appointed Music, Literary and Art School, and* HOME *for young ladies, in the world.*

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Terms $40. Positions for graduates: write for circular.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl St., NEW YORK.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list *free.* Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE Of any kind, send stamp to GUMP BROS., Dayton, Ohio, for large Illustrated Price List of New and Second Hand Machines.

A. N. K.—E. 936

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1883. NUMBER 41.

PITH AND POINT.

—Five Polish poets have been arrested in Europe. Poets in this country are occasionally killed, or crowded out.

—One of the charges against tobacco is that its use has a dwarfing effect. That's true. Many men get short by buying cigars.—*Chicago Times.*

—Worcester has an "R. A. T." club, which entertains the public with plays, operettas, and the like. "Hear me gnaw-ma," ought to be a favorite air.

—A young correspondent complains that "there are too many lawyers in the country." Oh, no, my boy, there aren't too many lawyers. There aren't half enough clients, that's all.—*Burdette.*

—"What is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to the door yourself when you don't know whether the caller is a dear friend, a book agent, or a man with a bill.—*Philadelphia News.*

—When the hired girl was asked to put an extra plate on the table she said she wasn't much of an arithmetician, but she could work an example in add-dish-on like that.—*Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.*

—The fellow at the other end of the telephone wire may be perfectly sound financially, but the man at this end should reflect, as he listens, that his business is in the hands of a "receiver."

—Clara Jane says that she shall never be satisfied until women are permitted to sue as well as to be sued. Perhaps it would be unkind to say that Clara Jane has never been sued; therefore we shall not say it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Swimming is becoming a favorite amusement with the New York ladies. It has long been known that the husbands of New York ladies often find it difficult to keep their own heads above water, and now, perhaps, their wives will help them.—*New York Graphic.*

—"Did you find the people indigent?" asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church, who had been calling on some very poor families. "Oh, dear, no," answered the lady, "they were respectable, but as poor as poverty."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—A Philadelphia woman was poisoned by holding a cent in her mouth while hunting street car change, and one in Chicago was similarly afflicted by holding a street car ticket. This causes the Detroit *Free Press* to ask: "Why doesn't the sex take a walk instead of riding?"

—"Why do young men remain single?" asks a newspaper writer. An old philosopher once observed that if more young men were to marry, there would be fewer old bachelors in the land, and the more we reflect on the subject the more it strikes us that the old philosopher hit the bull's-eye. Young men remain single because they don't marry.—*The Judge.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Knoxville, Tenn., is entering largely into the manufacturing enterprises, and among its latest industries are car-works.

—The making of sassafras oil is now a leading industry in many parts of Virginia. The raw root costs $1.50 for 1,000 pounds.

—In the United States, Ontario and Manitoba the increase of the lumber product this year over last is estimated at 750,000,000 feet.

—Washington Territory fir is in demand in San Francisco for car building, and a very large trade is expected to spring up in this lumber for the East, as it can be profitably used instead of hardwood for finished work.—*Chicago Times.*

—Scientific engineers say that the bridge over East River is the last long bridge that will ever be erected, and that, had engineers known as much in 1870 as they do now, this bridge would not have been erected. Tunnels are to take the place of bridges.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The Rio Grande Sugar Company Cape May County, N. J., have now 1,300 acres of sorghum under cultivation. They have more than doubled the capacity of their works, and look forward to a very prosperous season. The cane is growing finely, and an excellent crop is anticipated.

—A "Commission," presumably of experts, appointed by the French Society of Hygiene, has studied the condensed milk question, and reports that when it is diluted with twice or four times its weight of water it may in some cases be useful as a food for infants, but is always to be considered "incontestably inferior to good cow's milk."—*Health Monthly.*

—The dredging of South Carolina rivers for phosphates is a new industry of considerable importance to the territory surrounding Charleston. Some of the crude rock is shipped to Europe, but most of it is ground at home before it goes to market. At the present time the demand is great, and all the companies are working on full time.—*Chicago Herald.*

—An organization has been incorporated in New York, under the name of the National Horse Show Association of America, with a capital of $100,000, in shares of one hundred dollars each. This association will hold its first show of horses next fall, at which time it is announced liberal premiums will be offered for all classes of horses. It is expected that this will be the largest and most notable exhibition of horses held in this country, and will occupy the same position here that the horse shows held at the Agricultural Hall, London, do in England.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A company has been formed in New York, it is stated, with a capital of $4,250,000, for constructing a pneumatic tube between that city and Chicago for the purpose of transmitting letters, grain samples, jewelry, and other small, light packages. Way stations will be established at Cleveland, Buffalo, and other points. The pipes will be of iron, four inches in circumference, and the cost of laying them is estimated at $4,000 per mile. The price for carriage will be five cents for letters and ten cents for parcels; and the boxes holding the goods will make the trip between the two points, it is believed, in four hours.—*N. Y. Herald,*

His Niece.

Mr. J. S. Brown was in a gloomy frame of mind. Mr. J. F. Brown, on the contrary, was as smiling and chipper as a spring morning. Mr. J. S. Brown crooned moodily over the ledgers and complained of the pale ink and rusty pens, while Mr. J. F. Brown smiled and smirked, and hummed a gentle lullaby over the pages of figures before him. M. J. S. Brown's countenance was dark and forbidding. From Mr. J. F. Brown's face there beamed a radiance which illumined every nook and corner of the counting-room.

"Humph!" grunted Mr. J. S. Brown bitterly.

"Ha, ha, ha," softly laughed Mr. J. F. Brown.

"Brown," said Mr. J. S. Brown, lifting himself up from his desk and turning around on his stool; "Brown, I feel called upon to reprove you for the frivolity you have exhibited during the past week. You have neglected your work—you have arrived here late every morning and left here early every afternoon—your business has been done in a loose and incompetent manner, and as a natural result our mutual interests are suffering."

Mr. J. F. Brown looked grieved. Never before had he been addressed in terms of reproach by Mr. J. S. Brown.

"But, Brown," expostulated Mr. J. F. Brown, "you seem to forget that —"

"I forget nothing," interrupted Mr. J. S. Brown: "I am perfectly well aware that you have a new baby-daughter up at your house. How could I forget it, when I am reminded of the fact every fifteen or twenty minutes? A daughter, Brown, is good enough, and has, I admit, certain advantages in her way, but I submit, Brown, that a daughter is no excuse for the excessive levity and coltishness of which you have been guilty for the past week."

"I—I—I don't understand;" stammered Mr. J. F. Brown, blushing deeply.

"I will be more explicit—I will explain," continued Mr. J. S. Brown, still maintaining an air and tone of frigid austerity. "Since the birth of your daughter you have been worldly and fleshly in your manner and conversation. Do you think it was in keeping with your dignity to make your appearance in this store that morning in a condition bordering, I may say, upon hilarity? Was it right that you should execute secular saltatory movements up and down this counting room while advising our employes of the fact that you had a spick-and-span new daughter? Was it proper that you should subsequently invite us all out for a lemonade and a cigar apiece? Have I not heard you, every hour of the day since that event, whistling—yes, Brown—I will repeat with increased vehemence—*whistling* to yourself certain lullabies and tunes supposed to have been invented purely for the solace and edification of the cradle and the nursery? Need I remind you that frequently when you should have been making out invoices of canned tomatoes and pickled codfish, I have found you dreamily humming a frivolous song entitled 'Peek-a-boo' to yourself? And is it for me to recall that frequently, when you should have been here receiving consignments of dried apples and brown sugar, you have been skylarking about town, squandering your money for nursing bottles and paregoric and tin rattles and flummery of that kind?"

"Ah, my dear Brown," sighed Mr. J. F. Brown, sadly, "you do not appreciate how sweet a boon one's daughter is to one."

"There you go again!" exclaimed Mr. J. S. Brown. "There you go again, with your maudlin sentiment. Your daughter, indeed! Brown, I am sick and tired of hearing eternally and everlastingly about your daughter. Your daughter—your daughter—your daughter—it's the same old song from morning till night, day in and day out! Well—I—I—well—oh, bah!"

And Mr. J. S. Brown nearly choked with chagrin and disgust, while Mr. J. F. Brown sat mutely by and nervously bit his finger nails, and vainly tried to keep the tears from brimming over his eyelids.

"You seem to forget, Brown," said Mr. J. F. Brown, finally, very tremulously and very tenderly, "you seem to forget that while she is *my daughter* she is *your niece.*"

Mr. J. S. Brown started as if he had been toying with the business end of an electric battery. A new and bright idea seemed to have dawned upon him. His lower jaw fell, his eyes opened to their widest capacity, and a look of combined astonishment and pleasure crept over his face. His whole appearance was that of a man before whose comprehension a mighty revelation had been spread.

"Brown," murmured Mr. J. S. Brown, faintly and unsteadily, "say it again and say it slow."

"You seem to forget," repeated Mr. J. F. Brown, "that while she is *my daughter*, she is at the same time *your niece.*"

"Well, I snum!" exclaimed Mr. J. S. Brown, "I never thought of *that.*"

"It is, nevertheless, an incontrovertible fact," solemnly added Mr. J. F. Brown.

"So it is, Brown, so it is!" cried Mr. J. S. Brown. "And I am indeed an uncle! Ha, ha, ha—an uncle—whoopee! We'll close up the store—the clerks shall have a holiday—and, Brown, come closer to me, we'll have lemonade and cigars all around till we can't rest! *Your* daughter, *my* niece—Brown, old fellow, I congratulate you!"—*Denver Tribune.*

—How a little boy, eight years old, died on Staten Island last week: He found a demijohn of applejack. Of which he drank a great deal. Then he slept. On waking he went to swim. He stayed too long in the sun, and was prostrated by the heat. On waking he made a feast of green apples and ice water. Next morning he was dead.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A man one hundred years old recently filed a claim at the Huron (Dak.) Land-Office, and says he came West to "grow up with the country."—*Chicago Tribune.*

How Screws Are Threaded.

Screw threads are "originated" in the lathe usually. All lathe turning, with regular—constant—feed of the turning tool, is screw cutting, or threading; the tool cuts a spiral around a revolving cylinder.

It is evident, therefore, that by increasing the speed of the feed relative to that of the revolving cylinder, and having the point of the cutter properly shaped, a screw thread would result, instead of a paring off of the entire surface of the cylinder. All important actuating or working screws, as those for feeding on machine tools, are formed in this way, and large numbers, also, of ordinary machine screws, which when once seated are expected to remain *in situ* until the machine or implement of which they form a part is worn out.

Wood screws, as screws for fastening wood to wood, metal to wood, etc., are threaded in a similar manner, the thread being cut from the solid by a single cutter removing the material between the threads.

Large numbers of screws are threaded by dies, which may be called hollow screws, or nuts with cutting edges. These, by rotating, form the feed as well as the cutting device for threading the smooth cylindrical rod or bar. Some of these dies are worked by hand, others by power, but in either case the cut, by modern and improved dies, is clean, and the thread is formed from the solid. The old fashioned dies were adjustable so as to be "set up," and could be made to cut several sizes of diameters. Much of their work was done by pressure, or squeezing, and a part of the thread was "raised" instead of being cut from the solid material. There are adjustable dies made now, but they are so formed as to do solid cutting.

There is another method of cutting threads direct from the solid, and that is by milling. The machine is entirely automatic, the blank to be cut being rotated as in a lathe, and a rotary milling tool rotating against it at an angle adapted to the pitch of the thread desired. As the blank revolves slowly toward the cutter, the cutter revolving more rapidly forms the thread by being fed along over the blank as is the cutting tool in a lathe. The milling tool is so formed in cross section as to produce any shape of thread desired.

Threads on large cast iron screws are sometimes formed simply by being cast, and formerly there was much cheap small work of that sort in the market.

Threads may be raised by forging in dies, and some good work by this is produced. In both these cases, however, an after finish in the lathe is desirable.

For some peculiar purposes threads are formed by twisting a square or a flat bar; a common form of hand drill that has superseded the bow drill being a case in point. The stock of this drill is a bar, square in cross section, twisted, and which is rotated by sliding a loosely fitting nut rapidly back and forth over its length. A familiar instance of a screw thread of this description is the ordinary auger or bit, the cross section of which is a flattened parallelogram like a flat bar.

One peculiar method of forming screw threads remains to be mentioned. It is that of raising a thread by rolling between dies under pressure. There is a great deal of what is known as "bright wire goods" in the market, which are threaded. In many cases these threads are formed by simply rolling—one revolution, or a little more—the wire between two hardened steel plates that are corrugated spirally to form, when combined, a continuous thread. Sufficient pressure is applied during the rolling—which, however, is very rapid—to raise the metal from the annealed wire enough to make a thread. In this case the threaded portion is considerably larger than the stock or wire, at least half the depth of the thread on each side.

The threads in nuts are produced either by the "originating" method, cutting them in a lathe, by being tapped, or sometimes by being cast of soft metal, as brass, on a threaded core of hard metal, as iron or steel. But nuts are mostly threaded by tapping, running one, two, or three successive taps through them either by hand or in a power machine. Nuts of very thin material, as sheet brass for lamp tops, jar covers, etc., are formed simply by rolling between spirally corrugated rolls, a work analogous to "beading" on tin ware.—*Scientific American.*

"Too Awfully Funny."

Miss Birdie Mellennipin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into the sublime heights reached by Susan B. Anthony, but, to use the cold language of truthfulness, she is very much the same kind of a young lady as Gus De Smith is a young man. Not long since he proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and, arising from his knees, his anger found vent in words. He was mad, too too mad almost to speak.

"Miss Hennipin," he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?"

"You must excuse me, Mr. DeSmith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you; really, now, I am not. I am laughing at ma. Ma's so funny, you know. Really, she is just too funny for any use. Yes, I was laughing at ma."

"At your ma!"

"Yes, you see ma she told me only this morning: 'Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet,' and here you come——"

But he was gone. He was it the past tense. It was he who banged the door so violently.

"I wonder," cooed the suddenly deserted Birdie, "I wonder, now, really, if he is offended at what ma said. But then, ma always was too awful funny for any kind of use."—*Texas Siftings.*

—In a garden at Bowling Green, Ky., is a bush that bears a large deep red rose, with two perfect small roses in the center which are miniature copies of the big one.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Religious.

A SABBATH HYMN.

Lord, with the Sabbath's earliest rays,
Wake in our hearts the notes of praise,
And when we to Thy house repair,
O, let Thy Spirit meet us there.

Under the preaching of Thy word,
Be faith and hope within us stirred;
Teach us the strains of that new song,
Which thrills the Heavenly harps along.

Soon shall our earthly race be run,
And work and warfare soon be done;
Then with Thy saints may we arise,
And join the worship of the skies.
—*Charles E. Lindsley, in N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Aug. 5	—The Cities of Refuge	Josh. 20: 1-9
Aug. 12	—The Last Days of Joshua	Josh. 24: 14-29
Aug. 19	—Israel Forsaking God	Judg. 2: 6-16
Aug. 26	—Gideon's Army	Judg. 7: 1-8
Sept. 2	—The Death of Samson	Judg. 16: 21-31
Sept. 9	—Ruth and Naomi	Ruth 1: 14-22
Sept. 16	—A Praying Mother	1 Sam. 1: 21-28
Sept. 23	—The Child Samuel	1 Sam. 3: 1-19
Sept. 30	—Review	

"LEARN OF ME."

The world is filled with a weary, anxious, heavy-laden humanity. It is through weakness that we must gain strength; through ignorance, wisdom; through experience of the past, the way toward the future; through our love and faith, the true "way of life." When we wander astray we must be turned back to the straight and narrow way. Our burdens are heavy, our pains wearisome, our sorrows deep and seemingly unavailing. To this erring, striving, struggling people comes the tender invitation—an invitation extended to us all, for all are "weary and heavy-laden"—"Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Not only is the invitation given, but the way to accept it is also given. He gives us His own life as an example, and tells us to follow it. His life-work is before us, and we are told to follow Him. We can do this; not to be able to live as He lived, but we can try; we can do the best we can, and never cease trying. That is all that is asked of us.

"Take My yoke upon you," He says, "and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly of heart." We are to accept, to take upon us the yoke of Divine love, and thus bind together in its "silken bonds" every thought, affection, capacity of our own minds and hearts, that they may unitedly and harmoniously engage in the warping and weaving of the web of a true and noble life.

He does not say "learn of Me," because I am your superior, because I have knowledge, culture, experience, but because I am meek and lowly of heart. Meek, in the sense of being receptive, willing to be instructed, to be led and guided. We must have the lower nature subject to the higher; not crushed out or unrecognized, but held as itself a gift of God, and having its own proper uses and needs. These uses and necessities, under proper control and education, add to and aid in the development of the higher nature. The material and spiritual must work together, hand in hand, in this life.

Christ in His meekness acknowledges the leading He receives. "The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works. I do always those things that please Him." We must not rest in our self-satisfaction, in our pride of intellect, of power, of acquirements, but seek to hold ourselves in a state to humbly receive the truth and to abide by it.

"Learn of Me." We look to see what the example is which His life teaches us. It teaches obedience to the present duty. It teaches that there is no duty, so humble or seemingly unimportant that we do not owe it perfect faithfulness of trust and execution, even as He was faithful to the humble duties in His earthly father's house and work as long as it was right for Him to remain there. Nor was His life of service there ended. This was, indeed, but the beginning; the faithfulness in little things that led to the devotion and ultimate sacrifice of His life for humanity.

He met and overcame temptation. He passed through the dark valleys in which our feet stumble. His Divine nature was assailed, through its human, by all the ills and evils, the dangers, the beguilements, to which humanity is prone. Scathless, pure, sinless, He speaks to us, tenderly, saying: "Learn of Me; I will aid you, help you, bear your burdens, comfort you, rest you. If you are guilty," He says, "sin not, but come unto Me." Is not this the invitation of a tender, yearning, brooding love like unto a mother's for her children, only deeper and holier than any earthly love can be? There are none from whom He would turn away, if only they would "go and sin no more," and follow in the way He led.

What, then, should we learn of Him? Dependence on the Divine will; the meekness and loveliness that says: "Not My will, but Thine be done;" the clinging to truth and goodness and rightness through all pains, sorrows and discouragements; meekness, patience, perfect uprightness, honesty, faithfulness, gentleness, forgiveness, long-suffering, charity—every good thing that the mind can conceive, and more, because His goodness is limitless.

He asks us to learn of Him because of the spiritual qualities He possessed; because He had a warm and loving heart which pulsated for all mankind; not because of the strength of His intellect, the power of His brain. And He promises that if we learn we shall find rest unto our souls. We shall find the rest of a freedom from the thralldom of sin. We shall love good, and in seeking its innermost essence we shall find ourselves linked to the Divine life, which is goodness itself. We shall love our neighbors, and in this love we will be conscious of another link uniting us to the Divine life, which is love itself. We shall find rest in the sense of nearness to the best of life, its purity, holiness, usefulness, charitableness, goodness and truthfulness; a rest underlying all weariness and care, a foretaste of the rest we shall experience when "the last fear is quieted, the last doubt dispelled, the last labor ended, the last burden lifted from the heart, the last tear shed, the last pain suffered; when we shall be lifted up and borne onward to higher truths and purer joys ever nearer to the Lord."—*Golden Rule.*

The Gospel of the Hand.

This was the Gospel of the first century. "We read of "the Acts of the Apostles;" the work of faith and labor of love;" and are told to "work out our own salvation."

The Gospel has more to do than just to get individual souls to Heaven. It is to rear a Christian civilization, to build up righteousness in the earth, to redeem society from the evils that prey upon it, to lift from the heart of humanity the burdens under which "the whole creation groans and travails in pain."

Our view of the "Kingdom of God" is too meager if we do not take in all this. And how much the hand has to do in bringing this to pass! We need converted hands, consecrated hands, as well as hearts.

Some of you, brethren, think you have very little talent to talk; a very poor gift at prayer; and so it may be. But God has given you two good strong hands. Use them for him. The Gospel of the hand is as Scriptural as the Gospel of the heart; the Gospel of work is as orthodox as that of prayer. Without the two together, the world has no Gospel at all. The Bible order is to pray out your work, and then to work out your prayers. So the Psalmist prayed: "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish thou it."

All honest, manly, womanly work in which you can make yourself useful to your fellow-men—earning bread for your family, if you have one; training of your children in virtuous ways; cooking, mending, washing for them, as a Christian mother;—there's the Gospel of the hand.

And how Christ preached this Gospel in the shop in Nazareth! And so can you in your shop, too. Why not? Your saw, your auger, your plane, your hammer, your hoe and plow and yard-stick and scales may be just as consecrated instruments of religion as those which Jesus used when he worked in the carpenter's shop; and be just as truly devotional as your Bible or your hymn-book.

People get a notion that religion is something connected with churches, and what are called religious exercises; and that is all. It is a great misleading, fundamental error, propagated by "the father of lies," and which the whole life of Christ ought to explode.

Of course, mere work is not religion. But work inspired, enthused by the love of God and the Spirit of Christ and "good will to man"—this is religion; the kind the world needs most, and out of which its regeneration is to come. Christian love and loyalty and principle put into the Gospel of the hand.—*S. S. Graves, D. D., in Michigan Herald.*

Choice Selections.

—To-day is ours; the future belongs to God.—*Horace Greeley.*

—What we ought not to do, we should not ever think of doing.—*Epictetus.*

—Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable. —*Pythagoras.*

—God's mercy as naturally covers the great sins of those who love Him and keep His commandments as the ocean covers the great rocks that sleep in its bed.

—Religion gives part of its reward in hand, the present comfort of having done our duty; and for the rest, it offers us the best security that Heaven can give.—*Tillotson.*

—People may make injuries worse by unreasonable conduct, by giving way to anger and satisfying that for the moment, instead of thinking what will be the effect in the future.—*George Eliot.*

—How beautiful is that simple prayer, which, it is said, the Breton sailors are wont to utter when lauching out upon the heaving ocean: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide!"

—Experience is the Lord's school; and they who are taught by Him usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with that they have no strength.—*John Newton.*

—I do not find that to give up anxiety and to trust in God is difficult now, though it used to be. Blessed be my Lord, I can not help believing Him, for He loads me down with evidences of his truth and fidelity.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

—Mr. Emerson wrote to a friend in 1829: "I suppose that prosperity is always dangerous, especially for the very young. In college I used to echo an ejaculation of my wise aunt: 'Oh, blessed, blessed poverty!' when I saw young men of fine capabilities, whose only and fatal disadvantage was wealth."

—Materialists are always in trouble. They build theories on nothing, and change with the seasons. They glory in facts, and build largely on imagination. They boast of logic, and bridge chasms by assertions to conceal their poverty of connecting links. They leap from nothing to matter and from matter to life, though an unabridged gulf divide them. They evolve the highest from the lowest, and yet ridicule the thought of the Highest creating the lower. They assume the eternity of mind. They imagine force before substance, yet discard the Almighty and Infinite God. They scorn the faith of the Christian, but build on their imagination. They confess their reasoning unsatisfactory, and still plod in the dark, insisting that facts must justify them, though unable to find them. They treat living as if it were the offspring of dead matter, though no case of life out of dead substance is recorded. Thus they flounder, imagine, guess, dogmatize, and end where they begin, in agnosticism. We need not fear their bite, for they knock out their own teeth; Christianity will not suffer, for it rests on a Rock.—*Morning Star.*

—Selma, Ala., has over sixty artesian wells, and the water from no two of them is exactly alike.

Our Young Folks.

TOMMY AND THE PLUMS.

It was a summer morning.
Said Tom: "I'll have some fun."
He started for the orchard
As fast as he could run.

He stood beneath the plum-tree,
And this is what he said:
"Those plums must be delicious,
They look so ripe and red.

"If I could only reach 'em
I'd have a splendid treat.
It's very tantalizing:
They must be very sweet."

Then Tommy jumped his highest,
But couldn't reach the limb
On which the plums were hanging,
And seemed to mock at him.

They nodded and they nodded,
And they really seemed to say:
"We know you can not reach us,
And you'd better go and play."

The very leaves seemed laughing
As they rustled overhead,
Till Tom got tired and angry,
And this is what he said:

"I really wouldn't touch one
If it was in my power;
They can't be worth the trouble;
They must be green and sour."
—*Harper's Young People.*

THE DIANA MONKEY.

This native of Western Africa inhabits the woods of the Guinea Coast, and of the banks of the Congo, and it is found in the island of Fernando Po. It was known to European naturalists before the year 1700, and it has always been prized for its pretty fur and gay temper. The goddess Diana has been honored by being associated with this monkey, on account of a crescent-shaped white band of long hair stretching across the forehead (she being goddess of the crescent-shaped moon). It is about eighteen inches long when full grown, the tail is longer than the body, and the fur is very pretty. The crescent of white hairs has dark edges, and the top of the head is broad and dull gray, spotted with green; the ears are dark and the face also; the beard and whiskers are white, and the first of these projects like a goat's. As another monkey from the same region has a white band across the forehead, the Diana has been confounded with it. Even F. Cuvier jumbled the Diana and the Diadem monkey together. Very little is known about them in their wild state, and in captivity they show very adverse dispositions. Sometimes they are gay and full of fun, and at others they are morose and snappish. We once saw one in its cage in the Zoological Gardens pull its mate, a small Sykes monkey, from the top to the bottom, by a well-directed pull of its tail, and the proceeding reminded one of a very energetic mistress, whose servants were inattentive, tugging at a bell-rope. The puller was chattering and grimacing at his visitors all the time that the pulled was hanging on to everything that came in its way during its forced descent; and when it came to the bottom, it scrambled about and rushed up to its little house again, as if it were a frequent and unwilling exercise. The Diana also stole its companion's food, such as a piece of apple, by putting her arms around its neck, and squeezing the morsel against its nose, so that it was obliged to drop it.

Mrs. Bowditch, in describing her voyage from Western Africa, gives an interesting account of a Diana monkey which was on board. "We made acquaintance," she says, "very suddenly, and to me disagreeably, for I had not till then conquered the foolish aversion with which these animals always inspired me. It was a dead calm, the wheel was lashed, and all save myself below, nothing around us but sea and sky, and I had sheltered myself with a book in a corner protected from the equatorial sun. Suddenly, and without noise, something leaped upon my shoulders, and the tail which encircled my throat convinced me that Mr. Jack was my assailant. My first impulse was to beat him off, in which case I should probably have received some injury, but fortunately I sat perfectly still, and twisting himself around, he brought his face to mine, and stared at me, I endeavoring to speak kindly to him, upon which he grinned and chattered, seated himself on my knees, and carefully examined my hands. He then tried to pull off my rings, and was proceeding to a bite for this purpose, when I gave him some biscuit which happened to be beside me, and making a bed for him with a handkerchief, he settled himself comfortably to sleep, and from that moment we were sworn allies.

The amusement furnished to me and others by Jack made him tolerated when his mischievous propensities would otherwise have condemned him to perpetual confinement. He was often banished to an empty hen-coop, but as this made no impression upon him, I always tried to prevent it, which he knew so well, that when he had done wrong he either hid himself or sought refuge near me. Much more effect was produced by taking him in sight of the panther, who always seemed most willing to devour him. On these occasions I held him by the tail, in front of the cage, but long before I reached it, knowing where he was going, he pretended to be dead; his eyes were closed quite fast, and every limb was as stiff as if there were no life in him. When taken away he would open one eye a little to see whereabouts he might be, but if he caught a glimpse of the cage, it was instantly closed and he became as stiff as before. He clambered into the hammocks, stole the men's knives, tools, handkerchiefs, and even the nightcaps off their heads, all of which went into the sea. When biscuits were toasting between the bars of the caboose, and the dried herbs boiling in the tin mugs, he would take the former out and carry it way, and take out the latter and trail them along the planks; if he burnt his hands, he desisted for a day or two, and he often regaled the parrots with the biscuit, biting it in small pieces, and feeding them with the utmost gravity. At other times he would knock the cages over, lick up the water thus spilled, eat the lumps of sugar, pull the birds' tails, and in this manner he killed a beautiful green pigeon belonging to the steward, a specimen of which I never saw in any collection. For this he was flogged and imprisoned three days; and half an hour after he was let out I met him scampering around the deck with two blue-faced monkeys on his back, which he often carried about in this manner. When he thought fit to ride, he would watch behind a cask on the days the pigs were let loose, dart on to their backs as they passed, dig his nails into them to keep himself on, and the faster they ran, and the more they squealed, the happier he seemed to be. His most important misdemeanors, however, were performed to the injury of his fellow-monkeys, of whom he was very jealous. The smaller ones were very obsequious to him, and when he called them by a peculiar noise, they came, hanging their heads and looking very submissive. During one of the calms we so often met with, the men had been painting the outside of the ship, and leaving their pots and brushes on the deck, went down to dinner. No one was above but myself, the helmsman and Jack. The latter beckoned and coaxed a small black monkey to him, then seizing him by the neck, took a brushful of white paint, and deliberately covered him with it in every direction. The helmsman and I burst into a laugh, upon which Jack, dropping his victim, flew up the rigging into the maintop, where he stood with his black nose between the bars, peeping at what was going on below. The little metamorphosed beast began licking himself, but the steward being summoned, he washed him with turpentine, and no loss was sustained. Many attempts were made to catch the rogue aloft, but he eluded all, and when he was driven down by hunger he watched his opportunity, and sprang from one of the ropes on to my lap, where he knew he should be safe. I fed him and interceded for him, so he escaped with only a scolding, which he received with an appearance of shame, which in him was rather ludicrous."—*Cassell's Natural History.*

Elsie Learning to Mind.

Elsie is only two years old, and does not talk very plainly. When any one asks her for her name she says: "I's Sassy." And a pretty good name for her it is, for she does not mind mamma or grandma very well, and when they try to train her to be a good girl she sometimes looks very saucy indeed. Grandma has a great many beautiful flowers, and Elsie knows very well she ought not to touch them; but for all that she will pick some whenever she goes into the garden alone for a moment. One day she came into the house with a lovely lily hanging its yellow head sadly over the back of her fat hand. She did not say anything, but she looked half-ashamed and half-defiant when grandma took it from her and scolded her, saying she was a naughty, naughty little girl to pick grandma's flowers, and if she did so any more she would have to be shut up in the closet. After awhile grandma thought she would get more flowers to put with the lily, for a mantel bouquet; so she went out into the garden and picked a great handful. When she came into the house with them Elsie looked from grandma to the flowers and back to grandma again, and, shaking her head with a stern frown that looked very comical on her chubby face, she said: "Ah, ah! naughty grandma pick 'o f'owers. Shut'e up in c'oset!" That lesson had to be taught over again. Elsie loves to look at pictures, and her mamma often shows her those in bound volumes of illustrated magazines. In some of these are birds flying high in the air, where they look like specks of tiny crosses, and mamma tells her they are birdies.

One day a wasp came in at the window, and flew around the upper part of the room, bumping his head against the ceiling every minute. This made it very angry, and it buzzed very loudly, indeed. Elsie shouted: "A birdie! a birdie!" and reached for it with both hands. Just then it flew down toward the little girl, and grandma, afraid that it might sting her, hit it with a book. It fell to the floor, and lay as if it were dead; so grandma went for the dust-pan and brush to sweep it up and carry it away; but first she told Elsie not to touch it, for it might sting her. When grandma was gone, Elsie went close to the wasp and looked at it. It lay very still, and she felt sure that such a quiet birdie, such a lovely yellow-and-black birdie, would never hurt a little girl; so she stooped over and took it between her thumb and finger; but oh! how quickly she dropped it, and how she ran screaming to grandma, holding up that poor little thumb, that turned red and then white, and swelled up as big as two thumbs, all in a minute; for though the head of the wasp seemed dead, the sting was very much alive, indeed. It took a strong bath of soda and water for the suffering thumb, two big ginger-snaps, and a great deal of kissing and petting to soothe "grandma's baby," and even then she nearly cried again when grandpa came home, and she tried to tell him how she "des pult 'e birdie leg, an' 'e birdie bit Sassy." That lesson did not have to be learned again. —*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Poisoned by Polka-Dot Shirts.

Mrs. Cortes Poak, the wife of a fireman, is the victim of serious and malignant blood poisoning. Last week while cutting bread a slip of the knife made a small and harmless scratch upon her left hand. Before the wound had perfectly healed, and while engaged in washing some of the new regulation "polka-dot" shirts, her hand was seized with a sharp, stinging pain, accompanied with rapid swelling. Dr. Capener was called, and pronounced it a dangerous case of blood-poisoning. The arm to the finger tips was swollen to twice its normal size, and heroic treatment and severe lancings were the only life-saving resorts. Though still suffering, she is thought to be out of danger. —*Cleveland (O.) Herald.*

—Mrs. Clinton, of Buffalo, called in the police, alleging that $190 had been taken from a bureau. The officers made an examination of the premises and flatly told her that no burglary had been committed. She owned up that she had lost the money out of her pocket, but had been afraid to tell her husband.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL.
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. AUG. 8. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	1 "	40
¼ "	1 "	20
[illegible] "	½ "	20
"	¼ "	10
"	⅛ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 10 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
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One year	$1 50
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JUDGE HARGIS has withdrawn from the race for re-election as Appellate Judge.

LOUISVILLE is having a grand time with the Southern Exposition. It is no white elephant.

PARIS has a circus epidemic this week, one on the 9th and the other on the 10th, both advertised as the greatest shows on the road.

LAST Thursday's edition of the Louisville Courier-Journal was a daisy. The C.-J. always makes a big thing of any enterprise it undertakes.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 50@5 85; fair to good packers, at $5 25@5 60; fair to good light, $5 75@6 00; common. $4 50@5 20; culls, $3 50@4 25: stock hogs, $4 50@5 25.

THE Courier-Journal gives an account of two little girls, sisters, aged respectively three years and two and one-half years, leaving Yorkshire, England, and coming to Louisville unaccompianed. The C.-J. must be off on the ages of the two sisters.

JNO. P. RYLE, of Carlton precinct, who announced himself a candidate for sheriff on the eve of the election, withdrew, concluding that it was too late to make a canvass. He says he is under many obligations to his many friends for the cordial reception they gave him in his short tour through the county.

IT is anticipated that Governor Blackburn will make liberal use of the pardoning power during the remainder of his term, and turn loose some of the long termed prisoners. Last week he pardoned Dave Furguson, the defaulting back-tax collector, who was sent up last April, and the noturious Grove Kennedy expects to be pardoned in a few days.

IT is stated, and from pretty good authority, that Mrs. Stewart, (that is to say Judge Hilton), proposes to bulid a Convention Hall in Saratoga, so that all State Political Conventions and perhaps National Conventions may meet at the Springs. There is an entire block between the Grand Union and the Colombian Hotels, directly opposite Congress Park, which at present is unoccupied save by little one story structures occupied by stores.

WE take the following from the Rising Sun, Indiana, Recorder, and only hope that Mr, Sutton's theory will prove correct:

Before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting in Cincinnati in August, 1881, Dr George Sutton, of Aurora, delivered an exhaustive address on the "Goldbearing drift of Indiana." He maintained that on the highlands of Boone county, Kentucky, and on the hills and in the valleys of southeastern Indiana, there are glacial deposits which existed before the formation of the valleys. Dr. Sutton then demonstrated that in the valley of Laughery creek dividing Ohio and Dearborn connties, gold could be seen with the naked eye in the form of dust, flattened scales and small nuggets: and in an excavation six feet long, five feet broad, and two feet deep, $8 worth of gold had been obtained.

This address was published by the society, and attracted the attention of scientists all over the country. Recently the scientific societies of Cleveland and Chicago sent out Professor Lewis, of the former, and Professor Kedzie, of the latter place, to investigate Dr. Sutton's theory. During the past week those gentlemen visited the highlands of Ohio county and the Laughery valley and hills, and after careful investigation they are able to verify Dr. Sutton in every particular. They have already spent a week in the vicinity engaged in the research, and they are now in Ripley county, near Osgood. They will, we are informed, remain in southeastern Indiana during the month of July. That many discoveries of interest to science will be made there is no doubt. Their reports to the Chicago and Cleveland societies will be looked for with great interest, as Professor Lewis and Kedzie are eminently qualified to make a thorough and complete investigation.

To Morgan's Men.

BEAVER, KY., Aug. 3, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

I visited Lexington during the reunion of Morgan's men and I am free to confess it the most pleasant experience of my life. Not from any partisan feeling engendered by the actions of the old veterans, there was none of that there, but to witness the brotherly greeting of those noble men, who for long years rode, stood or lay side by side amid the environing dangers and vicissitudes of modern warfare, awoke in my breast a sensation of human greatness never before realized by me. To view those eyes which once could flash the fiery light of insulted revenge, now melting with the moistening tears of brotherly love, was a contrast with which the memory of a life time is seldom adorned.

Those who dwell in Boone deserve a double reprimand for not attending this reunion; for without boasting, Boone could have sent the youngest, handsomest and most complete remnant of Morgan's once great command, of any county in the State and then, to think, that only one of, the many who reside in the county went, casts a stain upon your manly duty. Boys, (military sulutation) a life-time will never afford you another occasion wherein so much gratification to yourself and your old comrades could have been mutually enjoyed.

Miss Johnnie H. Morgan, a beautiful and accomplished daughter of Gen. Morgans was present, and seemed to be the idol of the old soldiers, in whom they seemed to behold the subdued charactistics of thier knight and honored leader. A gold watch and diamond ring were the soldiers largess to the eloquent young lady. She stepped forward on the rostrum, surrounded by three thousand people, acknowledged her gratitude in the following appropriate language, "I can't begin to tell you how I appreciate the kindness of you fellow comrades of my father, but I can assure you, he never loved you better than I do; I only hope your lives may ever be as happy as I am now."

The above coupled with the masterly addresses of orators like Duke Breckenridge, Gano Saufley and other equally distinguished soldier citizens, formed a social fete that commends itself to your consideration.

A POINTER.

THERE was a queer case of drowning at Covington a few days ago. It was that of the boy Holgroff. It is said that after the body was recovered it was still warm and placed on the bank, and the boy vomited; but it being supposed unlawful to take a dead body from the water without notifying the Coroner, and instead of trytrg to bring the boy to life, they placed the body back in the water, and, of course, it sank.—Sate Journal.

A BANQUET.

Tuesday night a crowd of 300 or 400 met at the residence of N. S. Walton, and with two bands of music, one from Aurora and one from Lawrenceburg, spent the evening most pleasantly listening to good music and several speeches. The oratorical feature of the meeting was introduced by Mr. A. W. Gaines, city attorney of Lawrenceburg, who was followed by Mr. N. S. Walton in a very neat and well dolivered speech, thanking the people of the county for the honor they had bestowed upon him, and closing in a beautiful tribute to the ladies of his native county. Frank Dorman, of Lawrenceburg, was then introduced to the crowd, which he addressed in a style that convinced his hearers that he had on previous occasions in his state viewed crowds from the summit of a stump, and that he is fast approaching that period in his political age when he will be dubbed a "war-hoss." The oratorical artillery having performed its part of the evening's programme the smaller arms, such as J. Frank Grant and others, were called to the front to regale the audience, which had been enjoying the eloquence of older and wiser heads.

The banquet was one of the most entertaining that ever followed the election of a representative in Boone, and well may Mr. Walton be proud of the general out-pouring of the surrounding country, increased by a host of friends from Aurora and Lawrenceburg, who came over to congratulate in his success a man known to them from boyhood.

The ladies present, and there were scores of them, seemed to be as enthusiastic friends of the representative elect as his most ardent male supporter and their presence added brilliancy to the occasion.

All present enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Walton and his estimable wife, and were sorry when the arrival of the parting hour was proclaimed by that silver-tongued orator, and master of ceremonics, J. Frank Grant.

STATE NEWS.

—Woodford Sun: The corn crop bids fair to make a very large yield.

—The New Era estimates the wheat crop of Christian county sixty per cent. short of last year.

—Twenty five acres of Barley in Boyle county threshed out 1,112 bu. an average of forty-five bushels to the acre.

—From Glasgow there has been an average of over one lunatic sent to the asylum for every month in the year.

—S. L. Woolridge, of Woodford county, threshed out fifty-two acres of wheat that yielded thirty-three bushels to the acre.

—Mrs. Tom Spink, of Hardin county, gave birth to three children August 24, 1881, and on July 24, 1883, gave birth to two more.

—Lexington Press: The gallows on which Timberlake, the Lexington rapisit, was executed, will be used in inflicting the death penalty upon Bulger.

—Mt. Sterling Sentinel: A dispatch from Ashland says it is definitly settled that Judge Brown will call for the State troops to protect Neal during his trial at Grayson.

—Nicholasville Journal: One day last week the Cincinnati Southern road hauled 130 car-loads of Georgia watermelons into Cincinnati at a cost of one cent per mile.

—Flemingsburg Times and Democrat: James McIntosh, a young man about nineteen years of age was found hanging by the neck in his father's barn, in Mt. Carmel precinct.

—A Bourbon county man has a game rooster which has won four battles and $125 in his life, and besides has raised four broods of chickens, hovering them the same as a hen.

—Paris Kentuckian: Bourbon Current has 900 young turkies which he he herds like sheep. His three small boys are his herdsmen, and when it looks like rain they drive them into his large tobacco barn.

—Flemingsburg Times-Democrat: Sam Bulger, the Maysville fiend, has been sentenced to be hanged on Tuesday, September 4, 1883. Judge Cole is not a believer in the time abused custom of fixing Friday as hangman's day, and we agree with him. It is time the old superstitions about Friday were wiped out.

—Woodford Sun: Thornton Perry, charged with killing a man named Malayer in this county, on the river above Shryock's Ferry, in January, 1882, was captured in Anderson county, Monday the 30th ult., and brought to Versailles and lodged in jail. The killing was done with an ax, and Perry has been at large since the commission of the deed.

—Nicholasville Journal: The better class of people have become thoroughly disgusted with camp-meetings. As a rule they are a penny-making scheme under the guise of religion, and without exception they are places where many immortal practices are indulged. There is more sin committed against God and society in one day at a camp meeting than in a whole week on the grounds of the Kentucky Association race course.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Florida has seventy-one newspapers.

—A Kansas stock-raiser is in Georgia buying cattle for his ranch.

—The orange crop of Valusia county, Florida, is estimated at $200,000.

—Savannah shipped 40,944 watermelons to Boston by one steamer last Thursday.

—The cisterns at Starkville, Miss. are dry. The citizens are on short water rations.

—The vegetables of Brooks county, Ga., have yielded a net revenue of $100,000 this season.

—A Yazoo City doctor has raised a tomato this season that weighed one and a half pounds.

—One hundred and six houses have been erected at Cullman, Ala., within the last six months.

—Some level-headed boys at Atlanta have associated themselves together and taken a pledge not to ice cream any girl who bangs her hair.

—The grading is finished on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley railroad and thirteen miles of track have been laid on the Jackson end of the line.

—Macon Telegraph and Messenger: Two Mormon elders are sojourning in Clayton county. They ought to be soundly thrashed and then run out.

—A marriage license was issued in Darian, Ga., last week to Abram Livingston, aged 100 years, and Margaret Jones, aged eighty-three years.

—South Georgia Clarion: There are more hogs in this section than at any time since the war. But for the drouth our farmers, as a rule, would soon be independent of Western smoke-houses.

—The Macon, Ga., City Council has passed an ordinance prohibiting the blowing of steam whistles in the city limits. The proprietors of factories and machine shops were notified to blow no more.

—The contract for building the Army and Navy Hospital, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, has been awarded to Cyrus Fistol, of that place. His bid was $86,335.

—A wind-storm in Ellis county, Texas, stirred up the sand and wafted it about in such dense clouds as to not only blind those who were caught in it, but to make breathing very difficult.

—Walton, (Fla.) Signal: To-day the freight train passed here with a flat car of native timber for the Louisville Exposition. We measured a cypress that was nine feet in diameter, besides many choice pieces.

—Allen P. Morris was the first confederate soldier to draw a pension under the Tennessee law allowing $10 per month to confederates in the army. Mr. Morris had both eyes shot out in the battle at Stone river, December 31, 1862.

—Southern Enterprise: The Savannah, Florida and Western railway, all the way to Savannah, is literally clogged up with watermelon trains. The fruit is very cheap in consequence, and it looks as if the profits were about gone for the present, at any rate.

—At a meeting of the managers of the Centennial Cotton Exposition of New Orleans, to receive the report of the Canvassing Committee, which had just returned from a Northern tour, the reports showed a total subscription of $503,000.

—Walton (Ga.) News: The veterans of the noble old Third Georgia regiment are very much worried because Mahon, the Virginia scalawag, and their former commander, has been invited to attend their reunion at Tallulah Falls, August 9. He had better stay away—Third Georgians do not want any of his sort, and his appearance at their reunion is sure to cause things to be said that will not be pleasant for the archtraitor of the South.

Twists and Twinges.

"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage one bright autumnal Sunday, "here is a lesson from the cornfield. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted. Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking-peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possible; but nobody wants to be husked, for all that, and nature teaches us to resist the process. Therefore, we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N. Y., M. Alfred Bear, a French gentleman, writes:

"I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me. But PARKER'S TONIC gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name.

MESSRS HISCOX & CO., call especial attention to the fact that this preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & CO., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

From JULY 1st, to AUG., 1st, Custom Made suits will be on the average $5 less. Ready Made suits have been reduced 25 per cent.

The stock is large and must be disposed of to make room for my Fall Goods, let every one take advantage of the great reduction. H. F. BLASE, 540 Madison St., Covington, Ky.

A. M. Elliott and Co,

—DEALERS IN—

Threshers,
Engines,
SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, BUCKEYE
Reapers, Mowers and Self-Binders,
South Bend Chilled Plows, Furst & Bradley Steel Plows,
Buggies, Wagons and Farming Implements in General.

Give us a call. Satisfaction guaranteed in every sale. Corner second and Judiciary Streets, Aurora, Indiana. 33-6t

GRAND EVENT OF THE YEAR!

The Lawrenceburg Fair,

AUGUST 22nd to 25th, 1883.

RACES Every DAY.

PROGRAMME:

Wednesday, August 22.
Jack and Mules, Heavy Draft Horses.
Boone and Dearborn County Trot, Purse $60 00
Running Race, Purse, ...$100 00

Thursday, August 23.
Address by HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE.
Cattle, Saddle Horses, Hogs and Sheep.
Three minute trot, Purse, ...$200 00
Running Race, Purse, ...$150 00

Friday, August 24.
General Purpose Horses, Sweepstakes on Hogs and Sheep, Matched Horses, Swepstakes on Stallions, Purse...$50 00
Two Thirty Trot, Purse $200 00
Free for all Pace, Purse $300 00

Saturday, August 25.
Herds of Cattle, Purse $150 00
Light Harness Horses, Sweepstakes on General Purpose Horses, Purse...$50 00
Running Race, Purse $200 00
Free for all Trot, Purse $400 00

STEAM FERRY at Lawrenceburg during Fair week, Commencing Wednesday, August 22nd.

No Entry Fees for Competition. Send for Premium Lists.

W. H. O'BRIEN, Secretary,
Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

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Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN, Ky.—On Cincinnati Southern R. R. Located in the healthy and beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, 55 session opens September 3rd, 1883. Instruction in all branches of a College education. Experienced Professor. The degree of B. S., A. B. and A. M., conferred. Useful course for those who can spend only one or two years in College. Terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address to R. M. DUDLEY, D. D., President.

Hay Conveyors.

We take this method of informing the public that we are MANUFACTURING and SELLING W. M. CONNER'S

HAY CONVEYORS.

Just the thing to use in large barns

BAKER & CRUTCHER,
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SCIENCE HILL.
(A SCHOOL for Girls,) Established 1825
By MRS. JULIA A TEVIS,
Located at SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY,

Aims to give its pupils the elements of a complete education. Pretense and show are discarded and all the force of a competent faculty directed toward the essentials of Education. Terms reasonable. Send for catalogue.

W. T. POYNTER, D. D., Principal.

AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Billous Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skilful and scientific treatment to CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure association. Scrofula. Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc. Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble. The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility. Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

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THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity. NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporise while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with your attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience. Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS. 306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO. One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., 210 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 20 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. W. [illegible]
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

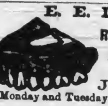
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



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Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN."
148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

☞ All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilde of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882: "Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

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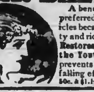

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A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff & falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

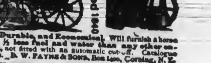
FLORESTON COLOGNE

[illegible] the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No other like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N.Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts. at druggists & dealers in perfumes.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.
Established 1840.

Reliable, Durable and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ½ less fuel & water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box [illegible], Corning, N.Y.

26,999 NOW IN USE.



All persons say their goods are the best. We ask you to examine our improved Keller Positive Force Feed, Grain, Seed and Fertilizing Drill and our Hay Rakes. They are as good as the best, and can be sold as cheap. Agents wanted. Circulars mailed free. Newark Machine Co., Newark, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.
W. N. STAGE, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville, Ky.

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.

UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $30 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 250 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Ranges of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogues apply to Judge W. B. Kinkead or to JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
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RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

Ice cream but no supper.

Burlington has a bad case of fleas.

Our town has another prospect for a shoemaker.

Teachers can now begin preparing for the institute.

Water-mills have had a vacation the past few days.

Hold on to your trade dollars, they are getting better.

Born—On the 6th inst., to Mrs. Laura Martin, a daughter.

Several steam threshers are in operation in the county.

Meats, meats, Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg have a large supply.

Tobacco growers are not much encouraged by their crops.

Thanks to Everett Walton for Bates county, Missouri papers.

No watermelons of home production have been on the market yet.

Talmage was the camp-meeting Jumbo at Corinth and Highbridge.

Burlington needs a dose of mowing-scythe administered to its weeds.

Programms announcing the meeting of the Boone county pedagogus are out.

Nearly all the young lads of the town have been provided with base-ball suits.

Farmers are not so pressed with work now, their harvest having been completed.

Ho, for Dearborn County Fair, Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg will have a supply for all.

We have Landreths celebrated purple top turnip seed. Tebbs Bros., Lawrenceburg, Ind.

James Conner drove some very fine cattle to market from this part of the county last week.

The shower that visited this section last Wednesday night was very refreshing to vegetation.

The katie-dids have commenced their nightly carrols, and frost may be expected in six weeks.

The bridge across the second Gunpowder on the Burlington and Florence pike has been repaired.

We delayed our paper one day this week that we might get the vote of each district for representative.

Mr. John M. Reed and wife, of Florence, made one of his semi-occasional visits to our town Tuesday.

Whether to die or not is a mere matter of taste; it is good taste to use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Proff. P. T. Gallagher will open a ten months school in the Morgan Academy, Monday, September 3d, 1883.

Every district in the county, except Walton, Verona and Beaver, was represented at the Walton banquet.

Rev. A. M. Vardiman's residence in Covington was robbed the other night of a lot of silverware and a suit of clothes.

Joseph H. Walton sent to Scott Co., and paid $10 each for two Southdown lambs. He intends improving his flock of sheep.

Wonder if the article copied from the Rising Sun Recorder will pop up the price of real estate on Woolper and Middle Creek.

St. George's Chapel is now ornamented with a belfrey and a bell. The colored brethren can now be rung to meeting as other people are.

J. S. Balsly, of North Bend, had a large, new barn and contents destroyed by fire one day last week, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Loss, about $1,000, no insurance.

Jeff Crittenden Dowden fell from the fourth story of the Union Hotel in Aurora and died from the effects in a few hours. It is thought that he got up in his sleep and walked out of a dormo window.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

B. W. Adams, of Union, has in his possession, "Belle," the mare that he rode through the war, and which was the first nag given him by his father. She was raised by the late B. W. Sherrill, of this place, and she is about 27 years old.

Mr. Leonard Clore's daughter, in the absence of her parents, last Sunday, eloped with a Mr. Satchwell, of Carroll county. Satchwell had a friend who accompained her to Indiana, where they met and pursued the journey none knows whither.

We have before us a copy of the premium list of the 15th annual fair of the Southeastern Indiana Agricultural Society to be held at Aurora, September 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th. The list of premiums is comprehensive and liberal and doubtless the fair will be the best ever held at that place.

Geo. Blythe and Thomas Cowen, who took the colored man, Gibson, to the Anchorage Asylum, say that the institution has all the colored patients that it can accommodate, and Dr. Gale hardly knew where to put Gibson. They saw young Hensley who was taken there a few days before and say that he is raving and has to be closely watched.

A Trip to Big Bone.

A select party under the "chaperonage" of Mr. Alfred S. Gaines, of Bullittsville, consisting of Mrs. A. S. Gaines, Pearl and Edwin, Misses Lizzie Stephens and Lula Kendall, Mr. Fred Youmans and Benj. Stephens, of Boone county, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pfau and family, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Humphreys and daughter, Nettie, of Cincinnati, Ohio, guests of Mr. Alfred S. Gains made an early start on the morning of Friday last for this beautiful and romantic spot. The atmosphere modified by a rain the night before was cool and refreshing. After journeying over hills and dale by the way of Florence, Union and Big Bone Church, the party arrived at the Springs at about 12 o'clock tired and ravenously hungry. A great disappointment being met with here owing to the great lack of accommodations for visitors. But thanks to the genial Alfred S. Gaines, quite a favorite with the ladies, who prevailed upon the attaches of the hotel, all were provided with a sumptuous dinner, of which all eat heartily. After dinner a visit to the Springs and surrounding valleys and hills, where nature seems to hold its own, endowing the spot with great beauty. The clear babbling water as it rushes up from the earth and shaking of the surrounding grounds, make a sight never to be forgot.

No discoveries were made of the remains of the mastadon however. After lingering at this, "Natures Own," the party returned toward home, but night coming on, were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Grant, of Florence, over night. In the cool of the early morn returning to their homes delighted at their never to be forgot trip to Big Bone Springs.

Base-ball.

Between two and three hundred people witnessed the game played between the Boones and the Riverside, Ohio, team, on the grounds of the former, last Saturday. The Riversides were short two men whose places were supplied by Jack Smith and Dode Clore, of the Boones, both good players. The game was called at 3:30 p. m., with the Boones at the bats. In the first inning the Riverside pitcher sprained his ankle and carried it in a sling the balance of the game, and Dode Clore, who was in the left field, while running after a ball slipped and threw his knee out of place, which caused the second hault in the game. Clore was assisted in and Jim Beall substituted, when the game proceeded slowly to the end of the fourth inning, when the umpire, Crit Gordon, refused to call the game further, owing to the Riversides repeatedly criticizing his decisions. After some considerable caucussing a Mr. Eaton, of Indianapolis was agreed upon to complete the umpiring, when the fun again began. At the end of the fourth inning the Riversides lead by one score and in the sixth inning whitewashed the Boones and increased their score 2. At this juncture the spectators considered the game irretreavably lost to the Boones, but in the sixth inning they were convinced that very sick children sometimes get well. The Boones had three men on the bases and two men out when Chas. Fowler was called to the bat. Charles took a good grip on the willow, gritted his teeth, threw himself into Ajax's position when defying the lightning, and batted a clean two-bagger out of one of Wright's curves, letting in the three men before him, and finally made his own tally. Another run made in this inning placed the score so far ahead of the Riversides that they were unable to overcome it, and victory once more perched upon the Boones' banner.

Neither club did the playing of which it seemed capable, and especially was this the case with the Boones. Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boones	2	1	2	0	0	5	1	1	0—12
Riverside	0	2	2	2	2	1	0	0	0— 9

NOTES.

Crit Gordon was chosen by the Riversides to call the game, and they did all the kicking.

A seat in the grand stand gave away causing some commotion, but luckily no one was hurt.

President Terrill don't allow the lemonade vendor to climb over the audience.

Elijah Howard and his camp-stool are good colectors.

Dr. Terrill makes the base-ballists feel at home on his premises.

Duncan and Fowler made a strong battery, till Duncan got a thumb disabled.

Fowler's changing victory into defeat made one of the spectators feel a half century younger.

Dr. Cropper was on hand, but it was not necessary to hold any inquests.

The Boones and Riversides met again Monday afternoon and the Riversides were again defeated. Below is the score by innings:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Riverside	1	0	0	1	5	0	0	0	0— 7
Boones	0	0	8	2	0	4	1	0	..—15

Monday, Aug. 6.—

The game at Bellevue between the Speedwells and the Bellevue teams was won by the latter, by a score of 17 to 7.

In the afternoon the Speedwells beat the White Oaks by a score of 18 to 12, on the Burlington ground.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Miss Alice Graham is visiting friends at Greensburg, Indiana.

Dr. L. H. Piatt, of Bellevue, has been quite sick with flux the past few days.

W. H. Soards and family, of Cincinnati, are visiting friends in the Hebron neighborhood.

Mr. Shropshire, of Scott county, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. David Hogan, who lives near this place.

The Election.

The battle is over and the smoke blown away, and so far as heard from the election passed off with about the usual excitement, there being a much larger vote cast than was anticipated. Knott on the Democratic ticket, and Asbury on the Republican ticket were badly scratched. At Union several voted for Thos. L. Jones for governor. In one district a large vote was cast for M. S. Rice for County Surveyor.

The following is the vote cast for representative:

	Walton.	Scott.
Rabbit Hash	97	93
Hamilton	90	111
Bellevue	147	12
Petersburg	317	13
Florence	101	209
Burlington	273	90
Verona	103	42

The above districts are the only ones from which we could obtain the vote cast for the respective candidates for representative. Walton received majorities in other districts as follow:

Union, 21; Taylorport, 125; Beaver, 36.

Scott received a majority of 61 in the Walton distric. None of the above figures are official, but the official count will vary the majority but a few votes either way.

The above figures make Walton's majority in the county, 679.

The constitutional convention was badly snowed under in this county.

Local option carried in Hamilton district by 26 majority.

Most of the districts cast a very large vote.

It will take the official count to decide who is elected coroner.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Warren Clore is finishing up the hay harvest in this neighborhood.

Wheat threshing is next in order.

Rain is badly needed, and corn will be short.

Mr. George Knap will give a ball in the Hebron Hall on the night of the 15th. It will be for his benefit, and a grand time is anticipated.

Mr. Samuel Wells was bitten by a moccasin. The snake was a very large one.

Mr. A. J. Clayton was married to Miss Anna Persa, of Fredericksburg, Ohio, on the 25 ult.

Scattersville.

We had a good rain and need more.

A good many of our farmers went to Bellevue a few Saturdays ago. Some went to see about lumber and others to buy fish, while two went for the purpose of helping the Red Oaks put it on a pick nine of that place.

We have a young man who lives not far away from here who calls himself a horse trainer, or, at least we do, for he has a sulky and one horse, and we think he has drove it long enough to break it—in two.

Fine weather for threshing, and the majority of the farmers are through. The wheat turned out as well as was expected.

James Eddins attended the reunion at Lexington. He claims that he had a good time. Wonder if he fell in love while gone.

Bullittsville.

Ben Stephens lost a pocket book containing $50 and valuable papers, but luckily for Ben it was found by Mr. Manin in his passenger wagon.

Mrs. Jane Graves and daughter, with the daughter of Jerry Graves, all of Saline county, Mo., have been visiting in the Gainesville neighborhood the past month.

Our young folks were made happy last Saturday evening by Jas. Gaines and wife, instrumental and chin music were the order of the day.

Lucy A. Rice has been spending several days with Lucy and Anna Gaines.

Fred Youmans has been appointed assistant principal in the Cin. public schools.

Susie Graves is visiting M. T. Graves

Florence X-Roads.

Harvest is one of the things of the past.

The health of the neighborhood is not good at this time, and the M. D.'s are on the go night and day.

Died—On the 31st ult., Mrs. Mary Eliza Rouse, wife of J. W. Rouse. She had not been in good health for a great while, and on the 16th ult., she took the flux, from which she died. Rev. A. J. Douglas preached her funeral in the Hebron church, after which the remains were placed in the Hebron vault. The bereaved husband has the sympathy of an extensive circle of friends and relatives.

Mrs. Rosa Barnett, of Antwerp, Ohio, when informed of the death of Mrs. Rouse, hastened to her friend's, Mrs. Strafer, of Cincinnati, thence to this place.

Cool, dry weather, and crops are suffering for rain.

The roar of the threshing machine is heard again. Wheat small yield.

A. F. Crigler is no better.

Union.

The Wesley Chapel, near Beaver was dedicated Sunday last. Bishop Cavanaugh preached the dedicatory sermon, and a grand and masterly effort it was. Bishop is now 82 years old, and yet preaches with all the energy and pathos of youth. The audience in attendance was variously estimated from 600 to 1000. Some gentlemen were curious enough to count the number of vehicles present and report 203, and there were as many horse-back riders.

Died—On Saturday evening at 6 o'clock, Squire Matson. He was buried Monday at 8 p. m., at Richwood church.

Volney Dickerson is convalescent from a severe fall

Much rain is needed to save our crops of corn and tobacco.

A protracted meeting begins Tuesday evening at the Wesley Chapel, and another on Wednesday evening at the Presbyterian church in Union.

Julius L. Bristow addressed the Union Baptist Sunday-school last Sunday.

Big Bone.

Not having an opportunity of giving the the news of our own favorite village, we take the liberty of giving a few items from this point. In the first place, we will mention that we have been engaged the past two weeks in building a vault at the cemetry here. Will complete the masonry next week, and when finished, it will be the best piece of work of the kind in the county. While here we are shareing the hospitality of Mr. John S. Mason and his estimable lady, two of the kindest and most generous people it has been our fortune to meet in a long time. During our sojourn here we have visited the celebrated Springs known as Big Bone Lick, and for the edification of those who have never seen them we would like to encourage all such to go while the opportunity offers, and they will be amply paid for their visit. The surrounding scenery is fully as romantic as the hills and valleys of Sand Run, at Francesville; but then the Springs here make it a more noted resort. The waters are said to contain many medicinal proprieties, while the odor arising from the water is fragrant and really pleasant to the smell. The accommodations for visitors are good and we cannot see why Boone county cannot boast of its watering places as well as the eastern and northern states do of resorts of its kind. During our short stay at the Springs we met several gentlemen from Europe, but whether they had come over expressly to see the Springs or not, we were not informed; but it is our opinion they had. So readers, you that have never drank of the waters of Big Bone Lick, and have never seen the Switzer land of America, we say go and satisfy your own curiosities.

The Rev. Dicken, of Bellevue, delivered a very able temperance sermon at the church at this place on last Sabbath. He gave some broad hints to those in favor of selling whisky.

There were three additions to the church at this place by baptism last Saturday. The Rev. Kirtley officiated.

Mr. Hite Clore, living in this neighborhood had the misfortune to loose one of his children, last week from cholera infantum. Mr. Clore and wife have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

Mr. Elijah Batterson, of Delhi, Ohio, Mr. Henry Long, of Hebron, and Mr. Thomas Howard, formerly of Bullittsville, Ky., are spending the heated term at the Big Bone Springs.

The corn and tobacco crops in this vicinity are looking well, though a good rain would be beneficial to both. Blackberries have been plenty though about gone. There will be a good many peaches in this neighborhood this season while apples there are none.

John Patmore lost quite a valuable horse one day last week, from sunstroke.

The Teachers' Institute

WILL BE HELD IN THE

MORGAN ACADEMY,

BURLINGTON, KY.

AUGUST 28th, 29th and 30th, 1883.

Programme:

FIRST DAY—Forenoon.

Organization and enrollment—10 a. m.
Opening Address.......................C. S. C.
Education.......................Prof H. Newton.
Reading, class exercises...Wm. Barkley.

AFTERNOON.

Primary Grammar...Miss Allie Carson.
Eliments of Arithmetic, class exercises.............Miss Eliza Lampton.
Queries, to be answered next morning.
Demonstration of Cube Root.............Conner Yager.
Report of Critic.

SECOND DAY—FORENOON.

Roll call and hearing excuses for absence.
Orthography and Orthoepy, class exercises....................Wm. Conner.
Penmanship.......Miss Hallie Stephens.
Miscellaneous exercises.

AFTERNOON.

Motions of the Earth and effects produced thereby.............B. F. Belle.
What should be the legal standard of morality required of teachers?......I. J. Daughters.
Queries.
Report of Critic.

THIRD DAY—FORENOON.

Grammar, class exercises......O. Snyder.
Proper method of grading teachers......Prof. Newton.
Duties of parents and school officials....Rev. Froh.

AFTERNOON.

Closing Address..................J. C. Clore.
Report of Critic.

One hour will be devoted to the examination of teachers, beginning at 9 a. m.

The law revokes the certificates of teachers who fail to attend unless they have a good excuse, and requires the Commissioner to make such entry on his record, which will be done.

All persons interested in the cause of education, and especially School Trustees, are invited.

Boarding and lodging for those who attend the Institute, at the Boone House or Central Hotel at $1 per day.

D. M. Snyder, Com'r.

In memory of our beloved little friend—
SISSIE GAINES.

Gone in the bloom of sweet maidenhood's purity—
Gone to the realms of bliss and futurity—
Safe in the haven of rest and security—
Anchored in peace on the shores of eternity,
White-robed she dwells with the saints all victorious—
Praising in rapture her Saviour so glorious.
Redeemed from all suffering and sorrowing here,
To that Heaven that knows neither anguish nor tear.

We shall miss thee, oh Sissie! thy friends here below,
Weep and grieve for the loved one, who comes never more—
A father—a mother their darling lament—
They have drained the cup of anguish, in mystery sent.
Their fairest, their youngest, their loviliest flower!
They miss thee, oh Sissie! each day and each hour!
So gentle thy words—so clinging thy ways—
Lonely and dreary without thee, will seem the sad days.

A sister, a brother thy absence bemoan—
Thy chair is left vacant—thy homestead is lone—
Thy schoolmates and teacher will miss the sweet child—
Who in play or in work, was thoughtful and mild.
Long, long they'll remember thy kindness to all—
And with fond recollection, thine image recall.
Yet we must not repine, 'nor bitterly weep—
'Nor grieve that in Jesus, thou art fallen asleep.

Yes Sissie has gone, and we'll greet her no more—
Though we long for her presence in our homes as of yore—
And with agonized heart, and fast falling tear
That mother doth yearn for her darling so dear—
But time in sweet mercy will bring us relief—
For mem'ry doth soften and sanctify grief—
Our sorrows are silvered with Hope's mystic light—
And our darlings seem near in eternity bright.

For we know that our God is all mercy and love—
He loans us our darlings—then calls them above—
They cannot return, but to them we can go—
In our Father's bright mansions—our loved ones we'll know—
Not wandering 'nor lost—but just gone before—
To welcome us home on that beautiful shore.
Then grieve not sad mother—though lonely you feel—
Our earth has no sorrow, that Heaven cannot heal.
A. C. G.

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Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

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Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
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D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever use in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

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THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

Put up the old pipe, my dear,
I couldn't smoke to-day;
I'm sort of dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house here,
And lonesome out of door,
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown;
And I am eighty, I am to-day—
Too old to be left alone.
O Heart of Love, so still and cold!
O precious lips, so white!
For the first sad hours in sixty years,
You were out of my reach last night.

I can't rest now—I can not rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden-post,
The house is so deathly still—
Wander and long for a sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me.
We had got used to each other, dear—
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good!
She made me a better man
From the moment I kissed her fair, young face,
And our lovers' life began.
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—no, I remember: I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear, loving wife is dead.

—*Christian at Work.*

DOWN IN A DIVING-BELL.

Deep Sea Diving Experiences—A Veteran Diver in the Briny Deep Who Found His Long-Lost Wife in a Sunken Hulk—A Queer Life on Land, and a Queerer Life in the Sea.

He was a queer-looking man, with shaggy eye-brows overhanging sharp, bright eyes, set deep in their sockets, a prominent nose, a sallow complexion, a slow, shuffling gait, a lank, bony frame, slightly stooped with the burdens of some fifty odd winters and summers. He was wandering, apparently quite aimlessly, among the sailors who frequent the warf in front of the Lumberman's Exchange, at the end of Franklin street.

"Who is that man?" a *Herald* reporter inquired of a lake shipper, with whom he had observed the stranger in conversation a few minutes before.

"That—that's Holmes, the famous ocean diver. He lives in the East, but I understand he's on his way to the Pacific coast just now to manage a difficult job of raising a valuable cargo, which went down during the April storms near Seattle. He's a man who could tell stories which would make your hair stand on end, if he had a mind to."

"Go go and see him, then," said the reporter.

A few moments later the twain, the reporter and the old sea dog, were seated comfortably in a cool place, the breeze playing with the scant crop of hair on Mr. Holmes' head. While sipping a cooling beverage the old diver gradually filtered out reminiscences, about in the proportion of one to every tumbler he emptied.

"It's a queer business," he said, "and it seems the queerer the longer you're in it. The way I got into it was this: I was born in 'Little Rhody,' not far from Newport, nearly half a century ago. In my young days I followed the seafaring trades, and I've been to most every country and climate on the globe—in Brazil as well as on the African Gold Coast, in the East Indies and in China. On a British vessel I was for some time in the opium smuggling trade. I've visited nearly every port on the Mediterranean shore as well as on the Black Sea. Well, being back home one day from a long trip, there was considerable talk over a slave vessel which had been pursued by a cruiser, and had been scuttled and sunk in Newport harbor a number of years ago. How the rumor started I don't know, but anyhow the papers at that time, about '52, told long yarns about the wealth that was hidden in the vessel, the gold dust and ivory, and so forth. A proposition was made to me to go down in a diving bell, which had just come into practical use about that time, and investigate the hulk. I had always been a good diver and could hold my breath an awful long time. But I lacked experience as a practical diver. Well, I undertook the job for a good, round sum. This was the means of my leaving seafaring and engaging in the profession of a diver. As I said before, it's a queer calling, and one never gets used to it. It isn't for the fun I do it, it's for the money I earn. I own a fine little farm and a cozy cottage in Rhode Island, not far from Woonsocket, and have a couple of thousands in the bank—all made by diving. Besides, I own a complete outfit, and that is worth considerable money. Married and children? Well, yes, and no. You see, the way of it was this. After I married, my young wife didn't like my trade and my long absences from home, and she ran off in 1857 with an old shipmate of mine to the gold fields of California, while I was attending to a job on the New Jersey coast. She took all the money with her I had saved up for her and our two children. I heard nothing of her for a number of years. It was in 1863, when I had to go down to save the mail and the cash freight of the Antelope, a passenger clipper vessel running between San Francisco and New York, that had foundered in a stormy night near Cape Hatteras on her trip East. I was then diving in my armor suit, that being much more handy and expedient than the bell. I was down in the cabin groping my way to the safe when a corpse stuck fast in my armor. It proved to be a woman's body. She was poorly dressed, and had a nursing in her arms. The body floated face down in the water, but in tearing myself away from it the face turned almost beneath my eyes, and met mine with a glassy stare. It was my Annie's face, my wife's. It gave me an awful turn, down there under the water, and for a moment I felt faint. But I had the body hauled up to the surface, and afterward had it buried near our old home. I made inquiries in Californy. Her letters and papers in her pocket had already given me a clue, and on that I worked. I found that my faithless wife had married Charles Rumsey, for whom she had deserted me, and had borne several children to him. Only two of these lived, besides the two she had borne to me, when Charlie left her. Then she had thought of me, but had vainly endeavored to obtain my address. On her way East to find me she had met her dreadful fate on board the Antelope. I went to Californy, fetched the children home, and have treated them since as if they were all my own, and when I die I'll leave them equal shares of my property. They've been educated carefully at my expense, and they are all well established in life now, and don't know anything of their mother's shame.

"Now you've heard a bit of my own private troubles, of which every man has a peck or two, I reckon," remarked Holmes reflectively. "One does see awful things sometimes down in these vessels on the bottom of the sea. The first time that I did some work that made me feel bad was in '54. A three-masted schooner, a fishing vessel belonging to Bedford, Mass., had broken in two on a reef not many miles from port. It was early in spring, just about the time of the 'aquenackshels.' That part of the vessel containing the cabin seemed to be well preserved, as could be seen on any clear day looking down into the depth. And it was in there that 'Capting' Willis had kept his little pile. He must have been a queer nut if half the stories the people told about him were true. He never would leave any money on shore, thinking his vessel a much safer bank than any on terra firmy. Well, he and his whole crew had gone down, and so I undertook the job of getting at the old man's pile if I could. On a fine afternoon in the latter part of April I went down in my suit. Everything went all right till I stalked into the cabin. There was the 'capting's' berth, and I made for that. It was dark in there, and I bumped my head against various objects repeatedly. Finally I got to the berth where I understood the money was. Feeling my way, my hand ran against something soft and shifting. What do you think it was? The 'capting,' sure enough. He had got his head tightly wedged in between the ceiling and his bedclothes, and both his arms were in there, too, while his legs and body stuck out, bobbing up and down with the motion of the water. I set him loose, and then I found that his hands were clasped around a big oilcloth bag. It was with great difficulty I could detach the corpse's hands from it. His ruling passion had been strong even in death. When the body had been hauled up it was seen that the face wore a look of iron determination, as if he had resolved to save his gold or perish. His widow is still living in comfortable style on the money left her in that bag. That was a real little adventure, but there are often times when a man gets scared at nothing.

"Once I remember I was overhauling the wreck of a steamer that lay in ten fathoms of water on the Florida coast. There were a good many passengers of all sorts that had perished with the vessel. Bodies, you know, act very strange when confined in a closed space under the water. They are buoyed up by the pressure from below and can't get out. So they all float under the ceiling. And that was the case when I entered the dining saloon of the steamer, into which the unfortunate passengers had fled half-clad to escape on deck, but had drowned before reaching it. The sight of it was enough to make any one feel that he's got nerves. Mothers and fathers in their night robes, pressing their children to their bosoms; husbands and wives clasped in each other's arms to meet death unitedly; one couple, probably lately married or lovers, had their lips sealed in one last parting kiss. While disentangling myself from all these bodies that would get twisted up with the pipe and the connecting line on my armor, and thus endanger my safety, I all to onst caught sight of a horrible-looking object right opposite me. It stood upright, and was more than a man's size, black in appearance, and with tremendous big goggles in the place of eyes. As often as I would move, my 'vicy versy' would move too. I felt a chill creeping over me when I saw that the object was getting nearer and nearer as I approached the wall. Whether the monster was a fish or what it was I couldn't decide, but I quickly made up my mind it was to be either me or him, so I drew my knife and made for it. Coming nearer, what was my surprise to find that the terrible object was merely the reflection of my own self in a large mirror made indistinct by the water. That was about the worst scare I ever had in the course of my professional experience.

"Danger from fish, did you say? No, not generally, and not the way people imagine. It ain't sharks and devil fish that trouble us. It's these little critters, jelly fish, sun fish, algae, and the like, that we're afraid of. They clog up the armor and impede our movements, after threatening to break the connection between the diver below and the boat above water. And it's that danger, too, that one has to fear with big fishes powerful enough to break the line with a single blow of their tail. Sharks? Not much. I never heard of a diver that was attacked by a shark. And if it came to a submarine duel between such a beast and the diver, the latter would have all the odds in his favor.

"There's been a good many improvements made in the diving business since I've been in it. The world does move, even in our profession. The rig-out of a diver nowadays, if everything is first-class, is a very expensive thing, often costing $600 and over. The top, head and shoulder gear weigh about eighty pounds, and each boot twenty pounds, so you see I carry 120 pounds in addition to my own weight when I go down to the bottom. Once below, the heavy weight on the soles of the feet are no more noticeable than a pair of ordinary boots would be in walking the streets. The buoyancy of the water counterbalances the weight, you see.

"Is there a limit to the depth in which a diver can work? Certainly there is; seventy to one hundred feet is about the average depth in which one can work with anything like ease, and two hundred feet is as deep as anybody has dared to go for practical purposes. Most of the diving work is done at a depth of fifty feet or less. It's dark and dismal enough that deep, especially when the sky is overcast or during the cool seasons. But that last bother is pretty near done away with now, since electric lights have come into fashion, by means of which a man can go down and see as clear as daylight in the darkest nook of a vessels hold. That's a very good thing, as it saves much trouble and money, and often allows the owners of vessels to have a leak mended in a few hours' time by the diver, when formerly it took weeks on the dry docks, occasioning an outlay of thousands of dollars. But now I'll bid you good day, Mr. *Herald*; you know about as much of the diving business now as I do."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Miss Nannie Lee and her sister, aged twelve years, attempted to cross Buck Creek, Ky., on horseback. The horse's feet became entangled, and he threw the girls into the stream. Nannie had sunk twice when her sister caught her by the hair, and the horse swam to them. The younger sister caught him by the tail with one hand, and, holding Nannie with the other, they all reached the shore safely. The horse started home on a gallop, and neighed as if in great trouble; but, getting no one to notice him, started back at full speed to the girls. Finding them both alive and on their way home, he ran up to them, rubbed his head on their shoulders and neighed as if he was very glad to see them alive.—*Chicago News.*

—In a garden at Bowling Green, Ky., is a bush that bears a large deep red rose, with two perfect small roses in the center which are miniature copies of the big one.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE DAIRY.

—Cream from Jersey cattle is said to require less churning than that of any other breed.

—The purest butter ever made may become tainted and poisoned in one short hour by objectionable surroundings.

—The *Farm Journal* says, the cow that loses her milk ought to be milked three times a day. This is the best remedy.

—A Hollander's maxims: When you see a good cow buy her. When you have a good cow keep her. When you find you have a bad cow sell her.

—The practice of feeding whey to cows in Herkimer County, N. Y., proved injurious to cheese and has been discontinued.

—Thus far this season the exports of butter show an immense increase over those of a corresponding period last year, while those of cheese exhibit a marked decrease.

—Henry Stewart says that when a dairyman intends to permanently pasture his cows, he can recommend the common quack grass as a splendid early pasture, orchard grass next, then red-top and blue grass, with white clover mixed in; and red clover or lucerne to help out deficiencies. He considers these the most productive milk materials.

—New York parties are now engaged in exporting milk to Europe. The milk is cooled as soon as drawn from the cow, placed in glass cans which are hermetically sealed, and then placed in cases, covered with ice. The only attention needed while en route is to occasionally have the ice renewed. The milk arrives in London in good condition and is pronounced to be as good as that obtained there. Quite an export trade may grow out of the venture.

—Butter that has been washed in pure cold water until the buttermilk is all extracted will not require the excessive working so often necessary to take out the buttermilk when not washed. Butter thus washed will be less liable to have the oily look which it gets often by too much working, especially if done with the hand. It will require less salt to keep it and have the fine waxen appearance that forms so great a part of the attractiveness of the "gilt-edge" butter. Great care should be taken to have the water pure and of a temperature not exceeding 8°, about the temperature of cold well-water, and it will be still better if a little ice is used, and the temperature lowered to 40°.

—Cows in milk drink from twenty-seven to fifty quarts of water a day and farmers should bear this fact in mind these hot days and see that the cows have a full supply, for without it no good result can reasonably be expected from the milk yield. It must also be remembered that cows are a lazy set and they will suffer much for the want of water on a hot day before they will walk far to get it. It is, therefore, a good idea to pasture them in lots far from good water only on cool days when they will have no serious objection to taking long walks. This is one of the points that a dairyman should use discretion in.

Making Skimmed Milk Cheese.

Skim-milk cheese of a very good quality may be made as follows: The milk is warmed to 80° by heating a portion up to 160 and adding it to about three times as much of the milk as it comes from the coolers. It would not be advisable to let the milk stand, as it sours rapidly in warm air, after coming from the cooler. A wooden tub is the best for setting the curd, as it retains the heat of the milk and hastens the action of the rennet. The tub should have a spigot at the bottom with a strainer over the hole inside to let out the whey. The temperature should not go over 80, and if a soft cheese is desired 72° would be better. When the milk has been thoroughly stirred and evenly warmed through, the rennet is well stirred into it. This is made by steeping the salted and dried stomach of an unweaned calf in warm water for twelve hours previously. For one hundred quarts of milk at 80°, half an ounce of rennet steeped in a pint and a half of tepid water for twelve hours should be sufficient. The curd should come in about thirty minutes; when the curd breaks as the finger is drawn through it, it is cut with a long blade; a piece of thin, straight hoop iron ground to an edge and put in a handle makes a good curd knife. The curd is cut in lines an inch apart both ways and is left for the whey to separate. After standing twenty or twenty-five minutes, some of the whey is drawn off and heated to 150 or 160 degrees and enough of it poured over the curd, which is well stirred with the hot whey to bring it up to 100 degrees or until it is hot enough for the hand to bear comfortably. The tub is covered to keep in the heat and the curd left for twenty-five or thirty minutes. The whey is again drawn off and the curd broken up finely with the hand; then the hot whey is returned, the whole stirred again and brought up to the former heat once more. The curd should be stirred now and then to prevent it adhering together. The tub is then covered and the curd left until it is hard enough to squeak when bitten by the teeth. A better test is the hot iron test: this is to take an iron rod, as a stove poker, and make it black hot and not red; when the curd touched to this hot iron adheres and makes strings when drawn from it, the curd is cooked enough. The whey is then drained off and the curd cooled and broken up fine. Salt is mixed with it at the rate of an ounce for twenty pounds of milk, or the salt may be added afterwards by rubbing it on the cheese.

The curd is evenly mixed and put into the hoop. This is a wooden ring of the size the cheese is to be. The ring is lined with a cloth which is folded down over the curd. The hoop is then put under a press and pressed for tweve hours. It is then taken out carefully, wrapped in a fresh cloth, turned and again put in the press for twenty-four hours. It is then taken from the hoop, left to dry for an hour and then well greased with lard or *butter* and put on a shelf and turned and rubbed daily for forty or sixty days. No bandage is required for home-made cheese. By using a hoop perforated at the sides and with covers like those of a box at each end, the cheese may be made without pressing if the curd is put in warm and as soon as it is drained from the whey. The curd is dipped into the hoop, the bottom cover being first put on; the top cover is then put on. After the curd has stood a few minutes the hoop is reversed and the curd falls to the bottom, and by so reversing it several times after short intervals, the curd soon becomes firm enough to be taken from the hoop. If not salted before it is now rubbed and turned daily.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—The firemen of Boston are allowed a vacation of ten days each year.

Auction Snaps.

"Do we sell goods for less than they're worth? Well, I hope you don't take us for fools," said the auctioneer.

"But how do you work it?"

"Dummies."

"What's a dummy?"

"A man who bids for us. You see, before we begin a sale we set our minimum price on everything in stock. If two or more men get to bidding honestly, of course we don't need the dummy's bid, but if only one man seems to want the article, the dummy bids him up to the minimum figure and then keeps still. The auctioneer takes care of the rest. If he thinks the customer will stand another rise he pretends to recognize a bid from the dummy. If the customer doesn't raise that the dummy declares he didn't bid, so the article is knocked down at the price last named by the customer. Sometimes we do 'em up on the double-bid scheme."

"What's that?"

"Well, say the customer bids $10 for a watch. If we can't get a better bid, we declare it sold for $10. The dummy steps up and says that was his bid, and the customer does the same. The auctioneer settles the dispute by selling it again, and nine times out of ten a customer will pay a dollar more just to keep the dummy from beating him. A man is always willing to pay something for having revenge."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Philosophic Mexican.

I heard of a Mexican living near Socorro, N. M., whose thrift has amassed him a fortune, all in bullion, which he is said to keep under the floor of his house. He demands invariably thirty days time in which to pay for purchases, however small, and, promptly on the day that payment becomes due, he turns up with bullion to the amount of the bill exactly weighed out. But even what he has did not come from trade, but from a silver mine that he has worked for years with only occasional help. His adobe hut is little better than the common run of mud hovels that are called houses hereabouts. His family has been raised on the staple diet of beans and jerked beef, with two or three mixtures of corn, and he expects to go to the grave with as little comfort as surrounds him now. Some one asked him not long since why he did not take his family traveling and avail himself as well as them of the means at his command to see something of the world. "I am happy where I am," he replied. "If I see more I shall want more, and my savings might slip away, while by staying here and knowing of nothing beyond I shall be sure of taking care of myself. When what I have falls to my children they may judge for themselves how to take care of it. My way is to keep it at home."—*Santa Fe (N. M.) Cor. Boston Herald.*

A Brave Deed.

A Boston paper tells this story of a gentleman who placed his wife and children upon an outgoing steamer and remained upon the wharf to catch a final glimpse of his dear ones. He leaned against a post to which one of the steamer's ropes had been made fast. As the boat moved out the rope was loosened, and a crack in the post suddenly closed with a vice-like grip upon one of the gentleman's hands, badly crushing it, and causing agonizing pain. With rare nerve and thoughtfulness for his wife, who was watching him, he made no outcry, but composedly waived his handkerchief with the other hand until the boat moved slowly out of sight. Not till then did he make known his situation to the bystanders. With much difficulty the hand was freed, and was found to be so severely injured that amputation was necessary.

—Some of the laws which Bismarck has got engrafted on the German statute books are ridiculous. One of them prescribes that a peddler shall behave politely, clean his boots when entering a house and bow to the owner while offering his wares. Another prescribes that public showmen, dancing-masters, theater directors must satisfy the police as to their good moral character, and their license can at any time be withdrawn, thus preventing a large investment in a business of this character.—*Chicago Journal.*

—President George B. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, live in a house near Merrion, Montgomery County, Pa., which has been occupied by his own family for nearly twenty years. The twentieth anniversary is to be celebrated in September. Mr. Roberts is of Welsh descent, and his ancestors were among the first settlers in Montgomery County.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow gets up behind, and the cow eats from her and the horse eats to him. How many know that a surveyor's mark upon a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what trees bear fruit without bloom?—*Chicago Herald.*

—Fashionable New York tailors say they have orders for several hundred pairs of kee-breeches for next winter.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, August 3, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 [illegible]	@ [illegible]
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 25
HOGS—Common	4 65	@ 5 35
Good packers	5 35	@ 5 50
SHEEP	3 50	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 10	@
No. 2 winter red	1 05	@ 1 06
Corn—No. 2 mixed	49½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	34	@
Rye—No. 2	56	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@ 11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	15 50	@ 16 00
Lard—Steam	8½	@
BUTTER—Western Reserve	30	@ 32
Prime Creamery	25	@ 28
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	2 15	@ 2 50
Apples, prime, per barrel	4 00	@ 4 50

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 50	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13	@ 1 13¼
No. 1 white	1 13½	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	52½	@ 60¼
Oats—mixed	36	@ 40
PORK—Mess	15 62½	@

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 03½	@ 1 00
Corn—No. 2	49¾	@ 49¾
Oats—No. 2	25¼	@ 28½
Rye	56	@ 56½
PORK—Mess	13 10	@ 13 12½
LARD—Steam	8 37½	@ 8 40

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15½	@ 1 15¾
Corn—mixed	59	@
Oats—mixed	40	@ 42
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 50	@
Lard—Refined	10⅜	@

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 00	@ 1 03
Corn—mixed	51	@
Oats—mixed	28	@
PORK—MESS	15 25	@

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 04½	@
CORN—mixed	43	@ 44
OATS—mixed	29	@ 32
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

Dangerous Soda Water.

Dr. George Hay, of Pittsburg, writes to the Philadelphia *Medical Times*: "The other day I walked into a drug store in Pittsburg, and was soon engaged in conversation with the druggist. 'My soda water has a strange taste,' observed the pharmacopolist. He drew a little of the water, and I tasted it. I then requested him to put up half a pint of it in a clean bottle, and told him that I would take it to my laboratory and examine it. This I have done, and I find the water to be dangerously impregnated with copper—in proof of which I enclose a small piece of iron heavily coated with metallic copper, which coating was derived from only two fluid ounces of the soda water. The copper no doubt existed in this water as carbonate of copper, held in solution by excess of carbonic acid, and was doubtless derived from the saturators, which are in all cases made of that metal, and, I believe, generally coated inside with tin. By and by, however, the tin gets dissolved (as carbonate held in solution in excess of carbonic acid), and then (if not before) the copper is exposed. I say nothing about tin here, as I have not examined for it."

Beautiful Women
are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

THE bootblack shines while he works, but the lazy man whines while he shirks.—*N. Y. Journal.*

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

BLOSSON calls accompaniments "bald-headed music"—because they haven't got any air.—*Burlington Free Press.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

ROEBLING has resigned from the charge of the Brooklyn bridge, and it can be said of him that he is an engineer without a pier.

HAY-FEVER. I have used Ely's Cream Balm for Hay-Fever, and have experienced great relief. I recommend it as the best of all the remedies I have tried. T. B. JENKS, Lawyer, Grand Rapids, Mich. Price 50 cts.

A MAN can afford to lose a bad temper, and by not advertising for its return make money.

WALTERBORO, S. C.—Dr. J. M. Klein says: "Brown's Iron Bitters gives universal satisfaction."

THERE is seldom any danger in intrusting a secret to a distiller. He knows how to keep still.—*Somerville Journal.*

For years I have been afflicted with Hay-Fever. I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. The relief was immediate. I regard myself cured. G. SCHREIBER, Supt. of Cordage Co., Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

BEATS awl—the shoe machine.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

NOT a drink, not sold in bar-rooms, but a reliable, non-intoxicating tonic medicine, useful at all times, and in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

"OUIDA" has had a town in Dakota named after her. It must be a novel place.

CONYERS, GA.—Dr. W. H. Lee says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good medicine and many are using it in this place."

LITTLE gold pigs are worn as ornaments—probably because they are stylish.

INVENTORS' HAND-BOOK—FREE.—Just out. How great fortunes have been made. History of inventions; valuable to all who read and think. Order it by postal card. N. W. Fitzgerald, Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

THE turn of the "tied"—starting homeward after the wedding trip.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Supersedes oily unguents or salves for cutaneous eruptions.

EVEN when trade is rather dull in other lines, there is generally a bustle in dry goods stores.

TORNADOES.

Scientifically Accounted for, and Some Remote Causes that Produce Painful Results Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New York Society for the Promotion of Science contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it for the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain; the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvelous effect of the sun on vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:—

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The President makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An uneasiness and disgust with everything in life, commonly called home-sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pains in the fee'd increase to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular, and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun; but it is none the less certain that the tornado is here, and it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago, I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would help solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too week to make any resistance. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable, and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage. I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but of greater vigor than I have before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means of restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows:

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill-health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident that four-fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that can not be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver; to render their action wholly normal and their effect upon the system that of purifiers rather than poisoners. That this end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

HARRY thinks that the locomotive is the most faithful car "conductor" in the world.—*Golden Days.*

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

REDDING'S Russia Salve is the most wonderful healing medium in the world. Try it.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer
Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

FOR burns, scalds, bruises, chapped hands, sores or piles, use St. Patrick's Salve.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

THE button-holes of Chrolithion Collar and Cuffs are made so they will not tear out like other kinds.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

GOOD NEWS FROM TEXAS.

MR. THOMAS A. HOWARD, of Honey Grove, Fannin County, Texas, under date of April 5, 1883, writes as follows:

"I have been suffering during several years from severe illness, and a general breaking down of my physical system, and have tried the treatment and prescriptions of many doctors far and near, and traveled to the Hot Springs and other mineral springs famous for their remedial qualities, drinking the waters and bathing systematically in their healing depths, but all to no avail, as I steadily failed in health; and although informed by my physicians that my ailments and weaknesses were the result of kidney disease of a dangerous character, they could give me nothing to cure me. During the past two years my sufferings at times were dreadful, and I had the most indescribable pains in the regions about the kidneys, the paroxysms of which were so severe as to render it impossible for me to sleep. While in this deplorable and discouraged condition I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, and after using less than half a bottle my great sufferings and paroxysms of pain were entirely relieved, and I could sleep better and longer than I had in two years before, and although I am now on my third bottle only my improvement is very remarkable, and I regret that I did not know of the wonderful curative powers of Hunt's Remedy before, as it would have saved me years of suffering. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with any kidney disease or disease of the urinary organs."

"HIT MY CASE EXACTLY."

"Please allow me to speak in the highest terms of "Hunt's Remedy," for it hit my case exactly. I had kidney and urinary trouble pretty bad. I was recommended Hunt's Remedy. I took one teaspoonful as directed. I felt a decided change at the first dose. I took two bottles, and have felt like a new man ever since. Please receive the sincere thanks of myself for the benefits which I sought vainly for and found only in Hunt's Remedy.

"I will cheerfully give this same opinion of Hunt's Remedy to any one who wishes it, by addressing

"ROBERT D. ARCHER,
"811 Linnard Street, Philadelphia.
"March 14, 1883."

Home Items.

—All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

—Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Billousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!

—"At the change of life nothing equals
Hop bitters to allay all troubles incident
Thereto."

—"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, can not exist when hop bitters are used.

—A timely * * * use of hop
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

—That indigestion or stomach gas at night, preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by using hop bitters.

—Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using hop bitters.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

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MILL STONES,
Under & Upper Runner Mills
J. W. Pyne's Purifier,
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BELTING,
SHAFTING, PULLEYS and GEARING,
Wheat Cleaning Machinery of all makes.
We can furnish anything needed by millers. Send for descriptive catalogue. Address plainly THOS. BRADFORD & CO., 174, 176 and 178 W. Second St., Cincinnati, O.

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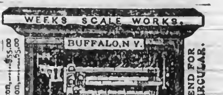
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BUFFALO, N.Y.
3-ton,—$55.00
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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 2 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl St., NEW YORK.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

SOMETHING
EVERY LADY
OUGHT TO KNOW.

There exists a means of securing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless article, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vulgar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not suspected by anybody.

No lady has the right to present a disfigured face in society when the Magnolia Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents.

Grocers and Dealers
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TEA AND COFFEE.
Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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CONSUMPTION.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

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CHICAGO
MUSICAL COLLEGE.
CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, PRESIDENT. All Instruments and Voice taught by the most skillful Instructors. Fall Term opens September 10, 1883. Send for Catalogue.

Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

ADRIAN COLLEGE, Adrian, Mich. Five Schools. Term opens Sept. 14. Add. D. S. STEPHENS, Pres't.

A. N. K.—E. 937

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1883. NUMBER 42.

THE ERA OF DEADLY TOYS.

The days of marbles, top and kite,
And all the toys that boys excite,
Will soon have passed away;
And in their stead, that thing of dread,
The pistol toy their blood will shed
In a most wholesale way.

This is the great progressive age;
We've left the embryonic stage,
And now, on higher plane,
In dynamite we take delight,
E'n though it fill the Czar with fright,
And causes England pain.

Give us the dynamite gun,
So that our boys can have some fun
With giant powder toys;
Let's have benzine and kerosene
Worked up with nitro-glycerine
For our dear little boys.

What though the cannon's cruel boom
Prepares them for an early tomb
Before they're fully ripe?
It has been sung: "The good die young,"
And, though our withers are unwrung,
Our tears are left to wipe.

Now that the Fourth has passed away,
With all its noise and revels gay,
Let powder-fiends prepare
A deadlier toy for every boy,
To help him join the hosts of joy,
And climb the golden stair.
—*N. Y. Journal.*

WOODEN COINS.

A Story of California Banking in Early Days.

"You see," he continued, "I'm a carpenter, and when I landed in San Francisco I opened a shop and did better than some huckies in the mines. I did mostly fine jobs, such as fitting up saloons, cabinet work and making gambling truck—the last queer things, I tell you, full of tricks to cheat the greenies.

"One day, I got an order for a lot of wooden adobes. 'Adobes' were gold pieces of the value of fifty dollars each, and the man who gave the order—the played-out Secretary now hauling up a tom cod yonder—wanted 1,000. I smelled a rat, but kept mum, as secrecy was the keystone of half my trade. I set my lathe to work in a room carefully locked, and in due time had the contract filled. 'Now, I want you to gild these slugs,' said the Secretary, 'and send them down to Adams & Co.'s office about the time the mail steamer gets in. Keep dark and send in your bill. I did. Old Moise let me have one of his gilders, and he did the work in good style. But for the weight, you would never have taken those 'slugs' for anything but the simon-pure article. In the drawers they made a fine display—looking what they were intended to represent—$50,000 in gold. I boxed them up, and sent them to Adams & Co.'s under cover of night, and read in the papers next morning of the arrival of $50,000 in 'adobes,' consigned to the banking house of—well you know the place on Montgomery street, near Clay—as for the name, that's nothing—it's as dead as the bank, its President, and its Board of Directors. I smiled, but said nothing. The addition of those 1,000 'slugs' helped the concern amazingly; it was only three month's old, but it stood on its legs at once. I took some pride in the affair myself, as I was the creator of its financial support.

"Thirty days passed. Then I saw the Secretary. We met on the 'old corner' one rainy night, and, after a drink, fell a chatting. Jenkins had just been hanged on the Plaza for safe-cracking, and this brought up the subject of robbery.

"'Come over to the bank,' said the Secretary; 'I've got something privately to tell you. This place is too public.'

"We crossed the street, entered a small room, and resumed the conversation. It lasted till midnight and was rather interesting.

A CURIOUS PLOT.

"The Secretary had received an anonymous letter stating that an attempt would be made to rob the bank on Thursday night. He said the directors had given him full power to act; that he wanted a reliable man to watch the bank, and his watchman could not be trusted, adding he wished me to accept the position. I agreed, and the pay was big; and, arming myself, went on duty. This was Saturday night following the conversation. I went on at nine o'clock. When the Secretary left he gave me a pitcher of toddy, also a handful of cigars. He told me to drink whenever I was dry, and cautioned me not to use my pistol unless absolutely necessary. Something in his manner as well as language aroused my suspicions. I tasted the liquor in the pitcher. It did not taste like very good toddy. It had a brackish taste, and added to my misgivings. I thought it drugged, yet was so fond of liquor that in spite of this I took a glassful. I soon felt its effects, grew stupid, and at last sank into a sort of semi-doze. I was drugged! Another glass would have stupefied me completely. As it was, I was helpless, yet cognizant of events. About eleven o'clock, as I learned afterward, I heard the door in the rear of the room open. I had forgotten to lock it when the Secretary went out.

"I was unable to move, but saw a man with his face masked enter, look at me a moment, then pass rapidly to where the safe stood. He unlocked it, took out a bag of gold dust and moved toward the door. There another man received the bag and passed it out. The second man then came back and seized a pan of doubloons, which he passed to his confederate. These put away, the bogus 'adobes' were next carried out; in fact, the burglars seemed most anxious to secure these, which circumstance I afterward easily explained. All this occurred in a space of a few minutes, as the burglars seemed thoroughly posted in regard to the location of their plunder. All this time, too, I lay motionless upon the settee, anxious and willing to act, but unable to move a muscle. At last the last pan of 'adobes' was removed.

"The men then paused near the door, and I heard one say, 'Is that all?' 'All,' was the reply. 'Then fix him,' said the first speaker. 'All right,' answered his fellow, drawing a slung-shot from under his coat. My blood ran cold, for I saw the villains had resolved to murder me as a clincher to their crime. The shock roused me from my trance. I made one desperate effort, silently cocked the 'Allen's pepper-box' with which I was armed, and I fired at the two men as they stood together. A yell followed the report, the slugs fell rattling on the floor, and the miscreants beat a hasty retreat. I heard the groans of the wounded man as he passed along the corridor, but was unable to rise or fire a shot after him; in fact, I lost consciousness; did not wake till it was daylight, when I found a crowd around me. I then told my story to the officers of the bank, who cautioned me to 'keep quiet,' which I did. The affair soon blew over, for in those days all was excitement, and the robbing of a bank, even with the wounding or killing of a man, was but a trifle on a boiling ocean."

"But how about the Secretary?"

"Jim Casey, who was afterward hanged by the Vigilance Committee of '56, took me to see him the next morning.

"The Secretary was in bed—sick, I was told, with rheumatism, but I learned afterward he had 'accidentally' shot himself in the leg! Casey got me to sign a paper, in which I stated that I knew the men who robbed the bank, and knew them to be well-known jail-birds. Warrants were procured for the arrest of the rascals, but, I believe, were never served. I drew a check for $500 the same day, and was sent on a voyage to Honolulu; cautioned as usual to keep my mouth shut. I was absent nearly a year, drawing $100 a month for the privilege of staying away. At the end of that time the 'pension' stopped, and I returned, working my way as carpenter on a whaler. I found the bank had ceased to exist—a gambling saloon taking its place. I felt I had been ill-used, went in and fought the tiger, losing everything, even to the pistol with which I shot that rascal hauling in that tomcod."

"What do you suppose was the object in robbing the bank?"

"Why, to corral those 1,000 'adobes.' Some malicious individual, who doubted the bank's solvency, put an item in a picayune sheet to the effect that those slugs wouldn't ring if thrown into a saw pit. A little spark in a paper often starts a blaze, and a 'run' was imminent on the bank. The directors, of course, kept stiff upper lips, appeared to treat the matter with contempt, but concluded to yank off their bogus coin under cover of a robbery. Another glass of punch in my stomach would have made it a success. Confound that Secretary! I sometimes feel like chucking him into the bay. He would have killed me as coolly as he would a rat."

"Did the 'adobe' fraud ever leak out?"

"Yes, but counted nothing. The bank was smashed the moment the 'run' was started. Ralston, who had a weakness for institutions of that kind, tried to save it, but couldn't put up enough coin. He retired, and the balloon collapsed."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Hooded Leopard.

In Africa and Southern Asia the cheetah or hunting leopard is important to the sportsman. The animals resemble the common leopard in their markings, but are more slender, having long legs and certain external canine characteristics that are very noticeable, so that it was long thought a connecting link between the dogs and cats. In Persia it is called the *youze*, and they are carried to the field in low cars, whereon they are chained. Each leopard is hooded. When the hunters come within view of a herd of antelopes the leopard is unchained, his hood is removed, and the game is pointed out to him, being directed in the pursuit by his sight. Then he steals along cautiously and crouchingly, taking advantage of every means of masking his attack, till he has approached the herd unseen within killing distance, when he suddenly launches himself upon his quarry with five or six vigorous and rapid bounds, strangles it instantaneously, and drinks its blood. The huntsman now approaches the leopard, caresses him, wins him from his prey by placing the blood which he collects in a wooden ladle under the nose of the animal, or by throwing to him pieces of meat, and while he is thus kept quiet hoods him, leads him back to his car, and there chains him. If the leopard fails, in consequence of the herd having taken timely alarm, he attempts no pursuit, but returns to his car with a dejected and mortified air.

The hyena and ounce have also been used in hunting, while the wild dog of Africa is often in demand. In Asia tiger-hunting would be practiced less were it not for the elephants, who seem to enjoy the dangerous sport as well as their riders, who are safely housed on their backs. These intelligent animals are also used in capturing wild animals of their own kind, and are important factors in the training and subduing process that comes later. The horse was formerly used in England to stalk animals. They were trapped so that the rider was concealed, and so feeding along the animal gradually brought the sportsman nearer the game. In the inventories of the wardrobe belonging to King Henry VIII. is the allowance of certain qualities of stuff for the purpose of making stalking coats and stalking hose for the use of his Majesty.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—An intelligent young Englishman of good family, a baronet's son, who has been investing largely in lands in Texas, was asked how it was that so many of his countrymen were buying land in this country just at this time. "I will tell you," he said. "There is a very general feeling that there will be a great change in England soon, equal to that made in the South by your civil war. Although they would laugh at the idea if you suggested it, nine out of ten men in England believe that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, will be the last king England will ever have. A revolution is silently but surely preparing that will uproot all the remnants of the old feudal system."—*Chicago Times.*

—In a recent conversation Representative Carlisle, of Kentucky, who two years ago visited Parliament, said our House of Representatives is in all respects superior to the British House of Commons. With the exception of Bright and a few other noted members, he thinks that our lower house possesses more intellect than the British House, and that our Representatives personally look hotter, and that better order is observed.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Kansas witling suggests that as Iowa doesn't owe a dollar she ought to change her name.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PITH AND POINT.

—This is one of the best mottoes ever followed: Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.

—"Boys and women," says an experienced observer, "always want to be where they aint."

—"No," said Mrs. McGill, "we didn't celebrate All Fool's Day at our house. The 'Squire never pays any attention to legal hollow days; and as for me, I feel just as foolish one Day as another."—*Marathon Independent.*

—There are few things so irritating in this life as to wait half an hour for your adversary at checkers, and then have him look up, as just aroused from a nap, and stupidly inquire, "Whose move is it?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—When travelling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will often cure a headache. A more effective remedy is to lie with the head on the railroad track in front of an engine. The latter recipe is warranted or the money refunded.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"My son," said an Arkansaw colonel of the reformed school, "in life always make it a point not to fight." "Suppose a man calls me a liar, what must I do?" "Find out whether he has told the truth or not. If he has, acknowledge the accusation, and if he has not, move to another neighborhood."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A friend in the suburbs has a gem of a servant girl. Her latest achievement was to use pain-killer as a flavoring for ice-cream. She builded better than she knew, and the bane and the antidote for stomach-ache were dished out at the same time. And yet the ice-cream was not such as one would wish to partake of more than once.—*Boston Herald.*

—Scene in a kindergarten. The teacher had been telling stories suitable for very young minds. Pupil (aged seven years)—"I can tell a story, too." Teacher—"What is it about?" Pupil—"A story of the lion and the flea." Teacher—"Tell it." Pupil—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion."—*Golden Days.*

—"Mr. Blifkins, I do wish you would give up that abominable practice of punning," said the good lady to her man at breakfast the other morning. "You don't like punning, my dear?" said old B., with affected surprise. "You know very well that I don't. I'd rather have a hedgehog in the house than a punster." "I see," said the incorrigible brute. "Hedgehog, eh? H'm—hog. Ah, yes—it's for pork-you-pine," and he slipped under the end of the table just in time to dodge the missile hurled at his head by the now thoroughly exasperated woman.—*N. Y. Post.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In Oregon 8,000 men and $1,500,000 capital are employed in the salmon fishing industry. The fishermen make as high as $2,000 for four months' work.

—There are three sardine factories, and a fourth nearly completed, in Lubec, on the Maine coast. Between two hundred and three hundred men are employed.

—A shipment of three hundred bushels of red acorns has been made to Germany for planting on untillable lands and hillsides. This tree is found to do well in Europe, and its wood is valuable. The acorns were gathered in Missouri at an average cost of one dollar a bushel.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Within the past four years 9,500 acres of land in and around Charlemont, on the James River, in Virginia, have been sold in farms ranging from twenty to three hundred acres to a thrifty class of Northern and Western people. They are prospering beyond their expectations, and delighted with the promise for the future.

—A stone of purplish brown color has been found in inexhaustible quantities near Summitville, in Coffee County, Tenn. It is susceptible of a fine finish. Samples of another kind have also been shown which are claimed to be of the kind used for lithographing. Specimens of both have been sent to the State Agricultural Commissioner.

—Bread has at times been put to curious uses, but it remained for a Peruvian to make a practical application of the old saw that bread, being a necessity, is the mother of invention. He has just made a clock out of bread. He was too poor to get metal, so he used the soft part of the bread that made up his daily meals, contenting himself with the crusts. He employed a certain salt to solidify the material, and so manufactured a hadsome clock that keeps excellent time. Next.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Cool.

The Amesbury (Mass.) *News* relates that a trader of that town, accompanied by his wife, visited a friend in Merrimac, a provision-dealer, who invited him to examine his ice-closet. The Amesbury gentleman left his wife in the carriage and proceeded with his friend to an inspection of the ice-closet, which they entered, the former pulling the door to after him. A spring lock being attached to the outside of the door, they were prisoners in the coolest place the town could provide. In vain they shouted—their cries could not be heard. The wife, tired of waiting, took a short drive about town, and her husband not appearing on her return, she entered the store, but no one was to be seen. In passing a particular place she thought she heard voices, and upon opening the door of the closet was surprised to see the gentlemen, who had become nearly exhausted by their close confinement and endeavors to escape.

—Lordsburg, New Mexico, is a frontier paradise. It has five hundred inhabitants and thirty-seven saloons, besides a choice collection of dance-houses and gambling dens. Since July 8, 1882, fourteen persons have died in the town, and the causes of death may be classified as follows: Lynched, one; murdered, three; suicides, six; small-pox, three; doubtful, one.—*Chicago Herald.*

Religious.

EVANGELISTE.

The Sabbath morn was fresh and cool,
And all along the quiet street
The children came from Sunday-school,
I heard the pattering of their feet.
I saw their faces fair,
Their gravely happy air;
The sweetest sight in all the land,
It was to see them meet or part;
Each with a Bible in her hand,
A holy lesson in her heart.

One child more fair than all the rest
(I wish that I could sing her name),
In richest silk and velvet dressed,
When school was over, onward came,
With childhood's beaming face,
And childhood's winsome grace,
Holding her mother's hand; her eyes
Were homes of holy love and prayer,
And kept the color of the skies,
Untroubled by a tear or care.

And as they trod the quiet street,
They met a poor, toil-weary child;
The children stopped, as glad to meet,
And each upon the other smiled.
"Good-bye," I heard them say,
"You'll come next Sabbath day?"
"Oh, yes! I'll come." And on she went,
Beguiled of half her care and fear;
The mother to her daughter bent:
"How do you know that child, my dear?"

"I know her lately," she confessed;
"Just since this morning, when she came
To Sunday-school, so badly dressed—
I do not think I know her name—
But she looked tired and shy,
And almost like to cry,
And half ashamed to onward pass;
I could not bear her face to see,
And no one knew her in the class,
And so I made a place by me.

"And smiled to her; the place she took,
And then she smiled right back to me;
I let her read out of my book,
And she was glad as she could be.
And when the school was o'er,
And we were at the door,
She smiled again as I stood near,
And I smiled back, and so you see
We got acquainted, mamma dear."
The mother kissed her tenderly,

And onward went with solemn face,
Thinking, no doubt, how childhood's love,
How childhood's kindly care and grace,
Is most like that which is above.
—*Lillie E. Barr, in S. S. Times.*

Futility and Utility.

The trouble with people who set up a utilitarian standard and subject everything to that, generally is that they leave out of their calculations the most important aim and attainment of life—character. Anything that fits a person to do the immediate work in hand is placed under the head of utility, and commended. Anything other is placed under the head of futility, and condemned. The work in hand, moreover, is almost invariably that which tends to the getting of bread and butter, and after that to the accumulation of wealth. To minister to the material wants is utility. To minister to the spiritual wants is—well, perhaps it would not be called futility: but these wants would be supposed to provide for themselves. The effects of work and thought upon the forming character—this is the thing overlooked.

It is a dangerous thing to set up a standard of utility. It is likely to be fatal when the standard is fixed in materialism. There is much greater need to see to it to-day that the rising generation shall not be imbued with the idea that the end-all is to get-all, than there is to revise a tariff or build a navy. A false view of utility and futility will destroy a nation far sooner than oppression or hostile fleets. When character is lost sight of in the greed for gain: when the parents decide everything for their children on the simple ground of whether it will or will not better enable them to "get on" in the world; when the cultivation of the mind and heart are made of no account beside the equipment for trade; when to be prosperous is made to stand for being good; when individual wealth is everything and individual character a matter of indifference, then manhood and the nation are in peril.

Character can never rightly be made secondary. Whatever conduces directly or indirectly to the formation of good character is useful in the highest and truest sense. Whatever conduces to anything else is worse than futile, and in tendency is fatal. Christianity is the only sun that can penetrate the fog covering the question of utility and futility. When the standard of utility is fixed according to the Christian standard, that rates a man by what he is, not by how much money he can make—that measures him by spiritual not material possessions, and that measures human activities and pursuits by the effects they will produce upon the character that must eternally endure rather than upon the accumulation of riches that must soon be left—then and then only can it be a safe standard to live by and educate children by. The true utilitarian view is that nothing is useful that does not tend to develop high, noble, pure and Christian character; nothing is useless that does. The life that is sordid and selfish is futilitarian; the true utilitarian is the life that develops character along the lines laid down by Him who, seeing the end from the beginning, said: "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment;" and "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Strong Foundations.

A story is told of Lepaux, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion, to be called "Theophilanthropy," a kind of organized Rousseauism, and that, being disappointed in its not being readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand of the difficulty he found in introducing it.

"I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then, perhaps, you might succeed."

"What is it? what is it?" asked the other, with eagerness.

"It is this," said Talleyrand, "go and be crucified, and then be buried, and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end!" And the philosopher, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.

The anecdote shows, in a fresh and striking light, how firm the foundation on which Christianity and the faith of the Christian rest. "Ransack all history," says an able writer, "and you can not find a single event more satisfactorily and clearly proved than the resurrection of Christ from the dead." And says another, a distinguished jurist: "If human evidence ever has proved, or ever can prove anything, then the miracles of Christ are proved beyond a shadow of a doubt." And yet the miracles and resurrection of Christ prove His divinity; and, as Napoleon said: "His divinity once admitted, Christianity appears with the precision and clearness of algebra; it has the connection and unity of a science."

And on this strong foundation it is that Christianity and Christian faith rest. And how absolutely immovable that foundation is, how absolutely convincing the evidence from this source, we hardly realize until, like Talleyrand, we call on the objector himself to be crucified, himself to rise from the dead, and himself to work miracles, as Christ did throughout Jerusalem, and all Judea, in the presence of thousands and tens of thousands, both enemies and friends.

It is a most assuring as well as comforting thought that this external evidence from without can never be shaken while human testimony has value or meaning. And when we add to this the internal evidence—the fact that thousands and millions of Christians have felt, in their own experience, that the Gospel is true, just as the hungry man knows that he is fed, or the thirsty when he has drank, just as we know the existence of the sun because we see its light and feel its heat—then the foundation on which, as Christians, we rest stands doubly sure to the soul. Heaven and earth may pass away, but God's word and all that rests upon it shall abide forever.—*American Messenger.*

The Temptations of Prosperity.

We may be "tried" by riches as well as by poverty; by health and strength prolonged through many years as well as by sickness; by public honor as well as by slander and unmerited censure; by appointment to an office of high responsibility, and carrying with it public distinction, as well as by unmerited dismissal from it; by the fulfillment of our brightest hopes as well as by the catastrophes which quench them; by the ease of our life as well as its hardships; by its unbroken peace and untroubled security as well as by the perils which shake the heart with fear. Many a man who has nobly stood the test of sorrow and loss has failed when the dark and evil days have passed by and his life is bright with joy.

We are not accustomed to describe our successes, our prosperous fortunes, the sources of our flowing happiness, as "trials;" but by these, too, God may "prove thee, to know what is in thine heart," and whether thou wilt keep His commandments or no. These, too, may bring us discoveries of moral weakness and defect with which we had never charged ourselves. These, too, may be necessary to provoke into activity elements of righteousness which are wanting in alertness and vigor. They are among the "manifold" trials which contribute to Christian perfection. That we never think of them as trials may suggest to us the exceptional danger to which they expose us. They do not alarm us, and therefore do not excite us to vigilance and compel us to invoke that Divine defense and support which, even in times apparently most free from peril, can alone give us perfect safety. * *

Life, from first to last, is a perpetual "trial," and the "trial" is perpetually varied. In the school of God there are no vacations. His "mercies are new every morning;" on our part there should be a new depth of trust and a new rapture of praise. We have more to thank Him for to-day than we had yesterday: our thankfulness should be inspired with more intense passion. We are nearer Heaven to-day than we were yesterday; our hope should rise to diviner heights, and there should be a more exulting joy in the prospect of going to the blessed home of God. If our environment remains the same, we ourselves have changed: and, with the change in ourselves, our environment becomes a new test of our fidelity to God. We should, therefore, be thankful for long life, and for the discipline—painful as it must sometimes be—which extends from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. We should count it all joy that the "temptations," the "trials," of life are "manifold;" for every one of them may add to us some new element of force, some new touch of grace and beauty. The development of Christian righteousness is the Divine end of human life: when we accept that end, its sorrows and its joys alike will have a new aspect and a new meaning. The transitory delights and the transitory sufferings of this mortal condition will then alike contribute to the wealth of our eternal blessedness, and the splendor of our eternal glory.—*R. W. Dale, in Expositor.*

Choice Extracts.

—If there is any person whom you dislike, that is the very person of whom you ought never to speak.—*Cecil.*

—The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—*Carlyle.*

—There's no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—*Ruskin.*

—I do wish that all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh—in anchoring the business ships of our daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again.—*Anna Warner.*

—God's house is not the place for aching heads; it is the place to heal aching hearts. The most outrageous nonsense that is current in theological seminaries is that which deludes young men into the folly of aiming at the profound and philosophic treatises for the pulpit.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Our Young Folks.

MY BABY BOY.

My baby boy, o'er whose golden head
But two short years had their brightness shed,
Had dropped his playthings, and climbed with care
Till he stood erect in a neighboring chair,
With his dainty ankles and bare white feet
Half hid in the depths of the cushioned seat.

He poised himself as he caught a view
Of the pleasant picture the mirror drew
Of his own sweet face. The violet eyes
Were lifted a moment in glad surprise,
As, with smile as sweet as my baby's own,
The other Charley looked kindly down.
"Dot boo eyes, too? dot my pritty dess?
You're the other Tarley boy, I guess."
Then his face was grave, and he nearer bent,
Stroking his cheek with a look intent;
He touched his chin, and the ripe red lips,
Sweet as the bloom the honey-bee sips.
"What is it, Charley? what do you see?"
With an air of conscious dignity
This man in miniature turned to speak,
And said, still stroking his rosy cheek,
And touching his chin with his small pink thumb:
"*I'm lookin' to see has my 'isters tome.*"
—*Mrs. Mary H. Taylor, in Harper's Young People.*

LINDY.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice.

"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your pa is coming already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it for awhile, in a half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and carried along, mile after mile, till some fence or other obstacle was reached, where they could pile up in great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble-weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands, and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright, changing spectacle, from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things. The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half terrible, half beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce, hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side, meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort, she sank, faint, dizzy and trembling, upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and, as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by and by color began to return to the white face and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when, half an hour later, her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face, he looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl!"—*Charlotte A. Butts, in St. Nicholas.*

Beavers and Their Houses.

What queer little things beavers are. What strange houses they can build! They make a sort of cabin of branches of trees and mud. The mud answers nicely for mortar.

They have large, strong teeth. When they are cutting the branches for use they gnaw them off with their teeth. They make the sticks just as nearly the same length as they can. They dig up the mud with their paws, for they are great diggers. When they are ready to build their cabin, they use their flat tails just as masons use a trowel. With it they spat and smooth the coat of mud as they put it on.

The beaver's tail is very short, and well adapted to this purpose. As the wall of the cabin rises higher, it is hard for the builder to reach the top. What do you think he does? Why, he props himself up on it and goes on with his work.

These little creatures lead an idle sort of life during most of the summer months and keep by themselves; but the last of August they form into companies and begin to cut down their timber.

The beavers always select a place for building close to a stream of water. To get to the entrance, they must go down under the water. In order to keep the water over the doors just high enough, they make a perfect dam. This dam is also built of branches and mud. For fear the branches might move and get out of place, they fix stones upon them, sometimes of large size, to keep them down.

Do you see how they can understand all this? If they did not have a dam, the door of the cabin might be closed up with ice if the water got low in the stream in winter.

In this cabin there are two little rooms. They are shaped like an oven. The beavers live in the upper one, and in the lower they store away their food. They eat the roots and branches of different vegetables in the winter. They often lay up food in very large quantities.

This wonderful little animal is about three feet long. His tail is eleven inches long. He uses it as a rudder in swimming, as well as a trowel. This rudder, with his web feet, enables him to swim much faster than he can walk.

So you see that God gives to every creature certain tools to do his own work.—*Our Little Ones.*

A Swimmer's Experience.

The late Captain Webb, the swimmer, a short time ago performed the feat of plunging twice into the water at Pemberton, Mass., from a tower sixty-five feet high. Of this experience he said afterward: "I hit with an awful crack, and a very small object in the water would cause an inconvenience if I struck upon it. I must have struck a chip on the surface, for, as you will notice by my eye, there is a slight disfigurement of the lid. In every descent I make I run a risk. A log hidden beneath the surface, for instance, might cause me instant death." "How far do you go down below the surface?" "Not more than ten feet. The water even at that depth is very cold, but the crack I get by the fall warms me all over. I have jumped from a height ten feet greater than this."

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. AUG. 15. 1883.

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ONLY three states yield more internal revenue than Kentucky.

THE election is over, and the next thing on docket is the Lawrenceburg Fair.

THE Crittenden Press got its rooster knocked heels over head in the election last week.

A HARD fight was made on local option in Georgetown, but it was defeated by 297 majority.

TRUSTEES are now in possession of data upon which to base their contracts with teachers for the fall and winter schools.

J. W. PERRY was reelected in Owen, and will be a candidate for Speaker of the Lower House of the next General Assembly.

ALL the heads of departments left Washington, a few days since, on a junketing tour, and the government survived without a struggle.

IN one of the Owen county voting districts a man was so enraged at the success of local option, that he seized the poll book and destroyed it.

AT a convention in St. Louis the colored folks resolved that their proper name as a race is negro, and that it should be spelled with a big N.

THE RECORDER was one among the few local papers that gave its readers the result, last week, of the election for contested county offices.

HON. J. T. SIMON was defeated for reelection to the legislature in Pendleton county. The indiscretion of some of Simon's friends did him no good.

THE shank of Gov. Blackburn's administration is going to be productive of pardons, and the worst characters in the penitentiary are being liberated.

JAMES ALFRED, a prominent young doctor, suicided on the 7th inst., in Owen county, by shooting himself through the head. Too much morphine is said to be the cause.

AN Illinois woman has done no work since her recent conversion, and her husband has sued the revivalist who was instrumental in destroying her household usefulness.

THE Richmond Herald has changed hands, and B. J. Newlon is now its editor. He is an experienced newspaper man, and will keep the Herald up to its present standard of excellency.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 30@5 60; fair to good packers, at $4 90@5 35; fair to good light, $5 50@5 75; common, $4 3 @4 85; culls, $3 25@4 25: stock hogs, $4 25@5 25.

ELIJAH HOGAN was elected representative in Gallatin county. Mr. H. represented Gallatin in the legislature some time since, when Gallatin and Grant together were entitled to but one representative.

HERE is the Dearborn Independent's opinion in regard to certain matters concerning the next Presidential canvass:

"If Indiana is certain to be a pivotal state in 1884 and the Democracy should be wise enough to nominate Holman for President the Republicans can not win."

SOME of our exchanges speak of Col. T. L. Jones' voting the democratic ticket from "eend to eend" as though it was a remarkable thing for him to do. Why, any body with three grains of knowledge of the man would have known that was exactly what he would do.

THE voters of this county have again said that they do not desire a convention called to revise the Constitution. The people seem utterly indifferent as to whether their Constitution is consistent or not. The Constitution of Kentucky is practically a defunct instrument, and the indications are it will remain in its present impracticable shape for some time to come.

THE cholera is not so bad in Egypt, but its ravages are yet very great.

A CANADIAN dealer has bought 5,000 bushels of potatoes in Lexington.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR tapped the drum for the starting of the Southern Exposition at Louisville.

THE sheriff of Graves county was the first sheriff in the state to make a payment on the revenue for 1883.

THE next House of National Representatives will be composed of 323 members as follows: Democrats, 192; Republicans, 116; Readjusters, 6; Independents, 6; Greenbackers, 2.

AN alarming epidemic has made its appearance near Wilton Junction, Iowa. At first it was thought to be cholera infantum, but several grown persons have died from the disease.

THE art gallery, at the Southern Exposition, is the finest display of pictures ever witnessed in the United States. The pictures displayed represent more than one million dollars.

THE Superintendent of Public Instruction announces that the per capita for the school year 1883-4 is one dollar and forty cents. The school commissioner is now disbursing the July draft.

THE Georgetown Times has concluded that free whisky is a bad thing to be allowed to circulate on election days, but 684 of its town people say it is a good thing to have in town, nevertheless.

THE vote in this county for Governor four years ago was, Blackburn, 924; Evans, 162. The vote Monday is much larger, which will increase Boone's representation in the State conventions for the next four years.

BULGER, the negro rapist, who is to be hung on the 4th of next month, is being guarded at a cost of $60 a day to the state. This is certainly an unnecessary expense, as there is no danger of his being lynched while awaiting execution.

THE treatment of Senator Beck at the hands of the management of the Southern Exposition is simply outrageous. They solicited Mr. Beck's services in securing the President's visit and presence at the opening of the exposition, and then neglected to extend to him the courtesy of an invitation.

WONDER if President Arthur will want to take up his residence in this state when his term of office expires? He seems to be somewhat infatuated with Kentucky productions, and says as follows: "I had a chance to see two things on which Kentucky plumes herself—her horses and her beautiful women—and now I am a believer in both of them."

WHO shall decide when Republican doctors disagree? Judge Foraker says the country is highly prosperous because of the Republican protective tariff. The Commercial Gazette says that business is greatly depressed because of over production. The Chicago Tribune, a very staunch Republican paper, says the depression and the failures, which threaten to become epidemic, are the result of the protective tariff.—News Journal.

THE pardon mill at Frankfort, a few days since, ground out the following pardons:

For Grove Kennedy, sentenced to the penitentiary in 1876, for the murder of his uncle at Lancaster. Previous to his trial it was thought he would be lynched, the people considering his crime so outrageous.

For Alexander Oder, who shot and killed his brother-in-law in Cynthiana, and was sent up for two years.

For Clarence Rutherford, sentenced for life for the murder of a man in Logan county.

For Ren Garrity, ex-police officer of Louisville, sentenced to one year for obtaining money from the state by fraudulent claims.

For Dave Furguson, defaulting back tax collector of Louisville, sentenced last April for five years.

With such lavish use of the pardoning power, it is not surprising that the efficacy of our criminal laws is regarded a failure. It seems that the more terrible the crime, the more certain the perpetrator is of Executive clemency.

Rough on Carpenter.

Three of the prisoners who recently escaped from jail here—Marion Roe, Warren Roe and William Roe—all under the charge of murder, were returned to their former quarters last Monday night. Their capture was affected by Nelson Carpenter at Rock Lick, Jackson county, on Saturday night. They were not as careful as they might have been, considering there was a reward of $50 each offered by the jailer for their capture There were 6 old indictments against Carpenter, the captor, a former resident of this county, and as soon as he returned the prisoners, he was taken in charge also and placed in jail.—Richmond Herald.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

QUITE an excitement was created in Lawrenceburg, Ind., last Saturday morning, when a notice stating that the Lawrenceburg City National Bank had suspended business, was discovered on the bank door just previous to business hours. There were various rumors as to what precipitated the suspension, but the uneasiness of the local depositors was greatly relieved when the Cashier, D. W. C. Fitch, a man in whose integrity everybody has implicit confidence, assured them that every dollar that the bank held on deposit would be paid in full. The popular theory is that the heavy loss sustained by Henry Fitch in saw-mill and lumber business during the last February flood, and his embarking in the business on a more extensive scale than before, entangled the bank, which was endeavoring to assist him. The suspension is regarded as only temporary, as the Fitch family are so abundantly blessed with this world's goods. Among the stockholders there is but one Boone county man, Ben R. Gaines, who has stock to the amount of $5,000.

OF State Senators elected the first Monday in August but one was a republican, and of the nineteen holding over, four are republicans—just one too many for a game of croquet.

COL. E. POLK JOHNSTON, of Louisville has announced himself as a candidate for Clerk of the House at the ensuing session of the General Assembly.

STATE NEWS.

—Frankfort Yeoman: Mr. Charles E. Green has a stalk with 173 sunflowers upon it.

—Joe Rice, of Paducah, has a potato petrified as hard as stone. It is on its way to the Exposition.

—Louisa Index: A white crow has made its appearance about the mouth of Nats creek, this county.

—Henry Stanton is the only editor in the state who has funds enough to take him to a watering place.

—Zoller, of the Mt. Olivet Tribune, has recently spent much of his time at the bedside of his hogs, the supply of which is increasing rapidly.

—Lexington Transcript: Mr. J. K. Watts, of Toronto, Canada, has been in the city for several days. He has purchased 5,000 bushels of Irish potatoes to ship to Canada, for which he paid forty cents per bushel.

—Bracken County Democrat: We have heard that cholera never prevails where flies are plentiful. It this be true, it will not be likely to make its appearance in this country, as the house-fly is more numerous this year than for several years past.

—Clinton Democrat: The Clark county Democrat says Wm. Strode, of Henry county, is over seventy years old, but has no gray hairs on his head. Ballard county has a man over twenty years old who hasn't a hair of any sort on his head, and never did have.

—Hartford Times: Woman who has been looking over blankets in a Main-street store: "Well, I didn't mean to buy, am just looking for a friend." Clerk, politely: "Don't think you'll find your friend among the blankets. We've looked 'em all through."

—Jerry Henderson, at Filmore, caught on the morning of the 15th ult., with a trot line, a cat fish eighteen inches between the eyes and weighing 500 pounds. It and two others weighing 100 pounds, can be seen at the ferry landing at Filmore. So says the Wickliff Plaindealer.

—Maysville Eagle: The breeding of fast horses has been much condemned, but it has done immense good to agricultural interests. It has turned the farmer's pot-bellied, hang-headed, stumbling, staggering plug into a smart, bright, quick-stepping horse that can do twice the amount of work his predecessor was capable of, and trot off to market or to church in a quarter of the time.

—New Castle is having quite a sensation over the death of Mrs. Jane Cogles whose body was found in a well on her premises last week. The general impression at first was that Mrs. Cogle had committed suicide but certain facts have been brought to light which tend to show foul play. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death from other means than drowning, but the whole affair is still shrouded in mystery.—Carrollton Democrat.

—Last Saturday, John Perry, who is raising a crop on the Sam Bledsoe farm, near Craig's Creek, noticed a lot of cattle, which had apparently been turned into his corn field. In putting them out, some one fired upon him from ambush, the bullet passing very close to his head. He attempted to discover who the would be assassin was, but only caught a glimpse of his shirt as he escaped through the bushes. He says he has an idea who the assailant is, and that he will keep a sharp lookout for him in the future. He believes it is an effort to drive him away from his present abode.—Warsaw Independent.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Houston, Tex., is receiving over 100 bales of cotton daily.

GRAND EVENT OF THE YEAR!

The Lawrenceburg Fair,

AUGUST 22nd to 25th, 1883.

RACES Every DAY.

PROGRAMME:

Wednesday, August 22.
Jack and Mules, Heavy Draft Horses.
Boone and Dearborn County Trot, Purse.......$30 00
Running Race, Purse,.......$100 00

Thursday, August 23.
Address by HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE.
Cattle, Saddle Horses, Hogs and Sheep.
Three minute trot, Purse,.......$200 00
Running Race, Purse,.......$150 00

Friday, August 24.
General Purpose Horses, Sweepstakes on Hogs and Sheep, Matched Horses, Sweepstakes on Stallions, Purse...$50 00
Two Thirty Trot, Purse.......$200 00
Free for all Pace, Purse.......$300 00

Saturday, August 25.
Herds of Cattle, Purse.......$150 00
Light Harness Horses, Sweepstakes on General Purpose Horses, Purse...$50 00
Running Race, Purse.......$200 00
Free for all Trot, Purse.......$400 00

STEAM FERRY at Lawrenceburg during Fair week, Commencing Wednesday, August 22nd.

No Entry Fees for Competition. Send for Premium Lists.

W. H. O'BRIEN, Secretary,
Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

—A tomato cannery at Austin, Texas, puts up 4,000 cans a day.

—Electric matches are made by a match company at Pierce city, Mo.

—Salt water has invaded the rivers in South Carolina, and fears are felt as to the effect on the rice crop.

—Nashville American: New Orleans is taking notes at the Louisville Exposition to aid in starting her own show next year properly and on time.

—The Rome Courier is endeavoring to digest the statement of an exchange to the effect that "a dog bit a little boy in the West End the other day."

—Mountain Grove (Mo.) Times: A Springfield burglar broke into an editor's house the other night, and the authorities can not decide whether he should be in the penitentiary or an insane asylum.

—After taking out the amount of a fare a Texas railroad conductor handed $19 20 to the wrong passenger, who pocketed it and refused to give it up on the ground that he did not ask the conductor for it.

—The press of Opelika, Ala., supplies a temperance influence over that community. There is not a printer, editor, local editor, or any person connected with the printing business there that drinks intoxicating liquors of any kind.

—A band of Second Adventists which a short time since established themselves at Fairfax Court-house, Va., appeared to have carried everything before them in that village, and it is said that in a short time they will have a large church, which a number of their converts will build for them.

—Baltimore American: People at the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va., drive over to St. John's Protestant Episcopal church at Hampton, which is the oldest sacred edifice in the country. It was built of brick brought from Holland in 1658. Its bell, given by Queen Elizabeth, was melted in a fire that once burned in the structure for three days.

—The war between the whites and blacks of Hempstead county, Ark., which has been going on for a week, is being brought to a close. Six were killed and four wounded during hostilities, but about seventy of the belligerent blacks have surrendered to Gen. Newton, and have been given secure quarters in various jails, but the ringleaders of the lawless band are afraid to surrender, and are hiding in the woods.

—The Texas Patron: An incident occurred at the marriage at Mr. John Prewit's, that was amusing, and at the same time provoking. While the marriage ceremony was being performed every one gathered around to witness it, and the supper room was left without a guard. Upon return of the family and friends it was discovered that some one had gone in and stolen all the chickens that had been prepared. This loss was amusingly deplored, especially on account of the Methodist preachers who were present. Nothing else was taken, so far as known.

Twists and Twinges.

"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage one bright autumnal Sunday, "here is a lesson from the cornfield. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted: Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking-peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possible; but nobody wants to be husked, for all that, and nature teaches us to resist the process Therefore, we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N. Y., M. Alfred Bear, a French gentleman, writes:

"I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me. But PARKER'S TONIC gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name.

Messrs Hiscox & Co., call especial attention to the fact that this preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

ATTENTION!

Attention! Attention

If you want to buy a first-class organ If you want to buy a first-class Piano. If you want to exchange your old instrument. If you want to receive their full value. If you want an instrument of any kind If you want to exchange your old sewing machine. If you want to buy the best new sewing machine. If you want to receive a five years warrant with every purchase, bring or send your orders to G. S. Lozier Gen. Agent, Lawrenceburg, Indiana, Office & Sales Room in Dr. C. G. Walters' building, Corner Short and Tate Streets. Send for Prices and Circulars.

All mail orders filled promptly.

A fine display of Organs, Pianos and Sewing Machines will be on exhibition at Lawrenceburg and Aurora Fairs. Call and examine them and leave orders.

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Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

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Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 65½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good.

MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

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GEORGETOWN, Ky.—On Cincinnati Southern R.R.

Located in the healthy and beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, 55 session opens September 3rd, 1883. Instruction in all branches of a College education. Experienced Professor. The degree of B. S., A. B. and A. M., conferred. Useful course for those who can spend only one or two years in College. Terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address to

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Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation Fairmount Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim, Burlington.

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CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.

BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.

DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature. Wry-Neck. Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.

WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.

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Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

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Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the

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Sold by all Druggists.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. H. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

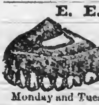
Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday.
Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister. Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,



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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire fulfilment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

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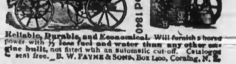
$1000 REWARD For any machine hulling and cleaning $1 for market as much Clover Seed in one DAY as the VICTOR



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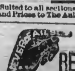

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PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Local News.

Now cut your briars.

Jumbo literature is around again.

A good shower will secure fine fall pastures.

Lickskillet is the name of a neighborhood in this county.

The damp weather last week greatly benefitted the blackberry crop.

The cemetery at this place has at last received a much needed cleaning up.

Elder Rupard will preach in the Court-house, this place, next Saturday.

Mittie Acra exeurted to High Bridge Sunday. He took it all in by himself.

The RECORDER is under obligations to Mr. M. S. Rice for many favors extended it.

The worst blood diseases are cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its effects are felt immediately.

The colored folks have commenced the foundation for a parsonage, next to their church.

Rev. A. G. Gaines occupied the pulpit in the Universalist church, at this place, Sunday morning and afternoon.

Solon Rice, of Bellevue, had 70 acres of wheat that made 1,200 bushels. It was the best crop in that neighborhood.

The gentle rain that visited this section last Thursday night did much good, and was badly needed. It was not as general as we hoped.

The North Bend Association of Baptist will be held with the Bullittsburg Church this year. We have not learned the date of its meeting.

Ras Huey and Geo. Hammon have a "three mile" contract for hauling and breaking stone on the Burlington and Bellevue pike, at $1 a perch.

County Clerk Garnett and Attorney Tolin visited the city Saturday, and while there took in the game between the Eclipse and Cincinnatis.

A band of horse traders, equipped for camp life, passed through town Monday morning. They made a short stop, but exchanged none of their stock.

If some fellow would invent a flea trap, he could find a ready sale for many of them in this town. We'd take a dozen and if they did good work, would duplicate the order.

Elzie Harper, an extensive tomato raiser, of the Hebron neighborhood, says that that crop will be very short in his section of the country. The market price is 25 cents per bushel.

Last Friday a company commanded by C. L. Crisler, made a raid on the finny tribe in the Ohio, near Bellevue, and captured a fine lot of fish. They have a good sein and always bring fish home when they go.

Posters are out announcing a grand afternoon and moonlight pic-nic in Wm. Walton's woods on the 18th inst. Robert Carver, Pink Rice, Herbert Walton, Paul Walton, Ed Cloud and John Cloud compose the committee.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Wheat is coming into our market this week in large quantities. The price paid ranges from $1@$1 30. The average quality is reported as not being above that of last year,—a considerable quantity being somewhat shrunken from the effects of rust.—Lawrenceburg Press.

George Huschart & Co. put up two of their fine monuments in the cemetery at Bullittsville, Boone county, Ky. One was erected by E. M. Gaines for his daughter, Mrs. Mary. M. Duncan, at a cost of $200; and the other by Mrs. Cooper for her husband, Robert W. Cooper, at a cost of $150.—Lawrenceburg Press.

The Walton authorities had a young fellow lodged in jail here Sunday charged with housebreaking. He and a negro entered a house near that place, the negro got the biggest part of the steal and skipped out. The little fellow is but 16 years old, and says that his home is at St. Louis, and was on his way home when put off the train at Walton. His name is Charles Morris.

J. L. Johnson, of Hamilton, was present at the counting of the vote, and protested against the board's recognizing the vote cast on the local option question in that district. His grounds were that nothing showed that the officers of the election were sworn as by law required, the oath and certificate attached to the poll book being blank. The board decided that it could not pass upon the legality of the vote and declared the result as shown by the poll book. We did not learn whether Mr. Johnson will appeal to the court to pass upon the legality of the vote.

The Aurora Distilling Company are doing the handsome thing by offering an elegant premium for the best lady rider at the Aurora Fair. The prize will be a solid silver tea set, costing $136 50, and is a genuine beauty. The probability is that a large number will compete for this prize and it will be something worth winning. At least seven ladies must compete and no doubt this will be the finest and most exciting ring of the fair.—Aurora Independent.

Now, Brother Cobb, if some of our handsome Boone county ladies don't capture that elegant tea set, it won't be because they will not try. We'll bet you a glass of Aurora beer that that premium comes across the Ohio.

Official Vote.

Precincts	*Governor.*			*L. Gov.*		*At. Gen*		*Auditor*		*Treas.*		*Supt. In.*		*Register.*		*Represen.*		*Sheriff.*	
	Knott	Morow	Jones	Hindm'	Fry	Hardin	Gar'gus	Hewitt	Haw'th	Tate	Farley	Pickett	Pink'n	Cecil	Asbury	Scott	Walton	Clut'ck	Ryle
Florence	171	35	......	174	28	175	25	176	26	173	26	168	36	168	26	209	101	276	......
Burlington	167	86	......	185	80	187	75	187	76	173	74	185	75	185	62	90	273	275	......
Bullittsville	81	17	27	122	14	120	14	124	14	124	14	124	14	121	14	32	127	140	1
Petersburg	197	80	......	202	62	203	61	200	62	200	61	202	60	200	60	13	317	121	93
Bellevue	69	27	......	73	25	73	23	72	23	74	23	75	23	74	24	12	146	59	......
Carlton	99	23	......	101	22	101	21	95	21	102	19	103	19	100	14	93	97	52	......
Hamilton	135	61	......	136	54	136	51	136	51	137	54	134	51	136	50	111	90	160	......
Union	125	15	16	130	9	148	9	153	9	157	9	147	9	144	9	108	129	192	12
Beaver	99	7	......	99	6	99	6	99	6	100	6	99	6	99	7	41	77	114	......
Verona	126	1	......	126	1	129	......	128	......	128	......	128	......	112	......	45	106	151	......
Walton	155	54	......	153	52	154	51	132	51	153	52	132	52	150	52	158	97	226	......
Taylorport	44	31	1	48	11	48	31	48	31	38	31	47	31	48	31	19	59	66	......
Total	1468	437	44	1549	384	1573	357	1570	364	1570	368	1544	376	1532	344	931	1619	1832	106
Majorities	1031			1165		1216		1206		1210		1168		1188			688	1725	

For Coroner, Maratt received 287 votes; Whitson, 711; Cropper, 299; Kite, 2.

On the local option question in the Hamilton district 119 voted against the sale of whisky and 83 voted for it.

John M. Moody was elected Constable in the Bellevue district by 4 majority over Thompson.

Petersburg elected Mahan Constable.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Miss Sallie Rich is visiting her sister, Mrs. McKim.

Miss Mattie Winston is visiting Lake Chautauqua.

Miss Sophia Finch has returned from her visit to Frankfort.

Shelby Rich, of Kenton county, spent Sunday in Burlington.

H. C. White, of Williamstown, Grant county, was in town Tuesday.

Miss Kittie Riddell, of Hebron, is the guest of Miss Nettie Gardner.

Mrs. Kittie Strong, of Cincinnati, is visiting James Westbay and family.

Miss Sallie Hyatt, of Newport, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Grant of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Fagon, of Illinois, were the guests of Mrs. Dempsey, last week.

Mrs. Florence McKim returned home last Wednesday, from a visit to her father's.

Miss Lura Palmer, of Lawrenceburg, is visiting her uncle, S. A. Palmer, of this place.

Mr. Jacob Kyle and daughter, Miss Nannie were visiting in Burlington a few days last week.

Mrs. Gullion, of Eagle Station, Carroll county, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Campbell, at this place.

Mrs. Rose Powell, of Waynetown, Indiana, was visiting Mrs. W. F. McKim, Saturday and Sunday.

R. O. Hughes, of Richwood, was in town Tuesday negotiating with John Cropper, Legrand Gaines and Dr. Jonas Terrill for the Bullittsville school.

Base-ball.

About 250 people were on the Boones' grounds at Bullittsville, Saturday, to witness a game between the Boones and the Miamatowns. The latter club failed to put in an appearance, but it having been learned by the management of the Boones that such would be the case, a game was arranged with the Standards, of Aurora, which claims to be the strongest country amateur club in this section.

The Boones won the toss and the game opened with the Standards at the bats. The Boones lead the Standards up to the fourth inning when bad throwing allowed the Standards to take the lead which they held till the 9th inning when the Boones tied the score. Excitement at the beginning of the tenth inning, ran high and when the Boones went to the bat the last time they wanted two scores to tie and three to win, but succeeded in making but one and the Standards walked off with but one score the advantage in ten innings.

The features of the game on the Boones' side was Fowler's pitching and Quicks catching. Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	T
Standards	1	0	0	5	3	0	0	0	2	2	13
Boones	3	0	0	0	4	1	2	0	1	1	12

To-day, Wednesday, the Boones play a club from Walnut Hills, and Saturday they go to Cleves, Ohio, to play.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of G. S. Lozier. If you want anything in his line don't fail to give him a call.

The southern part of the county was visited by a glorious rain last Friday about five p. m. The rain approached within a mile of this place.

The Methodist Sunday-school, of Petersburg, will give a pic-nic in Collin's Grove, Friday, August 17th, '83. An invitation is extended to all.

While some young men were shooting a target gun, in Hebron the other day, a spent, wild ball struck a little girl, but fortunately she was not hurt to speak of.

The Late V. T. Chambers.

The following is taken from the Covington column of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mr. Chambers had many acquaintances in this county, who are sorry to hear of his death.

"Vactor T. Chambers, the son of Charles and Anna Tousey Chambers, was born at Burlington, Boone County, Ky. on the 6th day of August, 1830. He attended the school conducted by Mr. Sackett Mead, now of Covington, at that place, and after completing the course he entered the Louisville Law School, where he remained for the full term of two years, and from which he bore the first honors of his class. He also pursued the study of his profession under Judge James Pryor, at Carrollton, Ky. He removed to Covington in 1854, and on the 12th day of March, 1857 married Miss Nannie Pryor, daughter of Judge Pryor, his former instructor, and in this place he continued to reside and practice his profession until the time of his death. He was once a partner of Gen. John W. Fennell and afterward of Judge Pryor, his father-in-law."

"Mr. Chambers was an entomologist of high and extensive reputation. He was for two years President of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, and a constant and valued contributor to the journal of that society. His articles on entomology were noted for great research, careful observation and originality. His style was singularly pleasing, investing even the dryest scientific subjects with interest and attractiveness. He was also for years a contributor to the Canadian Entomologist, a journal of world wide and great reputation, and was employed by the United States Government in the survey of Colorado on his favorite subject. His works have been read by all lovers of science in the civilized world, bringing him praise and honor, and remaining an enduring monument to his memory."

"On the 6th day of August, 1883—his fifty-third birthday—Mr. Chambers was stricken with apolexy, within a few squares of his home. He lingered for about twelve houas in an unconscious state, and then, at two o'clock on August 7th, surrounded by his family and friends, laid down the cares, the vexations and sorrows that are the common lot of all, and took in immortality. A glorious immortality for him! The end, the crown and the reward of a life spent in honor and purity and closed in faith and in a full reliance that the blood of Christ had opened to him the portals of an eternal and blessed home."

County Court.

Churchwell Clore's will probated, and Henry and William Clore qualified as executors with Charles and Noah Clore securities.

Rosa King was granted license to keep hotel in Walton.

Conrad K. Karnser made declaration of his intention to become a citizen of the United States.

B. L. Rice resigned as commissioner and treasurer of the W. B. B., T. P. R.

Tavern rates were fixed as follows for the ensuing year:

Breakfast, Dinner & Supper, each	40c
Lodging for night	40c
Whisky, brandy, rum, gin and wine per drink	10c
Grain and hay per feed	40c
Grain or hay alone	25c

These mornings are cool enough for a small quantity of fire.

Phillip Seniour was ordained as a deacon by the Florence Baptist church last Saturday.

A stock company is organizing for the purpose of building a fish pond in Gabriel T. Gaines' field near town.

W. B. Adams claims that he has, on C. L. Crisler's farm near Piles' mill, the finest crop of corn and tobacco in the county.

We are sorry to hear of the death of our old friend, W. S. Ryle, of Gunpowder, who died last Friday of consumption and kidney disease.

Mr. McFarland has opened up a shoe shop in Mr. Cowen's old stand, where he is prepared to do all kind of shoemaking, and would be pleased to have the trade of the surrounding country.

The carriage in which Rev. George Buffington and wife, of Florence, were going to Hughes' Chapel to meeting one evening last week, was upset by their horse searing near Wolf's shop on the Richwood and Beaver pike, and Mrs. Buffington was considerably hurt.

1

A PURE strengthening tonic, free from whisky, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, and similar diseases. It has never been equaled. Brown's Iron Bitters.

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. H. L. Battle, Jr., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular in this section and give entire satisfaction."

SHEBOYGAN, WIS.—Dr. S. B. Myers says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility, loss of appetite, and want of strength."

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Waterloo.

A fine shower of rain fell in this neighborhood last Friday night, which was reviving to the people as well as the vegetation.

Tobacco was firing badly before the rain especially new ground tobacco.

Grain in this neighborhood is about all threshed.

Our School commissioner informs us that the July draft is ready for distribution.

Miss Emma Wise, of Carroll county, is visiting relatives here.

John N. Humphrey says that he has tobacco that will do to cut this week.

Constance.

The election is over, and as usual after an election, some of our prominent citizens are going around with sore heads and black eyes.

We congratulate the Boone boys on their success.

The rain came just in time to save some corn in our neighborhood.

We are sorry to say that we have no school-house in our village. People ought to be ashamed.

Miss Emma Sutphin, the fair young lady who has for the past month been visiting relatives at this place has returned to her home in Middletown, Ohio.

Hebron.

Alfred Gaines has handled about 3,500 lambs this season.

John Tanner, of Ludlow, are visiting friends in this neighborhood.

The game of ball at this place between the Favorites and Taylorports resulted in favor of the latter in a score of 20 to 17.

Rev. Rouden, of Springfield, Ohio, will preach at this place next Sunday.

Henry Quick took a glass of turpentine for Vanilla Cream, and it made him very sick for a while.

Mrs. Amanda Rouse killed a snake the other day, which measured three feet in length, and had two horns.

Petersburg.

Let everybody attend the Lawrenceburg fair next week.

Dr. Ed Terrill and F. M. Cox were on the sick list last week.

Mr. Lime Harding was here last Monday to see Squire Shepherd.

Miss Elena Alden has returned home from Carrollton, Ky., where she has been visiting her sister.

Pete has captured another dude, for the upper end of town, and it can be seen any time at the little store on the corner near the school-house.

Miss Sue Smith was visiting at Jonas Terrill's last week.

Rev. Keene has left with us two stalks of timothy, one measuring 6 ft. 6 in. in length the other 6 ft. 4 in. How is that for timothy?

Reese Gordon received from Freiburg $20 for the injuries he received at the fire. Reese has not been able to work since he got burnt, and it was right to pay him for his lost time.

Miss Ida McClain, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is visiting her many friends here.

Elmore Wingate left last week for Memphis, Tenn. He expects to do a staving business while there, making barrels, but he had bedder look a leedle oudt, he might catch the fever.

Why don't the Boone base-ball club send the Almonts a chalenge? We would like to see them play.—[They will when they commence playing these little amateur clubs.—EDS.]

J. H. Green has taken charge of the grocery here, and Alonzo has gone to the city, where he will start another grocery.

Walton.

Our little village, located as it is, with two railroads emptying their usual quantity of mixed human freight, naturally throw in our midst an unusual number of dead beats and scallawags who subsist on the products of midnight rambles to the quiet resting place of some unprotentious old cock's lair, or some isolated dwelling, or deserted counting room. On Friday, the tenth inst., your humble servant unexpectedly came in contact with a squad of these suspicious characters, lounging around the Cincinnati & Louisville depot—three white boys and two negroes,—and after a careful survey of the premises, the little band of amateur thieves located the dwelling of Mr. Warren Lermond for their nefarious designs. Mr. Lermond's business calls him away from home at all times, and Mrs. L. was away at that time visiting her father's. The consequence was the house was burglarized at noon on Fridry, by two of the gang, one white boy name Charles Morse, of St. Louis, and a negro boy who were chosen to do the work. They secured some booty in the shape of jewelry, soap towels, etc., but no money. The little negro escaped, but Morse was captured with his other confederates. He confessed his guilt and now languishes in your refuge for criminals.

Last Thursday John Ransler and Elzie Gorman were arrested and brought before Esquire Curley, charged with an assault upon one "Misther" John Fink, one of our functionaries. Mr. Fink's testimony goes to show that he had imbibed too freely while awaiting the election returns, and at low 12 left his downy couch, and wandered forth in the darkness, and came in contact with the above named young men. They viewed him and discovered his nervous system was all broke up, and an antidote was administered by placing Fink in a barrel and rolling him up and down the street. Fink claims that after his release from the barrel, he knew not whither he was going, and strayed from home as far as Richwood (4 miles) without shoes, hat or coat. The boys were exonerated through some technicality, we know not what.

Miss Alice Beasly, of Henry county, is the guest of Mrs. Steven Waite.

Misses Katie and Louisa Stamler are visiting friends at Dry Ridge, Grant co.

Miss Yetchy King entertained quite a small audience of ardent admirers, last Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Southgate has returned from Nashville, where he has been egaged surveying.

The evangelical work of Rev. Dunlap, at this place, has awakened an unusual interest in the hitherto unprotentious village. Vast throngs assemble to hear the Word. All denominations have laid aside their animosities for the time, and join in sweet accord, and thus surround the throne. The meeting is to continue during the present week including next Sabbath, services to be held at night only, beginning at 8 o'clock promptly.

Bro. Vaughter preached at the Christian church here, last Sunday, to a large congregation. Mrs. Wilhoit, nee Miss Stevens officiated at the organ.

Prof. Newton's High-school will open here September first, under favorable circumstances. An overly large school is anticipated.

Prof. Ricketts, we learn, is engaged to officiate in the public school.

A ball was given in the hall at this place last week, and it was well attended. All the gallantry and beauty of this and the adjacent neighborhoods assembled, and spent a pleasant time. Prof. Bagby's string band discoursed sweet music for the occasion.

The grandest and noblest designs of art eminate from the fashionable millinery establishment in this place, and Miss Mollie Fry, the proprietoress, had a very satisfactory dress parade, last Sunday. We delight in viewing, critically, the same designs.

A. M. & S. L. Edwards have sold, for winter consumption, up to this time, 5,000 bushels of coal, this, too, in a timbered country. Soon the old, cherished wood fire will be a thing of the past.

We were favored with a negro shooting here on election day. Phil Sleet, colored, figured conspicuously in the fray. The hat and scalp were the only parts wounded.

The marriage of W. W. Grimsley, of Big Bone, and Miss Sarah Hance, of Gallatin county, escaped our attention till a few days since. It is not now too late to extend our congratulations, William.

NOTICE.

A dividend of 50 cents on each share of the Burlington and Florence turnpike is declared and ordered to be paid on demand by the treasurer DUDLEY ROUSE.

Aug. 11th, 1883.

SCIENCE HILL.
(A SCHOOL for Girls,) Established 1825
By MRS. JULIA A TEVIS,
Located at SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY,
Aims to give its pupils the elements of a complete education. Pretense and show are discarded and all the force of a competent faculty directed toward the essentials of Education. Terms reasonable. Send for catalogue.
W. T. POYNTER, D. D., Principal.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

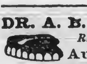
F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. R. T. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81



DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application to G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

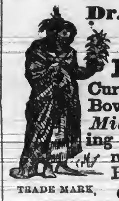
AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky. | J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE
A fresh Stock of Garden Seed at
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.
I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES.)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.



Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
TRADE MARK.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.
D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK.
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H. Dills, F. P. Helm,
L. C. Stephens.
The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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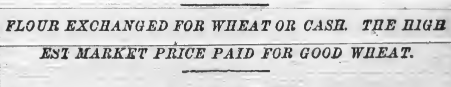
J. W. Talbott.

UNDERTAKING.



We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS, HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

Fickle Fashion.

Nothing deader than the city of New York in July could be imagined. The theaters and several other things will open in August, but this month folks are doing nothing except grumble and sweat under the stress of the weather. Like everybody else who can get away I have had a trip this week out of town. On the steamboat down the bay I remarked the sordid character of the talk. Stocks and merchandise were the only subjects which I overheard discussed. The brokers and merchants were by no means leaving their business cares behind, but were carrying their minds off full of them. Their demeanor, too, had the alert briskness usual to men of tangible affairs. The exception in this respect fixed my attention at once by his rarity. His uncropped hair, dreamy eyes and careless dress convinced me that he was a poet. He sat in a retired and breezy corner of the boat and was in deep revery. That his thoughts were in rhyme and rhymth I did not for an instant doubt. At length he drew out a note-book and pencil, gazed abstractedly skyward and then wrote hastily. I took a seat close by—very softly, so as not to disturb him, and yet I was glad when an acquaintance of his came along, slapped him disturbingly on the shoulder and asked what he was writing. I pricked up my ears to hear the reply. It shocked me very much.

"I was trying to figure out whether this cursed rage for velvet," he said, "is going to let up enough to give plush a show next winter."

Not poetry, but woman's prosy finery! However, what he said is worth writing out.

"In all the time I've been in the dry-goods trade," he continued, "I never knew any fabric to have such a run as the one on velvet. It was used for all millinery and dress purposes, and it wasn't any use to put anything else on the counter in the way of heavy goods. Well, I thought the rage was done with when hot weather set in; and as something or other must take the place of velvet when fashion does discard it, I thought that plush would be in order for autumn. The American silk manufacturers and the importers of foreign goods were of the same opinion. Great quantities of plush are being made in Paterson and ordered from abroad. I have made heavy purchases for my retail trade. Now come premonitions that velvet will last and that plush won't have a chance. That doesn't exactly mean bankruptcy for me, but I shall lose heavily if it turns out as I fear. Talk about gambling in stocks. There is just about as much an element of chance in the dry-goods business as there is in Wall street operations—more sir, for the prices of stock can be controlled by the big dealers to a certain extent; but I defy anybody to more than guess at the fancy of fashionable women six months ahead."—*N. Y. Cor. Albany Journal.*

Does the Day Increase in Length?

It is well known that Professor G. Darwin has associated what may be regarded as a new theory of cosmical evolution with the gradual retardation of the earth's rotation spin, and consequent lengthening of the day. Mr. E. Stone, formerly chief assistant at Greenwich, and now the head of the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, has just published some calculations, which, though they do not actually disprove the change in the earth's rotation rate, throw grave doubt on the only direct evidence ever recognized in its favor. When it was found that Hansen's lunar tables do not accord with the evidence respecting the moon's movements derived either from actual observation or from the study of ancient eclipses, it was suggested in explanation of the discrepancy (corresponding to an apparent gain of the moon on her calculated place) that it may be apparent only, and due to change of the rate of going of our great terrestrial timepiece the earth, by which, of course, we time the moon's movements. Delaunay showed that, owing to the movement of the tidal wave in a direction opposite to that of the earth's rotation, the rotation rate must diminish, though very slowly. Sir George Airy, going through the same process of inquiry, obtained at first a negative result, but later recognized the existence of certain terms indicating a retardation. Since then it has been regarded as an accepted doctrine that the length of the day must gradually increase until the day is as long as the lunar month. Nay, Professor Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, goes further than this, and considers that the solar tide must eventually lengthen the day until it is equal to the year, overlooking apparently the fact that the lunar action will prevent any increase beyond the length of a lunar month. But Mr. Stone has found reason for believing that the discordance between theory and observation, which has been thrown on the earth's rotation, does not exist, so that "so far as we know at present, the time of the earth's rotation is constant." If his calculation should be confirmed it would not prove that there is no retardation in the earth's rotation, but that the length of the day is changing much more slowly than had been supposed—too slowly in fact, to be recognized.—*Contemporary Review.*

What is Farming?

"What is farming?" says the *Golden Rule.* "It is something more than staying on a farm. It is something more than selling hay and potatoes and bulky crops unanimalized. Farming is a business, a profession, a practical and scientific operation whereby the soil is used for profit and improved under the operation. The processes of nature must be understood and worked in harmony with the chemistry of earth and air. The processes of the elements must be understood, if not in their technical terms and language, in that sensible understanding, that commonsense way, that their own advantage and capabilities may be turned to the best account. The lawyer works by law and precedent, the physician works by symptoms and indications, the merchant by rules and observations, the mechanic by measures and capacities. The farmer must work by all—by rules, laws, observation and experience. He must be a practical lawyer, doctor, merchant and mechanic of the vegetable, the animal and the trade world about him. He must be a skilled workman in the productive, operative and commercial circles in which his business lies and his sphere of circulation extends."

—Queen Victoria is four feet eight inches high. Prince Albert was fifteen inches taller.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—It is believed that Salvini, who is fifty-two, and intends retiring at fifty-five, is worth $300,000. He has been playing since he was fourteen.

—Field Marshall Von Moltke, of Germany, was taken for a tramp recently and ordered out of one of the Prussian inland villages.

—The Duke and Duchess of Villavlosa travel together in Europe rather quietly. When they are at home they are King and Queen of Portugal.

Martin Luther's own Bible is in a Berlin museum. On the title page is written: "If thy word, O Lord, do not comfort me, I should perish in misery. 1542, Mart. Luther, D."

—John Bunyan was not appreciated by the Church of England while living, but a stained-glass window has now been placed to his memory in Elston Church, his native town.

—"Why am I not a nephew or niece of Mr. Benjamin Hammond of Walmas-villas, Bradford?" exclaims the editor of London *Truth.* "Last week he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, on which occasion he presented thirty nephews or nieces with £740 each."

—Mr. Labouchere thus raps the knuckles of some of his contemporaries: "Apropos of matters Russian I notice that several of my contemporaries talk of 'Mr. Gospodin Lubimoff, the eminent Russian tradgedian.' Seeing that Gospodin is the Russian equivalent for Mr., I think one of the titles might be omitted with propriety."

—The King of Bavaria has for six years been building at the entrance to the Tyrol a palace, said to surpass in artistic splendor all other royal residences in the world. The main building is finished, and from the vari-colored marbles with which the walls are lined to the minutest detail every resource of art has been taxed. The palace is not visible from any road, complete privacy being an object.

—An engineer and a fireman on an English locomotive had been at work fifteen hours, previous to which they had been out all night on a spree. The consequence was that they fell asleep simultaneously at their posts while on a rapid run, and as their locomotive had no train attached, there was no body to discover the danger until they dashed past a siding where they should have stopped. The word was telegraphed ahead, and they were awakened by torpedoes on the rails.

—The habits of ostriches are as well known to the breeders at the Cape of Good Hope as those of hens to our farmers. Most people suppose that ostriches always lay their eggs in holes in the sand. This is true of ostriches living in large flocks in the burning deserts of Africa, but at the Cape they build nests of grass and similar materials, and male and female birds take turns in hovering over the eggs. The same habit has been observed recently at Cape York, Australia, and in the Phillipine islands, but in other parts of Oceanica the ostriches gather up in advance a large quantity of vegetable matter, which they allow to decompose in the sun, and in which they bury their eggs, leaving to the hotbed thus formed the responsibility of hatching the eggs.

Keeping the Peace.

A mother whose duties called her away two or three days in every week from her large family of little children, purchased an illuminated motto—"Blessed are the Peacemakers"—and had it framed and hung in the family room. For many weeks after the ceremony of placing it on the walls, and the talk that accompanied the ceremony, whenever any unpleasant difference threatened to arise between the children, some one of them would shout out, "Blessed are the Peacemakers," with perceptible happy effect. After a while, however, the novelty wore out, and when a call was made for pictures to cover the bareness of the walls of the new school-house, a consultation was held by the family to see which of their precious pictures could be spared. Each one had a history; almost every one was framed with associations and memories that made it precious. At last the younger little girl exclaimed: "Why, send 'Blessed are the Peacemakers;' we're all through with *that.*"

Now, it does seem sometimes as though that beatitude—the natural pendent to the Golden Rule—was quite ignored and forgotten in some professedly Christian households, as though they had got "all through with *that;*" and yet what is a family where there are no peacemakers, where each seeks his own and none "follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another?" Whatever such a family may be, it is not an Eden, not a Paradise, not a little "heaven to go to Heaven in."

These are noble quarrels. The fight going on within us all between the evil and the good, between Apollyon and God, is a noble fight. The fight against ignorance, poverty, intemperance, is noble; the fight for any true principle is noble. But it is not always easy to distinguish between principle and people; we are apt to get them confused with each other, and sometimes we turn upon our friends the energy that should be used only in fighting our foes, and even in fighting *them* we are to "hate the sin with all our hearts, yet still the sinner love." A great many people of executive, aggressive temperaments strike because they feel like striking, not because they see some great wrong to be righted, some abuse to be corrected, some evil to be rebuked. Wisdom suggests getting out of the way of such folk till the paroxysm be past. Sharp words flow as naturally from some lips as gentle words from others. Is any emollient better in such cases than utter silence? Some are never so happy as when they can "stir up the animals" and set them all to howling. Prudence suggests that when such persons appear all the clubs and long sticks lying round be carefully put away out of reach.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." "The bale of a pail measures no more lying down than it does standing up." Engineers never go over a mountain or tunnel through it, when they can more advantageously go around it. The self-respected person will not permit himself to be dragged into a petty quarrel and suffer all his fine enthusiasms to be worn away by such mean attrition. He will rather with both fingers in his ears run away, crying "Life, life." Silence has a wonderfully healing influence when properly employed. If people can be induced to keep their voices keyed low when they are in an irritable humor, this will allay strife. Children rarely disagree widely in whispers, or grown people, either; as their tempers rise their voices rise, until high words are followed by hard blows. We knew a man once who was married to a woman who had a temper of her own, and he kept her so smothered with honeyed words and actions that to him she was always sweet.

The love of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, will keep people from evil as effectually as the intense and active hatred of evil, and the cultivation of this principle of love, of the good for its own sake, brings with it mildness and gentleness; brings with it balmy airs in which the genial fruits of charity and peace naturally ripen. If people could divest themselves of exaggerated ideas of their own self-importance there would be far less strife than there is. If "he who would be greatest of all" were content to be "servants of all," social and domestic quarrelling would be rare.

A man drunk with wine can not really insult a gentleman. The gentleman appeals from "Philip drunk to Philip sober." A man crazy with passion or anger is a lunatic to a degree, and is to be treated accordingly. When he "comes to himself" he may be induced to make amends for what he has done when he was beside himself. The person who can hold himself true to truth and virtue, and front with a serene face fretfulness, unreasonable irritation, unjust accusations, groundless fault-finding, and that ceaseless friction that is found in all grades and stations in life, has wealth within himself beyond computation. Such a person is a treasure in the family circle, in the church and in society.

A little girl in the midst of a large family once set herself the task of keeping the peace among those around her. She tried to ease at every point she could the burdens of her parents; she did not answer back when reproved, or say biting words when provocations arose. She constituted herself the guardian of the children younger than she was, and had "leagues" with them of mutual kindness and forbearance. She tried to pour oil on the waters whenever they were troubled, and remove all causes of strife she could reach. As "one sinner destroyeth much good," so one peacemaker not only planted the seeds of concord but destroyed much evil in that family, and received ample recompense for her labor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How Spools are Made.

Our representative recently visited the spool factory in Searsport Village, Maine. The company own large tracts of land in Northern Maine, from which the lumber for spool making is cut, white birch being used exclusively.

The wood is first sawed into pieces four feet in length, and of nine sizes, varying by sixteenths, from an inch to an inch and a half square. It is then dried as thoroughly as it can be out of doors. Inside the factory it first goes to the "rougher," where the strips are cut into cylinders of the length of a spool, and the hole bored, the turning and boring being performed at one operation, and the cutting off, with a small circular saw, at another, all on one machine. These little cylinders drop from the rougher into the barrel whence they are removed to the "rollers," or revolving slatted cylinders, in which the fine dirt and fuzz left by the saw and bits are removed. The pieces are then picked over by hand and all imperfect ones are sorted out to feed the ever hungry fires under the boiler.

The next process is a more thorough seasoning of the blocks in a loft, and then they go to the "reamer," where the center holes are made to the exact size required, which can not be done by the rougher on account of the shrinkage of the wood after leaving that machine. Until lately the reaming has been done by an ordinary reaming tool working in a lathe, the work being fed by hand, but a new machine has been lately put in, which will ream the spools as fast as two boys can feed them into the spouts.

The machine in use in the Searsport shop has some features which the builders claim are improvements over the original, which was imported from Scotland, it having lately been invented in that country, and not yet patented in the United States. It consists of a short revolving shaft, with a reaming tool at each end, working endwise, backward and forward about four inches. At each end spouts are arranged with feeding apparatus, which forces the spools into the proper position to be bored, and then allows them to drop out into a barrel below. At each oscillation of the shaft two spools are reamed, one at each end, the machine turning out about 240 per minute.

The next machine is the "finisher," which is an attachment to an ordinary lathe by which the spools are turned into shape, at one operation, at the rate of from ten to fifteen hundred per hour. There are eight cutting knives on this machine; one at each end standing up perpendicular to the length of the spool for trimming the end; one at each end, horizontally, for turning the outside of the flange; between these two, others standing diagonally, for the inside of the flange; another horizontally, for turning out the space between the two flanges; and a small circular chisel for cutting the finish on the top of the spool.

The spools have now received their shape, and need only the finishing touches. These are given first by the "polishers," which are the same as the rollers above described, the friction of the spools against each other giving them the required polish. Then they are again sorted by hand, and all imperfect ones removed, after which they go to the "embosser," a sort of printing machine which stamps the number of the thread and some ornamental devices upon the head of each spool. They are then packed in stout sacks, holding from thirteen to sixty-six gross each, according to the size of the spools.—*Belfast (Me.) Age.*

How Playing Cards Are Made.

The cardboard is procured from Holyoke, Mass. It is made in sheets large enough for fifty-four cards. The printing has to be done in six impressions—two colors for the back and four for the face. The pattern for the back is generally an interwoven check in green and yellow. When this is printed the cards are reversed and the red plate put on. This prints the hearts and diamonds, the king's scabbard, crown and nose, jack's hat and mantle, and several portions of the queen's dress. The blue and yellow colors follow in succession, both being used mainly in giving additional luster to the court costumes. Then the black plate finishes. When the cards are printed they are cut in long strips, each strip showing six cards placed lengthways. Then the cutting machine clips them out with rounded corners ready for the packer. At this stage only half the work is done. The sorting, counting and folding require as many hands to perform as do the printing and clipping. The work is done mainly by girls.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Prince Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, is to be given a £250 pension by Queen Victoria, because he is very poor and has done some remarkable philological work. He is seventy years old.

HOME AND FARM.

—Cucumbers, according to M. Dellea, caterer of the New York Club, should be peeled and put to soak in ice-salt water at least an hour before served. The salt extracts the poison and the ice renders them brittle and easier to be digested.

—For breakfast try this: Take the skin off a nice piece of salt codfish; wash it in several waters, and lay it on a gridiron to broil. It should be broiled for about twenty minutes, and must be turned often to prevent burning. This is nice for tea also.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A correspondent of the *Husbandman* uses his buckwheat chaff as an absorbent in cow-stables. One and a half bushels will be sufficient for ten cows over night, keeping them clean and dry. In addition to his own he buys from his neighbors, paying one dollar for a load of fifty bushels.

—It is advisable to give the chicks which are with their mother a feed early in the morning, another feed in the middle of the forenoon, then at noon, followed by a feed in the middle of the afternoon, and again late in the evening.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—To expedite the making of a lemon pie use hot water in place of cold, stir the cut-up lemon, the sugar and corn starch or flour and eggs together, as if you were making pudding sauce; then pour in hot water; if the pail or basin containing this is then placed in a vessel of boiling water it will cook in five minutes.—*N. Y. Post.*

—If it is possible so to arrange the order of dinner getting, do not shell the peas until a few minutes before they are to be cooked. They lose much of their fine, distinctive flavor if shelled some time before cooking; and do not wash them. What water is so clean as the lining of the pod?—*Exchange.*

—Early Hoeing: By this we do not mean hoeing early in the season, but early in the morning. In the early morning the dew is on, and this is charged with an available amount of ammonia, which, of course, feeds the roots below. If the surface is neglected a crust forms and the air does not circulate in the soil. Get the farm hands to begin work a couple of hours earlier in the morning, and give them the same time at noon to rest.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Farmers, observes a recent writer, are very negligent in regard to keeping well-informed as to prices. Two cents, or even one cent, on the yearly butter product of twenty or thirty cows, is no small loss for any ordinary farmer. No loss can be averted and gain insured without radical improvement in the manufacture of the butter. The best brings the top price: the poorest is hard to sell.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Moral Influences of the Orchard.

While there is so much of the practical to demand space in a journal wholly or partly devoted to horticulturists, it is by no means useless to give some attention to what are regarded as the lighter, and, perhaps, as the more fanciful features of the subject. To those who have watched the influences of horticultural pursuits, however, their moral aspects are by no means fanciful. Horticulture has a substantial moral influence upon both the horticulturist and the community. If there is a person living who ever saw a well-kept bed of strawberries or a grand orchard about the home of a thoroughly bad man, he has the advantage of us. Fine fruit growing and worthlessness of character do not, and can not, harmonize; and we have seen characters that have been polished, and manners that have been improved, and morals that have been strengthened by the preaching and influence of lovely fruit. There is no mistake about this matter. A community is greatly improved by fruit. Go into sections where there is no fruit, and no attempt to grow any, and, unless it is a new community, you will find it anything but pleasant in almost all of its characteristics. But a neighborhood that has fine orchards and fruit gardens will be a superior neighborhood in every respect—intelligent, moral, and public spirited.

There are well defined reasons, too, for some of these results. A fruit eating people are a healthier people than those who are not; and people will not eat fruit unless it is fit to eat. When it is really fine they can not resist the temptation to partake. Hence in a neighborhood of fine fruit growing, the people will be large consumers, good health being thus almost assured, increased intelligence and morality result, for a mind unclogged by a sluggish or feeble physical system is necessary to the former, and a stomach unclogged can almost be said to be necessary to the latter. A healthy person has a better chance to be what a human being ought to be, in all respects, than one who is not healthy. No mistake about the matter. Dyspepsia makes some people not only very disagreeable, but it positively makes them wicked. Therefore, in a moral point of view, we believe fruit growing of vast utility to the country.—*Western Rural.*

Fencing Out the Rabbits.

In Contra Costa and Alameda Counties there are sections in which the land is almost useless unless it is inclosed by rabbit-proof fences. A Livermore farmer has devised a cheap fence for this purpose, which is very effective. It is made of split pickets or shakes, posts and wire. The four-foot redwood shake bolts cost $9.50 per cord in Santa Clara, or $12 delivered in Pleasanton. These were split so as to make three shakes to the inch, as near as practicable. A furrow was plowed on the line of the fence, six inches in depth, and a post set every sixteen feet. A plain No. 9 wire was stretched at three and a half feet from the ground. The shakes were set at a proper distance apart, with their butts in the bottom of the furrow and their tops bound to the top wire by means of strong spool wire. A furrow was turned against the bottom of the fence, burying the shakes to a depth of twelve inches. A barbed wire was stretched on top of the posts. To guard against decay, the butts of the shakes were treated with pyroligneous acid, being set upright in a trough containing a foot in depth of the liquid, and allowed to stand for twelve hours. The acid actually impregnated about half the length of the shakes, and left them black. A mile and three-quarters of this fencing cost $500, less than $1 per rod.—*San Francisco Alta.*

—Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, N. J., has destroyed another old belief in weather lore. For twenty years he has kept a record of the building of their winter houses by the muskrats, the storing of nuts by squirrels, and other habits of the mammals which are commonly regarded as indicating the character of the coming winter. His conclusion is that the habits referred to have no connection with the rigor or mildness of the approaching season.

An Apple-Growing Experiment.

Mr. Asa S. Curtis, of Stratford, Conn., has tried an experiment in apple growing the result of which will be of interest to all those who raise apples for their own use or for the market. Having an orchard which produced fruit only every other year, and hearing that the trees could be made to change their bearing season so that every year might be fruitful, he selected a healthy young apple tree eight years ago, and for four successive bearing seasons carefully rubbed off every bud as fast as it appeared. For the first three seasons this made no apparent difference, the tree omitting all blossoms the next season, but putting out its blooms again on the regular year. Last year Mr. Curtis repeated the experiment for the fourth time, and this season the tree appears to have given up its old habit and to have concluded to let its owner have his own way, for it is in full bloom at last in the "off season." If a part of the trees of an orchard can thus be made to bear one year and the others the next, there need be no "off year" at all for the apple crop so far as the bearing habits of the trees are concerned, and this fact is worth the attention of apple raisers.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Bluffing a Boy.

A Detroit physician who had business on Woodbridge street yesterday had his attention called to a boy about twelve years of age who had picked up a cracked watermelon from a commission house and was eating it in the alley.

"Boy, that melon isn't ripe," warned the doctor.

"I didn't say it was," was the blunt reply.

"And it's sour."

"Well, I kin sweeten her, I guess."

"You look out for the cholera morbus!"

"I've had 'er, and the small-pox, too."

"See here, boy," said the doctor, thinking to make a last appeal, "if you eat that melon you'll be dead inside of twenty-four hours."

"And you look-a-here!" replied the boy, as he cut off another slice with a piece of iron hoop, "you may chin and talk and scare all you want to, but I'm no kid! I know what yer want, but yer can't have it! You kin take this melon home for fifteen cents in cash, but yer can't scare me into letting it go for nothing! You'd better buy your melons in the reg'lar way and save yer chin for next year's campaign."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Tell Ripe Melons.

The rinds of melons, when left on the vines to mature, generally become hard and the pulp brittle. If the melon be gently borne on and you hear the inside crack or give way it may be regarded as a sure sign that the melon matured on the vine and consequently is a good one. Another good plan for selecting a melon is to examine the side that lay on the ground. If the melon remained on the vine until properly matured this portion will be found to have changed from a white to a pale yellow, and, upon close examination numerous small pimples, somewhat like the measles, as it were, will be noticed on the surface, particularly on the outer edge. These pimples may be regarded as a sure indication that the melon remained on the vine until mature, as they never appear on those that have been prematurely pulled. Sometimes the desirable pale yellow is produced prematurely by turning this portion of the melon to the sun for a day or two. In this case the yellow is apt to be too deep. This fact, in connection with the absence of pimples, will readily tell the experienced eye how said color was produced.—*Washington Star.*

—It is interesting to look back of the finery which wealth has put on the backs of the women, at the watering places, to see how the money has been obtained. "Do you see that lady in the white ottoman silk?" a correspondent was asked. "The one with the shapely figure?" he responded. "Yes, that's the one; but her shape always seems to me like a certain bottle of bitters." "Why?" "Because her father's fortune came from the manufacture of a constituent of cocktails. Over yonder in a dainty mull, is the wife of a face powder; going down the hallway are the two daughters of a cough syrup, and the swell who drove past a few minutes ago in a dog cart tandem was a son of a pill."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Chinese priests have a way of imposing on the credulity of the pearl fishermen. They secure live pearl oysters and place in them flat leaden figures of Buddha. In time the images are sunk into the mother-of-pearl linings of the shell and beautifully coated with the lustrous substance. Years pass, perhaps, before they are discovered, but when opened they are prized as special gifts of the god.—*Chicago Herald.*

—There is death to bangs in every breeze that blows from France. Parisian beauties now wear their hair combed back from the forehead. The bangs "must go."—*Chicago Journal.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, August 10, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 25
HOGS—Common	4 25	@ 4 90
Good packers	4 40	@ 5 00
SHEEP	4 00	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 10	@ 1 11¼
No. 2 winter red	1 07	@ 1 08
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50	@ 51½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@ 31
Rye—No. 2	58	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	15 00	@15 25
Lard—Steam	8	@ 8¼
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	14	@ 15
Prime Creamery	22	@ 23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	90	@ 1 00
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 00	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@ 4 00
Good to choice	4 00	@ 6 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 13	@ 1 14
No. 1 white	1 05	@ 1 12½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62	@ 62½
Oats—mixed	39	@ 41
PORK—Mess	15 25	@15 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@
Corn—No. 2	50¼	@ 50⅜
Oats—No. 2	26⅜	@ 26¾
Rye	60½	@
PORK—Mess	15 50	@16 00
LARD—Steam	8 37	@ 8 40
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 17⅛	@ 1 17¾
Corn—mixed		@ 62½
Oats—mixed	39	@ 41
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 00	@16 25
Lard—Refined	10½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 50	@
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 03	@ 1 04
Corn—mixed	52	@
Oats—mixed	30	@
PORK—MESS	15 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 05½	@
CORN—mixed	49	@
OATS—mixed	27	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

—Everybody who has dyspeptic friends, which, unfortunately, in this country is equivalent to saying everybody, must have heard of a new and wonderful cure for that dismal complaint and of its brilliant achievements. Fortunately this blessed remedy cannot be patented, for it is nothing more nor less than hot water—a couple of glasses of hot water taken before meals each day. It is cheap and not nasty, and though its efficiency may have been exaggerated, and the doctors may some day discover that it is a dreadful insult to the stomach, there can be no doubt that its popularity is great and rapidly increasing.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Elephants sometimes live to the age of two hundred years. Jumbo is a youngster.

Hard Lumps in Breast.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone.

Yours gratefully, MRS. R. R. CLARK,
Irvington, Mich.

"SAFE blowing" is looming up as a business. It has always been a phase of human nature to indulge in blowing from a safe standpoint.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

No Trouble to Swallow

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25c a vial.

A FASHION item announces that ladies are wearing V-shaped bodices. A V-shaped bodice spoils an X-shaped note.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN, Hatcher's Station, Ga.

IF a man can not cut the grass in front of his house he might as well be no mower.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PARALYTIC strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections, prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

THERE is said to be a jolly old dog—a setter—in London, who is nearly eighty years old. He is a type setter.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

ONE of the best stops for a hand-organ is a pewter dime.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

HAY-FEVER. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay-Fever of ten years' standing. Have had no trace of it for two years. ALBERT A. PERRY, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50 cents

WHAT is the difference between costumers and customers?—O U know. "Hot love soon runs cold."—That's owing to the sighs of it.—*Boston Traveller.*

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

AN enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.

HAY-FEVER. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure. WM. T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N.J. Price 50 cts.

HE said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said: "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

No specific for skin ailments can cope with it. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

THE Monarch Lightning Potato Digger stands without a rival. Every farmer should have it. Read advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

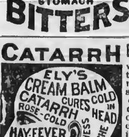
Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM



when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use.

HAY-FEVER

Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Grocers and Dealers
-IN-
TEA AND COFFEE.

Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

TELEGRAPHIC MATTER.

Our latest correspondence, May 16, 1883, brings to us the narrative of HENRY B. INGRAM, the General Superintendent of the District Messenger Co. of New Haven, Conn. Mr. Ingram says: "For many months I had been sorely troubled with a weak and tired feeling across the loins, almost invariably accompanied with a headache. I had noticed also that at stated periods following these pains my urine would be highly colored, and leave a heavy brick-colored sediment when allowed to stand in the vessel. I could not work, and I was discouraged to an alarming degree. Nothing helped me. I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Remedy.' I did so, and hardly twenty-four hours had elapsed before I obtained relief, and in three weeks' time all the aforesaid ailments had disappeared, and I improved steadily, and was infused with new life, so that I could resume my business again, which is one that subjects me to strains of all kinds, which are likely to affect the kidneys, namely: Erecting telegraph and telephone lines. Hunt's Remedy now occupies the most honored place in my cabinet of medicines. I would not be without it, and I cheerfully and heartily recommend it to all who are troubled with diseases of the liver, kidney, or urinary organs. It never fails to cure."

83 CENTER STREET.

TOWN CLERK FORTY-TWO YEARS.

The following is from Mr. OTHNIEL GAGER, the well known and respected Town Clerk of Norwich, Conn. Mr. Gager is 89 years old, and has held this position of trust for 41 years, and his word is as good as his bond. On May 5, 1883, he writes as follows: "For years I have suffered with disease of the kidneys and bladder, and have no hesitancy in recommending Hunt's Remedy as a specific for these complaints. It has not only been the means of relieving me of terrible pain, but has cured a number of my acquaintances. To-day I am performing the duties of the office of Town Clerk, which I have held for forty-two years, which I could not be able to do were I not in a fair state of health owing to the use of Hunt's Remedy."

"DRINK FAIR, BETSEY, WOTEVER YOU DO."
—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

TEA CLUB ORDERS.

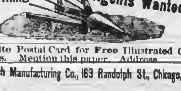
We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $13. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight Charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE Lungs.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

Fast Potato Digging!



The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!

Sent on 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.

Agents Wanted.

Write Postal Card for Free Illustrated Circulars. Mention this paper. Address Monarch Manufacturing Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 93 Fulton Street, N. Y.

PILES "Anakesis" gives *instant relief*, and is an *infallible cure* for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples *free*. Ad. "ANAKESIS" Makers, Box 2416, New York.

25 PISO'S CURE FOR 100
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

HAIR *Wigs & Waves* sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list *free.* Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

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COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, BALTIMORE, MD.

The practical advantages of this school are unsurpassed. Clinics held at City Hospital, Maternite and Maryland Woman's Hospital, all of which belong to this school. Physiological and Chemical Laboratory Work required of every Student. Apply for a catalogue to DR. THOMAS OPIE, Dean, 39 North Carey Street.

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1883. The NEW CALENDAR of the 1884. NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY of MUSIC. Beautifully illustrated. 64 pages. SENT FREE to yourself and musical friends. Send names and addresses to E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston, Mass. *The Largest and best appointed Music, Literary and Art School, and* HOME *for young ladies, in the world.*

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COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Terms $4. Positions for graduates; write for circular.

ADRIAN COLLEGE, Adrian, Mich. Five Schools. Term opens Sept. 14. Add. D. S. STEPHENS, Pres't.

PATENTS NO PATENT, NO PAY! N. W. FITZGERALD Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Full Instructions and New Book on Patents sent free.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

A. N. K.—E. 938

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1883. NUMBER 43.

ARGUMENTATIVE POETRY.

I.

The maiden doffed her shoes and hose, and then, in girlish glee,
She drew her skirts around her, and she waded in the sea.
Among the wavelets waded she, for half an hour or more,
Then, growing weary with the play, she tripped again to shore;
But who shall tell the misery that filled her heart that day?
The cruel tide had flowed and washed her shoes and hose away!
O maidens at Nantasket, at Swampscott, or at Lynn,
Beware of going wading "when the flowing tide comes in."

—*Somerville Journal.*

II.

We never saw a maiden so happy, gay and free,
Pull off her socks and shoes and go a wading in the sea,
But it sorter seems to us that it would be safe to say,
It was the tide a-flowing out that washed her things away;
For if the tide was coming in we think it's very plain
She'd find them on the upper beach when she came out again.
Then, sitting pensive on the rocks, and picking out the sand
Between her ootsy tootsey toes, with manner arch and bland,
She'd wait till socks and shoes were dried; and if we were about,
We'd try and keep her waiting till the ebbing tide went out.

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

III.

It seems to us that when the maiden doffed her shoes and hose
The tide must have been coming in, for everybody knows
That when the tide is going out it always leaves the land,
And must recede from objects that are lying on the strand.
So had the tide been going out upon that summer day
It could not have flowed in and washed those pretty things away.
We doubt not you know more than us concerning hose and shoes,
But we know all about the tides, and these, friend, are our views.

—*Somerville Journal.*

THE PROVINCE MAN'S STORY.

"Yes, I've no doubt that blizzards are fearful to encounter, but I do not think they can be much worse than a downright north-easter of the Province," said a gray-bearded New Brunswicker to a Western man, who had been relating to the few passengers of the steamer plying on the river between Tobique and St. John his experience of one of those terrible winter storms which so frequently sweep down upon the exposed people of the Northwest.

"I remember one in particular," he said, "for it gave me a lameness that's going to stay by me as long as I live."

After listening to the Western man's adventure, we were all anxious to hear that of the Province man's, and urged him to favor us. He at last assented.

"I was eighteen," he said, "that winter, and tough as a young buffalo. I had never been sick, and scarcely knew what it was to be tired. My father was a lumberman. He went into the logging-swamp that winter, toward the head of the Miramichi River, and left me to take care of the family—a pretty large one, counting in all the children. I was the oldest.

"The winters are long in that part of New Brunswick, and a good deal of snow falls. At that time there were but few settlements, the one nearest to where we lived being about forty miles away; so you may know there wasn't much going back and forth for the women-folks.

"But for that matter, there were five or six families living in our settlement, and I will say we used to have some pretty good times together. We seemed almost like one family, and when one was in need of help the others were sure to give it.

"One of our neighbors was a Mr. Moore. He married a girl who lived in the settlement next to ours, and all her folks lived there. In the winter he worked in the woods with the rest of the men, and as his children were small, he used to hire me to look after the chores that were necessary about his house.

"Well, about the middle of that winter—it was in February, I think—Matildy, that was Mrs. Moore, got word that her mother was sick, and that, if she wanted to see her alive, she must go to her at once.

"The poor woman was nearly frantic with anxiety. Her husband was in the woods, and she had no way of getting to her father's house. I think she had not seen her mother for two years.

"'William,' said my mother, coming home from the Moore cabin, where she had been to spin flax and comfort the sorrowing woman, 'I think you'll have to go.'

"'I'm going at once, mother,' I said, for I thought she meant I must go to Mrs. Moore's and attend to the chores.

"'Not that,' she replied, surmising what I was thinking about. 'You must go to the settlement with Matildy. How should I feel if my mother was dying, and I could not see her? Now, get your chores all done up to-night, so you can start in the morning by daylight. I'll see to things while you're gone.'

"'But what's to be done with the children?' I asked.

"'They're coming to stay with me until Matildy gets back.'

"So it was settled that I should go with Mrs. Moore, and if she did not stay more than a day or two, I was to bring her home. The sky had threatened a storm for a number of days, and I expected to get up the next morning and see a snow-storm. But it was a bitter cold morning—too cold to snow then, though the sky was still gray and heavy, showing plainly enough that there'd be a heavy fall of snow as soon as the weather was warmer.

"It didn't take long to get the horse and sled ready, and putting on father's moose-skin coat, we started, Matilda carrying her baby, that was not more than six months old, in her arms, swathed in a blanket of lynx-skins.

"It was scarcely light when we set off, and it was very slow traveling through the narrow, rough road. We had not got more than three miles from the settlement when it began to sprinkle snow, and in an hour more the flakes were coming down thick and fast. A cutting wind swept through the woods, driving the snow into our faces, and it looked doubtful to me whether we should ever get to the next settlement in such a storm.

"I wanted to turn back, but Matildy would not consent to this. So I had nothing to do but to whip up old Bob and get on as fast as we could.

"But the storm grew worse and worse. The wind kept rising, and the air was so thick with the driving snow that I could scarcely see a rod beyond the horse's head. Noon came, and we were not over ten or twelve miles from the settlement. The snow was now so deep that the horse could make but little headway through it and against the heavy wind.

"We had food with us, but we could not stop for luncheon with the storm piling the big drifts all about us. Part of the time I walked behind the sled to lighten the load, and when it got so deep that Bob—the horse—couldn't pull through, I tramped a path; and so, tramping and wallowing, we managed to get on a few miles further.

"But toward night the horse showed signs of giving out, and we had not gone over two-thirds of the way. I can assure you, it made me feel about sick to think of being out in that storm all night. Not that I feared so much for myself, for, as I said, I was tough as a buffalo, and could have found some snug corner to stow myself away in, and in the big moose-skin coat could have been quite comfortable; but there was Matildy, and the baby, poor thing, was beginning to cry. I feared they both would perish before morning.

"By jerking and encouraging, Bob was made to start again. But his strength and courage did not last, and after another half-mile of plunging and tramping he lurched over the thills into the snow and gave out entirely. All my urging couldn't get him on his legs again.

"What to do then I didn't know. Matildy was actually weeping from anxiety and the cold, and the baby cried now harder than ever. For a few minutes I could not see anything but death before them.

"Suddenly I got an idea, and untackling Bob from the sled, I tied his legs together with the straps of the harness, so that he could neither get up nor thrash about. Then, drawing the sled alongside of him, I canted it up sideways, setting the stakes to keep it from turning over fully, and thus made a sort of shelter to break off the wind.

"Going into the edge of the woods, I cut a lot of fir-boughs with my big knife and made a sort of bed for Matildy and the child, snug up against Bob's back, covering them over with the quilts and skins, tucked in warm about them; and then I covered all with another thick coat of boughs.

"Then I went on toward the settlement, fifteen miles distant, for help. It soon became dark, and I never can tell you half what I suffered stumbling along through the drifts, half blinded by the whirling snow and nearly breathless; sometimes laying down and feeling that I never could go another rod; but the thought of Matildy and the baby in the snow drove me on—and I've no doubt saved my life.

"When within two miles of the settlement the road came out near the river, and for the rest of the way it was mostly cleared land. But it troubled me to keep the road. I was afraid I should wander off and never find the settlement.

"But there was a Hand leading me through that night and storm that I had never known before—and it led me safe; for, after wandering around till I was so exhausted that I was about to lay down in despair, I caught the glimmer of a light ahead.

"Ah, never was a half-drowned sailor more thankful for the sight of a life-boat than I was for that little spark of light! I crawled toward it, shouting with all my strength.

"It came from a little log-hut on the outskirts of the settlement, where a logger's wife was nursing a sick child. Hearing my cries she roused her husband, who came out to my assistance.

"As soon as it began to grow light the man got one of his neighbors—for I was too badly frozen to go back with him—and taking a horse and sled, started after Matildy and the baby."

"And did they find them alive?" asked a listener, furtively brushing away the tears.

"Yes, ma'am, they did. The snow had drifted over them, and so kept out a good deal of the cold, though Matildy was considerably frost-bitten. The baby was asleep, as comfortable as though it had been at home. But old Bob was dead. The journey and the cold had been too much for him.

"That spring the people at the settlements contributed money and bought my father another horse, so we wa'n't much the worse off," concluded the old man, seeming to be quite unconscious of his own heroism.—*Youth's Companion.*

Vines on Houses.

It is generally supposed that vines make houses damp, for which reason there are not nearly as many cottages and houses beautified with vines as there should be. It is only when the climbers are allowed to cover the eaves and obstruct the gutters, or find their way under the shingles, that they become objectionable, and these conditions should, of course, be carefully guarded against. The *Gardener's Monthly's* remarks in this respect are well taken: "Vines should always be kept cut down below the roof. It is a little trouble to do this once a year, but we can not get even our shoes blackened without some trouble. Those who know how beautiful and how cosey looks a vine-covered cottage will not object to the few hours' labor it requires to keep vines from stopping up the gutter. Vines really make a wall dry. The millions of rootlets by which they adhere to the wall absorb water, and an examination will prove a vine-covered wall to be as 'dry as an old bone.' One great advantage of a vine-covered cottage, not often thought of, is that it is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than when there is but a mere naked wall."—*American Garden.*

* * *

—It is a significant fact that while Maine and Missouri were admitted into the Union in the same year, Maine, with seven Representatives in Congress, and Missouri with one, the former now has four members, and the latter fourteen.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The lunatics on Blackwell's Island are going to follow the example of lunatics in other parts of the country and start a newspaper.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Flies have their uses. Their persistency in lighting on unprotected noses lessens the amount of piano practice in summer time, when all the windows are open.—*Philadelphia News.*

—A few moments sometimes makes a great change. A man with blue eyes was seen going into a beer saloon yesterday, and when he came out a little later he had black eyes.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.*

—An exchange says that "Earl Dufferin has been presented with the insignia of the Order of Bath," which is a very neat way of stating that his lordship has been presented with a bar of soap.—*Marathon Independent.*

—"Your mother coming!" exclaimed Smithers; "why, they say the old Harry couldn't live with her." "But," replied Mrs. S., in her most taunting manner, "you will try to, for my sake, won't you, Charley?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Mount Holyoke girl, who was studying to be a missionary, wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text-book on moral science:

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world would be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

—*Boston Post.*

—A New York boy drank a pint of whisky, went swimming, ate a lot of green apples, drank a large quantity of ice water, and went to bed. Next morning he was found dead. About the worst thing a boy can do in hot weather is to fill himself up with ice water.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The American Printing House for the Blind, recently dedicated at Louisville, is the first building ever erected in the world for that sole purpose. It stands in a large yard, surrounded with trees, and is of brick, three stories high, with an ample basement.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Ten years ago two loving hearts were separated by a little quarrel owing to the miscarriage of an explanatory letter. He went West and married; she stayed East and married, and now both are once more free. He has eight children and the jaundice and she seven and the dyspepsia, and neither has any idea of ever marrying again. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it is not so romantic.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Mrs. Parvenu had recently furnished her new house, and it was gorgeously done. Everything was in style, and the carpets were woven in one piece to fit each room. Mrs. Parvenu has a daughter, and of her she was talking to a visitor. "Ah, Mrs. Parvenu," said the lady, "your daughter doesn't go out much?" "No, not a great deal. It tires the poor dear so much." "Indeed? Isn't she well?" "Oh, yes, well enough; but, you see, at so many of the houses where she must call she has to walk over the seams in the carpets, and it hurts the poor dear's feet and makes her so tired."—*Merchant Traveller.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Bessemer Steel Works of Bethlehem, Pa., will go into extensive mining operations in Cuba, with the intention of importing ore into this country.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A church in Bavaria, accommodating 1,000 people, has been almost entirely built of paper mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, as it takes a polish superior to slate.

—The ship-building interest at Bath, Me., is very active at present. The yards are crowded, and the tendency is to build larger vessels than in former years. One now upon the stocks, a ship of 2,600 tons, is the largest ever built in Bath, and is believed to be larger than any built before in the State.

—It seems that electricity was applied to a locomotive long before the Chicago Railroad Exposition. A Salem man constructed a locomotive which was run by electricity in 1851. In experiments on the Baltimore & Ohio Road, nineteen miles were made in thirty-nine minutes.—*Chicago Times.*

—White of an egg, heated to 212 degrees, and kept there awhile, will become dry, shrunken and horny. If the heat is carried a little further, it becomes converted into a substance which is so hard and tough that a valuable cement is obtained by simply smearing the edges of the article to be cemented with the white of egg, and then heating it to a little above 212 degrees.

—The potters have some reason for regarding their trade prospects as improved by the new Tariff law. They were evidently in need of a larger measure of protection. The importations of crockery up to July 1 of this year increased in value $2,000,000 over the same time last year. The pottery industry is yet comparatively in its infancy, but there is no reason it should not rapidly improve.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Two thousand miles of switches laid during the first six months of the year by the tireless railroad men. This example should not be lost upon parents and guardians. About a mile of switch laid daily, where it would do the most good, and put down tight and sealed with whacks, would safely side-track lots of boys now making limited express time on the broad gauge, down grade, which leads to destruction.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—The successful results attending the putting down of wells for gas illuminating and heating purposes, at Painesville and Willoughby, O., during some years past, has induced other persons to decide on similar enterprises. Not long ago, a gentleman living about two miles from the center of Willoughby decided to bore for gas and commenced operations. His well has now reached a depth of 476 feet, and he is getting already a fine supply of gas. He expects to push the well down 200 feet more, when he will doubtless have enough gas to light and heat his residence and illuminate his grounds. The gas well of W. C. Andrews at Willoughby has been in operation for about ten years, and shows no signs of exhaustion.—*Chicago Herald.*

Religious.

HOW SHALL I PRAY?

Father, how can I thus be bold to pray
That Thou shalt grant me that or spare me this?
How should my ignorance not go astray,
How should my foolish lips not speak amiss
And ask for woe when fain they would ask bliss?

How shall I dare to prompt Thee, the All-wise,
To show me kindness?—Thou art ever kind.
What is my feeble craving in Thine eyes
Which view the centuries vast, before, behind,
And sweep unnumbered worlds like viewless wind?

Thy goodness ordereth what thing shall be,
Thy wisdom knoweth even my inmost want;
Why should I raise a needless prayer to Thee,
Or importune Omnipotence to grant
My wishes, dim, short-sighted, ignorant?

And yet I come—for Thou hast bidden and said—
But not to weary Thee, or specify
A wish, but rather with this prayer instead:
"O Lord, Thou knowest: give it or deny,
Fill up the cup of joy, or pass me by."

Just as Thou wilt is just what I would will;
Give me but this, the heart to be content.
And if my wish is thwarted, to lie still,
Waiting till puzzle and till pain are spent,
And the sweet thing made plain which the Lord meant.

—*Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.*

SCIENCE AND PRAYER.

President Anderson, of the Chicago University, has an article on "Sience and Prayer" in a recent number of the *North American Review*, from which the following is taken:

The real difficulty in the way of God's answering prayer, according to the able scientists, is the fact that the laws of the material universe are absolutely unchangeable. This has led some theistic scientists to affirm that prayer for spiritual blessings may be answered, while prayer for physical good—for example, for rain in time of drought—is folly. But if fixity of law makes prayer for physical good absurd, it must make equally foolish prayer for spiritual blessings, since law is just as fixed in the realm of mind or spirit as in the realm of matter. The laws by which the mind is developed are just as immutable as the laws by which the oak is unfolded from the acorn; the laws by which we think are as rigid and fixed as those which regulate the rivers in their flow or the clouds that sweep across the sky. If, on account of the fixedness of law, it is absurd to pray for rain, it is for the same reason equally absurd to pray that the Divine Spirit may illuminate our minds and guide our thoughts. If, then, God may answer prayer for spiritual gifts, He may, in spite of the unchangeableness of law, answer prayer for physical blessings.

But we also suggest that the position which we combat is probably untenable, on the ground that these able scientists do not, in stating their objections to prayer, use the term law with that precision of meaning that is requisite in scientific discussion. Sometimes they personify it. It seems clothed with personality, as when they tell us that the laws of nature do this and that. They often deify it, ascribing to it attributes which the devout theist ascribes only to God. This is the method of poetry rather than of science. Every thinker knows that the term law has several distinct meanings. It will be sufficient for our purpose to note barely two. We call attention to the first simply because of its diversity from the second, so that by the contrast we may add to the vividness of the second meaning, on which we propose to comment. We are so made that we discern a distinction between right and wrong; we know intuitively that they are opposites. Men universally recognizing this distinction feel that they ought to do the right and shun the wrong. This ought is mightier than all other forces which impel men to action. This distinction of right from wrong, and the oughtness which presses a man, as with the superincumbent weight of a mountain, to do the right, constitute the essence of moral law. Bentham, in his utilitarian argument in reference to morals, was so troubled with this element of oughtness that he declared that the word ought "ought to be banished from the vocabulary of morals." From the inexorable necessities of his own being he could not say it in any other way.

Now, when we come to talk of the laws of the material universe, we have in mind a very different conception. No oughtness appears. We mean simply the processes of nature—the ways in which things, so far as the observation of men has extended, come to pass. When the cold reaches a given degree of intensity water freezes; we say that that is a material law. When the high temperature of spring comes the ice melts and vegetation starts; we call these processes laws. When vapor freezes it takes the forms of crystals; and this process we call a material law. The profoundest scientist can not carry his analysis any further. He knows more than a clown or a child only because, by study and extended observation, he has seen more of the processes of nature, and has generalized and grouped them. In any single example, he can only see what the ignorant may see—that a law of nature is simply the way in which a thing, in the material world or in the world of mind, is done.

Now, since in these varied laws of nature we see that certain useful ends are met, the suggestion inevitably comes that intelligence established these laws, or now works out these varied and beneficent processes. Since a law of nature is nothing more than the way in which a certain thing is accomplished, it is certainly not contrary to anything which science has discovered to consider the laws of nature simply as God's methods of doing things. Such a supposition does no violence to scientific method, while it provides a suitable cause for the beneficent element in these laws. If it is asked why these processes or laws of nature, on the supposition that they are God's ways of working, are fixed, invariable, we find a ready answer in the Biblical revelation of God's nature and character. Being absolutely perfect, when, for the first time He did anything, He did it with absolute perfection. When a thing is perfect, there can be no change for the better, since nothing can be any more than perfect; but God can not change, in these processes of nature, to that which would be in any sense imperfect, since that would be a contradiction of His own absolute perfection. So we find in the character of God, as presented to us in the Bible, the sufficient reason for the immutability of natural laws, when we regard them as simply His methods of acting. So when David sang: "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice," he may not even in his imaginative song have uttered anything opposed to the strictest science; it may be that in such diction, poetry and science met together and kissed each other. Yet if these processes of nature may, without the slightest conflict with science, be considered simply the actings of God immanent in His own creation, it is not impossible that, working by those unchangeable processes, He may answer the prayers of His children.

And it will not be difficult for us to discover by analogy how, in perfect harmony with the fact of the immutability of natural laws, God may do this. The perfect confidence of men in the fixity of natural laws underlies all their acts. Without such confidence they could not construct or work the simplest machinery. They would not dare to sail lake or ocean, lest by a change of natural laws their vessel should suddenly sink rather than float. But because they know these laws to be immutable, they use them with confidence in all their manifold activities. Now, from analogy, we are able to see how the immutability of natural laws, instead of being an obstacle standing in the way of God's answering prayer, may become rather the very means by which He answers every prayer of faith. Men, because these natural laws are unchangeable, are able by the adjustment to each other of even very few of them to secure the most wonderful results. The adjustment to each other of a few immutable laws gives us the steam-engine, which moves most of the machinery of the civilized nations. The adjustment of a few immutable laws drives our great merchant ships around the globe. The bird which darts upward into the air and onward through it with such great velocity, instinctively adjusts a few unchangeable laws to bring about this surprising result. If men, with their limited knowledge, and the birds of the air by instinct, can use unchangeable laws to reach such marvelous and varied results, can not God, who established these laws, so adjust them to each other as to answer every true prayer breathed into His ear? Immutability of law, then, does not make prayer even for physical blessings a folly, but rather suggests to us how God, because of this very immutability, may answer every true petition.

Then we are never to forget that at best we know but little. La Place is reported to have said, just before he died: "What we do not know is enormous." We have discovered, by centuries of toil, a few natural laws. As the circle of our knowledge has widened we have become aware of a still greater circle just beyond that no human mind has ever explored. And in the future, as our knowledge extends, we shall ever grow more and more keenly alive to the infinite reaches of being and of law which we do not know. What we know of the laws of the material universe compared with what we do not know, is like the handful of sand in the hour-glass compared with the great Sahara. If man, with his very limited knowledge of unchangeable laws, can by their adjustment to each other achieve so much, who shall limit in his achievements Him who understands all laws, and who, by the simple act of His will, can adjust these myriads of laws to each other so as to satisfy the cry of every one of His creatures?

Moreover, those who have arrayed science and prayer against each other have sometimes complacently sneered at those who still believe that God answers prayer as being honest enough, but pitiably unscientific. Now, such men ought not to complain if we demand in them what they demand in others. No theory designed to account for any class of phenomena is worth anything unless it takes into consideration all the known facts, and makes suitable provision for them. Those who contend that on the basis of the immutability of natural laws it is folly to pray, have never in their theory made full provision for the entire contents of the fact of prayer. If one thing in reference to man has been established beyond every other, it is the fact that he has distinctively a religious nature. Wherever found, be he savage or civilized, he is religious. He universally has his places of worship, rude or artistic; he has his shrines and altars, and offers to his god or gods sacrifices bloody or unbloody. Heathen, Mohammedan and Christian alike pray. Even men who declare themselves atheists will sometimes pray, when they get into a pinch; and in their highest and best moods will utter words of praise to Him whom they declare not to exist. Now, a fact so universal as prayer must be in some way accounted for. Does it not carry the evidence in itself that there is an answer to it? We find it to be a general law of our being that satisfaction is provided for every natural and right desire. We hunger—without us are manifold harvests and barns bursting with plenty; we thirst—without us are lakes, bubbling fountains and purling brooks; we long for the beautiful—without us in myriads of objects is beauty more subtle and delicate than was ever expressed by the brush of the painter or the pen of the poet; we crave the sublime—and cataract, and mountain, and heaving ocean, and the awful storm, answer the inward desire. As, in these cases, the hunger, the thirst, the longing and the craving are evidences within us of the satisfaction without us, so prayer, the deep longing or craving of man's religious nature, carries with it the decisive evidence that there is without an answer which will meet and satisfy it. If this be not so, then for our physical and in[illegible] cravings answers beautiful and complete have been provided, while the cravings of our higher religious nature have been left uncared for and unsatisfied. This a school-boy could not fail to stamp as the rankest absurdity. Prayer is either answered, or else those desires which impel man to come into communion with God are, of all the desires of his being, alone a mockery. Is any one credulous enough to believe that? Any sound theory of prayer must also take into account another fact, namely, that of testimony. Men affirm that God has heard their prayers. From the number of witnesses let us exclude all those who might reasonably be accused of fanaticism; yet we have failed to see why the testimony of a fanatical Christian is not just as trustworthy as that of a fanatical skeptic. We will exclude, too, all witnesses who may be reasonably suspected of having had collusion with each other. Then we will sift the testimony of the clear-headed, unbiased witnesses, striking out every statement which may, with the slightest show of reason, be considered as an illusion of honest but mistaken men. Even then, the testimony gathered from the witnesses of all time that would remain, all bearing on this one point, would, if printed in books, make a vast library. Can any just theory in reference to prayer omit a fact of such magnitude? Would it be scientific to ignore all this testimony of the purest and best men that ever lived? If their testimony is declared fanatical, would that not prove too much, if mere assertion ever proves anything? Would it not show that the fanaticism of the ages has contained within itself the godliness, the purity, the virtue of the ages? No, there is no way in which we can scientifically thrust such testimony out of sight. It stands solid as granite, as clear as crystal, and he who would be scientific in handling the fact of prayer must take it up into his theory and account for it.

If it should be said that prayer and its supposed answer is simply a happy coincidence we might grant that in one, or two, or three cases it may be, and do no despite to science. But take fifty cases, or five hundred, or ten thousand, and declare in every case that we have only a lucky coincidence, and such a number of coincidences would tax our credulity far more than to admit that God in reality answered the prayers; so large a number of coincidences would be a thousand-fold more mysterious than the fact that these men cried unto the Lord, and that He, in mercy and love, heard their cries and satisfied their wants. By no device can we, with a strict scientific spirit and method, brush aside the vast mass of testimony that God has answered prayer.

Our argument in brief, then, is this: From any proper definition of science and prayer, we can not discover anything within them that brings them into conflict. Those who rule out prayer for physical blessings on the ground of the immutability of natural laws must, if consistent, rule out prayer for spiritual blessings also, since law is as fixed in the realm of spirit as in the realm of matter. Confusion often results from a lack of precision in the use of the term law—a physical law being, to our observation, only a process in the material world; but as we see that in the process beneficent ends are reached, that fact suggests that the process may be simply God's method of acting. By these very processes, therefore, God may answer prayer. As men, by adjusting to each other the few immutable laws of the material world which they have laboriously learned, reach all the varied and marvelous results which we see produced by mechanical contrivances, so God, who works in and through all the laws of His universe, by their adjustment, without in the slightest degree infringing them, may answer every prayer of His people. Any truly scientific theory of prayer must account for the fact of prayer and deal dispassionately with the mass of testimony given, down through all the ages, that God has, in almost innumerable instances, answered prayer.

After a calm, dispassionate examination of all that has been written by materialistic scientists about the impotence and folly of prayer, we may, without the slightest danger of being unscientific, still believe and obey Him who, speaking with unerring wisdom, said: "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Choice Selections.

—How few people experience the delight of loving their neighbors as they love themselves.

—No man ever prospers in the high sense on selfishness. He thrives best who strives for the universal betterment of mankind.—*Golden Rule.*

—I do not find that to give up anxiety and to trust in God is difficult now, though it used to be. Blessed be my Lord, I can not help believing Him, for He loads me down with evidences of His truth and fidelity.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

—As a rule, we are far readier to ask God for what we want than to thank Him for what we have. Our prayers are commonly more specific in their petitions than in acknowledgments.—*W. M. Taylor.*

—An absorption in the affairs of this life will make us to forget there is another and better existence. The true way would, then, seem to be not to neglect the duties of this life, but to resolve, with all our strength, and above all, with the grace that God gives us, to never forget that we are immortal beings, and that this life is but a starting place (but all important) to a grand hereafter. Nothing, it seems to me, should persuade otherwise, and if it be some of the dearest objects in life that cause us to forget our high destiny, they should be sundered and dissolved rather than that we should perish. It may take aching hearts and choking sighs and groans to accomplish this, but is it not our bounden duty to ourselves and Creator to do so? Or may we live aimlessly and carelessly and still find Heaven and happiness at last? These questions come home to all and must be answered.—*Alexander Macaulay.*

Our Young Folks.

SIX LITTLE MAIDENS.

I'll tell you a story, I'll sing you a song—
It's not very short and it's not very long—
Of six little maidens: in white they were dressed,
And each was the sweetest and each was the best.

Invited for four—well, now, let me see:
Waiting was dull, so they got there at three.
There were little Miss Katie and Nellie and Sue,
And little Miss Bessie and Polly and Prue.

It might have been June, if it hadn't been May,
The first of the month, and a beautiful day;
They kissed when they met, as the ladies all do—
Kate, Susie and Nell; Bess, Polly and Prue.

They danced and they skipped, and they sang and they played,
And they formed pretty groups in the sun and the shade;
And I said, when they asked me of which I was fond:
"Brunettes are the dearest, and so are the blonde."

And that night, as I bade them adieu at the gate—
Bess, Polly and Prue, and Sue, Nellie and Kate—
How I wished that "good-bye!" could have been "how-d'y-do!"
And I said: "Come at three!" so as to get them at two!

—*R. W. Lowrie, in St. Nicholas.*

ABOUT CRYING.

A Lecture by John Spicer.

I know what crying means, but it is so funny to talk about that I do not know how to tell what it is, very well, but I will tell as well as I can. When water comes into your eyes, and your face puckers itself up, and you make noises with your mouth and nose, all that is crying. Sometimes you make a howling kind of noise, and sometimes you make a squealing kind, and sometimes you only sniffle with your nose. I know a good many reasons why people cry. I do not mean grown-up people, I mean boys and girls. You cry when you get hurt, and when you have to do things you do not want to, and when you can not do what you want to, and when you can not have what you want, and when anybody plagues you. I do not know what makes the water come into your eyes when you get hurt, or when you have to do what you do not want to, or can not do what you want to, or can not have what you want, or anybody plagues you, and my father does not know; but it comes there, and comes without your trying to make it come, and my father thinks this is quite curious; and no matter how far off the hurt is from your eyes, if it is on the end of your little finger, or of your little toe, the cry-water does not come there, it comes to your eyes. Cry-water is called tears. When more cry-water comes into your eyes than they can hold, then it runs over, and runs down your face in little round drops, and these are tear-drops. Sometimes they run down so fast you have to take your handkerchief, if you have one in your pocket; but if 'tis lost, your fist will do. When I was a little fellow I cried a good deal and my father used to say: "Get a bottle, quick! A bottle to catch the tears! Johnny's tears are running away! They'll get lost! Get a bottle!" If tears get into your mouth they taste salt. Once when it was my bed-time and I cried to stay up longer, my brother told me there was too much salt in my tears, and said if I would cry some fresh water tears he would ask my mother to let me stay up till her bed-time, and I took a piece of a tear on the tip end of my finger, and touched it to my tongue, and it was salt, every time I tried.

Boys and girls cry more than grown-up people, and small boys and girls cry more than large ones, and babies cry more than anybody. The ones who are crying do not know how funny their faces look and what bad noises come out of their mouths. If they knew, maybe they would stop. The best way to stop is to shut your teeth tight together and your lips tight together. If that does not stop it, then take hold of your nose, hard, with your pocket-handkerchief; but if that is lost then take hold with your thumb and finger, but keep your lips and teeth shut, too. The best time to stop it is just before it comes; just when it is beginning. A fellow told me he had tried it, and stopped it every time by doing all these things.

My brother made this verse when I was a little fellow:

"What is it to cry?
'Tis to have a wet eye,
And to sob and to sigh,
With your face all awry,
And to lift your voice high,
So that no one who hears you will want to come nigh.
Some cry with a *wou! wou! wou!*
And some with a *wi! wi! wi!*
And some with a squealy, wealy, wealy,
Like piggywiggywigs in a stye-i! i!"

When I was a little fellow they used to call me Fretter-and-Growler, because I cried so much, and my grandma used to tell me stories to try to cure me of crying. I will tell you two of them: When grandma was a child there was another child lived in the next house. He was a boy and his name was Jerry. He cried so much that when the people about there heard any strange noise they would say: "What's that noise? Jerry crying?" No matter if it was a cow mooing, or a cat squalling, or a dog howling, they would say: "What's that noise? Jerry crying?" He cried when he was being dressed, and when he had his face and hands washed; cried for things to eat that he mustn't have, and cried to go to places, and for what he wanted, if he couldn't have it; cried if he fell down; cried if the boys laughed at him, and if they just touched him without hurting him hardly any, he would cry about it. And if the boys called him "cry-baby," he would cry because they called him cry-baby. His real name was Jeremiah, and when the boys found that out they used to say:

"Jeremi knows how to cry:
Jeremiah's a very good cry-er."

One time a kind lady stayed at his house, and she said she could make a better rhyme than that, and it was:

"Jerry, Jerry, knows how to be merry!"

and asked him if he had not been

"Jeremiah, a very good cry-er."

long enough; and he said he had, and when he began to cry she would say:

"Jerry, Jerry, knows how to be merry!"

and that made him laugh, and pretty soon he thought of it himself, and he grew to be quite a merry Jerry.

Now I will tell you the other story: Once when grandma was a child she knew two children, a boy and a girl. They did not live in the house with each other. The girl was named Ruth Holmes, and the boy was named James Adams, and Ruth Holmes learned how not to cry. Somebody told her how. Once a great ugly boy pounded her and she did not cry then, for she was very brave about crying. She was a hop-skip-and-jump little girl, grandma said, and liked to play out doors. One time she fell off a fence and broke her arm, and while the doctor was taking hold of it, and it was aching a good deal, she cried only two tears, and they came of themselves, just at the end when the pain was very bad. Somebody asked her how she kept herself from crying, and she said she kept thinking to herself, fast as she could: "I can bear it; I can bear it." This was the way the one told her that showed her how to keep from crying. Grandma said the boy, James Adams, was a kind of a cry-baby. He heard how it was that Ruth Holmes kept herself from crying when she had her broken arm, and he thought he would try the same way and stop himself from being such a cry-baby. So every time he got hurt or the boys plagued him, or he could not do as he liked to, or had to do what he did not like to, or could not have what he wanted, he said to himself—said it thinking, not talking—"I can bear it; I can bear it," and he stopped himself from being a cry-baby. And after he was a man he told grandma that when very bad things happened to him he remembered that little girl, Ruth Holmes and thought to himself, "I can bear it; I can bear it;" and he remembered it till he was an old man.

At the close of the lecture Superintendent Dick asked that all who never cried should raise their hands. Next he asked that all who would like to hear crying should raise their hands. Not a hand went up. Next he asked that all who liked to hear themselves cry should raise their hands. Three hands went up slowly, part way, and then went down. Lastly he asked them all to show how they cried; whether with a wou, wou, wou, or a wi, wi, wi, or a squealy, wealy, wealy. They all began to show how they cried, but this made them laugh, and some of them laughed so, trying to cry, that they tumbled over in a heap together.—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

Willie and Dobbin.

Willie was visiting his grandmother, who lived in the country. He thought he was quite a man, but he was only seven. His grandmother had a very wise horse named Dobbin. Sometimes John would put Willie on the horse's back while he led him to water. He was never allowed to ride him alone, though he often wanted to do so.

One day every one in the house was busy, and no one thought of Willie. He thought of himself, the naughty boy! and this is what he did. He went to the stable just to look at Dobbin. John was not there. Willie thought he would take a little ride. He managed to untie the halter and climb upon Dobbin's back.

Slowly he walked the horse out of the stable, in the yard, and to the road. No one saw him. He wanted but one thing, a whip! Just then he saw a tree with a little branch growing on it that would do. He rode up, and with some trouble broke it off. Then he struck Dobbin a sharp blow—harder than he meant to. The good old horse was much surprised. He kicked up his heels and started at a quick pace down the road. Willie could not stop him. He did his best, but the old horse was too much for him. The poor little boy was very much frightened. He dropped his whip and clung to Dobbin's neck.

Soon they came to a large mud-puddle in the middle of the road. Willie could hold on no longer. He slipped off, and fell with a splash into the muddy water. Dobbin turned and trotted home.

Willie's mother happened to look out of the window as Dobbin came into the yard. She ran to see what it meant. Willie was missed, and his frightened mother and grandmother ran down the road to find him. They were much relieved to see a muddy little figure coming toward them. He was too muddy and too much ashamed to look at them, but he was not hurt.

Not very much was said; but for one month Willie, the seven-years-old, almost a man, had to be followed about by a nurse, because he could not be trusted!—*Our Little Ones.*

Chinese "Futures."

There is no such speculation in China as buying and selling futures. Two or three years ago the chief official of a province heard how Americans raked in showers of golden ducats in this manner, and he used the funds of the Government to speculate on the outcome of the opium yield. He sold short and was busted all to shingles, and soon found himself in the presence of the chief Wang-Doodle of the Flowery Kingdom.

"Where's them cash?" was demanded in a voice of thunder and lightning.

"Slid out," was the reply, in tones which betrayed a desire to go off on a blackberry excursion as soon as possible.

"How-Hop, you are a defaulter! Get ready to see the angels!"

And he was taken out and his paper collar torn off without regard to his ears, and a Chinese Sullivan walked up to him and spit on his hands and clutched a sharp sword and whacked his head off as slick as molasses running down the outside of a dog. Since that little episode no Chinaman wants any "future" in his. If he knew that the country was certain to raise five hundred million bushels of turnips he wouldn't dare sell for November delivery at ten dollars per bushel.—*Wall Street News.*

* * *

—The Mexican dollar is worth only ninety cents in Canada, but our ninety-cent dollar passes at par. Our money is worth more because of the picture of the Philadelphia girl which goes with it to every subscriber.—*Chicago News.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. AUG. 22, 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	"	40
¼ "	"	20
1 "	½ "	20
½ "	½ "	10
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE telegrapher's strike which has been on for several weeks has colapsed.

THE Louisville and the Cincinnati papers do not agree as to the success o' the Southern Exposition.

GALVESTON, Texas, is on the verge of a water famine. Cisterns are exhausted and vegetation perishing.

BOONE gave much the largest democratic majority for Governor of any county in this Congressional district.

BOTH parties have their tickets in the field in Hamilton county, Ohio, and now the fight will begin sure enough.

IT is said that the rain shall descend upon the just and the unjust. Reckon we are all just in this neck 'o woods, else the rain would descend.

MARTIN BRADLEY was lynched at Terrill, Texas, one morning last week and the negroes were so incensed that they threatened to destroy the town.

Two trains of cars collided at Winchester, Friday morning, and a lot of giant powder on one of them exploding, killing several persons and destroying the new depot building.

VINC SHINKLE, one of the leading business men in Covington, made an assignment last week. His liabilities are about $80,000, but it is thought that he has sufficient property with to pay his debts.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 30@5 60; fair to good packers, at $4 90@5 35; fair to good light, $5 50@5 75; common, $4 35@4 85; culls, $3 25@4 25: stock hogs, $4 25@5 25.

AN Enquirer correspondent, in North Carolina, has discovered a mighty monster "that roams in the wilds of the Appalachian Mountains, carries off and devours children and live stock, is human-headed, serpent-tailed and alligator-bodied." Of course it makes things lively among the tar-heels. Let's get up a mill between this fellow and John L. Sullivan.

THE official vote of 111 counties will be found in another column, giving Knott 130 669 against 87,212 for Morrow, a majority of 43,457 for Knott. There now remains only six more counties to be heard from, viz: Breathitt, Elliott, Letcher, Marshall, Martin and Perry. The vote in these counties in 1879 gave a Democratic majority of 1,525, so that Knott's majority will be within a few votes on one side or the other of 45,000.—Frankfort Yeoman.

Senator Williams is rapidly acquiring the reputation of a bar'l candidate. Charges are made in some of the papers that he distributed money in Clark, Mason, Bath and other counties to assist in the election of the Democratic nominees for the Legislature, though why he should take such an earnest interest in such matters we are sure we can not tell.

The above is from the Lexington Press, and it seems to be a prevalent opinion that Senator Williams is relying on his money rather than his merits to return him to the United State Senate, and next winter will be a good time to excuse the gentleman from further public service.

IT seems from the blundering manner in which the vote in reference to the constitutional convention was taken in some counties, and the want of uniformity of the labors of the tellers, that it will be some time before the result of the vote on the convention can be learned. The Secretary of State, to whom the law directs the official returns shall be made, has received a deskfull of papers, some purporting to be names of those entitled to vote for Representatives, and still others without any mark or reference as to their meaning or the district whence they came. A number have no mention of the county and others are so illegibly and inaccurately made up that it is doubtful whether the new Secretary of State and a corps of clerks can tabulate anything like a correct statement for three months to come.

A CARD

To the Trustees, Patrons and Teachers of the Common Schools of Boone County:

As the time is near when our schools should begin, a few remarks and suggestions will not be out of place, and I trust, of some benefit.

I find a great negligence or indifference on the part of the trustees in keeping a record of their official business, properly filling out their annual report, employing teachers without even knowing whether or not they are in possession of certificates, &c. I would suggest that Trustees and patrons attend the Institute during its entire session.

I think with the increase of the per capita, and the growing interest in the cause of education that now exists, we may, as school officials, succeed, this year, in improving, very much, the common schools of our county.

I also find Teachers' registers, to a very great extent, left blank, when it would be but little trouble to correctly fill out the same.

Also a lack of interest on the part of the patrons to visit the schools, provide fuel, &c.

I have distributed some forty copies of the latest School Law, and have a few copies left, and anyone who desires a copy will receive the same by addressing me at once.

It is utterly impossible for the Commissioner to perform the duties required of him in making his annual report to the Superintendent, and supplementary, &c., as long as this state of matters exist.

The Board of Examiners will hold no special sessions, except in cases where it is an extreme necessity.

The Board of Examiners have adopted the following for First Class-First Grade Certificates:

Orthography	90	per cent.
Reading	90	"
Arithmetic	90	"
Grammar	90	"
Geography	90	"
Composition	90	"
History	70	"
Penmanship	70	"
Average	85	"

Those holding certificates with the above percent or higher will be rescinded.

D. M. SNYDER,
Commissioner.

A FEW days more and Gov. Blackburn loses his grip on the pardoning power.

INSTEAD of a falling off in the democratic majority in this State, it has been increased.

THE Penitentiary convicts are wondering how dexterously Knott will handle the pardon mill.

FRANKFORT is cleaning house preparatory to the inauguration of the new governor of Kentucky.

THOS. G. STUARD, of Clark county, has designs on the next Speakership, in the lower-house of the legislature.

THE yellow fever has made its appearance in the Pensacola Navy Yard, and strong efforts are being made to stamp it out.

TEACHERS should not forget to attend the Institute next week. The law requiring their attendance is very strict, and the School Commissioner says that he is going to enforce it to the letter.

THE "Straightout" Republicans in Virginia have held a convention endorsing James G. Blaine for the Presidency and condemning the action of the administration in aiding Mahone in the repudiation of one-third of the State debt.

STATE NEWS.

—Near Midway a field of wheat averaged 40½ bushels per acre.

—A Carlisle firm shipped 421 bushels of blackberries this season.

—Asbury ran behind the republican ticket 529 votes in Fleming co.

—Lexington is to have locomotive shops started under a charter from the last legislature.

—Lexington had a $50,000 fire last week. Several valuable horses were burned.

—The democrats made a gain of 2,550 in Carter, Boyd, Geenup and Lawrence counties in the last election.

—Thirty-six head of Jessamine county cattle were sold recently to a Baltimore party at $100 per head. The cattle averaged 1,800 pounds.

—James M. Griffin, says the Warsaw Independent, sowed 30 bushels of wheat on 20 acres of land last fall, and when his crop was threshed it turned out 31 bushels.

—The Richmond Register says Col. C. R. Estill raised on thirty acres this season 720 bus. of wheat or an average of 24 bushels to the acre. The grain used was the new variety of Fultz wheat.

—There is a man living in Caldwell county who chews tobacco habitually, but somewhat different from the common mode. He swallows the juice, and when the quid is sufficiently masticated he swallows that also.

—For several days Mrs. John Malsby has been keeping a nice pound cake in her bureau, which she was saving for the first preacher who might drop in. Imagine her surprise when she opened the drawer to fine a highland moccasin two feet long, coiled up on her nice white cake.—Walton News.

—There's a kind of "Huckelberry Hell" in a sequested glen near the Parks' Hill Camp Grounds, where they sell cider, cordial, brandy, peaches, run cap guns, shake chuckaluck, etc. Every three steps a broken bottle that once contained brandy peaches, marks the way of wickedness.—Bourbon News.

—The Fleming county Gazette says: "We Republicans elected a constable in this precinct, and a magistrate in Plummer's precinct, for which we are truly thankful. We are glad that we are living and that the election was no worse than it is. Of the colored people only three of them voted for R. K. Hart.

—A few days since Col. Bruce was in Frankfort, and seeing the Governor, was addressed as Colonel Bruce. Col. Bruce said: "Governor, my name is Bruce, but the 'Colonel' is a fraud. But I wish you would make me a Colonel." On Friday night last the Governor's commission making him colonel was received.—Transcript.

—Doctor Cooper, while digging for gold on his place in Grayson county, near the Breckinridge line, had penetrated the earth about sixty feet, when all at once the bottom fell out of the hole and the earth and stones dropped to an unknown depth in a black cavity. The Doctor produced a line a couple of hundred feet in length and sounded the abyss, but did not succeed in finding bottom.—Breckinridge News.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Palestine, Texas, has had but one shower of rain in the past eight weeks.

—The free mail-delivery system will go into effect at Chattanooga September 1st.

—The Illinois Central railroad shops at Water Valley, Miss., are turning out four twenty-ton coal cars every twenty-four hours.

—Forty-three cities and towns in Texas have assumed separate control of their schools and will conduct them independent of the state system

—The highwayman who laid siege to so many pocket-books in Austin, Texas, a week or two ago, has been captured alive and made to disgorge his gatherings.

—Henry Clay Thurston, of Mt. Pleasant, Texas, is the tallest man in America. He is seven feet, seven and one-half inches high, fifty-three years old, and weighs 280 pounds.

—A mining company have sunk a shaft near Cold Springs, in Greene county, Tenn., to the depth of six feet in a rock, and have struck a large vein of silver that pays at that depth $34 71 per ton.

—The river eight miles above Natchez is caving rapidly in a direct line on the Mississippi side through the old Nevite chute, which was once the bed of the Mississippi river. The distance across the point is less than a mile. More than a quarter of a mile has caved into the river during the last twenty months, and it is only a matter of time, or in the near future, when the river will resume its old bed, abandoned more than forty years ago.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

Twists and Twinges.

"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage one bright autumnal Sunday, "there is a lesson from the cornfield. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted. Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking-peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possible; but nobody wants to be husked, for all that, and nature teaches us to resist the process Therefore, we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N. Y., M. Alfred Bear, a French gentleman, writes:

"I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me. But PARKER'S TONIC gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name.

Messrs HISCOX & Co., call especial attention to the fact that this preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

For Sale.

70 Stands of Bees.

I will sell the entire lot at $5 per stand, or will sell 35 stands at $6 per stand. Persons buying one or two stands can get them at $10 per stand. A larger number will be sold proportionally cheaper. No honey has been taken from the brood department, and the stands are all in good order.

E. E. UTZ.

Strayed.

A red and white speckled heifer, two years old, will weigh about 750 pounds—left the pasture about the first of July. Any one giving information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received.

JERRY BEEMON, Florence X-Roads.

SCIENCE HILL.

(A SCHOOL for Girls,) Established 1825

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GRAND EVENT OF THE YEAR!

The Lawrenceburg Fair,

AUGUST 22nd to 25th, 1883.

RACES Every DAY.

PROGRAMME:

Wednesday, August 22.

Jack and Mules, Heavy Draft Horses.

Boone and Dearborn County Trot, Purse $50 00

Running Race, Purse, ... $100 00

Thursday, August 23.

Address by HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE.

Cattle, Saddle Horses, Hogs and Sheep.

Three minute trot, Purse, ... $200 00

Running Race, Purse, ... $150 00

Friday, August 24.

General Purpose Horses, Sweepstakes on Hogs and Sheep, Matched Horses, Swepstakes on Stallions, Purse... $50 00

Two Thirty Trot, Purse $200 00

Free for all Pace, Purse $300 00

Saturday, August 25.

Herds of Cattle, Purse $150 00

Light Harness Horses, Sweepstakes on General Purpose Horses, Purse... $50 00

Running Race, Purse $200 00

Free for all Trot, Purse $400 00

STEAM FERRY at Lawrenceburg during Fair week, Commencing Wednesday, August 22nd.

No Entry Fees for Competition. Send for Premium Lists.

W. H. O'BRIEN, Secretary,

Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

Clara G Botts' Gud. Plff.
vs } Notice of sale in equity
Clara G Botts, Deft.

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April Term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Sept., 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 & 12 months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment to wit:

Lot No. 3 in the division of Rowland Botts' lands, described as follows: Beginning at a stone on the Burlington and Petersburg road, corner of lot No. 2; thence with said road N 32¼ E 13¾ poles, N 45¼ E 29 poles to a stone on said road; thence N 50¼ W 29⅔ poles passing east of the grave yard to a stone; thence N 66¼ W 40¼ poles to a stone, corner of lot No. 4, in a line of lot No. 2, thence with said line S 30¼ E 48 poles to the beginning, including the dwelling house, containing 9¼ acres.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C

Also at the same time and place the following lot of land will be offered, adjoining the above, containing acres and bounded east by Joseph G. Botts and Clara G. Botts', lots south by the Petersburg & Burlington road, west by T. E. Randall and north by J. D. Willis' heirs—this sale will be made on the following terms: One-half cash; the remainder due in six months, to bear interest from day of sale, with a lien reserved on the land for the deferred payment.

F. P. WALTON, Agt.
For MARY SARGANT.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Churchell Clore, decd., will present them properly proven as by law required.

HENRY CLORE, WM. CLORE,
Executors.

NOTICE.

A dividend of 50 cents on each share of the Burlington and Florence turnpike is declared and ordered to be paid on demand by the treasurer DUDLEY ROUSE.

Aug. 11th, 1883.

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good.

MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

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Piano. If you want to exchange your old instrument. If you want to receive their full value.

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Indiana,
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NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley,
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk; A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney; M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clotterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,

Rising Sun, Ind.

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J. P. Ulrey.

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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,

MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

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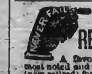

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Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

Some tobacco is being cut.

Read the advertisement of bees for sale.

The second crop of clover is being harvested.

Croquet by moonlight is quite a fashionable game in Burlington.

The Lawrenceburg Fair commenced yesterday. It will be one of the best fairs in Indiana.

The sale of the personal property of the late Churchell Clore comes off August 28th, next Tuesday.

Don't waste the water. There is no telling when it will rain again. The water courses are getting dusty.

Our local harnessmaker is working on a set of harness which he will exhibit at the Lexington Fair next week.

To see a man having coal shoveled into his coal-house such a day as last Monday, looks like—we won't say it.

D. M. Snyder was in town Saturday, and was particularly happy, because he has another fine daughter at his house.

The tobacco crop in the southern part of the county has been growing nicely since the fine rain that visited that section.

The indications are that the next term of the Circuit Court will be short picking for both lawyer and court officials.

Gentlemen who desire to retain a youthful appearance, preserve and invigorate the hair with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Last week we said John Moody was elected constable in the Bellevue district, when we should have said James Snyder.

The Salem Association meets with the Gunpowder church this year, and will be held in the woods near Jams Delph's, commencing to-day.

The Clore boys weighed their threshing machine here Monday morning. The thresher weighed 3,810 pounds and the engine and boiler, 4,280 pounds.

James Smith, of Bellevue, brought to town last Thursday, a yellow catfish that weighed 40 pounds. It was caught in a set-net in the river opposite Bellevue.

In some localities in this county the corn crop looks exceedingly poor. Corn on sod land stood the dry weather much better than that growing on other land.

Mr. McFarland, the shoemaker who came her a week or two since, and opened up a shop moved his family over last Friday, and is now a citizen of the town.

Mrs. Edward Grant, who was quite sick at her aunt's, near Florence, for several days, recovered sufficiently to return, last week, to her home in Carrollton.

Another piscatorial excursion from this place to the river last week. They made an abundant haul. If these visits are kept up we fear the supply of fish in the Ohio will be exhausted.

There will be eight herds of cattle on exhibition at the fair this week. This will make the largest cattle show ever brought together in this section of the State.—Lawrenceburg Register.

The whistle of the steam thresher can be heard in all directions. Some of the crops of wheat are so small that the machine has not time to whistle more than twice before the crop is threshed.

Saturday the Boone team goes to Aurora to meet the Standards again. The last game was 12 to 13 in favor of the Standards, and the game Saturday will be fought for hard by both clubs.

Atty. Hughes had the largest threshing of any person heard from so far this season. The yield was entirely satisfactory, and when measured up there was exactly one gallon—of mustard seed.

We acknowledge the courtesy of a complimentary ticket to the Fifteenth Annual Fair of the South-Eastern Indiana Agricultural Society, to be held at Aurora from Sept. 4th to 8th, inclusive.

Joseph Saddler, who lives on this side of the river, just above Lawrenceburg came near colliding with a flash of lightning a few days since. It struck a willow bush near him and knocked him down.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hupschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

The ball given at the Hebron hall last Wednesday night for the benefit of Geo. Knapp, was largely attended, and the tripping of the light fantastic was continued till nearly dawn. All who attended enjoyed themselves hugely.

Some section hands living in a shanty near Ludlow, on the C. S. R. R, got into a dispute then into a fight, in which one of them was fearfully beaten about the head. Dr. Crisler was called in to dress the wounds, and thought that congestion of the brain might be the result.

James H. Mirrick, of Waco, Texas, was visiting his friends and relatives in Boone last week. It has been about seven years since he left here for Texas, and time has wrought many changes in this county, and the people, which are very perceptible to him. "Bud" is looking well, is highly pleased with Texas and says he is prospering finely.

The [illegible], last Saturday, was all that those who participate in out-door sports could ask, and a large crowd of pleasure seekers attended the moonlight pic-nic in Walton's Grove, that evening where they enjoyed themselves till low twelve, when they reluctantly wended their way homeward, to spend the remainder of the night in sweet repose and pleasant dreams of the evening's enjoyment.

Patker, the man who had the contract for carrying the mail on this route, sent an agent here last week to adjust the mail carrying from Erlanger to Burlington. R. C. Rice was employed to carry the mail for the remainder of the time for which W. R. Terrill had contracted to carry it, and took charge of the pouch last Friday morning.

H. F. Blase, of Covington, returned from New York, last week, where he had been laying in a fall and winter stock of goods. He purchased a very large supply of the best quality of suitings, and now has the best stock ever in Covington. He is always up with the styles and allows no tayloring establishment in that city to surpass his goods, work and prices. See his ad in another column.

I take this means of notifying the public that I am prepared to grind corn at my mill on the Burlington and Petersburg pike near Legrand Gaines' and solicit the patronage of the surrounding country. Will grind every Friday.

4t-43 LEWIS GRAHAM.

Our Plattsburg correspondent recites, this week, a snake story of large dimensions, which, were it not for our personal knowledge of the geography of his country, and its ability to produce wonders, would make us slightly skeptical.

Mrs. Sebern Berkshire, who had a cancer cut from her breast about one year ago, died last week, after a protracted period of suffering. Her funeral was preached by Rev. E. N. Dicken in the Baptist church at Bellevue, last Sunday.

Commissioner Snyder and Examiner Conner were in town last Saturday to examine all pedagogues who desire a license to instruct the young idea, in Boone, how to shoot. Dr. Kirtley was the only applicant.

A hat renovator struck the town last week, and the old hats must have thought that the day of resurrection had come. Nearly everybody in town now has a nice new hat made out of an old one.

To-day, Wednesday, at 4:30 p. m. Mr. John Huey and Miss Lucy Ryle will be married at the residence of Rev. James A. Kirtly. They have the best wishes of the RECORDER for their future happiness.

Elder Wm. Rupard, old Baptist, of Clark county, this State, preached two sermons at this place last Saturday, one in the Court-house in the morning and one in the Baptist church in the evening.

The time is near at hand when those young ladies and gents who attend foreign schools will have to pack their grip sacks and march, and the procession from Boone will be a long one.

It has been many years since the prospects for a crop of corn in this locality were as bad as they are at present. There some fields that will not make one barrel to the acre.

The first load of home-grown watermelons struck this market last Saturday. They were of very nice size, but there was some complaint as to the quality.

Walton's tobacco shop shut down for the summer, last Saturday. During the the summer vacation Frank will have his tobacco house raised one story higher.

Judge Youell, of Walton, was kicked by a horse and badly hurt one day last week. We understand that one of his arms was broken in two places.

Ho for the Lawrenceburg Fair this week! Remember that Hon. John G. Carlisle is billed to make a speech there to-morrow, Thursday.

The protracted meeting at the Baptist church, in Florence, will continue through this week. There were six additions last week.

Henly Smith is now out of employment, and will turn his attention to the welfare of the fair sex.

This section of God's flower garden needs a fence bursting, gully-washing, drenching rain.

Prof. Stevenson will probably teach school, this fall and winter, in Florence.

The public pump is on a strike again.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

B. K. Sleet made Burlington a flying visit last week.

A. W. Smith was considerably on the sick list last week.

W. E. Piper and wife visited friends in Covington Sunday.

Miss Dell Platt, of East Bend, was the guest of Miss Katie Platt, Sunday.

We are glad to hear that Dr. L. H. Platt, of Bellevue, is getting well.

Miss Mamie and Lottie Riggs, of Covington, are visiting Mrs. Dempsey, of this place.

Mr. Johnnie Hoggins and Miss Sallie Hind, of Walton, spent Sunday in Burlington.

Miss Pussie Smith returned home, last Sunday, from a two weeks visit to her aunt's, near North Bend.

Mrs. Charlotte Reed, of the Union neighborhood, was visiting her daughter, at this place Sunday and Monday.

Base-ball.

The Boone Base-ball club met the Walnut Hill club, on the ground of the former last Wednesday, and won an easy victory. The home team expected to face a much stronger club than the visitors proved to be, and after the first inning had things pretty much their own way. The visitors were fine catchers, but the Boones were much the strongest batters, and pounded their pitcher all over the field. Clore, as short stop, was particularly lively, and was always backing up in the proper place. Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Walnut Hill	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	7
Boones	1	2	2	5	3	0	0	4	..	17

NOTES.

Henshaw plays with all the clubs from across the waters.

Hankins smiles when he sees a fly start for the center field—it is his.

M. D., Atty. Youmans, of Cincinnati witnessed the game.

Ott Gaines still cherishes a love for the sport.

Dave Beall was present expatiating on the fine (?) points of the game.

Prof. Daughters viewed the contest from a seat in the grand stand.

Visiting clubs always feel easier when the audience keeps quite, and a good play on the part of the visitors should be applauded as heartily as one made by the home boys.

The boys have downed every club met, except the Standards, and they are not certain of winning the next game.

Next Saturday the Boones go to Aurora to play the Standards another game.

The question has been asked: What does the umpire get for his services? Lots of cursing and occasionally a lick by the ball.

The Elijah's Creek and the Speedwell teams measured willows at this place last Saturday, the former winning in a game of 21 to 16.

The Boones crawled out at a very small hole, at Cleves, Ohio, last Saturday, defeating the Cleves club in a score of 10 to 7 when in the seventh inning the score was 7 to 1 against the Boones.

Cincinnati has an epidemic of [illegible] deeds. They are averaging two murders a day over there during the hot weather.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

Everything is growing fine at present.

Our farmers have caught up with the tobacco worms, and are now trying to over take the briars.

Wm. Clore and O. P. Conner have commenced feeding hogs for the fall market.

O. P. Conner has been hauling lumber from Bellevue for fencing.

Lewis Conner is stocking his farm with sheep.

O. P. Conner and family were visiting his brother at Aurora one day last week.

Mrs. Lewis Connor and Misses Ora and Irva spent the day with Mrs. O. P. Conner last week.

Verona.

The farmers are about through threshing their wheat which was a poor crop. Some did not cut their wheat at all, while others cut part and hauled to their neighbors threshing yards. One crop as small as five bushels—not many go over 100 bushel. Oats, grass and potatoes good. Tobacco is on a stand for the want of rain

Health of the neighborhood good at present.

Miss Francis Rowland is making an effort to get the school at the Fry school-house.

The protracted meeting held in the M. E. Church, closed on last Tuesday, with one addition. The services were conducted by Revs. Bristow and Overstreet.

Hebron.

Howard Thompson and wife, of Indiana, are the guests of Mrs. Mike Clore.

Miss Ella Sederberg, of Parlor Grove, is visiting Mike Clore's.

Henry Crigler got his hand caught under the corner of a building and it was badly mashed.

The ball on the 15th inst., for the benefit of Geo. Knapp was well attended by the gallantry and the beauty of this and adjacent neighborhoods. Prof. Jno. Furlong and Prof. Knapps string bands discoursed sweet music for the occasion. Thirty-two ladies and sixty gents were present. James Mirrick, of Waco, Texas, entertained the crowd by singing a song of the cow-boys.

Plattsburg

Fall work soon in order.

There will be no basket meeting at Ashbyfork this year from some cause or other

Rev. A. G. Grines left for his home in New York last Thursday.

W. T. Crisler will start to New York next Monday to attend a ten months term of school at the St. Lawrence University.

About two-thirds of our town took in the camp meeting at Acton, Ind., last Sunday.

Miss Ella Platt, of Glendale, Ohio, is visiting relatives here.

The abutment of the Woolper bridge is completed and is the finest and most substantial piece of masonry in the county.

Bud Walton of the White Oaks is a regular long John Riley kind of a fellow, when it comes to batting long balls.

Mont Balsly had about 200 bu. of barley burned in his father's barn.

The Woolper bridge will not be finished until the first of October.

H. P. Crisler fell from a wagon and hurt himself quite badly a few days ago. He is hardly able to be about at present.

We met our old friend Perry Kirtley a few days ago. Perry is not in the best of health, and is talking of taking a trip to Missouri.

About one year ago George Voshell saw near a large sink hole, in one of his meadows, a monster snake of the adder species. George had been missing lambs and shoats from his flock for nearly a year, but supposed that the foxes' had been taking them but, to his surprise, the other morning he found several of his lambs lying dead near the entrance of the cave, and a large snake, with one of them almost swallowed down, being so startled at his discovery, he started back to town to relate what he had found, but when your scribe arrived at the spot named, his snakeship had swallowed the lamb (as it was missing) and gone back into his den. Only a few days ago Oscar Whitaker, colored, missed one of his fast fox hounds, and in passing near this place he heard the howls of a dog, and in going to this cave discovered his hound, but this monster reptile had swallowed him almost down. Oscar made war on the snake and it released its hold upon the dog, but, too late, the hound expired in a few minutes after being released.

Bullittsville.

Health of the neighborhood good.

The supply of water is getting scarce.

The crops are suffering for rain, and the pastures are very dry.

Elder Thompson, of Ohio, will preach at Mt. Pleasant church, Saturday and Sunday.

Mark Whitaker, wife and son, of Saline county, Mo., are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Samuel Jack, of Covington, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Conner for a week.

Mrs. H. J. Casey, of Richmond, Va., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Conner, of this place.

Some of our citizens await, anxiously, the developments of the Fitch bank of Lawrenceburg, Ind., being owners of deposits therein.

We have heard of the growing corn being badly damaged by wind, but it would take a hurricane indeed to do any damage to some of our corn, if it might be called such.

Ben Stephens spent week before last in Lexington and vicinity.

Allie Graves and wife, of Covington, spent last week with their country cousins here.

Geo. Kreylich and Mex Clevland were here Sunday.

A bicycle carried through town a man from the city, the other day.

The time of holding meeting at the Christian church has been changed to the second Sunday.

Miss Belle Terrill spent last week with Nettie Graves, Miss Nettie accompanied her home Sunday.

E. K. Stephens has rented a farm in Mo. and will make that state his home.

Temp Gaines celebrated his fiftieth birthday on the 14th inst. There were about 50 invited geuets present.

Mr. J. M. Huslal lost, by fire, a stack of hay, cause of fire unknown.

ALL ABOUT THE BOYS.

Ed Duncan will attend medical lectures at Cin., this coming term, and be on hand with the Boones when they are likely to win

Crit Gordon will umpire no more ball games, but will wield the rod and give directions to the youthful minds in Fayette county.

Dode Clore will make the closing speech at the Teachers' Institute, and if he does not bring down the Morgan Academy, he will return to school at Springfield, O.

Willie W. Gaines will go to the same place. Hubert thinks he will the first chance. Batterson will conduct a camp meeting in the near future. Jeff Snyder will assist Ben Stephen in mixing drugs, &c. Charley Clore will not join the strikers, but will take the best telegraphic situation he can get. Richard Utz will know for a certainty whether there is to be preaching here or not, the next time he comes. Dick was twice fooled, if not oftener. Bud Cropper will have a complete walk over in the next race for coroner.

About the Boones and Almonts.

It seems that in some parts of this county a settled animosity is felt toward the Almont B. B. C. Just why it is we can not say. We have a most friendly feeling towards all the boys who have met our nine, and we hope we have done nothing to arouse feelings of anyother nature in them. But it seems that we have; for first a "Professional" gives us a blast, and now we see that "the Boones will not challenge the Almonts until they go to playing little amateur clubs." Well, gentlemen, the Almonts are amateurs, and never claimed to be anything else; but they can play a moderately good game of ball, nevertheless. Perhaps the Speedwell and Burlington combination think so. Perhaps the Aurora, Riverside, Burlington and Bullittsville nine have a slight recollection of a game they played them. Then there was a nine which *should have been* from Hebron; may be *they* could give you a few points.

Although the Almonts are amateurs, they have been known to beat "Professionals" and about 19 to 5 at that.

If the Pete correspondent really wants to know why the Boones did not play the Almonts, we can tell him. The Boones' representative offered the Almonts the following most favorable terms the time he asked them to play the Boones as a favor, because they had advertised, and the Miamitowns not coming to time they must get someone else: The Almonts to go 8 miles out in the country with but one day's notice, pay their own expenses (about $8) and play them. They condescend to play and pocket *all* the gate fees. Strange to say, the Almonts refused to play on these terms, but asked the terms always demanded by the Standards, viz.: 40 per cent. of the gate fees if they lost and 60 per cent. if they won the game. The aforesaid representative was horrified at this and went on to Aurora and got the Standards on the same terms, and paid their expenses and board-bill besides. That is the way they treated their own county boys. We don't know why you dislike the Almonts. Can any of you tell of a single encounter with them, in which you were not treated like gentlemen? Or is it just a little jealousy? The clubs play about Sept. 1st. Then we shall see which is the best. But we are confident the Almonts will amuse them at least. J. E. TERRILL, M. D., Capt. B. B. C.

[Doc., we are responsible for what was said at the foot of our Petersburg communication, in regard to the Boones playing amateur clubs, and we assure you it was not prompted by jealousy, but was simply intended as a piece of pleasantry with our correspondent.—EDS.]

2

A TRUE assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

COCHRAN, GA.—Dr. A. J. Lamb says: "I never met with a remedy that gave more satisfaction in cases of debility and prostration than Brown's Iron Bitters."

OWENTON, KY.—Rev. J. W. Waldrop says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Joseph Botts', Gur'd, Plff vs Joseph Botts, Deft.	Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Sept, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 9 months at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Lot No. 4 in the division of Rowland Botts lands described as follows: Beginning at a stone in a line of lot No. 2, a corner of lot No. 3; thence with a line of lot No. 3, N 60½ E 40 3-5 poles to a stone corner of lot No. 3, in a line of parcel "B" of lot "C"; thence with the line of parcel "C" N 30¼ W 30 to a stone; thence N 60 E 27 1-5 poles to a stone; thence N 28 W 10 poles to a stone in a line of Mrs. Nancy Arnold's dower; thence with said line N 31 W 16 3-5 poles to a stake James D. Willis' coner near the gate across the Bullittsville meeting-house road; thence S 79½ W 35 ⅗ poles to a stone in the road; thence S 7¼ W 35½ poles to a stone in J. D. Willis' line corner of lot No. 2, thence S 30¼ E 63 poles to the beginning, containing 22 acres.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

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EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. S. J. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
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Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

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Will practice in the Boone Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application to G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

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Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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(Formerly of Covington.)
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
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Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

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MARBLE
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Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
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Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
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FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
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BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE
DUDLEY ROUSE.
I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

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SWETNAM & NEAD,
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LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
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Horses and Buggies for Hire.
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Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

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Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as———
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood.
Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it
D. CLARK JOHNSON:—This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. B. MCCABE, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, 1883

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The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

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We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
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NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

The Value of Gibraltar to England.

It will be evident that the value of Gibraltar to England in war-time depends entirely upon the inviolability of the adjacent bay. Our merchant steamers and war-ships must be able to coal, our transports to embark men and stores, in perfect security. Gibraltar Bay is inviolable only so long as Spain permits it to be so. Varying in breadth from 8,000 to 9,000 yards, it is now throughout its length brought within practicable range of modern guns mounted along the Spanish shore; while of its total circumference of more than fifteen miles, only about three miles belong to England. Krupp or Armstrong is doubtless able and willing to supply the guns in a very short time. The cost of mounting them in simple earthworks will be comparatively small, and if Plevna has any meaning, the Remington rifle will make them perfectly secure against a landing party. All this is thoroughly well understood in Spain, where the Gibraltar question has been much discussed of late.

But, it may be said, our ironclads would at the outbreak of war easily silence and destroy these guns. The experience of Alexandria points entirely in the other direction, and as artillerymen the Spaniards might prove very different to Egyptians. Or, it may be urged, the range, after all, is great, the Spanish guns on the other side of the bay would never hit our ships. But, *ex hypothesi*, it is necessary that the latter should be able to lie safely at anchor. The Spaniards have merely to shoot deliberately and in perfect safety all day. Expenditure of ammunition need be no object to them, with Spain at their backs and a railway line (now on the point of being constructed) to connect them with their arsenals. Allowing for plenty of bad shooting, there will still be quite enough hitting to deny Gibraltar Bay to unarmored and lightly armored ships, except by night. It is conceivable that people will be found to propose that we should not permit Spain to mount these guns and to construct this railway, but such a view hardly seems to need refutation. Considering that our guns now command the Spanish town of Linea, at short range, and that Gibraltar is undergoing a continuous process of strengthening and rearmament, it would be an outrage upon international justice to deny to the Spaniards the right to mount what they pleased whenever they pleased.

The unavoidable conclusion, that Spain can now, without any grand effort, render the bay and with it the fortress of Gibraltar useless to England, should not be shirked or lightly put aside. Per contra, the guns of Gibraltar render the bay useless to Spain or her allies. In case of war, therefore, the military position is one of stalemate. There is an alternative, however, which must be stated. At the outset of war, England might seize Algeciras and the adjacent territory across the bay. This means, practically, the occupation of Andalusia, and those who know the country are best able to form an idea of the magnitude of the operation. In other words, if involved in a European war, Spain being hostile, it may be necessary for us to embark on a considerable campaign for the indirect object of securing the advantages of the possession of Gibraltar, though it might well happen that this campaign would have no direct bearing on the main issue. To enter on a war with hands tied in a way perfectly understood by possible enemies, is never a satisfactory position. But the very possession of Gibraltar means a hostile Spain, and the weight of that hostility is limited only by her military strength. That strength may at any time assert itself to an extent which has not been suspected, and the recovery of Gibraltar, or the neutralization of its value to England, is to such a nation precisely the kind of object to arouse enthusiasm and to create a new point of military departure. Moreover, even if the power of Spain were to remain as weak as it is sometimes assumed to be, nothing short of an unquestioned military advantage of primary importance should determine us to accept her certain hostility, in the event of a war with a Mediterranean power. The cession or exchange of Gibraltar may at any time become a political question of the first order, and its aspects should be studied in advance; while the comparative advantages of Ceuta call for careful consideration. At least, it is to be hoped that the retention of the place may not ignorantly be deemed a test of patriotism, as was the idle abuse of Russia a few years ago. The moral aspects of the question have been carefully avoided. It is sufficient to note that, while Nature seems to have decided that Gibraltar should belong to Spain, it may prove, strangely enough, that modern artillery will vindicate her decision.—*London Spectator.*

The Story of an Elopement.

Talking of elopements, Paris society is greatly exercised at the present moment on account of the elopement of a Northern Prince with a young and beautiful Italian Contessa, under the age of sixteen, whose father is an officer of high rank, and whose duties take him a great deal away from home. The fugitives left Florence at night and proceeded to Paris, where they took up their quarters at one of the best hotels in the Champs Elysee, and were soon surrounded by an army of milliners, jewelers and the rest of their crew. However, as soon as the hotel bill was presented the Prince was unable to meet it, and as, in addition to this, he had lost heavily at the tables, he had recourse to the device of ordering some very costly jewels from an unsuspecting tradesman, which he sold on the same day for about one-half their price. This happened to come to the ears of the jeweler, who at once communicated with the police, and as complaints had reached them from other quarters, his highness was at once arrested.

The Commissary, who went to the hotel for this purpose, was met there by a colleague in plain clothes sent from the Italian Embassy, together with the mother of the fair Contessa, who had followed her erring daughter all the way from Italy. To everybody's surprise the Prince was released after a few hours' detention, the mother of the girl having, it is rumored, paid all the claims against him in order to avoid the scandal which a public *expose* might entail.—*London Life.*

—The stage, near Santa Barbara, Cal., went over a bank the other day, falling two hundred feet. The driver and passengers jumped from the stage when they saw the horses were unmanageable and escaped. The horses were killed.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* receives £2,500 a year.

—A mother and her four children were killed by one flash of lightning in Saxony recently.

—Rosa Bonheur, in the sixty-first year of her age, paints incessantly and still dresses in male attire.

—The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who recently died, was a pious prince, and built many churches.

—Melih Sarkissoff shot his brother in the streets of Tiflis. A Commissary of Police, curiously bearing the same name as the fratricide, decapitated the assassin with a single blow.

—There was recently in London "the pretty spectacle of the performance of the young ladies' string band, which took place, under the lead of Lady Folkestone, in the Princes' Hall."

—Two sub-lieutenants in the "Queen's Navee" were recently dismissed from the service for swearing with a "big, big D." There were no other charges against them, but they had been duly warned.

—The parents of fifteen Chinese ladies in Canton had arranged for a wholesale marriage of their daughters on a certain feast day. The girls didn't like their prospective husbands, and went in a body to the river and drowned themselves on the eve of the feast.

—An English paper says of Mrs. Cady Stanton's address at a female suffrage meeting in London, "Mrs. Cady Stanton made what one may suppose to be the speech of the evening, but it was couched in too transatlantically high a key for ordinary Englishmen and Englishwomen, and made less impression than less eloquent and more practical arguments."

—Prof. Welckers, of Halle, announces that the body resting in the Welmar mausoleum is not really that of Schiller. This he professes to have proved by comparing the skull with the cast of the poet's face taken immediately after his death; and he intends to ask permission to make excavations in Schiller's original burying-place, in search of his real remains.

—The London Crystal Palace is in decay. The great building, still a marvel of construction and convenience, still singularly impressive and curious, can not much longer hold its place among the sights and wonders of the city. It has never paid since it was bought to be used as a place for popular entertainment. The company has the structure and vast grounds upon its hands like a white elephant.

—The opera-going portion of the Swedish population must be exceedingly honest, for a visitor to a Gothenburg Opera-house says that every one hung up his hat and coat in the lobby, without apparently any watchful eye over them. No tickets were given, and those who chose to take fresh air or anything else between the acts, passed in and out without return checks or any heed being paid to their movements, and this in a house packed by 1,800 persons.

Turanian Courtships.

Courting is a matter which must be treated of very cautiously and only in the abstract, notwithstanding Sydney Smith's strictures on the damsel whom he overheard in an Edinburg ball-room. The youth in love is looked upon by his friends as a fool, and to be avoided like a man with the small-pox or an Irishman with views on the Land act. His rhapsodies make the Benedick smile, or shudder, and the ungalled bachelor yawn. In the East it is different.

It is a matter of common knowledge that pretty well all over India marriages are arranged for the young persons by their parents, sometimes before the victims have got beyond toddling about naked and making mud-pies. No very enthusiastic passion is to be expected of young couples thus contracted to one another. The young male always appears at a disadvantage in affairs of the heart, but it is a thousand times more embarrassing for him when these soft things have to be addressed to the fair one in the presence of three or four other girls and a companion or two of his own, all of them presumably bored, and therefore viciously critical. But we have nothing to do with the actual agencies of the martyrs to such a style of love-making. The proceedings which go before the interview are a more public matter, and eminently calculated to exasperate testy neighbors.

Courting in Burmah is all done at night. Burmese houses are all on piles, and never more than one story high. As a general rule there are only two or three rooms altogether, and there are, therefore, but two courses open to the elders. They must either go out and wander about while the courting goes on, or they must go to bed. The former alternative does not commend itself to the mother, who likes to superintend operations for herself through a convenient slit in the bamboo walls; and going off to bed as it were at word of command is only compatable with a most mild and yielding disposition in the father. Consequently when the girl is arrayed for conquest—flowers twined in her hair, fragrant cosmetics on her cheek and neck, and her finger-nails delicately tinted—it is not always possible to summon the ardent youth forthwith. He is outside, dressed in his smartest and with a couple of companions bent possibly on the same errand as himself, but he is obliged to stay there till he gets the signal that the coast is clear and that he may come up. Every youth has his own private signal by means of which he announces to his lady-love his arrival in the street. This is almost invariably effected by means of a fiddle with two strings. It is a sad fact that Young Burmah is a lamentable failure on the fiddle. Each youth must have his own particular call, that the lady may know who it is that is coming, and not be imposed upon by mischievous jokers or roving, irresponsible gallants. Paganini is said to have played bewitchingly on one string. The Burman is successful only in producing horrible sounds on two. There is a great lack of inventiveness in these courting calls. One youth confines himself to the downstroke, and drones away monotonously, but with great staying power. When at last the happy man receives his summons there is peace again for a time, only, however, to be interrupted in something less than an hour, when, the sweet nothings having all been said as best they can be before an unsympathetic audience, the young men issue forth to go to some other girl's house, where another of the party is interested. And so it goes on until it is too late to make further rounds, and a relieved neighborhood sighs with delight.

Lightness of color combined with plumpness of figure forms the Turanian idea of feminine charms. Old courting customs are found among the Talaings also, and may frequently be observed in Maulmein, and somewhat less commonly in Rangoon. The Talaing maiden does not admit her lover into the room with her. That is a freedom which she considers a little less shocking than the custom of the West. He has to creep between the posts on which the house is supported, and hold sweet converse through the chinks of the bamboo floor. There is nobody to listen to all that is said as long as the happy pair speak in sufficiently guarded whispers. No malicious friends can hint at the maiden's forwardness, or freeze by their looks the ardent emotions of the young man into platitudes. The duration of the interview is not so long as that granted to the Burman, but, considering the circumstances, it is probable that more actual courting business can be got through in the time. The Talaing lover does not use a fiddle unless he is pressing his suit with a Burmese girl, and even then he frequently holds by his own national custom. He whistles. When, therefore, the Talaing falls in love he may at once be detected by the assiduous way in which he practices whistling at furtive moments during the day. He never attains to excellence, and often, at the end of a long courtship, makes wild slips and puffs in ungraceful and jerky fashion before he gets to the sounding point. It is, of course, very nearly quite dark, and she may be imposed upon by a bold adventurer who simulates the favored man, and comes up the moment the neckerchief is dangled through the chinks of the door as a signal to announce that the coast is clear. Accordingly, the visitor is required to put his hand through between the interstices of the bamboo floor. The girl recognizes her lover's hand, and if it is all right, and she is inclined to favor his suit, she takes hold of it, and thus, hand in hand, they unfold their hearts to one another. But, if it is a strange hand, or if she is inclined to be coquettish, she clips his finger with a pair of betel-nippers, and tales are told of overenergetic damsels who have actually nipped a man's finger-joint off with that formidable instrument. Courting on these terms is rather perilous work, and the ladies have gallant gay Lotharios very completely under their control.—*Exchange.*

Rotterdam.

Rotterdam, with the exception of the church of St. Lawrence, of the construction of which Washington Irving gave a comic sketch in his "Knickerbocker," is in some respects one of the most prosaic cities in the world. Hood hit it off happily enough when he called it a kind of vulgar Venice, though, like Venice, its commerce and commercial arrangements have been indefinitely developed since Hood's days. But, vulgar or not, there is much that is picturesque about it, as any one must admit who has admired the studies of its streets and canals by the most eminent of the Dutch masters on the walls of the picture galleries. It is not everywhere that you can see a fairly-sized East Indiaman berthed full in front of the mansion of its owner, so that the skipper leaning over the quarter-rails can deliver a parcel on the doorstep. Then the visitor can study original fashions of existence in the lives of the crews of those cargo boats on the canals, which are in some sort a survival of the comfortable old treykschuyt. The boat is generally occupied by the master and his mate and his wife, with a family more or less numerous. The cooking goes forward in the half-decked caboose, and you can watch all the other details of the domestic arrangements. Nor is due attention to the graces and adornments of life by any means neglected, although the man in command seems the very embodiment of the prosaic, in voluminous undergarments which emerge from the tobacco smoke that invariably envelops his upper person. There is pretty sure to be a hanging garden on the stern, with the gayest flowers that may be blooming in the season; and the skipper of each canal craft is as enthusiastic a horticulturist in his way as any of the tulip-fanciers of Haarlem or Leyden. Moreover, on board as on shore, you are equally struck by the intensity of the cleanliness that has become proverbial in Holland. "Water, water everywhere," you murmur again, should you venture out for a stroll in the early morning. The housewives are splashing pailfuls of water about your legs as they are dashing them against the speckless doors and windows. Each brazen knocker glistens like burnished gold, brought to the extremity of polish by an excess of hand friction; while the very buckles on the harness of the dog teams in the milk-barrows sparkle to each gleam of the watery sunshine.—*Saturday Review.*

Small Wastage on a Large Amount of Work.

The annual settlement of accounts of the Philadelphia Mint for the last fiscal year closed July 6. Representatives of the Treasury Department by weighing up enormous amounts of gold and silver on hand arrived at the actual loss in the operations of the institution for the period named. The result of the examination discloses the fact that the wastage of gold and silver in the operations of last year were the smallest on the amount of bullion operated upon in the history of the Mint. The total amount of gold bullion operated upon during the past year was 2,210,944.82 ounces, equal to seventy-six tons. The total amount of silver operated upon was 45,591,338.72 ounces, equal to 1,563 tons. The gold coinage for the year consisted of 415,486.56 ounces, equal to fourteen tons, the value being $7,729,982.50. The number of gold pieces struck and issued was 941,680. The total silver coinage issued weighed 10,551,908.88 ounces, equal to 362 tons, value $12,325,470.15. The number of pieces of silver coined was 18,798,076. The total minor coins issued weighed 7,315,135.30 ounces, equal to 251 tons, value $1,428,307.16. The number of minor coins was 60,951,526.

The legal wastage allowed by law on the gold operated on during the year was $32,018.33. The actual wastage was $20.77, showing the wastage on gold to be $31,997.56 less than the legal allowance. The legal wastage on the silver allowed by law was 57,293.5 ounces, equal to $57,293.05, at $1 an ounce. The actual wastage on silver worked was 809.23 ounces, equal to $809.23, or $56,483.82 less than the legal allowance. In other words, the actual wastage at the Mint upon the operations on the precious metals was $830.12, while the legal allowance was $89,311.38.—*Scientific American.*

—Kate Field says: "The way women travel with miserable little dogs fills me with amazement. Men don't; and when I think of the pampering these creatures get, and what a nuisance they are to travelers, and how the same amount of care bestowed upon children would result in untold benefit to mankind, I become cynical. The affection wasted upon poodles would, if properly distributed, supply all poor orphans with homes."

HOME AND FARM.

—The Germantown (Pa.) *Telegraph* says it is a help to keeping cisterns pure to have the supply-pipe run to the bottom of the cistern.

—Spiced plums are delicious. To eight pounds of plums allow four of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one small cup of vinegar. Cook until they are as thick as jelly.—*Exchange.*

—In removing hay from the field, says an Eastern exchange, that portion known as rakings should be allowed to remain, for two reasons—one is that it will not pay for gathering it up; the other, that it does pay, and twice over, in being scattered over the field and acting as a mulch to the exposed roots of the stubble.

—A Pennsylvania farmer says that his system of "fence farming" is to farm all middle fences out. As the New York law for the protection of farmers' fields and hockets against stock depredations is wanting in Pennsylvania, road fences have still to be maintained; but it is a great saving to dispense with the interior fencing.

—The fruit-grower who rubs off the "suckers" or little sprouts which have started on the limbs of fruit trees will save himself a good deal of work next winter or spring. A simple brushing of the hand over a limb will often remove scores of these sprouts now, which would need the use of knife or saw at the end of the year.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Stewed Mushrooms: Slice the mushrooms into halves. Stew ten minutes in a little butter seasoned with pepper and salt and a very little water. Drain; put the mushrooms into a pie dish; break enough eggs to cover them over the top; pepper, salt and scatter bits of butter over them, stew with bread crumbs and bake until the eggs are set. Serve in the dish.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Great care should be taken in seeding with clover to leave no gaps, for such will inevitably be covered with weeds, a worse than useless waste of ground. It is a good plan to top the seed a trifle and then sow crosswise, to make sure that all is evenly distributed. A peck per acre, sown four quarts each way, gives a good stand.—*Chicago Times.*

—As early as the time of Alexander II. of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy. In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their premises. In France a man may prosecute his neighbor for damages who permits weeds to go to seed which may endanger neighboring lands.

—Baked Turnips: Pare and cook until nearly tender in salted boiling water; drain and lay in a baking dish and pour over them a sauce made as follows: Two large tablespoonfuls of butter and two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour stirred together in a skillet; when thoroughly heated and mixed add a teacupful of milk, stirring it in gradually with a little pepper and salt. Add little bits of broken butter over the tops of the turnips. When you have poured on the sauce bake in a brick oven twenty minutes.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Advance in Agriculture.

But few readers or farmers are aware of the advance in agriculture in the past fifty years, or within the recollection of many of the older citizens. Fifty years ago the only means of cutting the grain harvest was the hand sickle, and of cutting hay the hand scythe. The grain was threshed with a flail, and the hay raked with a hand rake. Grain was cleaned by letting it fall and the wind blowing out the chaff, or by making wind with a sheet—those who lived in those days recollect it without explanation. Plows were mostly wood, the coulter, shire and bar only being iron. The moldboard was wood exclusively. At that day farming was conducted by muscular power. There were no agricultural newspapers to stir up the mind to advance and improve.

Nor was the absence of improved agricultural implements the only hindrance to prosperous husbandry. There was virtually no attention paid to the improvement of stock. The cattle, horses, hogs or sheep were a mixture brought together from different counties. There was no more attention paid to better stock than there is now in the improvement of the human race. Nor was there any particular age at which steers or hogs could be prepared for market. They grew slowly and fattened indifferently, and had to be kept and fed until they could be sold. They were small and commanded a less price.

Fruits of all kinds were far inferior to the present. Nearly all of the orchards of apple, pear or peach were of the natural fruit. If grafting was known it was practiced by but few. The varieties of grafted fruit even in the best orchards or nurseries were but few. In the smaller fruits the same was the case. None but the wild strawberry were cultivated. If, however, they did not have such large ones as the present, they were rich, luscious and highly flavored, or our appetite was better then than now. There were no improved raspberries or strawberries.

Nor has the advance been solely in stock and fruits, but in vegetables there has been a wonderful change for the better. Potatoes, squashes, tomatoes, beans, peas, melons, and all other classes of garden vegetables have been so improved that if the kind which were raised fifty years ago were offered in the market now they could not be sold at any price. It seems almost incredible that the world in all the past ages previous to fifty years ago made so little efforts at improving anything intended for human food, or the implements for producing them.

When the writer first performed labor on the farm, there was a continual strain on the physical powers of the farmer. And in the house, whether on the farm or in town, the females of the family (and mainly the wife) had to card, spin, weave and make the clothing with which to keep the whole family warm or respectable.

And there are needed improvements yet to be made, and great inventions to be accomplished. There are laurels to be won, and riches to be accumulated in the future, by those who will by mental and moral energy solve the great problems of the world's further advancement.—*Iowa Register.*

—A man at East Dougherty, Ga., has a front tooth which he plugged with lead with his own hands over thirty years ago. He used an awl to clean out the cavity, and packed the lead in with the same instrument, after beating it out as thin as possible on an anvil. The tooth is in a good state of preservation, and is likely to last as long as the man.—*Chicago Times.*

—An enormous spider's web seen recently in Franconia Valley, N. H., was of the geometrical kind, stretched between two trees. The guys or supports were fifteen feet long, while the web was three feet in circumference.

Confederate Bonds.

A broker who has purchased large amounts of the Confederate bonds furnishes this explanation of the apparent European lunacy on this subject: "The reports of the Treasury Agents of the United States some time after the close of the Rebellion showed that there was deposited in the Bank of England and in banks of France, Holland and Belgium $11,000,000 belonging to the Confederate Government, the proceeds of the sale of cotton. This money was pledged to pay the interest on the Confederate loan. The January interest of 1865 was paid, and money was set apart to pay the coupons for the July interest when the Rebellion collapsed. The European syndicate of bankers is seeking to obtain all the Confederate bonds for the purpose only of collectin the July, 1865, coupons, with accumulated interest resulting from non-payment. The talk about attempting to boycott the Southern States, or to collect the principal of the bonds, or any interest-coupons after that month (July, 1865,) is shere nonsense. But this syndicate has good legal advice that the money set apart for a specific purpose—namely: the payment of the July coupons, must be paid on the presentation of that coupon, and if you will inquire you will observe that all the orders to brokers to purchase the Confederate bonds specify that they must contain the July coupon and must not be mutilated. A bond presented without the July coupon would not be purchased, and that is all there is in the Confederate bond story. The European syndicate intends to secure, if it can, these $11,000,000 to the credit of the Confederate States Government in European banks, and it proposes to do this in the only way that it possibly can, if it can do it in that way, by presenting these coupons for payment. If the syndicate does not succeed, the European banks will be $11,000,000 ahead, as there is no doubt that that amount of cash to the credit of the Confederate States is deposited there. It is a fact that the report presented to the Treasury Department some time after as to the Confederate assets in Europe contained the item of $11,000,000 cash.—*Washington Special.*

—In a Hungarian village church thieves stole the sacramental wine, and in its place poured ink. The trick was not discovered until the priest took a swallow of the liquid during service.

—Near Salinas City, Cal., recently, a swarm of bees attacked a team of horses attached to a freight wagon and stung one of the horses to death. The driver and his remaining horse escaped.

Startling Debility,

both Nervous and General, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, Weak Back, and kindred affections, are common results of youthful follies and pernicious practices. Means of unfailing and perfect cure are suggested in large illustrated treatise, sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WATER is the boss summer drink, but don't give it away to the milkman.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I *must* tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favorite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but, by following your advice, I am perfectly cured. The "Favorite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I can not express how thankful I am to you for your advice. Yours truly,

MRS. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.

AN American artist has succeeded in drawing a breath as natural as life.

HAY-FEVER. After trying in vain for eleven years to cure my Hay-Fever, I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, which entirely relieved me. B. W. HARRIS, Letter Carrier, Newark, N. J.

WHAT kind of blasting-powder is used to explode an idea?

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, August 17, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@ 4 50
HOGS—Common	4 35	@ 4 85
Good packers	4 90	@ 5 35
SHEEP	4 15	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	4 40	@ 4 45
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 11	@ 1 12
No. 2 winter red	1 08	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	52½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	29½	@
Rye—No. 2	60½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 25	@14 50
Lard—Steam	8	@ 8¼
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	14	@ 15
Prime Creamery	15	@ 20
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bur. from store	1 15	@ 1 25
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 25	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@ 4 25
Good to choice	4 50	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 18¼	@
No. 1 white	1 16	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	61½	@
Oats—mixed	37	@ 40
PORK—Mess	14 50	@15 00
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$4 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 00¼	@
Corn—No. 2	51¼	@
Oats—No. 2	26¾	@
Rye	61	@ 61½
PORK—Mess	12 15	@12 20
LARD—Steam	8 20	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 17¾	@ 1 17¾
Corn—mixed	61	@ 62
Oats—mixed	37	@ 41
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	16 00	@16 25
Lard—Refined	10¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 04	@
Corn—mixed	51	@
Oats—mixed	30	@
PORK—MESS	14 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 05½	@
CORN—mixed	48	@
OATS—mixed	26	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

Mischievous Malaria.

To say that malaria is *mischievous* is to put it very mildly. It is all that and more. It is cunning, deceitful, treacherous, sly, and underhanded. It does its work in the dark, and in such a sly way that much of the mischief is done before it is discovered. It saps the foundations of a healthy system. It robs the blood of its vitality, demoralizes the liver, confounds the stomach, and makes the victim wish he were in his grave. It is sad to see people sit down in their misery, content to be the victims of mischievous malaria, and thinking that nothing can be done for them. The power of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS over the mischiefs of malaria has been so amply proved that there is no reason why anybody who can procure a bottle of this Prince of Tonics shall suffer. Great is the power of malaria, and great are its disastrous effects. But greater far is the beneficent influence of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. The preparation of iron in this favorite family remedy can be taken without ruining the teeth or producing constipation and headache. 1

"Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving way of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone. Yours truly, L. B. McMILLAN, M. D., Breesport, N. Y.

"COME in out of dat hot sun, you Lafayette! De fust ting you know you'll be burnt as brack as de nigger de next doah!"

FOR twenty years I was a sufferer during the summer months with Hay-Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and was cured before it was used. CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. Price 50c.

"WHAT did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he's a sort of animal upholsterer."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

SPARTA, TENN.—Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters and recommend them."

A LAUGHING "stock"—The collar of our great granddaddies.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

A FULL feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heart-burn and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

A LITTLE knoll-edge is a dangerous thing in turning a sharp corner with a heavy load.

LEWISVILLE, IND.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

A MAN who breaks his word—The stutterer.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

INVENTORS' HAND-BOOK—FREE.—Just out. How great fortunes have been made. History of inventions; valuable to all who read and think. Order it by postal card. N. W. Fitzgerald, Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Purifies the skin. Use instead of unwholesome cosmetics. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

FOR sore feet, swollen joints, sprains, corns or bunions, use St. Patrick's Salve.

SAVE trouble and expense in washing and always have nice fitting collars and cuffs by wearing Chrolithion.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

RAILROAD EMPLOYES.

The leading business men of Providence, R. I., compose the Hunt's Remedy Co., and they guarantee all testimonials published by them to be genuine. The following, dated May 4, 1883, from Mr. W. H. Blanchard, Lowell, Mass., is but one of the thousand remarkable cures that are being made by this wonderful medicine. Mr. Blanchard says: "I have been greatly troubled for over six years with acute kidney disease, with severe pain in my back and hips. I was formerly employed on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, but was obliged, owing to the constant jar, to give up the railroad business, as many others have been obliged to do, on account of kidney disease. I have tried many medicines, but received no permanent relief. A friend recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased a bottle of one of our druggists in Lowell, and commenced to improve at once, and after using two bottles I was entirely free from all pain, and consider myself cured, and I cheerfully recommend this wonderful medicine, Hunt's Remedy, to all the sufferers from kidney and liver disease."

AT LIBERTY.

For a number of years I was afflicted with kidney and gravel disease, and suffered with pains in my limbs and back at times so severely that it seemed that I could not endure it. I used several so-called cures recommended for these diseases, but they did me no good. A friend of mine that had used Hunt's Remedy, and pronounced it the best in use, urged me to try it, and I purchased a bottle at George E. Hall's drug store in Manchester, and before I had used one bottle I began to feel much better, the pains in the bladder and kidneys were reduced a good deal, and after using five bottles I found that Hunt's Remedy had done all that it was recommended to do. It had removed all the pain, my appetite improved, and I gained several pounds in a few weeks. I have renewed vigor and strength for one of my years (64), and I can only thank the proprietors of Hunt's Remedy for my good health of to-day, and you are at liberty to publish this, that it may be the means of some one being cured by the use of your truly wonderful remedy. W. H. TERRILL.

GOFFSTOWN, N. H., May 7, 1883.

80 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

AN OPEN SECRET AMONG THE LADIES

The brilliant, fascinating tints of Complexion for which ladies strive are chiefly artificial, and all who will take the trouble may secure them. These roseate, bewitching hues follow the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm—a delicate, harmless and always reliable article. Sold by all druggists.

The Magnolia Balm conceals every blemish, removes Sallowness, Tan, Redness, Eruptions, all evidences of excitement and every imperfection.

Its effects are immediate and so natural that no human being can detect its application.

Thousands Hastened to Their Graves!

Relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; believing in their almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, and that these testimonials make the cures, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. We have avoided publishing testimonials, as they do not make the cures, although we have

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS

of them, of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that makes the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A LOSING JOKE.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh jokingly said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

FEES OF DOCTORS.

The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in. We believe the schedule for visits is $3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

A LADY'S WISH.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

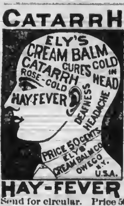
"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and liver trouble!"

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM



HAY-FEVER

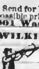
when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM, JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warranted 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Grocers and Dealers —IN— TEA AND COFFEE.

Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WILKINSON RUBBER TARGET GUN.



Graves' Patent. The genuine and best. Shoots arrows, bullets and shot. Sends bullets 1,000 feet. Don't kick. Shoots straight. Gun, with 5 steel pointed arrows, shot and bullet attachment, delivered free on receipt of one dollar. Send for price list of Scroll Saws, Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Hammocks, &c. THE JOHN WILKINSON CO., 78, 80 and 82 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. .25 100

PILES "Anakesis" gives *instant relief*, and is an *infallible cure* for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples *free*. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

FREE! BY RETURN MAIL—A full description of Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. D. W. Moody & Co., 31 W. 9th, Cincinnati, O.

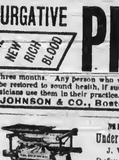
$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

RUBBER STAMPS, with your name 30 cents; scrap pictures, 15c a sheet, Cards, Type, Etc. Agents Wanted. List free. THALMAN M'F'G Co., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines: no capital required. STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.



MILL STONES, Under & Upper Runner Mills J. W. Pyne's Purifier, Dufour & Co's Bolting Cloth, BELTING, SHAFTING, PULLEYS and GEARING. Wheat Cleaning Machinery of all makes. We can furnish anything needed by millers. Send for descriptive catalogue. Address plainly, THOS. BRADFORD & CO., 174, 176 and 178 W Second St., Cincinnati, O.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1883. NUMBER 44.

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF COLD.

I remember, I remember,
My boyhood's blizzard blight;
The broken window where the snow
Came drifting in at night.
It came whene'er the fire was out.
When ma had gone away;
But now I wish that icy night
Would come again to stay.

I remember, I remember,
The noses red and white,
The frozen ears that tingled so—
Oh! what a cooling sight!
The show-house that my brother built,
And where I used to lie
Until my bones were quite congealed—
Oh, would it now were nigh!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was wont to skate;
The pond was smooth as glist'ning glass
Whereon I broke my pate.
My buoyant spirit, then so light,
Is hot and heavy now,
And summer's pool can no more cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The cold and icy church;
I used to think the minister
Would freeze fast to his perch.
Those frigid days have passed away,
And now 'tis little joy
To feel that I'm much nearer heat,
Than when I was a boy.

—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

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COUSIN TOM'S WEDDING.

It was to be in the church, with music and flowers, and my brother Claude and I were to walk up the middle aisle and lead the procession.

"Now you must both put on your best behavior," said mother, after we had worried ourselves into our new clothes on the all-important night; then she kissed us just as if we'd been going to bed, and sent us off to the church an hour before the time.

We found the sexton just opening the doors, and he let us go round with him while he lighted up, and then I proposed that we should stand outside and watch the people come.

"I wonder if Cousin Tom feels nervous," said Claude, as we walked down the steps under the awning. "I shouldn't think he would, though, for you know doctors— But I say, Bert, what's the matter down the street there? See all that crowd? Let's run and find out."

"Come on," I cried; "I'll beat you there," and forgetting all about our good clothes and "best behavior," we both started off down the block.

"Oh, somebody's been run over, or something!" I exclaimed, as I won the race and found a lot of people bending over the form of a man lying on the grass in front of the Baptist Church.

We both stood still for a minute, and I was trying to listen to what a gentleman next to me was telling a policeman, when Claude pulled me by the sleeve and whispered that it might be the very case Cousin Tom, who had just graduated at the Medical School, was waiting for.

"Let's tell him all about it!" I cried. "Quick, before they get somebody else;" and then we both tore off to his lodgings, around the corner, and pulled the bell as if the house was afire.

I tell you, the girl came to the door in a hurry, and without waiting for her to announce us we bolted up-stairs to Cousin Tom's room, and rushed in to find him just putting on his white satin neck-tie.

"Oh, do come quick!" we both fairly shouted. "Such a—"

"Why, boys, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, making a muddle of his cravat. "Has Alice fainted, or the dress-maker forgotten to send her dress home, or what?"

"No, no," cried Claude, "There's a man hurt, and an awful crowd, and—"

"Quick, how far from here?" interrupted Cousin Tom, leaving the two ends of his tie hanging, and snatching his pea-jacket. "I can spare just twenty minutes."

"Why, it's only around the corner, in front of the Baptist Church," I replied, dancing around the room in great excitement; and then we all three raced off.

"Where is he, boys?" cried Cousin Tom, and Claude pointed inside the railing that ran in front of the church, and against which, strange to say, nobody was leaning.

Then, not waiting to hunt up the gate, our cousin, who was a great strapping fellow, shouldered his way through the crowd, and without paying any attention to the efforts some of the people made to hold him back, he placed his hands on the top rail of the fence to vault over.

The next instant he gave a spring backward instead of forward, and fell against Claude, who, of course fell against me, and we all three went down one after another like a row of bricks, while the people set up such a yell that you might have thought they had all turned into wild Indians on the war-path. Being boys, and quite used to hard knocks, neither Claude nor I was hurt, and we sprang up as lively as ever when Cousin Tom was lifted off of us. But there was not much spring about *him*, and we were awfully frightened when we found that he couldn't even speak.

Then they explained the whole thing to us, which was something like this: there was an electric light in front of the store next the church, and in some way the stuff—the electric fluid or whatever it is—had got off the track, or the wires, and run into the fence, and so whoever touched it got a most tremendous shock. That was what was the matter with the man inside, and the crowd had tried to warn Cousin Tom, but he was too excited about getting an interesting case to listen.

"Oh, if he's killed, it's all our fault for telling him about it!" moaned Claude.

"And he was going to be married in half an hour," I added, despairingly. "And Miss Lord'll be in the church waiting for him, and when he don't come she may have a fit or something, and oh, Claude, how can we tell her?"

By this time they had picked Cousin Tom up and carried him into a drug store a few doors off. They told as he was only stunned, and would probably be able to sit up in the course of half an hour. As he hadn't lived in town a week yet, nobody in the crowd knew who he was, and so the burden of carrying the dreadful knews to the wedding party fell upon Claude and me.

"It's five minutes to eight now," announced my brother, nervously, as having left word with the druggist that we would soon be back with friends and a carriage, we hurried off to the Episcopal Church. "Cousin Tom was to be in the vestry by this time, and, oh my! won't it be awful to have Miss Lord walk up the aisle on her father's arm, and then find nobody to marry her?"

"But, Claude," I proposed, a bright idea suddenly striking me, "if we can only get to the church soon enough to see her drive up, we can tell her then, and have the coachman keep right on to the drug store."

"The very thing!" cried Claude. "Let's run for it."

And run we did, but, alas! arrived at the church just in time to see the bride's carriage drive away from the awning—*empty.*

We could hear the organ playing and the people whispering that the procession would soon begin to move toward the altar.

"Oh, why don't they make sure Cousin Tom's here first?" I exclaimed, in a whisper.

"Perhaps they will," returned Claude. "At any rate they ought to wait for us to lead off; but, stop, I've got a plan, and though it's a kind of desperate one, it 'll save Miss Lord having a scene before everybody. I'll—" and he spoke the rest very softly in my ear.

"Why, Claude, dare you?" I cried, under my breath. "And do you know how to do it?"

"Yes, I noticed the place when we were in here with the sexton. Now do you think you can get up close to Miss Lord before I count twenty slowly?"

I nodded and hurried into the church, leaving Claude to take up his station in a dark corner of the vestibule. The procession was evidently waiting for us, and as fast as I could I squeezed a way through the crowd to take my place in front of the bride. She smiled when she caught sight of me, and put out her hand. Then just as I took it every light in the church went out, and I knew Claude had succeeded in his plan of turning off the gas.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Lord," I whispered, still keeping hold of her hand, "but come out with me to the carriage, because Cousin Tom's hurt, but not very bad, only he can't stand up long enough to be married yet, and — But I'll take you to him right away."

Well, she didn't scream nor say she was going to faint, but just held on to my hand tight, and let me lead her out in the dark. We found Claude on the sidewalk, holding the door of the carriage open; and ordering the coachman (who looked as if he thought we were eloping with the bride) to drive to the drug store. We all three got in, and were off before the people in the church had a chance to think of anything else but the darkness into which they had so suddenly been plunged.

"But—but did the electric fluid put out the lights in church?" asked Miss Lord, after we had explained to her about Cousin Tom's shock.

"Oh no; I turned off the gas," said Claude, promptly. "Don't you think it was a good way to keep people from staring at you and gossiping when they found the groom didn't come?"

"Yes, I see now, and I am sure I am very much obliged for your thoughtfulness; but what will papa and mamma think has become of me?"

"That's so!" I exclaimed. "We forgot all about that part of it. Stop the carriage, and I'll run back;" which I did, and found the church lighted up again, a bigger crowd than ever inside, and Mr. and Mrs. Lord rushing about in every direction in search of their daughter.

I was a little frightened at first, but remembering how much the bride had been spared by our plan, I walked boldly up to the "distracted parents," and began to explain the whole thing. This took some time, but I told the story as quick as I could, and I had scarcely finished when back came the carriage with Cousin Tom and Miss Lord both in it.

I jumped as if I had seen a ghost, and indeed Tom looked like one, but declared that he was every bit strong enough to go through with the ceremony. Miss Lord was already in her mother's arms, and I was awfully afraid we'd have a scene, after all, but luckily everybody thought it was because the gas had gone out, and in ten minutes they were safely married, and nobody out of the family the wiser.—*Harper's Young People.*

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Poetry of the Railroad.

But if you wish a spectacle of surpassing picturesqueness, take post upon a railroad, at a safe distance from the track, of a dark night, about the time a train is expected to arrive. First you hear a low thunder reverberating among distant hills; anon a bright point of light appears, like a star on the drapery of evening. It grows with astonishing rapidity, and now it glares like the fierce red eye of a monstrous demon, becomes larger, redder, fiercer every moment, while the roar of the engine it heralds becomes more appalling and voluminous as it approaches. An earthquake—a wirlwind—a shower of fire—and the train is passed. If there be not more poetry in this than in an old night-coach, with its dim lamps, drowsy driver, piled-up baggage-rack, snoring passengers and weary cattle, then we give up our point. To us a railway train is a relization of the wildest fancies of eastern romances, the fireman an Afrite, the conductor a magician, the brakeman attendant genii.—*Boston Globe.*

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—Felix, the man-milliner rival of Worth, made twenty-five visiting dresses, twenty-five ball dresses, twenty morning and five o'clock dresses and undresses too numerous to count, for Miss Murphy, the California heiress, who recently married Lord Wolseley, in England.

◆

—During a heavy thunder-storm at Taunton, Mass., the other morning lightning struck the house occupied by Peter Fitzpatrick, running on a wire clothes-line attached to the corner of the house, doing considerable damage and stunning Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

◆

—A one-legged man of Talbot County, Georgia, is attracting much attention at Augusta, Ga., by his performances on one foot. He walks a wire rope, dances jigs and hops a mile in thirteen minutes.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The goat is in danger of losing his main article of diet. A new industry is the collection of tin cans for melting into window weights.

—Dr. Freize, a Brazilian physician, has discovered in the blood of yellow-fever patients a minute parasite which, he believes, is the cause of yellow fever.

—A stock company has been formed in Schuyler, Neb., with a capital stock of $10,000, for the purpose of manufacturing syrup from the amber sugar-cane.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A gentleman living in Florida has patented a process for making sugar and syrup from cassava, and, after experiment, writes that he has no doubt cassava cultivation will, in a few years, be the most profitable employment of the people in that State.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A San Francisco inventor claims to have constructed a life-saving raft capable of accommodating 500 passengers. It is 108 feet long and twenty-eight feet wide when inflated, yet can be stowed away under the bulwarks of a vessel, occupying a space only three feet wide, three feet high and twenty-eight feet long.

—Miss Ada Parker is a girl of eighteen who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, La. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place, upon which her widowed mother, sister and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her own industry. She is her own overseer, supervising all work done in person.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Hay grown west of the Mississippi is fed in Charleston, after having been carried 2,000 miles. It has not been many years since the idea of profitably carrying so bulky a product one-fifth of that distance would have been laughed at. Since that time freights for long distances have been much reduced, and farmers have learned how to put their hay and straw in much better shape for shipment.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"Mr. Serrell, of New York," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "has received the gold medal of the Lyons (France) Academy for his invention for the automatic reeling of silk by electricity. Mr. Serrell went to Lyons some years ago and won the confidence of the great capitalists there, getting them to accept his labor-saving machinery, which will work much the same revolution that was accomplished by the cotton-gin. The fortunate inventor is still a young man, and his friends believe he has an extraordinary career before him."

—A second electric boat has been launched upon the Thames. It is forty-six feet long and can carry fifty passengers. Its motive force lies concealed in seventy boxes, each of one horse power stored under the floor of the boat, and at the end there is a Siemens dynamo, the spindle of which is continued so as to form the screw, without intermediate gearing. A speed of nine miles an hour can be maintained for six or seven hours, when the secondary batteries have to be replenished. There is no noise, or heat, or smoke, or smell, or waste, and the machinery takes up so little room that practically the entire boat is available for passenger accommodations.

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PITH AND POINT.

—The report comes from New York that the dudes are taking to drinking absinthe. Sh! don't say a word: absinthe is said to be fatal in three years.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—A Boston school girl can not be made to speak of overalls. She prefers to call them super-ounces. Now let some of those wild Western sheets again sneer at our culture, if they dare!—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man who paid a plumber $500 for putting the water on every floor of his house, said when the kitchen chimney caught fire the engine company did the same job without charging him a cent.—*Chicago Times.*

—An enthusiastic country exchange remarks: "The hills and valleys are carpeted with the verdant growing crops." A neat idea. The carpet, strictly speaking, is of the ingrain variety.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Ice-cream is now made from kaolin, a white clay, sweetened with glucose and flavored with chemicals, and yet, notwithstanding all this extra trouble, it is sold at the same price as the old-fashioned kind.—*Philadelphia News.*

—"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars easy," was the reply.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"A Word and a Blow!"—First Gent (Celt): "Ye met 'm at me brother's, the mimber, I think?" Second Gent (Saxon): "Yes, but I haven't any favorable impression of him—'n factum—he struck me as a liar." First Gent: "Did he, thin? I hope ye hit 'm back, sur!"—*Punch.*

—A conundrum constructor, whose name is unknown to fame, has found out by experience the difference between a sweetheart and a wife is almost akin to the difference between a gold-headed cane and a wart on your nose. You carry the one around with you because you like to and the other because you've got to.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A schoolmistress of Yreka, Cal., while on her way to school was attacked by an infuriated steer. "She seized the animal by the horns and held him until help came." The next day she saw a rat in the school-room, when she hastily gathered her skirts about her, jumped up on a desk, and yelled murder. A rat has no horns for a woman to grab hold of.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An ambitious Burlington woman ordered a new poke bonnet: "Make the bonnet as big as the price." In about a week a hay wagon, having scared all the street cars off the track on its way, halted and drew up in front of her house with a thing on it so much bigger than the block that the woman couldn't keep it in town without paying storage to the city.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Our Young Folks.

HE COULDN'T SAY "NO!"

O, it was sad and it was strange!
He just was full of knowledge,
His studies swept the whole broad range
Of High-school and of College;
He read in Greek and Latin, too,
Loud Sanscrit he could utter;
But one small thing he couldn't do
That comes as pat to me and you
As eating bread and butter:
He couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"
I'm sorry to say it was really so!
He'd diddle and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

Geometry he knew by rote,
Like any Harvard Proctor;
He'd sing a fugue out, note by note;
Knew Physics like a Doctor;
He spoke in German and in French;
Knew each Hotanic table;
But one small word, that you'll agree;
Comes pat enough to you and me,
To speak he was not able:
For he couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"
'Tis dreadful, of course, but 'twas really so!
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

And he could fence, and swim, and float,
And use the gloves with ease, too,
Could play base-ball, and row a boat,
And hang on a trapeze, too;
His temper was beyond rebuke,
And nothing made him lose it;
His strength was something quite superb,
But what's the use of having nerve
If one can never use it?
He couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"
If one asked him to come, if one asked him to go,
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

When he was but a little lad,
In life's small ways progressing,
He fell into this habit bad
Of always acquiescing;
'Twas such an amiable trait,
To friend as well as stranger,
That half unconsciously at last
The custom held him hard and fast
Before he knew the danger,
And he couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"
To his prospects, you see, 'twas a terrible blow.
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

And so for all his weary days
The best of chances failed him;
He lived in strange and troublous ways,
And never knew what ailed him;
He'd go to skate where ice was thin;
He'd join in deeds unlawful;
He'd lend his name to worthless notes,
He'd speculate in stocks and oats;
'Twas positively awful!
For he couldn't say "No!" He couldn't say "No!"
He would veer like a weather-cock turning so slow;
He'd diddle, and dawdle, and stutter, but oh!
When it came to the point he could never say "No!"

Then, boys and girls who hear my song,
Pray heed its theme alarming;
Be good, be wise, be kind, be strong—
These traits are always charming;
But all your learning, all your skill
With well-trained brain and muscle,
Might just as well be left alone,
If you can't cultivate backbone
To help you in life's tussle,
And learn to say "No!" Yes, learn to say "No!"
Or you'll fall from the heights to the rapids below!
You may waver, and falter, and tremble, but oh!
When your conscience requires it, be sure and shout "No!"

—*Wide Awake.*

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GRANDMA THOMPSON'S WONDERFUL DREAM.

The new kittens lay upon an old coat on top of a barrel of shavings in the woodshed. There were six of them—perfect beauties; two all black, two black and white, one of no particular color and one lively little tiger-cat, black and gray with yellow stripes.

"Well," said Grandma Thompson, when she had admired them duly, "we will keep *one*. I think this one is the prettiest," and grandma touched the little tiger-cat with her forefinger; "but you may choose, Mary. Silas will drown the others in the mill-pond."

"Oh!" Mary looked at Grandma Thompson with a vague idea that she had turned into a monster, like the wolf in "Red Riding-Hood," but as grandma's face wore its usual peaceful aspect, instead of "O grandma! what a big mouth you've got." Mary ventured to say: "O grandma! why can't we keep them all! Poor, poor little things!"

Grandma Thompson laughed one of her funny laughs. First she tossed her head to one side and half shut her eyes, so that you would not have thought that she was going to laugh at all, then came a little scream, another pause, and at last such a jolly "ha! ha! ha! ha-a-a-a!" that all the merriment of her soul seemed to be coming out in little bubbles.

"O Mary! seven cats in one house! It's enough to distract a person to think of it. Why, their noise would drive me wild, and besides, they would eat us out of house and home."

"But poor Tabby'll miss them so!" pleaded Mary.

"Pooh!" said grandma, contemptuously, "*she* won't care: she can't count, you know, and if she has one left, it will be all the same to her," and Grandma Thompson waddled off into the house to take her afternoon nap.

Grandma Thompson lay down upon the wide lounge—it had to be wide, for grandma was so fat that she reminded one of the pictures of Santa Claus—and little Mary sat down upon a hassock, with a box of gaudy-colored paper and a pair of scissors, to cut "paper-hash" for the doll's breakfast.

Pretty soon grandma began to toss and moan in her sleep, and to wave her arms wildly. Mary, who had been taught what she must do when grandma did that, went and patted her gently, saying:

"Wake up, grandma! wake up! It's only a bad dream."

But it seemed to take grandma a long time to wake up. Even when she had so far roused herself as to sit up, she still kept her eyes shut and moaned. But when she really was fairly awake, she laughed until the tears rolled down her fat cheeks.

"O Mary, Mary, child!" said grandma, "I have had such a dream!"

Mary brought her hassock and sat down at grandma's feet, to prepare for the treat which awaited her, for Grandma Thompson, who was a great dreamer, loved dearly to tell her dreams, and Mary, who was the only one in the house who liked to hear them, thought they were as good as fairy-tales.

"I dreamed," began grandma, "that we were all in India. At least, the boys were; I'm sure I don't know where I was." Grandma Thompson stopped to wipe her glasses, for her seven sons, two of whom slept beneath the daisies on the hillside, while the rest were in foreign lands, were still "the boys" to her, though they were brown and bearded men.

"I saw them all, Mary," said grandma, impressively, "sitting around a camp-fire. I tried to get to them, but the jungle was so thick that I could not. I called them, but they only said: 'The wind is rising;' and once, when I broke a dry twig, they said: 'There is a wild beast near.' Oh, it all seemed so real!"

Grandma stopped to laugh again, though I do not believe that the tears which she wiped away were entirely caused by her laughter.

"And then," she continued, "I heard a terrible roar, and looking around—what do you suppose I saw? It was Tabby and all the kittens, but they had all turned into ferocious tigers, and were crouching, just ready to spring upon the boys—*my* boys," said grandma, with a little quiver in her voice, though she laughed at the idea.

"But, Mary, what do you suppose Tabby did? She lifted up one paw, and pointed right at your father, and she said—oh dear, it just kills me to think of it!—she said: 'There! I think *that* one is the prettiest; we'll save him, but kill all the others. All spring now when I do.' Yes, Mary, Tabby really did say that. But that blessed little tiger-cat, Mary, she looked up into her mother's face, just as you did into mine, and said, oh so pityingly: 'O mammy, let's save them all!' But Tabby said: 'Seven boys in one house! Why, it's enough to distract a person to think of it; their noise would drive one wild; and, besides, they would eat us out of house and home.'

"Why, Tabby must have understood every word that I said," said Grandma Thompson, as eagerly as if she were telling a real incident, "she repeated my very words almost."

Then Grandma Thompson recollected herself, and she and Mary laughed in concert. "And the little tiger-cat, Mary, she said: 'But the poor mother'll miss them so!' and, Mary, did you ever hear of such a thing? Tabby turned right around and looked at me and said: 'Pooh! *she* won't care; she can't count, and if she has one left, it will be all the same to her.' Oh, the idea of such a thing as a mother having to count to know whether she has all her children or not!

"Well, Mary," said Grandma Thompson, after a long and solemn pause, during which her indignation seemed to be struggling with her amusement. "I can't have seven cats in the house, really I can't; but I'll keep two—the little tiger and one other. But I am sure, I shall never think again that a mother doesn't know whether she has lost any of her children or not, because she can't count them."—*Kate Lawrence, in Youth's Companion.*

◆

How Jessie Helped Mamma.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! That was the telephone bell. Mamma dropped Neddy and her sewing, and ran down-stairs.

"Halloo! Is that you, papa?"—"Yes—of course, all right"—"Good bye," said mamma; then she rang off, and went up-stairs again.

"Papa has just sent word that Aunt Kate and Uncle Joe are in town; and will be here at dinner," she said to Lucy. "The cook is sick in bed, and I must make a cake to eat with the frozen custard. Jessie can go down stairs with me, and you must take care of Neddy until I come back."

"All right, mamma, said Lucy, "but I wish I could help you make the cake."

"Some other time, Lucy; but to-day help mamma by keeping Neddy out of mischief."

"Me help mamma make cake to-day," said Jessie, "me and my dolly."

Then they went into the kitchen. Mamma put her two little helpers in a high chair, and then got the things ready for the cake.

"One cup of sugar, four eggs, a cup of butter, three cups of flour," said mamma, as she put them on the table, "and two spoonfuls of baking powder stirred into the flour."

Just then the milkman came, and mamma ran to get the dish for him. The box of baking-powder stood by the snowy heap of flour within Jessie's reach.

"I s'pect I must help mamma," she said.

Mamma came back soon, stirred up the cake, poured it into the pan, and popped it into the oven.

"Uncle Joe always likes cake, and I think that will be a nice one, don't you, Jessie?" giving the dear little girl a kiss on the tip of her floury nose.

"I think so, too, mamma, 'cause I helped."

Pretty soon mamma opened the oven door. What in the world was the matter with the cake? Up! up! It was going, over the top of the pan, higher, higher, until it dropped down an ran all over the bottom of the oven. Mamma was used to Jessie's ways of helping; so she only groaned, and shut the oven door. Then she looked into the baking-powder box. It was empty! Jessie had put half a pint of baking-powder into three cups of flour!

No wonder the cake tried to climb out of the oven. It was too late to make another. Mamma told Uncle Joe about it. He laughed so hard that Lucy thought he would choke. Then he said: "If you will come and be my cook, Jessie, I'll give you three dollars a week." But Jessie shook her curly head, and said: "I can't, 'cause I have to help mamma."—*Our Little Ones.*

—As an illustration of the extent to which the practice of duelling is spreading in Germany, it may be mentioned that an advocate not long ago challenged the presiding Judge of a Court at Bromberg on account of some observation officially made by the latter in the course of a trial.

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—A new law of Missouri allows nobody to practice medicine unless holding a diploma from a medical college of recognized standing. This statute applies also to dentists and bone setters. Dealers in patent medicines are required to take out a special license.—*St. Louis Republican.*

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—It is announced that W. H. H. Murray is to publish a book on Texas, and two volumes of Adirondack stories.

Religious.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Thy will be done!" O simple little words!
And yet so hard for us to truly say—
To bow unquestioning before Thy will,
And meekly bear the burdens of To-day.
Pity our weakness, O Most Holy Son,
And teach our murmuring lips to say:
"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" See where the widow mourns,
As o'er her dead companion sad tears fall!
Alone she stands—her heart's dear comrade gone,
Nor answers to her wild, despairing call.
O dry your eyes, poor mourner! Think for him
Has risen up Eternity's glad sun!
O, may He help your stricken soul to say:
"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" The mother sobbing stands
Beside the coffin of her cherished one—
The baby snatched from off her loving breast
Before his little life had scarce begun.
Beside her, Lord, in pitying kindness stand,
And hold her hand, Most Gracious Holy One!
Thou know'st how hard for her poor lips to say:
"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" O how we need Thy help
To say those words with humble, trustful heart—
To bow before Thy will in everything,
As in this weary world we take our part.
Thou know'st our weakness, and how prone to stray,
Rebellious, leaving all Thy work undone;
Yet, Lord, forgive, and help us all to say:
"Thy will be done!"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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SYSTEMATIC BIBLE STUDY.

There perhaps never was a time when the Bible, as a book, was so much in men's thoughts as is the case at present. The fact is a remarkable one, considering how old a book the Bible is, and considering how few writings of the ancient world have even survived to the present hour. In the measure of this interest, too, the Bible stands alone. There are ancient writings which are of great interest still to scholars, and which still to a certain extent inspire and guide the thought of the world; but even when these writings are translated and put within reach of those conversant only with their own language, they do not take a place in popular literature, least of all do they become household books. It is remarkable that the Bible, not only in respect to its great antiquity, but in respect, also, to its hold on the common mind, and its power to move, to interest, to sway, to teach all sorts of men, is even more to-day than it has ever before been, the Book.

One part of this wide interest is due, unquestionably, to the interest of those critical questions which have been raised touching certain portions of this book, or collection of books, and to the bearing these have upon vital matters of religion. The adversary overreaches himself when by instigations of *hostile* criticism he thus makes more conspicuous the remarkable character of the literature contained in the Bible. As those who in places of worship "came to scoff" sometimes "remain to pray," so it may happen, and we believe does happen, that men drawn to read or study the Bible by the excitement of current controversy find, much to their astonishment, what a book the Bible after all is. But meantime there are important interests of truth at stake, and it is still a question of much moment how dangerous attacks may best be met, and how, for students of this book, right views of it may best be secured.

The attention of the writer of this article has recently, by some experiences of his own, been led to a view of this subject which he begs to lay before his reader. Mentioning the same matter to an eminent Christian scholar a few days since, he was gratified to learn that other men, whose example is entitled to far more weight than his own, not only have the same convictions as to methods of Bible study, but have for years acted upon them. The point in question was suggested and impressed by the occasion which arose, in what way need not be mentioned, for an expository examination of one of the most difficult Biblical books, leading to an almost daily study of it, verse by verse, for more than three years. It was a first experience in this line, after many years of such random study, with its imperfect results, as is usual, alike with ministers and with laymen. The result in the present case was to some extent a surprise, and in all respects a matter of joy and thankfulness. A book of the Bible which, as read or more closely examined in the usual method, had always seemed hopelessly mysterious, and commentaries upon which had been consulted in vain, began, little by little, to reveal its great and wonderful secret. The connection of the thought, the *idea* of the book began to disclose itself. The clue to its chief difficulties was in the hand almost before such a result had been thought of as possible. Its outlook upon the past, present and future of God's infinite kingdom, its interpretations of the vast perplexities of human history, its rich and gladdening revealings of Divine purpose, its personal comfort, its inspiration to a larger faith, a higher life and a more self-forgetting devotion—all these, as coming along in the process of daily study often unlooked for, always most welcome, made the three years given to this verse-by-verse study of that one book the most remarkable period of any in what now begins to seem like a long life. The practical inference in the case described is that the sort of Bible study which is alone sure of answering the highest ends of such is that which, in a right and true meaning of the word, is *study.*

We have the names, recently given to us, of eminent men with whom this method, or something equivalent to it, has been habitual for years. Some of these are men widely known for their soundness in doctrine, their ability to cope with hostile criticism, the spiritual unction alike of their preaching and of their published writings. They know the Bible, not simply by what it is upon its surface, or by appreciative study of specially interesting portions, but they know it in its unity, in the scope of its teachings, in the vital connection between its several books however widely differing in date and authorship, however, to a superficial view apparently unrelated in subject or substance to other books or to the Bible as a whole. They have reached the heart of the Bible as a revelation, and have had their own heart brought in daily contact with it. They may be said to understand the book so far as finite can compass infinite. Their faith in it is steady under any manner of attack, and they are "able to give a reason of the" faith "that is in them to every man that asketh."

If we mistake not, this method of study is after the manner of those who aforetime lived so truly "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is fairly open to question, we think, whether in one direction, at least, Sunday-school teaching has not been of doubtful tendency; and whether the present international lesson method, with all its admitted advantages, does not encourage that tendency. Doubtless the Sunday-school makes study of the Scriptures an occupation for thousands and thousands who might never be drawn to it in any other way, and a far greater proportion, in any community, than was ever the case in times preceding the institution of this valuable means of religious knowledge. But those who *did* study the Bible in those older days knew the whole of it as is rarely the case now. It is not uncommon for those who have for years been scholars in the Sunday-school to be utterly at a loss when questioned upon any point, however simple, history, biography, or what not, apart from such portions of the book as have been studied in the "lessons." The tendency alluded to is toward this fragmentary method, as the only one ever adopted, with its fragmentary result as the only good ever realized. When those who know the Bible only in this way are confronted by some question of hostile criticism, they are at a stand. They know only here and there a portion of this great book, and even this perhaps so imperfectly that, having no answer provided, even where the answer is such as a fairly instructed Bible student might find ready at hand, they are thrown into perplexities, perhaps into disbelief.

Of course, it is not to be expected that every Bible student will pursue his work as if writing a commentary. Not even every minister can do this. Yet surely something of the careful expositor's way of work may be adopted by the minister, in his private study and in his preaching, while he may, as regards his people, press them with the truth that to know something about a few detached passages of the Bible is not to know the Bible. He can also urge them with the evident fact that whether or not systematic *study*, of the kind hinted at, be always practicable for them, systematic *reading* of the Bible always may be.—*Chicago Interior.*

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Toleration.

It is very hard for us all to see alike. We have been differently educated. We have had a wide diversity of experience in our Christian warfare. Some have enjoyed the calm repose of a professor's chair; some have contended, as for dear life, against the godless host that is finding its home on the hitherto unoccupied lands of the Republic. Some have settled in the quiet and restful parishes of the older States; others have carried the Gospel to the heathen, and without losing hold of the doctrines of sin and salvation, have been drawn toward those among whom they have labored with a tenderness and affection to which the church at large is almost a stranger. How can we look for complete uniformity of opinion from those who have had or are having such a variety of experience! Why should the pastor whose chiefest anxiety is to persuade his hearers to become Christians, be blamed if he preaches few doctrinal sermons, or the professor of theology if, in his class-room he insists upon the thorough mastery of the system he is set to teach? Can not both do their work without jealousy of the other? The preacher may be somewhat loose in his theological definitions; if he succeeds in presenting the Gospel so that men accept it and live in accordance with its precepts, can not we trust the grace of God to destroy the error, and give efficacy to the truth?

So great is the difference in mental habit, and in the demands which different fields make upon pastors, that it is not strange if certain doctrines and certain methods are made prominent at the expense of others. Can we not tolerate differences in each other?

Have we no place for the evangelist or the teacher in contrast with the pastor; for the literary preacher in contrast with the theological; for the man whose sympathy is with the new rather than with the old? May not these "diversities of gifts" be of the "same Spirit?" May not the Master have need of them? It is not enough if the aim be the same? We need union, concentration of effort. There were never such opportunities for Christian usefulness as to-day. We never were in greater danger of letting them slip. Shall we divide our forces in the face of the enemy? Why seek for an impossible unanimity in doctrinal belief? Why not be satisfied, as we have been for the most part for many years, with a substantial agreement upon the great verities, and cure our infirmities, and get rid of our jealousies, if we have any, in earnest work for men!

It is easy to misunderstand and misrepresent. People in regard to whom there is some little suspicion, are not always correctly reported. No man of power ever gives more than a partial representation of himself on any single occasion. Yet words which have a definite aim and a legitimate place at the time of their utterance are often made the ground of charges hard to bear, and injurious to the cause of truth. Shall we not be tolerant of each other's deficiencies, and bid God-speed even to those who think that their mission is in the discerning or the setting forth of new phases of divine truth, as well as to those who know that they have been called to stand in the old paths, and therein find rest for their souls?—*Chicago Advance.*

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—Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability and learning can doubt more than the wisest men believe. Christianity is a matter of intelligent faith, but infidelity requires no one to give a reason for the doubt that is in him.—*Exchange.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
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BURLINGTON, KY. AUG. 29. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
1 "	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
¼ "	1 "	10
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices over 20 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
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TODAY is Cincinnati day at the Lexington Fair.

SCARCITY of water in the river is interfering with navigation.

OUR advice to the next legislature to adjourn so soon as it has elected all the offices it is required to elect.

A SHIPMENT of 180 Percheon stallions arrived in New York the other day. It was the largest shipment of stallions ever shipped from Europe.

OUR postmaster informs us that at the next letting of the mail on the Erlanger and Burlington route the department proposes giving Burlington two mails a day. We say amen to it.

THE colored brethren of the State, known as Christians or Deciples, will locate the Bible College at Mt. Sterling. The business of the college will be to educate young men for the ministry.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 10@5 30; fair to good packers, at $4 50@5 10; fair to good light, $5 50@5 75; common, $4 00@4 70; culls, $3 00@4 00: stock hogs, $4 25@5 25.

HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT will be inaugurated Governor on Tuesday, September 4th, the constitution providing that the Governor-elect shall enter upon the discharge of his duties on the fifth Tuesday succeeding the day of his election.

COL. STODDARD JOHNSTON says: "That our Common School System is an excellent one, and with but few defects, and those easily remedied. The fault lies with the people themselves and their failure to do the part which is essential to success.

WE will have to admit to Bro. Cobb, of the Aurora Independent, that his boys can beat ours playing ball; but when it comes to riding for that $136 premium at the Aurora Fair, we are satisfied that some of Boone's fair daughters will win it. We have great faith in our ladies accomplishing anything they undertake.

THE Falmouth Democrat finds the following indictment: "The stay-at-home Democrats are responsible for the fact that the Sixth District will only be represented in State Conventions by fifty-five votes. The following is the apportionment of delegates: Kenton 10, Campbell 11, Pendleton 8, Trimble 5 Grant 6, Boone 7, Carroll 5, and Gallatin 3.

THE Teachers' Institute which met here yesterday is of interest to every citizen of the county, and especially is it of interest to those who have children to educate and, by attending it parents will, to some extent, be benefited by becoming acquainted with the qualifications of those to whom they will entrust the business of instructing their children which is one thing in which they should exercise great care.

IT has been several years since this particular locality was in as dire need of rain as at present. The corn and tobacco crops are, and have been for several weeks, in need of wet weather, and now the prospects for fall pastures are not at all flattering, and unless a good rain visits us in a few days the farmers may expect to have to commence feeding their stock early in the fall. To say the least, the crop outlook hereabout is not flattering to the farmers.

PROF. GALLAGER will commence a ten months school in the Morgan Academy at this place next Monday. We understand that he has met with considerable encouragement in soliciting patronage, and will endeavor to establish himself here. We have often laid before our readers the great benefits to be derived from maintaining a good school at this place, and we hope that Mr. Gallager will be given a fair trial in his undertaking to build up a school in the Academy. His terms will be found elsewhere in this impression.

IN his address before the Teachers' Institute at Carrollton, Col. J. Stoddard Johnston gives this bit of information among other interesting facts referred to in his address:

"The school statistics in other States show that the system is most flourishing—not where the per capita from the State is largest, but where each district contributes the most. While the State per capita in Kentucky is $1 40, in Massachusetts it is but forty-five cents, but the sum contributed by the districts and raised by local taxation amounts to $14 23 per child. In New York the State per capita is only $1 78, while that of the district is $4 94. In Pennsylvania the State per capita is seventy-three cents, and in the district $5 14. In Illinois the State is $1 58 and the district $5 67, and so on, but in all where the common school system is successful the State contribution is merely an incident, while the principal of the schools comes from local taxation."

COL. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, in his recent address before the Carroll County Teachers' Institute, said he had "found a number of cases in which School Trustees could not sign their names and had to make their mark." This is a black record for Kentucky, and true enough; but it is right to set forth such humiliating facts that intelligent public sentiment may be more thoroughly aroused to the importance of making the common school question, the living question, the fully discussed question of the day. It is of course, no marvel that, with a grossly illiterate element among the country school officers themselves, there are still in Kentucky many localities blasted with stupidity and ignorance, Are intelligent Kentuckians willing that such a condition of affairs should any longer exist?—Courier-Journal.

WHAT Gov. Knott intends to do in the way of continuing the officers or the various institutions over which he has the appointing power has become a leading question. There does not appear any necessity for changes in the Eastern Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, but the one at Anchorage evidently needs a severe overhauling. The management of that institution has been guilty of various faults which show that a change is almost a necessity. A trial of new men will do no harm, to say the least.—Lexington Transcript.

No; but Gov. Knott will not oust Dr. Gail.

STATE NEWS.

—A Fine vein of alum water has been discovered near Lebanon Junction.

—Horse-thieves have been operating in Scott county and have secured several valuable animals.

—A jack valued at $1,200, belonging to Lew Cunningham, of Bourbon was killed by a railroad train.

—Lexington Transcript: "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." Woman that is born of woman is in the same fix.

—Owen has 3,500 democratic votes, but in failing to turn out in full at the late election the county loses one of its thirteen delegates.

—Lexington Gazette: The farmer's heart is made glad with the copious and timely rainfall. The corn is growing without let or hindrance and the prospect is cheering.

—Mountain Echo: A boy was tried recently in Clay county for carrying a concealed weapon and acquitted upon the ground that he was too small to conceal it.

—Bourbon News: Thus far there have been 75,000 bushels of wheat sold here this year, against 100,000 last year at this time. The crop has fallen short forty per cent. in this county.

—Mr. Robert S. Lander, near Cerulean Springs, Trigg county, raised 660 bushels of beardless Mediterranean wheat from twenty acres of land being an average of thirty-three bushels per acre.

—Franklin Favorite: We have in our sanctum a corn tassel that has fifty-two ears of corn on it. It was presented to us by Mr. Ezra Offutt, of Shoeloh, who is one of the most successful farmers in Logan county.

—Danville Advocate: There is some talk again about starting a creamery at this place. Certainly if these enterprises pay such handsome dividends in the Northern States, we don't see why they should not do much better in our famous Bluegrass region.

—Richmond Register: The drouth was beginning to affect the corn in this county very seriously, when a splendid rain fell on Friday, another on Monday night, and still another on Wednesday night. With a few more rains now the crop will be equal to that of last year.

—Bourbon News: We are told by a respectable citizen of Carlisle that after the closing of the camp-meeting the bottles were gathered up Tuesday and brought to town, and that there were at least four gross of all sorts and sizes—almost enough to fill a car when loaded in.

—Nelson Record: Last Sunday one of the largest rattlesnakes ever seen in this section was killed in the front yard of Mr. Jas. Willett, near Gethsemane. It was discovered fighting a chicken, and killed. It measured five feet in length and about twenty inches around the largest part of the body.

—The Licking Valley Scorcher, in an issue since the election, has a chicken cock standing on the dead coon of the Danville Tribune, with the following exultant crow:

The Danville Tribune has lost its coon.
And I'm the bird that got him;
He left his hole a spell to soon,
And I nabbed the brute, dad drot him.

—Danville Tribune: We saw Grove Kennedy at Lancaster the other day. He is in fine health and spirits, and is received with congratulations by his many Garrard friends. To all appearance the penitentiary has left no brand upon him, socially or personally. He has promised to be good in the future, and is said to entertain the idea of selling out and leaving this part of the country.

—The Owingsville Outlook says: Mr. D. Ellis Conner has discovered a new and simple rule for ascertaining the number of feet of lumber in a log. Multiply the diameter in inches by one-half the diameter; then then multiply this product by the length of the log in feet and divide by eight. The quotient will be the number of feet in the log.

—The Farmers Home Journal, Louisville says: Farmers who intend to buy hogs to feed this fall should buy very close. Statistics show that there is considerable of the product on hand with a rather limited demand. Indeed, at the present rate of consumption the new crop will have to contend with the old. In this condition of the market there is no great encouragement to expect very high prices for hogs in November or December.

—The Woodford Sun says: We have been requested to suggest to farmers the advisability of placing their names on their front gate-posts. This would be a great convenience to all persons having business with farmers, and would save very many vexatious blunders and delays. This has already been adopted by a few who find it a great convenience. A small board or sheet of tin plainly lettered in black and white is all that is necessary.

—Richmond Register: A bully in one of the precincts of Owsley county took the polls on election day with his double-barreled shotgun, and announced that he could whip his weight in wildcats, or clean out any ten men in the county. The words had scarcely left his mouth when the crack of a gun was heard from the bushes, and the bully lay dead upon the ground. The citizens standing around pronounced it a righteous act, and no investigation of the affair was made. It served him right.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—From present indications it is probable that Galveston, Texas, will receive for the season 1882-83 about 900,000 bales of cotton, leaving every port except New Orleans in the race.

—In Wautauga county, N. C., is an apple tree fifty years old which has on it about fifty bushels of fine apples, and has nine large branches, which give rise to thirty-two branchlets, is seven and a half feet in diameter, and covers twenty-nine yards.

—Two of the best farms in Culpepper county, Va., exchanged hands recently. One of them, containing 1,300 acres, situated on the Rappahannock river, was purchased by Thomas B. Nalle for $50,000 cash; the other, containing 200 acres, near Brandy Station, was sold at $10,000 to the County Treasurer, S. Sussell Smith.

—A correspondent from Cuthbert, Ga., says: The long drouth has not broken yet in this section, and vegetation is almost extinct in many localities. As I write I see a patch of corn that bade fair five weeks ago to make at least twenty-five bushels per acre that won't make two bushels. The corn crop is a complete failure and cotton cut off fully one-half. The catterpillar is playing havoc in the counties below this; so the cotton crop in Calhoun, Earley and Baker counties will be short one-half.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline. PARKER'S TONIC, is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: DR. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & CO., Chewlats, New York

Notice.

500 stock sheep for sale. Call on the undersigned at Bullittsville Boone county, Kentucky. ALFRED S. GAINES.

Just From New York
WITH A
Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,
—AND—
OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

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540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY.

MORGAN ACADEMY

—BURLINGTON, KY.—

This School will be opened to pupils on Monday, Sept. 3d. Tuition will be charged at the following rates, established by the Board of Trustees.

Primary Grade, per term of 20 weeks $8 00; Intermediate, $12 00; Grammar and High School, $16 00.

P. T. GALLAGHER, Principal.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Joseph Botts', Gur'd, Plff
vs
Joseph Botts, Deft.
Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Sept, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 9 months at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Lot No. 4 in the division of Rowland Botts lands described as follows: Beginning at a stone in a line of lot No. 2, a corner of lot No. 3; thence with a line of lot No. 3, N 66¼ E 40 3-5 poles to a stone corner of lot No. 3, in a line of parcel "B" of lot "C"; thence with the line of parcel "C" N 30¼ W 30 to a stone; thence N 60 E 27 1-5 poles to a stone; thence N 28 W 10 poles to a stone in a line of Mrs. Nancy Arnold's dower; thence with said line N 31 W 16 3-5 poles to a stake James D. Willis' corner near the gate across the Bullittsville meeting-house road; thence S 70½ W 35 ⅗ poles to a stone in the road; thence S 70¼ W 35½ poles to a stone in J. D. Willis' line corner of lot No. 2, thence S 30¼ E 63 poles to the beginning, containing 22 acres.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court Kentucky.

Clara G Botts' Gud. Plff.
vs
Clara G Botts, Deft.
Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the April Term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Sept., 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day), proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 & 12months, at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the Judgment to wit:

Lot No. 8 in the division of Rowland Botts' lands, described as follows: Beginning at a stone on the Burlington and Petersburg road, corner of lot No. 2,; thence with said road N 32½ E 13¾ poles, N 45½ E 29 poles to a stone on said road; thence N 80½ W 29¾ poles passing east of the grave yard to a stone; thence N 66½ W 40½ poles to a stone, corner of lot No. 4, in a line of lot No. 2, thence with said line S 30½ E 48 poles to the beginning, including the dwelling house, containing 9½ acres.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W. L. RIDDELL, M C B C

Also at the same time and place the following lot of land will be offered, adjoining the above, containing acres and bounded east by Joseph G. Botts and Clara G. Botts', lots south by the Petersburg & Burlington road, west by T. E. Randall and north by J. D. Willis' heirs—this sale will be made on the following terms: One-half cash; the remainder due in six months, to bear interest from day of sale, with a lien reserved on the land for the deferred payment.

F. P. WALTON, Agt.
For MARY SARGANT.

NOTICE.

A dividend of 50 cents on each share of the Burlington and Florence turnpike is declared and ordered to be paid on demand by the treasurer DUDLEY ROUSE.
Aug. 11th, 1883.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Churchell Clore, decd., will present them properly proven as by law required. HENRY CLORE, WM. CLORE, Executors.

Strayed.

A red and white speckled heifer, two years old, will weigh about 750 pounds—left the pasture about the first of July. Any one giving information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received.

JERRY BEEMON, Florence X-Roads.

For Sale.
70 Stands of Bees.

I will sell the entire lot at $5 per stand, or will sell 35 stands at $6 per stand. Persons buying one or two stands can get them at $10 per stand. A larger number will be sold proportionally cheaper. No honey has been taken from the brood department, and the stands are all in good order.

E. E. UTZ.

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2-m

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Attention! Attention

If you want to buy a first-class organ
It you want to buy a first- class-
Piano. If you want to ex-
change your old instru-
ment. If you want
to receive
their
full value.
If you want an
instrument of any
kind If you want to
exchange your old sewing
machine. If you want to buy
the best new sewing machine. It you
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Send for Prices and Circulars.
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A fine display of Organs, Pianos
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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN, Ky.—On Cincinnati Southern R.R.

Located in the healthy and beautiful "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky, 55 session opens September 3rd, 1883. Instruction in all branches of a College education. Experienced Professor. The degree of B. S., A. B. and A. M., conferred. Useful course for those who can spend only one or two years in College. Terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address to R. M. DUDLEY, D. D., President.

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

SCIENCE HILL.
(A SCHOOL for Girls,) Established 1825
By MRS. JULIA A TEVIS,
Located at SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY,

Aims to give its pupils the elements of a complete education. Pretense and show are discarded and all the force of a competent faculty directed toward the essentials of Education. Terms reasonable. Send for catalogue.

W. T. POYNTER, D. D., Principal.

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SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim, Burlington

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And all Bilious Complaints

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This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will also to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and attentive treatment to CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc. Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will [illegible] them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble. The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility. Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with your attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the

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306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ammen's Naval & Modern BATTLES, New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., 26 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday.
Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and, L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD."
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
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Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.
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VICTOR ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE. NEWARK MACHINE CO. NEWARK, O.

W N. STAGE, Gen, Traveling Agt, Louisville. Ky

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.

UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $20 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 320 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogues apply to Judge W. B. KINKEAD, or to JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

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PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK
Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Local News.

Native watermelons have been plentiful the past two weeks.

Jumbo is calling on our town, this week, for its small change.

The Lawrenceburg Fair came near depopulating our town last Saturday.

The north end of the county emptied itself into Lawrenceburg last Saturday.

Mrs. Nancy Snyder, one of our pioneer citizens, has been very sick for some time.

Rev. Bacon occupied the pulpit in the Universalist church at this place last Sunday.

The North Bend Association begins with the Bullittsburg Church next Wednesday.

Some of the early cutting of tobacco will be cured enough to strip by the time the last is cut.

There were three applicants for certificates before the board of school examiners last Saturday.

Dr. Isaac Wilson, of Quincy, Illinois, was at the association, last week, renewing old acquaintance.

We need expect but little more hot weather, and there has not been an excess of hot weather anyway this year.

The reservoir which was to be constructed just west of town has gone the way of many other great undertakings of its kind.

There was a large attendance at the Old Baptist Association last week. Several ministers from a distance preached during the meeting.

Ed Rice was in town the other day. It now takes two buggies for him to travel in. In one he hauls a cable with which to hitch his horse.

The Boones have played seven games and won five, which is a good average; besides, being beaten by the Standards is no discredit to the boys.

The rain that fell here last week did some good, but the quantity of water was far short of that needed. Cisterns were replenished none to speak of.

Everett Walton was made happy last Friday by the advent of a fine daughter. Everett now has a nice little family to take West to grow up with the country.

The trial of C. B. Clarkson, indicted for horsestealing, was set for Monday in the Nicholasville Circuit court. Several witnesses from this county were summoned in the case.

Phillip Lindenburg, of Bellevue, is the boss fisherman in these diggings. He caught on a trot line, one day last week, a monster cat fish that kicked the beam at 75 pounds.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

I take this means of notifying the public that I am prepared to grind corn at my mill on the Burlington and Petersburg pike near Legrand Gaines' and solicit the patronage of the surrounding country. Will grind every Friday.

4t43 LEWIS GRAHAM.

The nuptials of Johnny Huey and Miss Lucy Ryle were celebrated as announced in this column last week. The wedding was a very quiet affair, and the young couple started on their journey as husband and wife with the best wishes of a host of friends.

For some time Patrick Shannon, who lives near Hebron, had been trying to solve the mystery of a sudden decrease in his cow's flow of milk, and had concluded that a snake must be responsible for it, when he discovered, the other day, that one of his hogs was the robber.

Wish some friend would chain that brother of ours at Rabbit Hash before he gets his neck broken playing baseball. His hands are now so deformed from contact with "red-hot ones" that he'll never be able to get a pair of wedding gloves on. We are getting uneasy about him.

Two young men, Allen and Thompson, attended the Lawrenceburg Fair last Saturday, where their temperature got too high, and when they crossed the river at Aurora that evening they got into an altercation with Zimmerman, the ferryman who got the worst of the fight.

Henry Bates, colored, while waiting for the ferry boat at Lawrenceburg, last Saturdar morning, fell from the wharf into the river, and was rescued just in time to escape being mashed by the boat which was about three feet from the landing. Henry is well known in the Burlington precinct.

When returning from the Lawrenceburg Fair last Saturday, Jas. T. Grant, of the Bullittsburg neighborhood, in trying to get on the ferry boat dropped two baskets in to the river containing a wash bowl and pitcher and other articles to the amount of $15, which he had purchased while in the burg.

TO TEACHERS.—In setting the School Commissioner's article last week, we read the word "renewed" rescinded, which destroyed the meaning of the paragraph in regard to certificates. The Commission says that teachers holding First-Class First-Grade certificates can have them renewed if they have an average of 85 per cent., provided their per cent. in orthography, arithmetic, reading, grammar, composition and geography is 90 per cent. each, and in history and penmanship, 70 per cent. each.

The rain that put in an appearance Wednesday night soon revived both the animal and vegetable kingdom.

Mr. G. T. Gaines' colt is one of the animals that wore a blue ribbon home from the Lawrenceburg Fair last week.

Yesterday, Tuesday, Commissioner Snyder and his force of pedagogues commenced holding forth in the Morgan Academy.

Henly Smith had a surgical operation performed on the side of his neck, last Monday, which somewhat impedes the movement of that member.

Wm. Walton's sale of personal property, preparatory to his departure to Missouri, takes place on the 27th of September. There will be much to sell.

The handsomest lady we saw at the Lawrenceburg Fair, last Saturday was from Burlington. Although Boone sent a great many across the water that day.

Although the dryweather created much dissatisfaction hereabouts, all are willing to admit the weather boss is better posted in agriculture than any of our local farmers.

Monday morning Jas. Conner drove through town 25 head of sheep that originally cost $25 per head. They were bought by Geo. E. Rouse of William Points, of Grant county.

The Walton correspondent of the Western Tobacco Journal reports no tobacco in first hands in this county, which is a mistake, as there are several crops that have not been sold yet.

Wm. Walton has received cheering news from out west. Since he purchased his farm in Missouri, coal oil has been found within a few miles of his farm on two sides. The discovery of the oil created considerable excitement, and the value of real estate went up immediately.

Last Wednesday afternoon the lightning struck a ceader tree in Cy Riddell's yard near Hebron. The tree was but a few feet from the hall door, and at the time the Judge, his wife and F. Riddell's wife and little daughter were in the yard near the tree and the writer's wife and child and Miss Kittie, were in the hall. Some of them were slightly stunned and all were badly frightened. A ball of fire, they think, entered the hall and exploded.

The weather, last week, was all that the management of the Lawrenceburg Fair could desire, and day by day saw the attendance increase till on Friday and Saturday each the crowd was estimated at 10,000. The Fair was extensively advertised, which, together with liberal premiums, brought people and stock from far and near, and makes the Lawrenceburg Fair now rank as the most successful fair ever held in Southeastern Indiana. The exhibition in all the departments was good, and among the Kentuckians taking premiums on horses there were W. S. Walton, R. A. Brady, Robert Clore, G. T. Gaines and Riddell & Norris.

Geo. E. Rouse took two premiums on his fine bull, and Shropshire, of Scott county, was very successful with his cattle.

Base-ball.

The Boones and the Standards, of Aurora, met again last Saturday, on the Old Hoosier Grounds at Aurora. The Standards won an easy victory defeating the Boones in a score of 15 to 9. The Boone team seemed to have been all to pieces, and their fielding was miserable, while their opponents played a good game in that particular. Fowler's throwing was very effective, as evidenced by his putting out 17 men, and had the infield been able to made a few good stops, and then properly handled the ball, the score would be quite different. Clore made a clean three-bagger, and by the assistance of a wild throw made a home-run. The Standards made some nice plays, and did good base running. Quick, Sayder, Fowler and Clore did all the good work for the Boones.

The Association.

The Salem Association held its annual meeting Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week in the large and beautiful grove near Jonas Delph's, a place suited in every particular for such a meeting. The weather was fine for outdoor assemblies, and the attendance, throughout, was large, appreciative and attentive. On Friday, the last day, there were near one thousand people on the ground, who came from all parts of the county. It did one much good to see with what rapt attention the good, old brethren and sister, sat and listened to the eloquent preaching of their beloved ministers. Nor were the younger members lacking in respect.

At noon each day the multitude was invited to partake of a bountifully spread table of all the luxuries that could be collected. At such times many were the happy greetings exchanged by friends, many of whom had not met for years. Memory flew back and recalled to mind other faces who were wont to meet with the association; but who have gone on that long journey to return no more.

It was about three o'clock, Friday, when with great reluctance, the many farewells were spoken, brightened with the hope of meeting a year hence upon a like occasion.

The following array of ministers was present and preached:—P G Lester, of Virginia; Levi Bavis, of Ludlow, Ky.; J H Wallingsford, of Chester, Ky.; S F Jones, of Sharpsburg, Ky.; E M Reeves, of Lynchburg, Ohio; R M Thomas, of Newmarket, Missouri; J T Moore, of Georgetown, Ky.; J M Demaree, of Pleasureville, Kentucky; Jas. Martindale, of Indiana; J Cox, of Ind.; John M Biggs, of Leonardsburg, Ohio.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Dr. Cowon, of Rabbit Hash, was in town Saturday.

Emmett Gullion, of Eagle Station, spent Sunday in Burlington.

Miss Sallie Rich returned to her home in Kenton county, last Thursday.

Miss Lottie Reed, of Cincinnati, is visiting her sister at this place.

Harmon Polly, of Beaver, was in town Monday. He was in the dashing business.

Miss Katie Arnold, of Bellevue, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Saxton, at this place.

Dr. L. H. Platt and wife, of Bellevue, spent several days with his mother at this place, last week.

Mrs. Kittie Strong, who has been visiting relatives at this place for some time returned home Monday.

E. E. Foster returned Sunday morning from Chattanooga, at which place he had an attack of typhoid fever.

The Aurora Fair is now in sight.

Rev. G. W. Dunlap attended the Institute Tuesday.

Miss Fannie Rice gave her pupils a vacation last week.

W. F. Piper and C. L. Crisler are the melon brokers for this place.

The hotels are giving the teachers who attend the Institute, excursion rates.

For a family medicine Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills are unrivaled. They root out disease, as if by magic.

The game of ball between the Kentons and the Boones on the grounds of the latter next Saturday, will be interesting to those who enjoy such sport.

Master Gaines Rice placed on our table, the other day, a basket of delicious apples, pears and grapes, for which he has our thanks. His father has a fine collection of fruit.

CANCELED—Manager Ed Terrill of the Almonts B. B. C, is hereby notified that the games between them and the Boones for Sept. 1st, 5th and 8th are canceled. E. W. DUNCAN, Manager
Of the Boone Baseball Club.

Last week John Acra swore out a warrant charging Henry Mallory, jr., Geo. Kiser, Kirb Sullivan, —Gardner and Sam Cantwell, all young fellows, with breaking into his house. All the boys except Cantwell, who could not be found, were arrested, and brought before Esquires Sutton, of Bellevue, and Baker, of this place, Tuesday week. Gardner turned State's evidence, Kiser was dismissed and Mallory cleared and Sullivan held over under bond of $100. Monday another warrant for the arrest of Gardner for some offense was placed in Deputy Sheriff German's hands, who arrested Gardner and delivered him to Esquire Baker from whom he escaped before the hour for the trial arrived. Esq. Wngstaff, of Florence, was sent for to sit with Esq. Baker on the trial when he arrived the bird had flown. It seems that when Acra's house was raided nearly all his provisions were destroyed.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Constance.

Davis Bros. are having the front of their store painted green by Geo. Brown.

Coaling seems to be the order of the day. The river being low much coal can be obtained.

Mr. Wm. Souther is up every morning with the rest of the chickens. He is always the first one to crow.

A few congregated at the residence of Ephraim Helm several nights during the association for the purpose of worship.

If some of the old maids don't curl their hair and paint a little more than they have been doing here of late, we are afraid we will not have any weddings to report soon.

Florence X-Roads.

Health generally good around here.

The dry weather still holds on. Corn will make about half a crop.

Mrs. Rosa Barnett and Miss Octavia Rouse started for Paulding county, Ohio, last week.

A. F. Crigler and son are visiting in Logan county, Ohio.

Miss Bell and Bertha Conrad left Monday for Harrodsburg, Ind., Seminary.

Jefferson Riggs is visiting his mother and sister in Indiana, who he has not seen for thirty years.

W. A. Crigler and G. E. Rouse captured some of the premiums at the Lawrenceburg Fair, last week.

Bullittsville.

Some unknown person or persons visited at night the wardrobe of Ben Stephens and Jeff Snyder. Ben is minus two pair of pants, a coat and vest, Jeff mourns the loss of a hat and overcoat, shoes, and if we mistake not a full suit. At last accounts the clothes had not been returned.

Miss Jennie Tanner is visiting Lizzie Stephens.

W. J. Rice is engaged in the erection of a tobacco barn for C. S. Balsly.

Temp was the only person presens at the ball game Saturday to halloo for the Boones.

It is thought that the Grange hall will be secured for Prof. Hughe's school.

Eldor Thompson preached here Sunday morning and evening, a large crowd was present.

Scattersville.

Well, well! what big snakes we have in our county.

The farmers have been blessed with a good shower, which was very refreshing indeed.

We understand that Bobbie Huey has finished cutting his crop of tobacco. This is pretty early cutting, while a good many of the farmers have just commenced.

Well, here comes a man saying he has the finest crop of tobacco in his neighborhood, and he is very anxious indeed that it should come out in our county paper. Please don't fail to oblige him.

Born—On the 23d inst., to Mrs. Lizzie Rue, a handsome girl. Mother and daughter doing well.

One of our gallant young men has enlisted in the ranks of the benedicts, by taking unto himself a handsome bride. We allude to Mr. Johnny Huey, and we wish him and his wife all the happiness this life affords.

Waterloo.

A fine shower fell in this vicinity Thursday which helped the corn and tobacco very much.

The tobacco crop will be very light in this part of the county, owing to the late drouth. Some tobacco in this neighborhood has been cut.

The population of Waterloo has increased since our last. A Miss Snyder, a Miss Rue and a Miss Wingate have been added to the list. Dave, Tony and Scott are happy fathers. May their shadows never grow less.

James McIntire and son are building an addition to Uncle Tudor Marshall's barn, and roofing his house.

Ira Marshall, formerly of this place, is now mail-carrier on the Burlington and Erlanger route.

Corbin Bros. are selling some very fine melons here and elsewhere.

John T. Marshall contemplates spending the coming winter in the south.

Joseph Riddell and daughter were visiting his brother-in-law, Morgan Rice, near Lawrenceburg, last week. He says that Wib Rice has the finest crop of tobacco he has seen this year.

Health of the neighbobood good.

Hebron.

The pastures need rain badly, and farmers fear they will have to commence feeding stock at an early day.

Prof. W. S. Hankins, of Springfield, O., preached here last Sunday.

Alonzo Gaines has orchard grass that measures 6 feet 9 inches. How's that for high?

Ed Hamel is very ill with typhoid fever, at this writing.

Johnny Beall is the proprietor of a fine seven-pound daughter, born the 22d.

Geo. Knapp run an accommodation train from this place to Lawrenceburg last week. It was liberally patronized, and all had a gay time.

Prof. I. J. Daughters will commence instructing the young idea in this district, how to shoot, next Monday. The Professor is a very successful educator.

The remains of Wm. Jones, who died at Bromley on the 27th, were placed in the tomb at this place, and yesterday they were interred here.

Mrs. Foulke, of Taylorport died Monday. She was placed in the tomb at this place, and will be interred at Francisville.

Beaver Lick.

Our old friend, T. M. Rich, who has been confined to his room for several days with a sprained back, is now able to resume business in his shop. T. M. and lots of our other boys took in the excursion to Vevay, and they say it was just the thing for town people. It gave them a chance to air.

Z. T. Baker is building a nice barn on his farm in which to house his tobacco, of which weed he and his industrious tenant have a lage field. Z. T. is shaping up the old Buffalo trace to suit the taste of the most finical farmer. His possessions lie near the Springs, hence a little trimming will greatly enhance their value.

George Miller is having his newly finished house painted, and after that is done it will be the most beautiful residence on the pike from Hamilton to Union, a thing of which Geo. might boast, barring modesty.

Quite a nice building is going up between Hamilton and Normansville at present. The building, when completed will be two stories high, the upper story to be used as a Masonic Hall, the lower as a school room. This speaks well for the citizens of the Hamilton school district, as nothing better bespeaks the prosperity of a community than comfortable school houses.

Our turnpike is now progressing finely. It is all under contract and ere another year rolls around, we will have a splendid road from Hamilton to Union. Won't Big Bone Springs take the cake then?

The base-ball fever has attacked our colored boys and they organized a club under the formidable title of Black Bears. They then challenged an amatuer club of the Springs known among themselves as the Lone Stars. The Stars accepted and at it they went. The tally sheet stood, officially, as recorded below, Bears, 31; Stars, 60. "The B'ars called it a close game 'sidern their 'sperience umpaired wid de Sta's."

Francesville.

Again we furnish a few items from this port. Having been absent for several weeks, we find on our return that many valuable items and incidents have taken place that should have been reported when they occurred, but owing to our limited space, and the vast quantity of news that accumulates daily, we will be obliged to omit the preliminaries of the past, and give the local items of to-day.

One of the enjoyable events of the season here, was a birthday party given at Mr. Temp Gaines' a few days since. Some forty odd guests were in attendance, mostly relatives of the family.

The Rev. Mr. Dicken begins a protracted meeting at this place in two weeks.

Quite a number of our boys took in the Lawrenceburg Fair, last week; but, as we never go to such places, we made no enquiries as to how they enjoyed themselves, although we hear that some of them were awarded medals for their good behavior.

The continued drouth is doing great damage in this neighborhood. The corn crop will be almost a failure, while the fall pastures are about burned up. Tobacco is firing and will also be a poor crop this season.

That garden of ours begins to show signs of dry weather, and unless it rains shortly there are several kinds of weeds that will not mature, and we will be obliged to lose the seed of them entirely; but then those who have must lose.

At the last meeting of our town council an ordinance was passed, making it a criminal offense for any person or persons to be caught running horses, passing a base ball or blowing a harp on the streets, unless it be done on Sunday. As yet there have been no arrests.

Billy Hayes is fitting up his match fillies for the Aurora Fair. He will hold the strings, if you please.

Robert White is engaged at present in remodeling the residence of Joseph Graves near this ville.

Bruce Henry is having a large barn built.

John R. Smith is cutting and housing his tobacco. His crop is above an average.

Mrs. Ann Graham and husband, and Mrs. Batterson and husband, contemplate an extended trip to the Zoo in the near future.

Several of our citizens are billed to see Jumbo this week.

Miss Ida Baker, quite an accomplished Miss, of Willmington, Indiana, was visiting the Misses Hayes, of this place last week.

Mr. Charles Robinson, of Taylorport, is spending the heated term at this place.

—3—

AN Invaluable tonic for the nerves, muscles, and digestive organs, producing strength and appetite, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Rev. W. B. SMITH, Grafton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for a low state of blood."

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Marble and Granite Monuments,
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I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

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Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold,
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All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

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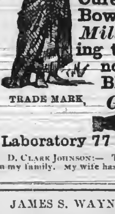
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.



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Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
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BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

A Counterfeiter's Trick.

"Yes, we used to have some very fine ones to deal with," said a retired employe of the Government Secret Service. "Of course, you know who Pete McCartney, the counterfeiter, is. Well, what he can't figure out may be set down as beyond the possibility of man's work. There is a bit of his history that I have never seen in print. Some time ago the Treasury Department got together all the plates they had—plates of all bonds and Treasury notes—and printed a book as big as an atlas. On the first page, say, they printed the face of a thousand-dollar note, and then on the tenth-page the back of the same note, keeping the face and back apart so that they couldn't be cut out and used, for the leaves of the book were of Government note paper, the book being intended for the big bankers to use in detecting counterfeit notes and bonds. In order to make it still more secure against being cut out, a dark-shaped place was left blank across the middle of each impression.

"Well, Pete got hold of a number of these books—ten or a dozen at least. Of, course, they represented a very large amount of money if they could only be made available as such. Pete was equal to the task. Cutting out the front and the back of a bill, he applied the paper to a very fine emery stone until it was worn down to about half its original thickness. Then he stuck the two pieces together, and had a genuine Government note or bond, save that the white dart appeared in the middle of each side. This Pete fixed by cutting from a one dollar bill a corresponding piece, which, having been reduced to the proper thickness, was carefully pasted over the blank space. Now he was ready to go to market with his product."

"How did the Government learn about this?"

"One day some mutilated currency was being counted in the Treasury, when the piece over the blank dart fell from one of the bills. Of course, investigation followed, and discovery of the fraud was made."

"But how did they know McCartney did the work?"

"When it was turned over to us men of the secret service we recognized it as Mac's kind of a job. You know detectives become familiar with a crook's style of work, and it is almost as impossible for him to do a job without slipping in one of his personal characteristics as it is for a man to disguise himself and impose on his most familiar acquaintances."

"What did the Government do to him when you caught him?"

"What could they do? He had not made a counterfeit or an imitation; he had simply adapted, so to speak, a genuine article, and he had not altered the denomination of any bill. As these were the only things prohibited by the law, of course they had no case at law against him. However, at the time he was captured we found a counterfeiting plate which we proved he had made use of, and he got fifteen years for that."—*Washington Letter.*

A Happy Ending.

Shortly before seven o'clock yesterday morning a milk-wagon with red wheels turned into Charlotte avenue from Woodward. At the same moment a milk-wagon with a view of the Yosemite on the cover turned into Charlotte from Park.

They met.

The driver of one had a long nose and a melancholy look. The driver of the other had a fat face and was minus two front teeth.

They stopped.

The driver of one turned red and green, and his eyes flashed, and his hair stood up, and there was murder in his eye. The driver of the other seemed to sink down into his boots, and he looked wildly around for a club.

"You hyena!" yelled the first.

"You calf!" was the prompt reply.

At that moment a policeman came up and remarked that if there was any row going on he wanted to take a hand in it.

"I'll crush him!" howled the one with the long nose.

"I defy you!" whooped the one with the missing teeth.

Then the melancholy driver of the milk-wagon with red wheels told a story. He had courted a girl in the suburbs for five years. They loved and were engaged. They were to have been married this fall, but he with the Yosemite landscape came along, wearing a new brand of paper collar, smoking a seventy-five cent pipe and using real hair oil on his locks, and he won the girl's admiration and affection. She had left the old for the new.

"And I'll pulverize him!" howled the rejected.

"I'll leave him a corpse!" chirped the accepted.

By and by they agreed to leave the settlement of the case to the officer, and both made a solemn promise to abide his decision.

"Well," said the officer, after deliberating awhile, "a girl should marry where she loves. She evidently prefers a man with two teeth gone to one with a long nose. Still, the rejected has taken her on two excursions, given her a fifty-cent fan, and bought more or less candy. He should have some damages."

"I'll give him three quarts of milk," announced the lucky man.

"And I'll never take it," said Melancholy.

"My decision is that you must allow him nine quarts," remarked the officer. "I figure his actual damages at three dollars, but knock off twenty shilling for the comfort he has taken in sparking the girl."

There was a war of words over the decision, but the one finally gave in, and the other accepted, and the milk changed cans and the men shook hands.

"That's what I like to see," observed the officer. "Why should two men fight over a woman when a little candid talk and nine quarts of milk will bring about a happy arrangement. Drive on, my children, and may the cream of happiness attend you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Beautiful flowers can be kept fresh by mixing a little carbonate of soda with the water in which the flowers are placed. Common saltpetre is likwise used for the same purpose.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A California lion, measuring some eight feet from tip to tip, was killed in the mountains near San Luis Obispo the other day.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Two one-armed men applauded in a Stockholm theater by slapping their remaining hands together.

—The supply of amber on the shores of the Baltic is said to be sufficient to last the world thirty thousand years.

—In consideration of the continued depression in agriculture, the Duke of Newcastle has returned to his tenants twenty per cent. of their rents for the past half year.

—Innocent men have been so frequently convicted of crime in Germany of late that the press of the country is calling earnestly for a law to secure indemnification at the hands of the government in such cases.

—The wife of the editor of the Sydney *Herald*, a lady of great beauty, personified "The Press" at the Savage Club ball in London recently. The dress was made of white satin on which actual copies of her husband's paper had been printed in colored inks.

—The widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in Phœnix Park, Dublin, will be married again before the termination of the present year. The second marriage, it is stated, has the approval of her late husband's relatives.

—The visitor to the Cologne Cathedral is met at the entrance by a shaven-crowned, serge-robed and sandal-footed monk, whose duty it is to present with his left hand a card printed in German, English and French, politely requesting a contribution for the building fund of the church, while with his right hand he holds out a silver platter.

—Monte-Christi, Ecuador, has recently been the scene of a bloody affair. A Colonel captured the town and imprisoned the prominent citizens. A rescuing party in turn captured the place, but found the prominent citizens murdered during the action. Such of the first capturing party as could be caught were then tried, and four of them were publicly shot in the square.

—Some fishermen near Lustruy captured a few days ago a thrasher shark over fourteen feet long. It was exhibited in a stall at the Fisheries' Exhibition, where it attracted a good deal of attention. Professor Huxley went to see it, and pronounced it to be the largest and finest specimen of the thrasher shark seen in England during the last forty years. He purchased it for scientific purposes.

—The death of King Mtesa, of Uganda, removes a very picturesque African potentate. His chair used to be placed on a leopard skin in the hall of audience, so that the hind claws served as a footstool, while the tail stretched along the floor in front. A number of charms and a tusk were piled in a heap beside him, and his Grand Vizier and other courtiers were constantly employed in smoothing down the creases in his trousers. The late Khedive sent two sheikhs to convert him to Mohammedanism, but in vain.

Taking Stock.

One of the most graphic incidents in the tale of "Locke Amsden, or the Green Mountain Schoolmaster," is the trial of a case in which the old-fashioned "store keeping" system is amusingly delineated. The trader sued one of his customers to recover the value of a cheese, which he swore most positively that he had sold him. The defendant confessed to buying a grindstone, but swore as positively as did the plaintiff that he never bought a cheese of him in his life. Both parties were honest men, and the whole difficulty, which culminated in a neighborhood row, arose from the defective methods of the trader. He knew nothing of double entry, he didn't understand single entry: he could neither read, write nor cipher with any fluency, but he did keep his accounts after a fashion. When he sold a cheese he drew a circle against the man's name. When he sold a grindstone, he also drew a circle, but put a dot in the middle, the latter to represent the crank shaft on which it hung. In the case litigated, he really had sold a grindstone, but failed to put a dot in the circle of his entry. This incident well illustrates the carelessness and inefficiency of the business methods of thousands of retail dealers in every department of trade. A "good stand" in country trade a generation and more ago would almost run itself without any brains, and prove a paying investment. A dealer who got a good living out of his store, kept his store full of goods and found a respectable surplus of cash or "good accounts" on hand at the end of the year, never cared to probe his business any deeper. He never knew how much money he made—in fact, he never considered the question. If the remarkable notion had seized his mind of ascertaining the percentage of his gains, he could by no possibility have determined the question. Such a thing as "taking account of stock" would have appeared a herculean task. Your old-fashioned trader, with his groceries on one side of the store and his calicoes on the other, would have laughed derisively at the idea of measuring up his molasses, oil, etc., as a basis of determining his business standing. He knew that he was making money; the community rated him as a prosperous merchant, and that was enough for him. But times have changed, and yet there are country merchants to-day who do not take account of stock, or "take stock," in the city merchants' shorter phrasing, oftener than once in five years. But in city and country all merchants doing a considerable business take stock as often as once a year, while some of the larger dry goods houses of this city take stock twice a year. In the wholesaling or retailing of every kind of merchandise "taking stock" is an absolute necessity in these days of sharp competition, in order to determine upon which side of the loss and gain account the balance is to fall, and resultantly whether the business has been a paying or a losing one. Everything turns upon the inventory. Bookkeeping in a great dry-goods store is now the marvel of elaborateness and perfection. Every bit of lace and dozen of buttons is so focused under ingenious figures that it can not, on paper, stray far out of place in the columns of sales and profits. But, as will be seen, figures, while they will not lie, because in this business they are not juggled with, still they will not go out of their way to tell the whole truth. Figures in a store will account for all purchases and sales. Once they would not, but merchants have advanced to that point of scrutiny where actual purchases and sales are very reliably recorded. But for the goods unsold, for the goods which should be on the counters and in stock—no account books nor tags—the goods themselves alone must answer. There is a wonderful system of checks and balances in the modern dry-goods establishment, but there is an element in the problem of sales and profits which old-time and smaller dealers were not obliged to consider. The country storekeeper of a quarter of a century ago had to take account of stock in order to learn his standings because he never knew how much he had either bought or sold. He never knew how much cash he ought to have in the drawer, nor how many goods he ought to have in stock. The city merchant of to-day knows all that every Saturday night, and perhaps at the close of each day's business, solely by consulting the footings of his complete account books. The extraordinary advertising of recent times, by means of displaying the goods, involves a hazard of loss which in practice is reduced to the certainty of an immense amount of stealing. No system of accounts foots up the columns of stealings. In former generations, the art of goods display was unknown. Goods in the store were safe from all petty thefts. There were no crowds, few mistakes, and little stealing. At present, there were never so many shrewd precautions taken against loss of goods, and never was there such an outgo in an illegitimate manner. There are three channels of stock depletion which books can not record, i. e., sampling, mistakes, and stealings. To ascertain this aggregate, an inventory is essential, and until this aggregate is recorded the profits or losses of the business can not be known. The knowledge of the results of business is largely dependent upon the system of management and accounts employed in the establishment.—*Boston Herald.*

Lawn-Tennis.

Foot-ball is too rough, cricket is too skilful a game, for everybody to aspire to its honors and delights. But lawn-tennis is within the reach of almost any man, and of any woman under forty. A distinguished statesman could be named, the leader of a great party, and, *pace* Mr. Chamberlain, an indefatigable toiler, who not unfrequently is carried by his boys down to the lawn-tennis ground, where he acquits himself with zeal, if not with dexterity. There are many hard-working professional men who, if pursued to their suburban retreats, would be found exhibiting as much eagerness to send a deadly "service" as if they were still school-boys, and had nothing else to think of but the triumphs of muscles and sinews. No clergyman need fear to be seen handling a racquet; and if the dream of some reformers is to become a reality, and Sunday afternoon is ever to see revived the antique glories of the village green, surely it is by lawn-tennis that the tempting goal will be reached. As yet the game has not permeated all classes of the community; nor will its lasting character be assured until this is achieved. What has conferred continuous vitality upon cricket and foot-ball is that they are "understanded of the people." It may be said that, in comparison with the number of persons who can play at one time in one court, lawn-tennis is an expensive game, and that this must operate as a barrier to its adoption by the people at large. But this is an obstacle of anything but an insuperable character. It would be easy enough to reduce the cost, and in country districts there is rarely any difficulty in raising subscriptions for the support of clubs whose object is the promotion of sports. A game that is the game of only one class, or at most of only one section of the community, can never excite the enthusiasm or acquire the national dignity enjoyed by one where, by a touch of nature, prince, peer and peasant are made kin. Lawn-tennis is exactly calculated to be a game of the latter sort. It is for old and young, for men and women, for the strong and the weak; it expands the lungs, strengthens the muscles, improves the condition, and takes off "weight" as surely as a Turkish bath, and more wholesomely. Such a game ought to be "national" in the best sense of the word.

There is a genial, social aspect about lawn-tennis that has, no doubt, largely ministered to the growth of its popularity. It possesses no mysteries like the ancient and classic game whose name it has borrowed, and whose champions look down upon the intruder as rather a sorry sort of parvenu. A person who can not be made to understand that the advance at a bound from "fifteen" to "thirty" is a perfectly natural numerical progression, that thirty as a matter of course leaps at once to forty, and that "deuce" is the parent of "vantage," must be singularly crass. Moreover, lawn-tennis may be watched with delight and interest, even by those whose intellects are below—or above—mastering such elementary propositions as these. The skill of the player may be appreciated by people who have not a conception what is the score; and the neatness with which a ball is "placed," or the rapidity with which it is "volleyed," need not be missed because the spectator is utterly at sea as to which side of the net is getting the best of it. —*London Standard.*

Lassoing Indians.

Near Lewiston, last Friday week, two men bought a horse from an Indian, paying him for the same. The Indian asked and received permission to ride the horse to town to get his money changed for silver. As the party neared the town, the Indian suddenly wheeled and ran away from the purchasers. The two men pursued, and after proceeding about three miles, came up so near that one of them could reach the Indian who sold the horse with a lasso rope. The Indian had fired back at his pursuers, but the lasso was thrown over him and he was suddenly dragged from his horse, and for a distance of about fifty or sixty yards, when he was left senseless. Another Indian made his escape with the horse, and the men came to surrender themselves up to the authorities, supposing that they had nearly killed the Indian. But before they returned to where the Indian was left, he had recovered and has not been seen since.—*Lewiston (Utah) Teller.*

—During the war a Masonic Lodge at Fredericksburg, Va., was sacked, and among the articles carried off was the silver level of a Senior Warden, which was undoubtedly used by Washington, who was a member of the lodge. This interesting weapon was deposited among the archives of Integrity Lodge, of Philadelphia, by Captain Warren J. Young, a former member, together with a memorandum stating that it was to be returned to the Fredericksburg Lodge "after the State of Virginia, as a whole, ceases to be in rebellion against the Government of the United States." The relic was overlooked until a few weeks ago, when a newly elected Secretary discovered it, and after a fraternal correspondence with his Southern brethren, returned it to them.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A New York boot and shoe connoisseur has 1,000 pairs of shoes and slippers which were once worn by actresses and pretty ballet dancers. He has three pairs of Lotta's shoes, and asks $25 a pair for them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Scald the chicken feed and see if you do not have fewer cases of gapes.

—To take oil spots out of matting, etc., wet the spot with alcohol, rub it with hard soap, and then wash well with cold water.—*The Household.*

—Cold boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not overboiled are the best.

—Young and fine-grained carrots make a delicious entree if boiled until they are tender, then cut in two lengthwise and fried or browned in butter.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The stomach of a sheep is small, and consequently he takes but little food at a time and wants to feed often. Hence his best food is grass, and the best way to feed him is to let him gather his own food.

—If you wish to make jelly of red raspberries and currants, use them in this proportion: To eight quarts of berries allow three quarts of currants. This makes delicious jam. The fruit should be boiled and the scum taken from the top before the addition of the sugar. After this is put in let it cook just long enough to dissolve the sugar.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Apple Float: Boil and mash six apples; sweeten to taste, then beat with a silver fork or an egg-beater until very light and smooth. Beat the whites of two eggs to a strong froth, and gradually beat in the apples. Flavor to taste with vanilla, lemon, nutmeg, or anything else preferred. Partly fill a glass bowl with rich boiled custard and put the float upon the top. The float and custard should both be very cold.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Pretty blocks for a crazy quilt have different shapes and styles of fans on them. These blocks, and in fact all those used in the quilt, gain in effect by having a framework of black velvet ribbon. This can be brightened as much as you please by the use of embroidery silks. Brocade silk can be made more effective, if of one color, by having the figures outlined with gay silks.—*Exchange.*

—W. P. Atherton, in a paper on the care of fruit-trees, read before a Maine horticultural society, told the following: "A farmer dismissed a hand because he set only nine trees in a day during his absence; the next day he set the balance of one hundred himself. When they bore fruit the nine set by the hired hand proved to be more valuable than the ninety set by himself."—*Boston Post.*

—Take a ewe lamb to the house and make a pet of it. Use nothing but kindness, and give it a name, teaching it to come at the call. Whenever the lamb obeys, give it something as a reward, such as a grain of corn, piece of bread, or anything that is acceptable, but never give it a blow. When the lamb is grown place it in the flock, and you will need only to call that one sheep, when all the others will follow. As sheep follow their leader, the training of one is the training of all, and it is a saving of time and labor to do so.

The Caterpillar and its Enemy.

The caterpillar is covered with bright yellow hair, has a deep brown stripe down the back, has four tussocks, or tufts, of hair in a row back of its head, and has two small red warts on the two segments next the last. From the extremity projects a single pencil of hairs, and from the head radiate two pencils having the appearance of horns. The eggs from which the caterpillar, or grub, is hatched are small, white and hard.

When the grub emerges it commences to feed, bending all its energies toward gorging itself. It grows rapidly, shedding its skin several times, and when full sized, or full fed, as it is termed, is ready to spin its cocoon and enter the pupa or chrysalis state. The hairs of the body are woven in the cocoon in addition to the thread spun. The female case is longer and thicker than that of the male. From the cocoon emerges the moth known as the *Orgyia leucostigma.* The females are wingless, having only rudimentary wings, and do not travel any distance. The males are smoke-colored with spotted wings. The female lays about 230 eggs, covering them with gluten and a silk which she spins, so that the nest has the appearance of a little tuft of white cotton. She sometimes draws leaves around the nest so as to completely close it, excluding the rain and deceiving the eyes of the birds.

The ichneumon fly is a parasite, its prey being the caterpillar above described. The female deposits its eggs on the back of the pupa in the cocoon of the caterpillar. When the egg is hatched the grub works its way down into the pupa, on which it feeds. When full fed it spins its cocoon in which it completes its transformation, coming forth as a fly. The fly is slim bodied, about one-half an inch long, and of a black color. In some species the antennæ and legs are red, but in the one under consideration the antennæ are black with the exception of the center, which is white.

There is no way by which the worm-pest can be got rid of, and although this fly aids in the work of destruction, his numbers are too small to make his efforts appreciable. Undoubtedly the best way yet devised is to brush off and destroy the nests of the moth. Generally they are easily seen, and when it is remembered that each one contains more than two hundred eggs, it is easy to conjecture what an inroad one man could make in the ranks of the caterpillar.—*Scientific American.*

—Daniel Conroy, of Erie, Pa., who achieved notoriety two years ago by going insane over the "fifteen" puzzle, has recently been released from the asylum where he was confined. Recently, while working on the new cathedral tower, 135 feet from the ground, he got furious over a trival dispute with a fellow workman and tried to throw him from the scaffold. A terrible struggle ensued, and both were kept from being dashed to pieces by other workmen, who came to the assistance of the man whom Conroy had assailed. *Pittsburgh Post.*

—Miss Jennie Headly, ten years old, added another to her aquatic honors by swimming from the Manhanset House to the Prospect beach, across Deerin's harbor, in which the Atlantic Yatch Club fleet anchored a few days ago. The distance covered is about a mile. She was not weary at the finish, and could doubtless have swum back again. Some one asked her what she thought of on the way over. She replied: "I thought of sharks, and I felt as if I was in a great big world all alone."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A storm washed the blacking off a New York woman's eyebrows, and so injured her optics that she was blind for two weeks.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Cholera and Birds.

If any faith is to be attached to a statement just communicated to us from Egypt, a rather new light will have been thrown upon the question how cholera is propagated from place to place in an infected country. An Englishman, writing from Zagazig, where he had been residing for some time, announces his intention of remaining there as long as the swallows and sparrows do not take their departure. It has, he adds, been ascertained beyond a doubt by the experience of previous epidemics that as soon as the cholera is on the eve of establishing itself in any place these birds, as well as probably many others, flee from the impending evil. Now if the germs of disease or that which causes the disease are wafted along like a blight, filling the whole atmosphere, making their presence felt at once by the denizens of the air, we have a confirmation of the theory that cordons and quarantines, however strict, can not be relied on as a guarantee. Moreover, as any blight or vitiation of the atmosphere could hardly move, except by the aid of the wind, it would become almost certain that places to the windward of an infected center might be saved from the epidemic until the wind changed. Any way, the theory may be worth attention.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Carson Man's Variegated Daughter.

Carson has developed a bad boy. His name is Johnny McGinnis, and he lives on King street. A few days ago Mrs. McGinnis started to give her seven-year-old daughter a bath. When she disrobed her by the tub she was horrified at discovering that the young lady was covered all over with crocodiles, fish, rare animals and Egyptian ibexes, painted on in lasting colors. She said that her brother Johnny had painted her to get her a chance to go away with the circus. The neighbors were called in, and their low opinion of the boy was unbounded. The elder McGinnis sailed out after the venturesome lad and found him in Johnson's barn, where he was decorating a young lad whom he had inveigled away from his parents. When the elder McGinnis had finished parleying with the younger McGinnis the trunk strap which he had brought into the barn had seen its best days.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

Evidence Enough.

A New York broker, who left the street three or four years ago, one day received a call from a man up the river, who announced that old Blank was dead.

"Old Blank. Yes, I remember him; so he is dead?"

"Yes, and his heirs are trying to break the will."

"They are?"

"Yes they are going to prove he was crazy. They want you as a witness."

"Want me? Why I know nothing of the old man except that I once invested $10,000 for him."

"Well, that's all they expect to prove by you."

"What? eh?"

"Why, if you'll come into court and swear that the old man let you have $10,000 to invest for him the case is made out. When can you come?"

He never went.—*Wall Street News.*

Rented Fragrance.

Two or three years ago in the Academy of Music a huge bouquet had gone down to Madame D. Swift Dotti. In receiving it she made an awkward movement and the big flower fell over and was pretty badly smashed.

"I'll make her pay for that," the florist exclaimed, evidently in great anger.

"Why," he was asked, "hasn't it been paid for already?"

He looked around rather alarmed and walked off. The bouquet had been hired for the occasion, but there was no insurance on it, and Madame Dotti was evidently to be made responsible for damages to it.

The same flower piece has done duty three nights in succession for as many different actresses in as many different theaters, and perhaps after all it was pulled to pieces and made to do duty for some marriage party.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—Two more Americans have joined the throng of those who have been decorated by European sovereigns with titles or orders of honor and glory—the great American lion tamers, General Boone and Mrs. General Boone. His Majesty, the Sultan, was so happy over a performance in the lions' cage by these great American lion tamers, that he conferred upon the happy General the order of the Mejidie of the third class, and on his happy wife the order of the Shofkat. The General's remark to a reporter that "the Sultan is a mighty civil-tongued gentleman," shows he has no prejudice against that potentate for being a Turk.

—There is an old gentleman in Addison County who has had the same pair of shoes for twenty-three years, during twenty-one of which they were his best ones. They are still serviceable, and he has just had them repaired. The old gentleman is neither poor nor a miser.—*St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, August 24, 1883.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@ 4 50
HOGS—Common	4 35	@ 4 85
Good packers	4 90	@ 5 35
SHEEP	4 15	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	4 40	@ 4 45
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 11½	@
No. 2 winter red	1 09	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	52¼	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@
Rye—No. 2	59½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 50	@14 00
Lard—Steam	8¾	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	14	@ 15
Prime Creamery	15	@ 20
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 15	@ 1 25
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 25	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@ 4 25
Good to choice	4 50	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 17¼	@ 1 17¾
No. 1 white	1 16	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62	@ 63¼
Oats—mixed	35	@ 37
PORK—Mess	14 00	@14 25
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08¼	@
Corn—No. 2	51¼	@
Oats—No. 2	26¼	@
Rye	58	@
PORK—Mess	12 35	@12 40
LARD—Steam	8 62½	@ 8 80
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15¼	@ 1 15⅜
Corn—mixed	60¼	@
Oats—mixed	32	@ 34
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	15 00	@
Lard—Refined	10¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 05	@
Corn—mixed	50	@
Oats—mixed	28	@
PORK—MESS	14 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 06¼	@
CORN—mixed	48	@
OATS—mixed	26½	@
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

—A few days ago two crevices suddenly opened in the earth southeast of Tesontepec, Mexico. The crevices have a length of over five hundred yards with an average width of three inches. An Indian who was on the ground when it parted said that a distinct subterranean rumbling was heard. The crevices run crosswise of a creek, and all the waters of the stream are absorbed in the opening. A rope of one hundred feet in length has been let down in the chasm without finding bottom.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Dragging Pains."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to any thing, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

THERE is a rumor from Germany that a learned chemist has discovered a wonderful oil that will restore youth to old age, etc. It must be a species of O-live oil.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

DR. PIERCE'S "Pellets" or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A CAPTAIN who tied refractory sailors to the capstan said it was the only way to ease their rancor.—*Boston Times.*

Startling Weakness,

General and nervous debility, impaired memory, lack of self-confidence, premature loss of manly vigor and powers, are common results of youthful indiscretions and pernicious practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked should address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

RANK injustice—Calling a man Captain when he is a full-fledged General.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

I RECOMMEND to those suffering with Hay-Fever, Ely's Cream Balm. I have tried nearly all the remedies, and give this a decided preference. It gave me immediate relief. C. T. STEPHENS, Hardware Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

AT the White Mountains the girls all comb their hair back from the forehead. That is why it is called a bang-up place.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHY suffer longer from Catarrh, Hay-Fever, and Cold in the Head? A sure cure is Ely's Cream Balm. It is not a liquid or snuff, and is easily applied. Fifty cents.

THE farmer makes hay while the son shines behind a dry-goods counter.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

WOODBURY, MD.—Rev. W. J. Johnson says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

THE artesian well throws up its water because it has a spring bottom.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BUCKHANNON, W. VA.—Drs. Newlon & Blair report that Brown's Iron Bitters are giving general satisfaction.

NEPTUNE'S power long ago vanished. The waves tide his sands.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

NO MATTER what your ailment is, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely benefit you. Try it.

A GARDEN "waul"—A cat on the fence.—*N. Y. Journal.*

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

AMERICAN flats—Pancakes.—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic

Cures chills, fever, ague and weakness. Colden's, no other, of Druggists.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

What will it do?

Brown's Iron Bitters? Good for what? Well, see what it has done. *To begin with dyspepsia.* It has cured some of the worst cases.

Then chills and fever. Who wants to shake with cold and burn with heat, when a bottle or two of Brown's Iron Bitters will drive the source of the mischief away?

How about rheumatism? It cured Mr. Brashear, of Baltimore, and hundreds of others.

Those dreadful nervous troubles. Mr. Berlin, of Washington, the well-known Patent attorney, was entirely relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The ailments of the kidneys.—Brown's Iron Bitters cured Mr. Montague, of Christiansburg, Va., and an army of other sufferers.

Debility and languor. The Rev. J. Marshall West, Ellicott City, Md., is one of the many clergymen restored by Brown's Iron Bitters.

And as with vertigo, malaria, liver complaint, and headache, Brown's Iron Bitters is the Great Family Medicine. 2

Wanted Agents Male and female for new book, "Daughters of America." Low in price, 50c. will secure an outfit and agency. Address FORBEE & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines no capital required STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., NEW YORK.

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MAINE MEN.

From Bath, Me., we have received, under date of May 15, 1883, the following statement of GEO. W. HARRISON, the popular proprietor of "The Restaurant": "A few years since I was troubled so severely with kidney and bladder affection that there was brick-dust deposits in my urine, and continual desire to urinate, with severe, darting, sharp pains through my bladder and side, and again, dull, heavy pressure, very tedious to endure. I consulted one of our resident physicians, but I received no benefit from the treatment, and fearing that my symptoms indicated Bright's Disease, the most dreadful of all diseases, I made up my mind that I must obtain relief speedily or I would be past cure. I consulted my druggist, Mr. Webber, and after ascertaining my symptoms, he recommended the use of Hunt's Remedy, as he knew of many successful cures effected by that medicine in similar cases here in Bath. I purchased a bottle, and before I had used the first bottle I found I had received a great benefit, as I suffered less pain, my water became more natural, and I began to improve so much that the second bottle effected a complete cure; and my thanks are due to Hunt's Remedy for restored health, and I cheerfully recommend this most valuable and reliable medicine to my friends, as I consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to do so."

BLACKSMITHS' TROUBLES.

Having had occasion to use a remedy for kidney troubles, I noticed an advertisement in one of the papers of the remarkable cures that Hunt's Remedy had made all over the country. I purchased a bottle at one of our druggists here in Manchester, and after using it for a short time found that it was helping me wonderfully, and one bottle has cured me completely—have no indigestion, and am hearty and healthy for one of my years (65), and can truly say that Hunt's Remedy is a medicine that has real merit, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to the public in general.

J. F. WOODBURY,
86 Manchester Street, Manchester, N. H.

May 7, 1883.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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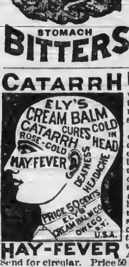

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from addition al colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

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A. N. K.—E. 940

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1883. NUMBER 45.

A DILEMMA.

To write, or not to write, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The reputation of being asked by
A young lady to write in her autograph album,
And having kept the book two years, more or less,
And then not written in it—
Or to take the pen against a host of doubts and fears,
And by once writing, end them?—To start—to write—
To write!—perchance, to make a blot—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that darksome blot what feelings are
Shown forth—nervousness, distrust of self,
And many others!—Not as
When one is writing to his girl, for then
If he should make a blot be draws a line
'Round it, and says
It was intentional, and meant to mark
A place where he did kiss. And she
Believes the yarn, and kisses it, and thinks
That she is happy.
—*Boston Globe.*

IN PROSPERITY FORGET NOT THE POOR.

One of the Russian folk tales may interest my readers.

An old man had three sons, and the only property he left them on his death was a small vegetable patch, in which he had raised vegetables sufficient for their own wants. His last words to his sons as he was dying were:

"Boys, never turn away a hungry man from your doors. Help the poor in all your changing circumstances of life."

The boys promised to remember his words. They continued to raise vegetables on their patch and divided them equally, each either selling or consuming his portion.

One day an angel from Heaven was sent to go and see how the brothers were living and provide them with better means of subsistence. The angel assumed the form of a poor beggar, and coming to the eldest brother, who was weeding the garden, begged for an onion.

"You can have one of mine," replied the young man, cheerfully. "I can not give you any more, as the rest belong to my brothers."

The supposed beggar thanked him and went away.

The next day the second brother was attending to the trimming of the garden. The angel also came to him in the shape of a poor pilgrim and asked for a cucumber.

"You are welcome to have one out of my portion," he replied, giving him a fine one. "The rest belong to my two brothers."

The pilgrim expressed his gratitude and continued his journey.

The third day the youngest brother tended the garden. The angel took the form of a poor laborer and asked for something.

"You are welcome to what I own, Dadushka (*i. e.*, Uncle). "Here is one of each kind of vegetable that belongs to me," he replied, filling the laborer's hat with the different vegetables.

On the fourth day the angel took the form of a monk, and coming toward sunset to the hut, found the brothers all at home.

"Blaslavi Batuska," (*i.e.*, bless us, Father,) they exclaimed, rising and kissing his hand, a mark of respect shown all the Russian clergy. "Pray be seated at our humble repast;" and they hastily put the best of everything they had on the rude wooden table.

"What are your means of subsistence, my friend?" inquired the monk, after he had partaken of the evening meal.

"Slava Bogha," (*i.e.*, thank God) replied Ivan, the eldest, "we have enough to eat from our little garden, which, peace to his soul, our father left us. We take the housekeeping part, attending to the vegetables by turns. Two of us go to work in the neighboring farms, while the third remains at home. We thus earn a few 'kopecks' (pennies) and those we divide equally, and invest in clothing or what we need."

The monk rose to take leave, and the young men offered to accompany him across the lonely steppes (*i. e.*, field). As they walked along, the monk said to the eldest: "Ivan, what would you like to have in this world?"

"Ah! Batuska," (*i.e.*, Father) he replied, "I should like to be a rich farmer and own fields, where I would raise crops of wheat that would make me a happy man."

The monk made the sign of the cross with his staff, and lo! a large comfortable farmhouse stood before them, fields of golden wheat nodded their heads in the evening breeze, laborers were seen returning bearing sheaves of ripe grain, and as they passed Ivan, they saluted him with: "Dobroy vetcher, royzeyin" (*i.e.*, Good evening, master).

The monk turned and said to him: "Now you have what you wished for, stop and live here, and don't forget to be generous to your fellow men."

Then taking the two younger brothers, he went with them further.

"What would you like to have?" he asked of Feodor.

"I wish to be a stock farmer, and have sheep and cattle of every species. That would be my great joy."

The monk again made the sign of the cross with his staff over the steppe, and in an instant thousands of sheep, goats and oxen covered the field. Shepherds were singing their evening songs as they drove their flocks into the folds. A dairy appeared in which some women were milking the ewes, others were measuring the milk, collecting cream and making cheeses. There was also a slaughter house and people were busy everywhere, and on seeing Feodor they raised their caps and saluted him as their master.

"Here you have your wish fulfilled," said the monk. "All this belongs to you. You are master. Live and prosper here, but never fail to be good to all."

"Well, Anessi," continued the monk to the youngest, "what would you like to have?"

"Ah! Batuska," replied Anessi, "may Heaven give me a truly pious, good wife; for such is worth everything to me. I do not ask for anything else; for I will work hard to support her."

"You have chosen well, my son," replied the monk. "For such a wife's price is far above rubies. I know of a good girl in the next village."

Having entered it, they went immediately to the starasta's, the chief of the village, and asked for his daughter in marriage. They found that two pameshiki (*i. e.*, squires) had arrived before them, and had asked for the girl already.

When the starasta saw them he said: "What shall I do? The first two suitors are squires, and this man is a mere beggar in comparison with them."

The monk said: "I will tell you what to do. Let your daughter take three seeds and plant them in the garden, and name each one after her suitors. In the morning which seed will be in blossom him she must take for a husband."

They all agreed to this proposition. The lady planted the seeds in the garden and named each one after a suitor. In the morning the seed of the poor man was in full blossom. The father was angry, but felt obliged to keep his word, so he gave his daughter to Anessi for wife. They went to church and got married at once. After the ceremony the monk took the newly married couple near a forest and said:

"Now, my son, you said you desired a pious, good wife, and nothing else. Go in peace; and see that you know how to value her."

After a year had passed the guardian angel came down from Heaven again to see how the brothers were getting on and to assist them if they needed it. He assumed the form of a poor half-blind man, and went to Ivan, the eldest brother. The farm was flourishing, the fields were luxuriant with grain which bends under the weight of plenty. The poor man asked him for a loaf, but Ivan drove him away, saying:

"Get along, you good-for-nothing! If I were to give a loaf to everybody that asks for it there would be nothing left for me."

The assumed poor man here made the sign of the cross and the prosperous farm disappeared, and Ivan stood before him as before, clad in the humble garments of a poor peasant.

"Ah, Ivan!" said the angel, "riches are not good for you, as you forgot the poor. Go back and attend to your vegetables as before."

"Holy mother of God!" exclaimed Ivan, [illegible]. "My father's injunction to me on his death bed was 'never turn away a hungry man.' In adversity I kept this command, but when prosperous I forgot it in my selfishness."

The angel disappeared and Ivan returned to his lonely hut and barren vegetable patch.

The angel then visited Feodor's home. The cattle had increased tenfold and prosperity was everywhere visible. There he appeared in the shape of a poor gentleman and asked of Feodor, who was superintending the measuring of milk, which was overflowing in the immense cans and buckets, for a cup of milk with which to still the pangs of hunger and thirst, as he was penniless.

"Ha! ha!" sneered Feodor; "What do you take me for, old man? Do you suppose because you are a poor gentleman I am obliged to give you milk to feast on? I can not afford to give anything away. I have a wife and child to provide for now. What do you say, wife?" said he, turning to a woman near him; "shall I give this shabby-gentility a cup of milk?"

"If you give a cup of milk to everybody that asks for it," she haughtily replied, "there will be nothing left for ourselves. Then your wife and children will have to become beggars. Get away from here, you paberushka! (*i. e.*, beggar.) Go quench your thirst with water in yon brook! Milk, indeed! I wonder what other luxury beggars like you want next." And with this she pushed him out of the place. Her child meanwhile was wasting the milk by spilling it all over the floor.

The supposed poor man again made the sign of the cross, and instantly everything disappeared. Feodor remained as before a poor peasant, with his wife and child in rags.

"Riches and prosperity were bad for natures like yours," said the angel. "You forgot the needy. Go back to your former life, and try to mend your selfishness."

"Ach!" exclaimed Feodor; "My father's last injunction in my prosperity I forgot."

The angel then went to the youngest brother Anessi, in order to see if he had become selfish. He found a neat whitewashed cottage, with vines climbing round it. A sign swung over the door, announcing that it was a way-side inn. Cleanliness and comfort denoted the prosperity of the owners. In the garb of a poor wayfaring man the angel asked for a night's lodging, saying he was hungry and tired and had no money. Anessi and his wife received him cordially, and ordered the servants to give him food, bed and change of raiment.

The voice of prayer was heard in the house as they retired, and a calm peace fell over the household. Early in the morning the wife prepared a bundle, which contained substantial eatables, and, giving it to the poor man as he was about departing, said:

"Spassi Chistos it poot (*i. e.*, Christ protect you on your journey)."

Here the angel made the sign of the cross with his staff over the cottage, and in its place arose a palatial residence with every imaginable good thing in it, and he said:

"Prosperity has not spoiled you, my son. Your choice was the best of your brothers. A good wife is a favor from the Lord. Mind always, therefore, to appreciate your blessing, and never let prosperity and ease run away with your reason; for then it makes the heart selfish and proud. My children, at all times remember that the poor are human beings, possessing the same feelings as yourselves. Never in prosperity neglect and forget that hundreds are in need, and do to them as you would wish done to you. For he that helpeth the poor lendeth unto the Lord." So the angel blessed them and went away.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The telephone has been successfully used in France to communicate between a vessel being towed and one towing. The wire was carried along one of the hawsers, and the circuit was completed through the copper on the bottom of the ships and the water. Conversation was carried on distinctly.

—William H. Miller has been arrested in Louisville, Ky. He imagines that he is a brother of Jay Gould, and gives checks for large amounts to any one he happens to meet.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Mint is said to keep rats and mice out of the house. If a fellow owned a mint he could also "keep the wolf from the door."—*Boston Courier.*

—Ah You, the prettiest Chinese girl ever brought to America, has married an Englishman in San Francisco. Ah, you rascal!—*N. O. Picayune.*

—In a summer hotel kitchen: "Good gracious! here is another order for chicken salad, and there is not an ounce of veal left in the house."—*Philadelphia News.*

—There is a girl reported down in Kentucky whose teeth ache upon the least touch of anything cold. She is very popular with the young men during the ice-cream season.

—The preacher actually startled the sexton into opening the windows when he told him that the air was so bad in the close church that it put the organ out of tune using it to blow with.—*Exchange.*

—A careful reporter wrote last week of a man who fell from the roof of a house and "injured himself quite seriously." Usually, when a man drops from a roof he takes a run around the square to restore his circulation, or else he jumps back again.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Right on the heels of the telegraphers' strike comes the news of another great industry crippled. The Merritt Base-ball Club, a professional nine, of Camden, N. J., has been compelled to disband, owing to its outgo being larger than its income. It is very discouraging, indeed; but it is a consolation to know that the price of coal will not be advanced in consequence.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Run and get me an armful of wood," said a French woman (living in South Troy) to her husband one rainy day, "as you are wet and I am dry." The same plea was used for a dozen more errands. At last it was, "Get me a bucket of water, for you are wet and I am dry." The bucket of water was brought and thrown over her, the husband exclaiming: "Now, do your share, for you are wet, too!"—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—There is something peculiar about Irish wit, and something peculiarly agreeable in it. When a skeptic had been persuaded to attend mass he was either impressed or befogged by the ceremony, no one could tell which, but he turned to his companion and in a hoarse and a solemn sort of whisper exclaimed: "Pat, me boy, this bates the divil!" Pat did not even turn his face to his friend, but reverently making the sign of the cross answered: "Jimmy, me boy, that's the intention."—*Chicago Herald.*

—The young minister, Mr. ——, of a Western city, was invited to occupy the pulpit in an Albany church. His two sisters chancing to be near Albany, made their plans to go there for that Sunday and hear him. After the service a gentleman of the congregation whom they knew very slightly hurried toward them and said: "We are delighted to see you here; but how unfortunate that you should have chosen to-day. Don't I beg of you, think that this is our minister. Doctor —— is off on his vacation, and we have to take what we can get; but come next Sunday if you're in town and you'll hear a sermon worth listening to."—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Connebrooke, Conn., has the largest ivory factory in the world. Its output per annum is something like $125,000 worth.—*Hartford Post.*

—One firm in Gates County, N. C., owns thirty miles of narrow-gauge railway; connecting five of its saw-mills. It is the largest lumber business in the State.

—It is said that one of the best ways of preparing cut flowers to send to a distance is to cut slits in potatoes and insert the flower stems, taking care that they are firmly fastened in and supported by a little cotton or paper. Potatoes may be used in the same way in floral decorations by concealing them under leaves and flowers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An ingenious mechanic of Jamestown, N. Y., has completed a perfect locomotive, said to be the smallest in the world, being only eight and a half inches long. The pump throws a drop of water per stroke. The engine weighs one and a half pounds, and the tender four pounds and one-half ounce; 385 screws were required to put the parts together, and the mechanic was at work on it at intervals for eight years.—*N. Y. Times.*

—By a process lately discovered by an English chemist, the hue of flowers is changed without affecting their perfume or freshness. The coloring material is absorbed through the stems. Queerly enough, flowers refuse to receive certain colors, however, and if placed in a mixed solution make a complete analysis. Some lilies which had been treated with purple showed distinct red veins and blue veins, the colors having been divided in the process of absorption.

—Mr. J. W. Paige, an elderly gentleman with an inventive turn of mind, residing in this city, has recently completed a perpetual almanac, which is a curiosity in its way. Dates, months and years are so arranged upon a small sheet of paper that a person may, by a very simple process, ascertain to a certainty on what day of the week the Declaration of Independence was signed, or the day upon which any other event in the world's history took place.—*Chicago Herald.*

Mr. Austin Corbin proposes to establish a line of fast ocean steamers, which will occupy much the same relation to ocean travel that the fast United States express trains do to railway traffic. The vessels, three of which have already been ordered, will be constructed chiefly with a view to speed, and will be used for carrying first-class passengers and mails. These vessels will land at Montauk Point, whence the passengers and mails will be transferred to New York by rail. On the English side, the landings will be made at Milford Haven, and the trip is expected to be made in five days.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Religious.

THE FATHER'S PITY.

Through woof of gloom and sorrow,
Through warp of pain and tears,
There flashes bright a silver thread
Amid the flying years.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So, with compassion failing not,
God watches from above.

And sees our need and weakness,
And not in vengeful wrath
Sends down the dark calamity
That blocks the tangled path.
But ever wise to guide us,
And always full of love,
A Father's tender pity seeks
To draw our thoughts above.

Sweet, when our hearts are heavy;
Clear, though our eyes are dim,—
The old, old word of blessed trust
Which lifts us up to Him.
O, dear, when flesh is failing,
That breath of Heavenly Dove,
Which whispers in the silent hour,
Of God's paternal love.

Life hath its desert shadow,
Its interspace of tears;
And yet, a sunburst often breaks
And scatters swift our fears.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watcheth us
With pity from above.

Our feeble frame He knoweth,
Remembereth we are dust,
And evermore His face is kind,
His ways are ever just.
In evil and in blindness
Through darkened maze we rove,
But still our Father leads us home,
By strength of mighty love.
—*Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

	THIRD QUARTER.	
Sept. 2	—The Death of Samson	Judg. 16:21-31
Sept. 9	—Ruth and Naomi	Ruth 1:14-22
Sept. 16	—A Praying Mother	1 Sam. 1:21-28
Sept. 23	—The Child Samuel	1 Sam. 3: 1-19
Sept. 30	—Review.	
	FOURTH QUARTER.	
Oct. 7	—Eli's Death	1 Sam. 4:10-18
Oct. 14	—Samuel the Judge	1 Sam. 7: 3-17
Oct. 21	—Asking for a King	1 Sam. 8: 1-10
Oct. 28	—Saul Chosen King	1 Sam. 10:17-27
Nov. 4	—Samuel's Farewell Address	1 Sam. 12:13-25
Nov. 11	—Saul Rejected	1 Sam. 15:12-26
Nov. 18	—David Anointed	1 Sam. 16: 1-13
Nov. 25	—David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2	—David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9	—David's Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16	—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23	—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30	—Review.	

THE LONELY PEOPLE AND THEIR LONELY BOOK.

The Hebrews were a hermit nation. They lived lonely, without companion or fellow. They received from their neighbors, they gave to their neighbors no sympathy or kinship of heart. They had one grand idea, that of God, one personal, supreme, jealous God; and they had from Him one Book, jealously supreme and regally authoritative; one Book, only one, their peculiar and strange Book. Because they were a people of one God and one Book we look back and we see them—the world looks up and sees them towering high and isolated above the buried and sand-strewn ruins of the kingdoms and empires that surrounded them.

Do we consider how unique is that Hebrew race and that Hebrew Book? We can not explain it except by the story of the revelation which it contains how that insignificant handful of men, holding the space of a few counties in one of our States, surrounded by people who gave themselves up to the grossest paganism, could have grasped and held the sublime conviction of one God. Only to this one people, no different in race from the people around them, not equal in native endowment to the royal races of the world, was God so clearly manifested that He was apprehended as the one only supreme Creator God! What was there in that little strip of sea-shore, with no harbor, no commerce, that narrow line of land bounded by the sea on the west and by a little stream on the east running from a fresh pond in the north to a salt pond in the south, stirred by the stimulus of no foreign intercourse—a race of escaped slaves, of peasant farmers, what was there in their endowments that gave promise of the intuition which should see duty and see God as no other race has ever done except as it borrowed its inspiration from that inspiration which possessed that Jewish people? Ah! there we have the answer! The inspiration which possessed them came by the revelation of God. It came to them in God's wise ordination, not to the quick-witted world-encompassing Phenician traders from the ports of Tyre and Sidon; not to their stately masters, whose pyramids have seemed worthy to be a revelation from God; not to that proud and fierce people of Assyria to which Palestine was only one of a hundred conquered satrapies; not to that miracle of geniuses, many-harbored Greece; not to imperial and sturdy Rome—it came not to the world's great races, but to one of the smallest of them all, one of the most insignificant, because God would have it so, and because thus should we see that it was not by human wit but by the very revelation of God.

Do we ever fairly consider the loneliness of that lonely people's Book? Think how it stands out alone. What fellow, what companion had it? What have we had that was coeval with those Hebrew Scriptures? What was there by which they could be confirmed? Go back to the beginning of the century and ask yourselves what had then survived of its contemporary literature with which it could be compared. Egypt had left nothing, only a few lines of one historian rescued by the Christian historian Eusebius. Babylon and Nineveh had saved nothing, not a line, except similar fragments of one historian preserved by Josephus or Eusebius. Persia? Persia only began to be as the Jewish history was ending. Greece? Rome? There was no Greece nor Rome when the splendid Jewish prophets were proclaiming the one Jehovah.

Here, then, appears this one Book full of wondrous history, on whose marvelous revelation our own fuller Christian faith is built, and we were asked: "What evidence have you of its truth? What is there to confirm it? We were told that its history was false, that it was a late product full of errors, that Xenophon and Arrian told different stories, which were truer than our Bible. What could we do? We could bring no confirmatory proof; for there was none. There was no evidence existing. It was all buried in the grave of the forgotten and irrecoverable past.

But behold a wonder. The earth opens its mouth. Our own generation has seen uncovered the monuments of Egypt, Assyria and Palestine, which abundantly prove the truth of the Jewish history. No longer a lonely record, the Old Testament is supported by the exhumed records of the Kings of Egypt and Babylon and Nineveh and Moab. We are now shown in the Boulaq Museum the very body of the Egyptian King who oppressed Israel. We know the names of the father and the grandfather of Arioch, King of Elassar, who fought in the confederacy against the King of Sodom. At a hundred points confirmatory evidence has been dug out of Assyrian ruins. In the day when the lonely Book was attacked by unbelief, there appeared out of the ground hosts of defenders. God's providence supports His Book.—*N. Y. Independent.*

What the Bible Has Done.

The least and most hopeful among us are, I know, sometimes disposed to despondency and almost to despair, as they witness such floods of lawlessness and infidelity swelling and sweeping over our own and other lands, and dashing down so many of the old landmarks of morality and religion. But we may all take comfort and courage in thinking of all the great and glorious things which the Bible has already done for mankind since the opening of the Christian era, and which can never be lost. From what other source has all true civilization, directly or indirectly, emanated? What other influence has so elevated humanity, so lifted the poor and humble, so freed the oppressed, so enlightened the ignorant, so inculcated peace and good-will among the nations, so proclaimed the brotherhood of man under a common Father, so restrained and rebuked vice and crime, and brought the indispensable sanction of future responsibility and future judgment to the support of earthly laws and human government? From what other pages than those of the Bible have all the noble philanthropies of modern times derived their incentives and examples? What can legislation do but confess that all its laborious statutes are little more than the detailed application to existing society of the laws first promulgated on Sinai, and of the two great commandments into which those laws were condensed and crystalized by Him who died for us on Calvary? And even science, after all the marvelous discoveries it has of late accomplished, and all the signal triumphs it is daily achieving; now soaring to the skies, questioning each particular star and comet and remotest nebula, and analyzing the tints and texture of the sun itself; now sounding the depths of the sea, and spreading out its countless contents, animate and inanimate, to be the subject of an exposition for Princes to inaugurate and the world to admire; now searching and exploring the caves and caverns of the earth, and laying bare to our insatiate gaze the long-buried treasures of Ilion or Assos, or the hardly less interesting outcomes of mounds and shell-heaps in our own land; and now suspended over the broad current which had so long separated two great sister cities that stupendous bridge over which travel and traffic may pass unimpeded from hour to hour, and look down upon the tall ships sailing freely beneath them—even science, I say, in all the just pride of these and a hundred other successes, has never found, and never can find, any other fixed and steadfast point of departure, or any other sure and final resting-place to fall back upon, save in that sublime announcement, in the very first verse of the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

Wise Sayings.

—Trust not so much to the comforts of God, as to the God of comforts.

—We blame others for slight things, and overlook greater in ourselves. —*Thomas a Kempis.*

—The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

—The sacrifices we make of selfish pity may be rewarded by the incense that rises from useful lives—a sweet savor even to ourselves as well as to our Master.—*Chritian Advocate.*

—Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.—*Watts.*

—The worst education that teaches selfdenial is better than the best that teaches everything else, and not that, for it is by self-denial that we are able to help our suffering neighbor.—*Sterling.*

—An Eastern monarch commanded his minister to furnish a motto that should cheer in adversity and prevent excessive joy in prosperity. He gave the monarch for his signet: "This, too, shall pass away." How greatly would such a thought console us in sorrow, or restrain us in joy. Every state of feeling or suffering, of hope, or despair, will pass away in this life.

—The very habit of a godly life helps to keep one from temptation and sin. There are times, perhaps, when spirituality is at a low ebb in the heart, and little of God's sweet love seems to have place therein. Then this habit of correct living—a habit acquired through years of watchful prayer and persistent purpose—holds the man to circumspectness, and keeps him from many things that might soil his soul.

—Is there intelligence in sewing the skins of animals together for a garment, and no intelligence in the mechanism that weaves the skins and covers them with soft fur? Is there mind in knitting a stocking or hammering a nail, and no intelligence in the manufactories which turn out the finest cloth and the furnaces which cast all the iron used in utensils and architecture? And what is a human manufactory but the attempt of human intelligence to utilize on a limited scale those mighty natural forces which the Divine Mind is using for the sustenance and comfort of mankind, for the maintenance of the globe we live on, and the illimitable universe of which it is a part?—*Evangelist.*

Our Young Folks.

MUD PIES.

Oh won't you join the Cooking Class
That meets in Sandy Hollow,
On every pleasant afternoon,
With Signorina Bollo?

She makes the nicest little cakes,
All scalloped round the edges,
And winds a wreath around the dish
Of buttercups and sedges.

Her recipes are all unique,
And never have been printed;
She'd not forgive me if the rules
I e'en so much as hinted.

But I'll assure you, if you come,
A series of surprises,
'Twill really make you smile to see
The puddings and the *pieses;*

The biscuits, each about as large
As an old-fashioned penny;
The cookies cut in hearts and rounds
And quaint devices, many:

The fritters—but to rouse your zeal
I've surely said a plenty.
One word's sufficient for the wise;
And here are more than twenty.
—*Ella W. Ricker, in N. Y. Independent.*

TWO CATS.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Sue was out on the sunny veranda teaching Muff, her pet kitten, to jump through a hoop. The hoop was wound with bright bits of ribbon, and it *was* a pity, when the fluttering winds made such a pretty contrast to Muff's white coat, that he could not be persuaded to jump, except as Sue jumped him.

Mamma and Will were out on the veranda, too. Mamma was sewing, and Will was watching Sue.

Will was fifteen, almost a man in six-year-old Sue's eyes, and he only came home one Saturday in four from the academy-town, twenty miles away. Sue was always glad when he came for besides seeing Will, there was sure to be jelly-cake and plum-sauce for tea.

But Muff would not jump, though he would catch at the flying ends of ribbon as Sue held the hoop before him, and hang with teeth and claws.

"It's no use, Sue," laughed Will; "Muff hasn't any brains."

"He's got as much as any cat!" flashed Sue.

"Not Muff!" Will laughed again. "*You ought to see* Sultan. Tell you what, mother, you'd better let Sue go when John drives me over, Monday morning, and I'll take her to see Miss Hepworth's cat."

Away went the hoop trundling down the walk, and away went Muff after it. "O mamma! can't I?" cried Sue.

Mamma smiled. That was as good as a yes any time.

So, early Monday morning, Sue was dressed in her pretty gray suit, with navy-blue ribbons, and settled on the back seat of the wagon beside Will; and John cracked the whip about the horses' ears, and off they went.

Miss Hepworth lived all alone in a little white house on a shady street, where she sold a few pins and needles, and a great many cakes and pies and candies and nuts.

She was a wee little Quaker lady, with silver-grey hair and eyes, and a plain drab gown, who came to the door when John pulled up before it, and gave Will a cheery smile, and Sue a kiss and a chirrupy "How do thee do, dear?" and then led the way into the little shop, where everything was as neat and shiny as a new pin.

"She came to see Sultan, Miss Hepworth," said Will, with a twinkle, after he had invested in a huge paper of candy which he tucked into Sue's hands. "She's got a cat at home that won't jump."

"Has thee?" smiled Miss Hepworth at Sue; "and does thee want to see my cat?"

"If you please," said Sue: and Miss Hepworth tripped to the door and called "Sultan!"

There was a streak along the little passage from somewhere, and Sultan stood on the threshold—a great yellow cat, looking at his mistress with great green, intelligent eyes.

"Thee may come in," said Miss Hepworth. "Wipe thy feet."

Sultan obeyed, stepping upon the trim little mat before the door, and lifting his feet, one after another, daintily.

Will threw Sue a triumphant glance, and Miss Hepworth smiled.

"Now, be a gentleman, Sultan," she said; and Sultan rose upon his hind feet and walked around the room, tipping his ear politely to his mistress and Sue.

"Can thee tell our little friend the sad story of the butcher's horse?" asked Miss Hepworth, stooping to pat the broad, yellow head.

Sultan began to limp, walking more and more slowly and painfully until at last he fell, rolled over on his side, quivered, and then lay limp and motionless.

Sue's eyes were very big and bright. "Oh, he *isn't* dead!" she cried.

"Goosey!" laughed Will. "Won't you let him waltz, Miss Hepworth?"

"Ye-es," hesitated Miss Hepworth, "but thee must remember *that* is not of my teaching. It is my roguish nephew's work," she said to Sue. "Thee may waltz, Sultan."

Up rose Sultan again, whirling across the floor.

Then he tossed a bit of cake from his nose and caught it as it fell: he found Miss Hepworth's thimble, which had been tucked into Sue's pocket; he sat up, and lapped milk from a tiny dipper which he held in his paws; he turned somersaults: he sneezed; he went through so many performances that Sue would not have been greatly surprised to hear him speak.

"Will he jump?" asked Will, soberly.

"I think he never tried," smiled Miss Hepworth. But she held up her yard-stick. "Over, Sultan," she said, and Sultan, after an instant's hesitation, bounded over.

"Now we must go," said Will. "Thank you, Miss Hepworth."

She drew a long breath. "You *couldn't* sell him, could you?" she asked, wistfully.

"I fear thee could not keep him," said Miss Hepworth, patting her cheek. "But thee must come again to see him, and thee must not go now until thee has had a bite to eat."

So Miss Hepworth brought out a little tray with a tumbler of rich milk and a plate of sweet cakes, and Sue, when she had said good-bye to Will for another four weeks, fed herself and Sultan generously, before she kissed Miss Hepworth and hugged Sultan and went away.

When she got home she unwound the hoop.

"I don't think it's any use, mamma," she said; "I guess Muff *hasn't* any brains. But," and she cuddled the little furry bunch in her arms, "he's a good deal the prettiest, ain't you, Muffy?"

And Muff said, "Me-ew!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Not Trustworthy.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," said the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge, commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are *not* trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a *fault*, rather. Three instances occurred, within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and I missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.—*S. S. Times.*

Queer Conveyances.

Our little ones in the country may have smiled to see a chicken mounted on the old hen's back while she sat sunning herself in the yard. Perhaps the young thing with few feathers sang a soft "Cree-cree," to tell that he enjoyed his position. At night he would better like to be brooded under the mother wings. When Biddy got upon her feet and went marching on, off tumbled chick. Now he must use his own legs or be left behind. Those bits of legs may well be weary sometimes with long journeys about the farm.

One or two species of birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of large and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water and drown.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble, to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railroad station. With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it so. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes—those who go and those who stay. No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms. The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans and Chinese traveling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way. By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time. Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.—*Our Little Ones.*

—The man who invented the first steam whistle for a locomotive has recently died in Montreal. His name was Henry C. Buckey; he was a Connecticut man, a mechanic of great skill, and for many years a foreman in the pattern department of Trask's great car and locomotive works in Springfield, Mass. He made the patterns for one of the first engines of the Boston & Albany Railroad.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. SEPT. 5. 1883.

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Top of the morning to his excellency, Gov. Knott.

JAVA'S late experience with earthquakes surpasses any recorded in history.

THE northern margin of the county has been blessed with rain this season.

THE rumbling sound of the thunder last Sunday evening was a welcome racket.

GOV. BLACKBURN called out the State guards to assist in the inauguration of Gov. Knott.

THERE'll be a rush from this side of the river to Aurora this weeek to capture more premiums.

A BAND of horse thieves has been broken up in Caldwell county. Five of them are under arrest.

THE Lawrenceburg Daily Press after a three months career has gone to sleep under the daises.

C. B. CLARKSTON'S trial, of which we made mention last week, was continued until next February.

WE notice by our exchanges that there is much territory in this state where the want of rain prevails.

THE Presidential party enjoy the western breezes. They had no fear of being set upon and captured and held for ransom.

THE prize for gentlemen's riding at the Aurora Fair this week is a $25 silver coffee urn. There is a chance for some gentleman to earn a handsome prize.

THE indications now are that it will require but very little earnest work of Mr. Carlisle's friends to elect him to the United States Senate. Let the work be done.

Blue-grass, short-horns, race-horses, mules and colonels are indigenous to Kentucky.--[State Journal.

Why didn't you include handsome ladies and good whisky?

JOEL C. CLORE'S closing address at the Institute last Thursday was a great credit to the young gentleman. His effort shows a literary taste which he will industriously develop.

A NEW YORK paper suggests that instead of opening the Louisville Exposition with President Arthur, it would have been more Kentucky-like to have opened it with a corkscrew.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 20@5 40; fair to good packers, at $4 80@5 15; fair to good light, $5 50@5 75; common, $4 00@4 70; culls, $3 00@4 00; stock hogs, $4 50@5 25.

THE management of the Southern Exposition has decided to allow the Exposition opened a portion of the day on Sunday. This will be greatly to the advantage of the laboring class, who have no other day upon which they can visit that place.

THE receipts of the Lawrenceburg Fair were upwards of $4,000, which puts the association on a good, solid footing, and with the enterprise of those who are managing the business of the association, grand improvements of the grounds may be looked for before the next exhibition.

THE commissioner of Internal Revenue, says that a recent analysis shows that Hostettors Bitters are little else than alcoholic liquors, and that they are being sold as an alcoholic beverage; therefore persons who are selling them are liable to the payment of tax as retail liquor dealers.

WHATEVER their personal preferences, legislators usually reflect the sentiments and wishes of their constituency in matters of this sort. And the popular sentiment in Western Kentucky, in the matter of General Williams' successor, is pretty unanimously centered towards John G. Carlisle.—Clinton Democrat.

The Teachers' Institute.

Burlington has been once more the scene of the annual "festivities" of the teachers of Boone county. On last Tuesday Morgan Academy opened its doors, as of yore, and welcomed a small number of faithful teachers. Little was done the forenoon the first day except to effect the organization of the body, selecting a critic and hear a discourse on orthography by Mr. Conner. The interesting feature of the afternoon's exercises was an able address delivered by Mr. Newton, of Walton.

Wednesday the attendance was considerably increased, and in the forenoon Miss Hallie Stephens read an essay on penmanship which was entitled to much praise and elicited the highest encomium on the part of the critic, Prof. Gallagher. In the afternoon the monotony of the discussion of the common school branches was varied by a breezy little difference of opinion on the part of some of the brethren, in regard to compulsory education.

Just before adjournment for the day Mr. Conner entered his protest to the ruling of the Commissioner wherein the Commissioner decided that one day's attendance of the Institute and contributing to the defraying of the expenses by a teacher constituted a legal attendance. Having had his protest noted Mr. Conner asked an appeal and tendered his resignation as one of the board of examiners. This episode produced another short season of speech making in which Revs. Douglas and Froh participated. At times some of the speakers appeared very earnest in their remarks.

Thursday morning the subject of English Grammar was introduced by Orlando Snyder, and was made especially interesting and instructive by an argument on the English language, in general, by Profs Gallagher and Connor and Rev. Douglas. Let us remark in our humble capacity of reporter, that some of the gentlemen overlooked the tact that the language spoken in the United States is not the English language, but when mentioned as a separate language, may be called "Yankee Slang."

In the after noon a large crowd assembled to witness the closing exercises of the session. Prof. Newton, of Walton, was on the programme for an address on the gradation of teachers, but not being present the subject was treated by William Dicker, of Bellevue, who made a very good presentation of the subject considering the time he had for preparation.

The closing address, by Joel C. Clore, of Hebron, was well delivered and pronounced good by everyone.

Revs. Froh, Dunlap and Douglas deserve thanks for the interest they manifested in the Institute.

Profs. Early and Gallagher are good critics.

Visitors from a distance were not as numerous as common.

Union was well represented.

PROF. GALLAGHER had some internal improvement done on the Morgan Academy. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed.

THE farmers all agreed Monday that rain is badly needed. The corn crop in Boone can not now help being shorter than for many years.

CARROLLTON will soon be connected by telephone with both Cincinnati and Louisville. Carrollton will soon begin putting on metropolitan heirs.

HON. J. C. S. BLACKBURN has withdrawn from the race for the Speakership, which narrows the race down to three candidates, Carlisle, Randall and Cox.

SENATOR SHERMAN says he will not be a candidate for the presidency in 1884. He was deceived so much by pretended friends in 1880, he does not intend to risk more such deception.

The Cincinnati Enquirer and the Commercial Gazette are engaged in their periodical mud-slinging. Their articles may be very interesting reading to the editors of those great journals, but the edification that the public receives thereby is small.

W. S. HOLMAN, our neighbor just across the Ohio, is being boomed for the Presidency. The New York Sun started the boom. Holman's record in Congress can not be assailed, and no doubt he would be as watchful of the public's interest were he in the White House as he has been while in the national councils.

The attendance at court last Monday was not large, and not much business was done in court, the larger part of the day being consumed by the Geisler-Tafferty trial, which again resulted in a hung jury, being the second jury which has disagreed. It begins to look like a change of venue will be a necessity yet.

THE Cincinnati Exposition opens to-day with a great flourish of trumpets.

ONLY five weeks till the Ohio election. The political fur will be made fly from now on.

THE farm just below Bellevue, and belonging to the heirs of J. H. Akin, will be sold at public auction at 2 p. m. on the 29th inst.

NINE persons lost their lives in a burning building in Cincinnati, Monday afternoon. Several of the firemen came near being buried by the falling ruins.

R. A. CASKIE laid a hen egg on our table last week, that was shaped like a small gourd, handle and all.—Clark County Democrat.

Mr. Caskie is a remarkable man. He ought to be on exhibition.

The license of the druggists of Owenton having expired, under the localoption law, if a man is bitten by a poisonous reptile he has got to die, if it require whisky to save him, because the druggists can't sell it, and they are all too "mean" to give it away.--

TRULY you are in a critical condition, Bro. Lillard.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

STATE NEWS.

—Warren county gave the second largest democratic vote of any county in the State.

—The white fair at Mt. Sterling did not pay expenses; the fair of the colored people cleared $300.

—Glasgow Times: Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Fountain Run, Monroe county, died last week at the age of ninety-three. His wife, aged eighty-three, is still living. They had been married sixty-nine years.

Lebanon Standard: Monday night Mrs. C. A. Johnston, who was sleeping in the second story of her residence on West Main street, dreamed that there were burglars in her room and, rising, rushed to the window and leaped out, alighting in a flower-bed and spraining an ankle severely.

—W. H. Lowedenback, who has a small pond of water, put some German carp in it October last. A few weeks since he caught two of them, one weighing one pound, the other one and one-half pounds. He thinks there are larger ones in the pond.—Warsaw Independent.

—Marion Press: The suit about the Wallace land which has been pending for some time in the courts of this county was entirely completed, Monday, when the Commissioner filed the five deeds conveying the land, as divided, to the five sets of heirs. There is 2,990 acres of the land, and was divided according to its value in tracts ranging from 300 to 1,400 acres.

—Vanceburg Courier: A bridal couple went to Manchester Saturday to purchase a trosseau, and among other articles the bride invested in a fine hat, and upon returning to the boat laid it in one of the rooms for safe-keeping. A woman on the boat said to wear the title of Bylew, from Adams county, slipped on the hat, covered it with a dark vail and walked ashore, leaving the happy bride in blissful ignorance of her loss.

—The Vanceburg Courier has the following fat and characteristic headlines over a shooting scrape: "Pistols at a Picnic—The Coverlet of Green Bedecked With Crimson Flow—While Asa Barkley and Lumuel Hughes Make Battle Toe to Toe—With Shattered Limb and Wounded Wrist the Hughes' go to grass—And the Pistol and Club Lays Asa Out, and His Fighting Days Are Past—Toe Nails Smothered in Powder Gore—And the Like Was Never Seen Before."

—Clark County Democrat: A cyclone passed through that part of Fayette county to the southeast of Athens, last Tuesday. Jas. and John Gess had seventeen acres of fine tobacco ready for the knife entirely destroyed by hail, and forty acres of corn swept from the face of the earth. Dr. Geo. O. Graves' tobacco barn was destroyed, and his neighbors suffered in their tobacco crops to the value of thousands of dollars. Over 100 acres of tobacco in that neighborhood was utterly ruined. Portions of Madison and Clark also suffered some damage.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Selma, Ala., talks of quarantining against Pensacola.

—Cotton worms are eating the corn in Pike county, Mississippi.

—Danville, Va., Female College is rapidly approaching completion.

—Surveys are now being made for a belt-railroad for switching purposes at Chattanooga.

—Johnson county, Tenn., has the best crop of wheat that has been produced in twenty years.

—R. R. Phillips, of Butler, Ga., has a beet which measures two feet and three inches and weighs four pounds.

—The Atlanta Constitution notes the flight of a large number of refugees from the fever at Pensacola, who are passing through that city.

—A monument to the memory of the Confederate dead buried at Staunton, Va., will soon be erected, steps have been taken toward that end

Just From New York
WITH A
Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,
—AND—
OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

H. F. BLASE,
540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY.

—During the last six or seven years 1,200,000 acres of land have been sold to actual settlers along the line of the Little Rock and Fort Smith railway.

—Chattanooga Times: Yesterday a large Crozier evaporating establishment begun operation in this city. Mr. T. H. Hill, one of our representative go-ahead citizens, is the proprietor. He employs ten hands, and can evaporate 100 bushels of apples and seventy-five bushels of peaches each day. The outlook is very promising, and he feels very confident of success.

—A Georgia lad, eleven years of age, has cultivated thirty acres of land in corn and ten acres in peas the present year. All the work has been done with a harrow, keeping the surface of the land well pulverized and perfectly level. The neighbors and his father say the thirty acres in corn will make 900 bushels, and now 150 or 200 bushels of peas are ripe and ready for gathering. No one has assisted the little fellow, he doing all the work himself.

—Special reports to the Savannah Morning News from forty-five counties in Georgia and Florida upon the condition of the cotton crop, state that the drouth has been generally broken and the outlook is brighter There is some fear of rust and damage by worms and caterpillars in some counties. The prospects in Florida are better than in Georgia, owing to the more frequent rains. Caterpillars are numerous in the latter State. Picking has begun to a limited extent. Labor is generally in good supply.

—A copy of a newspaper published by confederate prisoners at Fort Delaware has been brought to light. The entire work of publishing this paper was done with a pen—although it is a sheet of four pages, with three column to the page. It was published by Capt. S. W. Hibb, of the Thirteenth Virginia infantry; Capt. Geo. S. Thomas, Sixty-fourth Georgia; Lieut. A. Harris, Third Florida. Advertising rates were fifty cents per square. The copy is the property of Mr. Charles W. Wimberley and was brought from Fort Delaware by his father, who was a prisoner at that time, and who bestowed much labor upon the paper himself.

—Nashville Banner: Some few weeks ago R. G. Smiley employed workmen to drill a well on his farm, five miles from the city, on the Brick Church turnpike. The well was completed a few days ago, but the water is so strong of various minerals that it is unfit for general use. When the water is first pumped up it is as clear as crystal, but from standing it turns black as ink. The most remarkable feature about this well, however, is that it furnishes an excellent quality of lighting gas. When the cap is taken off of the globe on the pump a stream of gas rushes out, and when a light is applied will burn, giving forth a beautiful, bright light. This well is only a short distance from a similar one discovered on the farm of Mr. Cartwright.

Notice.

500 stock sheep for sale. Call on the undersigned at Bullittsville Boone county, Kentucky. ALFRED S. GAINES.

For Sale.

A good cow and calf—the cow is fresh and a number one milch cow, apply to C. L. CRISLER, Burlington, Ky.

FOR SALE.

A full blooded Alderney cow—will be fresh in the spring. She is very gentle and a good milker. CY RIDDELL, Hebron, Ky.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Erastus Garrison, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come foward and settle their indebtedness at once. C. T. RICE, Admr.

Strayed.

A red and white speckled heifer, two years old, will weigh about 750 pounds—left the pasture about the first of July. Any one giving information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received.
JERRY BEEMON, Florence X-Roads.

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2 m

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If you want to buy a first-class organ
If you want to buy a first-class
Piano. If you want to ex-
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machine. If you want to buy
the best new sewing machine. If you
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bring or send your or-
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Office & Sales
Room in Dr. C. G.
Walters' building, Cor-
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Send for Prices and Circulars.
All mail orders filled promptly.
A fine display of Organs, Pianos
and Sewing Machines will be on ex-
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Fairs. Call and examine them and
leave orders.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's supplies** of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

For Sale.
70 Stands of Bees.

I will sell the entire lot at $5 per stand, or will sell 35 stands at $6 per stand. Persons buying one or two stands can get them at $10 per stand. A larger number will be sold proportionally cheaper. No honey has been taken from the brood department, and the stands are all in good order.
E. E. UTZ.

NOTICE.

A dividend of 50 cents on each share of the Burlington and Florence turnpike is declared and ordered to be paid on demand by the treasurer DUDLEY ROUSE.
Aug. 11th, 1883.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Churchell Clore, decd., will present them properly proven as by law required. HENRY CLORE, WM. CLORE, Executors.

LOOK HERE!
when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on
Winegardner
He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationary
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CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
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EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
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FOR THE
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And all Billous Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

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CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, No. 920 LOCUST ST.
CHAS. L. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. BLOOD IMPURITIES, Inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. WEAKNESS [illegible] wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. FEMALE Irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc. Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble. The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co. Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility. Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "**scavengers of the system,**" producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
TESTED FOR 5 YEARS
by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.
Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with your attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.
(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 130 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

AYER'S
Ague Cure
IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

INJECTION
SANTINELI
Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation. Fairmount Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim Burlington

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. R. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday; and E. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S PILLS.
A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including **Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery,** and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.
These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.
A Sufferer from Headache writes:
"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.
W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.
"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.
The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."
AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.
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Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED.
All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfumes. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. [illegible] be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N.Y., on every label. [illegible]

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N.Y.

$1000 REWARD
For any machine hulling and cleaning fit for market as much Clover Seed in one day as the [illegible]

VICTOR
ILLUSTRATED Pamphlet mailed FREE.
NEWARK MACHINE CO., NEWARK, O.
W. N. STAGE, Gen. Traveling Agt. Louisville Ky

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.
UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fee $30 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.50 per week; in private families, $4 to $5. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 600 students. [illegible] apply to [illegible] JAS. K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., President of the College, Lexington, Ky.

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ENGINES, THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Horse Powers, Clover Hullers
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RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U.S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSONS INDELIBLE INK
Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

The dust is almost stifling.

Good ague weather this.

A done-over silk hat brigade is being organized in Burlington.

Clean up your coal-houses, and make room for about ——.

Better black your stove, and knock the rust from the stove pipe.

Our Plattsburg correspondent tells of the mammoth watermelon this week.

After the Kentons made their first run the Boones did not try to shut them out.

The melons that are being brought to this market are as fine sized as grow in this country.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a warranted specific for all malarial diseases and billary derangements.

James Conner and J. H. Walton started fifty-four head of very fine cattle to market last Friday.

W. N. Smith was in town Thursday. He had a full hand of trumps, which he got off in his usual good style.

The Aurora Fair is in progress this week, and a good exhibiton and attendance is counted on for all week.

All hands and the cook were fooled again last Sunday by the threatening elements. Only a light shower fell.

Next Saturday there will be a meeting of the board of examiners, at this place, for the examination of teachers.

Jim Conner and Tim Westbay are serving their country by purchasing plug horses and selling them out of the county.

W. J. Rice stepped higher and smiled more freely last Wednesday than any other man in his neighborhood—it is a handsome girl.

A gentleman remarked the other day that Burlington has the finest hogs of any place he knew of. They are always on exhibition here.

Mr. S. P. Brady has given the John P. Scott house which he bought at commissioner's sale, not long since, a thorough renovating.

Joe Reed is giving the French language some attention. Joe wants to be a linguist and with the linguist stand,—with his eye glasses on.

At a meeting of the Boone base-ball club Saturday evening, E. W. Duncan resigned as manager, and Richard Gorden was chosen to fill the place.

The sale of personal property of Churchell Clore, last week, was well attended and things brought good prices. Corn in the crib sold for $3 per barrel.

We would be exceedingly glad to see Prof. Gallagher build up a good school at this place. There are no reasons why a good school can not be sustained here.

John R. Whitson came to town Monday and notified the Commonwealth that he would not serve in the capacity of Coroner for Boone county. Cropper is the next man on the list. Come on Buddie with your bondsmen.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

I take this means of notifying the public that I am prepared to grind corn at my mill on the Burlington and Petersburg pike near Legrand Gaines' and solicit the patronage of the surrounding country. Will grind every Friday.

4t-43 LEWIS GRAHAM.

We, this week, communicate to Judge Batterson, of Francesville, the sad intelligence that "that garden of ours" had a terrible and desperate struggle with a regiment of swine, the other night, and that it came out of the conflict badly mutilated. Hogs are more injurious to a garden than dry weather.

Mrs. Platt and daughter, Miss Katie, who have resided here since last May, move from here to-day. Miss Katie will go to Hanover, Indiana, to attend school, while her mother will stop with her son in Bellevue for a short time, when she will also go to Hanover, to keep house. We trust their brief sojourn here has been pleasant.

Miss Hallie Stephen's essay on penmanship, read the second day of the Teachers' Institute, was the most noteworthy feature of the session. She handled the subject in a manner which showed conclusively that she is eminently prepared to teach that branch, an accomplishment in which many of our teachers are deficient. The essay was highly complimented by all who were so fortunate as to hear it.

The young ladies who have been spending the past few weeks at the home of Mrs. J. W. Lall, near Silver Lake, Ky., can never forget the good time they have had through the kindness of their hostess. She did everything to make life enjoyable, for the Misses Lillie and Jessie Howell, Miss Etta Ross and Miss Blanch Mayberry, of Covington, and Misses Nellie McGregor and Mollie Kinsiy, of Cincinnati. They return to their homes with the wish that they may all meet next summer at the same lovely place and swing in hammocks, ride horse back, sail on the lake and enjoy all that comes in their way.

Last but not least the "hay ride" under the brilliant rays of the sun and moon. Many were the rides they enjoyed behind the prize horses of Mr. Lall. Mr. Hedges also entertained the company many nights by allowing them to dance to the music of his violin.

QUITE A SURPRISE.

John R. Whitson, Cononer Elect, of Boone County Serenaded.

An Enthusiastic Crowd of From 3 to 400 with a Brass Band Gather at His Residence Near Union, and have a Big Time.

Mr. Whitson welcomed the crowd with a short Speech—Followed by Several other Eloquent Orators.

UNION, KY., Sept. 3.—A large and enthusiastic crowd of the friends of John R. Whitson, Coroner elect of Boone County assembled at Union on Saturday evening, August 25th, and, preceded by a brass band repaired to Mr. W's. residence, a short distance south of the town for the purpose of serenading him. Mr. Whitson though completely taken by surprise soon recovered his equanimity, and welcomed the assembled multitude in a short speech, thanking them for their hearty and cordial support, for the high office to which he was elected. Congratulatory speeches were made by Judge R. B. Reed, Col. A. D. Riley, J. L. Frazier, Esq., J. J. Childress, of Union, and several eloquent orators from Indiana.

Resolutions were adopted censuring Messrs. Dills, Sleet and Baker for voting their honest sentiments, and also censuring certain parties for not voting their honest sentiments.

After refreshments, and several soul stirring pieces by the band the crowd, variously estimated at from 3 to 400, dispersed quietly to their homes, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

* * *

Base-ball.

The game between the Kentons and the Boones last Saturday resulted in a victory for the Kentons in a score of 14 to 4. The Kentons expected to shut the Boones out, and when they got a run in on the fourth inning, and increased their score three in the fifth, the Kentons took very little interest in the remainder of the game, not trying to increase their score. Snyder of the Boones was not able to play and Botts was put on first where he was disabled early in the fight, after which Duncan took that position. Hankins played second well, while Hughes made a good center fielder. The batting of the teams was about equal, but in fielding the Boones were badly left. The following is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Kentons	2	5	1	2	0	0	0	4	0	14
Boones	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	4

The Speedwell and the Elijah Creek nines played a very nice game at Hebron Saturday, the score standing 8 to 11 in favor of the latter club.

Hugh Ingram, the gate keeper on the Lexington pike near Walton, suicided last Saturday night by hanging. The place selected for carrying out his rash act was the bridge that crosses the Southern railroad near his house. His wife had noticed that he had been acting strangely and had grown uneasy about him. He came in late that night and found her awaiting him. They retired together and Mrs. Ingram had been sleeping but a short time when she awoke and missed him. She at once instituted a search and not being successful called her neighbors to her assistance, and the body was found in a short time suspended from the bridge. It is supposed that financial trouble was the cause of the suicide.

The teachers who taught in the following districts last year failed to attend the institute this year or give satisfactory excuse for their failure, consequently their certificates stand revoked and can only be restored by proper excuse given in writing: 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 20, 22, 25, 26, 44, 40, 42 and 43.

DAVID SNYDER, School Comr.

The lack of school apparatus was painfully evident at the Teachers' Institute on Thursday. An ancient pedagogue tramping round the busky person of a bald headed secretary, trying to illustrate the motions of the heavenly bodies with a stump lead pencil and a dilapidated derby hat, was a sight to make angels weep.

James Westbay and Jumbo became intimate friends during the latter's sojourn in this section, and when they parted at Covington last Friday, the scene was effecting—Jum sitting on Jim's lap, shedding tears as large as cabbage heads, while Jim carressed him and gave him a farwell smack.

When the Boones go to Covington to play the Kentons the return game they will have a chance to make two runs, one in at the gate before the game, and one out at the gate after the game.

Mrs. Nancy Snyder, whose illness was mentioned in this column last week, died Saturday morning. She was a pioneer citizen, and many are the friends she left behind.

The Aurora Independent says: "Peter Zimmerman who runs the ferry here is the most accommodating man to the traveling public who ever had charge of the boat."

Last Thursday evening a bevy of young folks assembled at the Morgan Academy and spent several hours very pleasantly tripping the light fantastic.

Boarding schools and colleges are causing a movement among the younger classes this week.

All of Burlington went to Bullittsville, Saturday, to see the Kentons shut out by the Boones.

If there is not considerable rain this month fall plowing for wheat will have to be abandoned.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

James B. Casey, of Covington, was in town Monday.

Miss Gussie Kirkpatrick has been very sick for several days.

Wm. Glen, of Cincinnati, spent Sunday with his aunt at this place.

Mr. J. C. Hume, of Cincinnati, was visiting Miss Katie Platt, Sunday.

Misses Mary and Euna Light, of Covington, are visiting their relaves at this place.

W. L. Gedge, of Covington, was in town Monday, shaking hands with his many friends.

Mr. M. F. Davrainville, of Cincinnati, and Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, spent Sunday with Mrs. Lillie Hall.

Miss Eva Redford and brother Lee, and Mr. James Black, of Glasgow, Ky., are the guests of John M. Moody and family of Bellevue.

Eddie McKenzie, of St. Louis, Mo., arrived here last Saturday evening. Since locating in the Future Great he has developed into a splendid newspaper man, and now holds a position on the Evening Chronicle, of that city. Eddie's old schoolmates and friends are glad to know of his success.

Jumbo would make a fine lot of steak.

Alex Buckner and one of his Colcago friends, were in town Monday sizing up horses.

Judge N. E. Hawes made his daughter, Mrs. F. Riddell, a present of a carriage, Monday.

The North Bend Association meets with the Bullittsburg church to-day, and continues in session three days.

Our tribe of fishermen made another raid on the finny tribe in the Ohio, the other day. The fish in that stream are getting very scarce.

There will be a Sunday-school celebration at Hopeful Church, the fourth Saturday in September, and a general invitation is extended to all.

And now comes the young ladies and propose planting a croquet set in the Court-house yard. Croquet is rapidly becoming an epidemic in Burlington.

The Quarterly Court was is session, Tuesday, trying the Grant-Gaines case which came up on appeal from Esquire Loder's court. G. G. Hughes was presiding. Judgment for Gaines.

Sheriff Clutterbuck executed his official bond Tuesday, and, by the way, it is a good one, bearing the name of several who signed his bond when he was appointed.

Nearly everybody in the county who has children took them to the show last Friday, and those who had none of their own borrowed of their neighbors for the occasion.

Rev. Elijah Hoffman, of Wilmington, Ind., will address the grangers at the School-house near John Berkshires on the 3d Saturday in this month, at 2 o'clock p. m., sharp.

Bob Willhoit, son of Milton Willhoit, of near Florence, died Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, of heart disease. He was buried Monday at 10 o'clock in the family burying ground.

J. Frank Grant, of Petersburg, will take his trotting mare to Louisville, where her speed will be tested on the Louisville tract, and if she times right, he will enter her for the fall races there.

DIED—On the 3d inst., at her residence in Rising Sun, Mrs. Louisa Stephens, wife of James N. Stephens. The deceased was 86 years old, and had an extensive circle of relatives in this county.

John R. Smith, of Francisville, it is said, has 25 acres of as fine tobacco as ever grows in this county. It was planted early, and got such a start that the drouth had no effect on it. He is now putting it in the house.

Monday the Commissioner sold to Henry Stephens, Joseph and Clara G. Botts' lots in the division of Rowland Botts' land, the former for $750 and the latter for $,020. Mr. Stephens also purchased Mrs. Sargeants lot in same division for $1,050.

Riddell & Norris go to Aurora this week with their stable of fancy saddle and harness horses. They have always been very successful exhibitors, and are maintaining their reputation this season. We wish them good luck and an abundance of blue ribbon.

Our esteemed friend, Wm. Carpenter, who has been suffering from blood poisoning, contracted by handling poison ivy, over a year ago, is sojourning at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where we hope he will entirely recover his former health.—Warsaw Independent.

Some time since Drs. J. C. and Luther Terrill performed a very delicate operation on the arm of William Jones, who a few days since, died in Bromley. Jones willed the member to these doctors for dissection, and when he died, by consent of the family, they amputated the arm.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Bullittsville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Casey, who have been visiting Mr. Joel D. Conner returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Wilkerson, of Toledo, Ohio, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Conner for several days, returned home yesterday.

Mr. Mark Whitaker, wife and son, who have been visiting in this neighborhood for some time have returned to their home in Miami, Saline county, Mo.

A fine shower of rain visited this section Sunday night.

Mr. Harrison Clore and wife started this week for Richmond, Va., on a visit.

Hebron.

Jameson Aylor had the largest crop of wheat in this section.

Rye was a very small crop. Oats better than last year. Wheat made a small yield but the grain was good.

Very little tobacco was planted about here, and it will be a short crop.

Tomatoes will make about half a crop.

George Haier raised from one pound of the Belle potato 65 pounds. He has one potato that weighs one pound and five ounces.

Jeff Snyder is on the sick list.

We had a good shower of rain on the 2d inst., and the people are in good spirits.

Huntsville.

Crops are looking much better since the rain. Some of the tobacco in this neighborhood is ripening very fast. Some has been cut.

Fruit is very scarce in this vicinity. The black-knot so called, is playing havoc with the damson trees, they are now fully half dead and ere another summer is passed we predict all will be gone. The knot is caused by a small white worm which seems to penetrate the wood.

The Creek road leading from here to Robert Bradys received two days work last week under the superintendence of R. Aera.

Some of our Supervisors are complaining of having no money. By the way is it not the business of the County Attorney to look into this matter and know the reason.

L. S. Pope is feeding 32 head of hogs for fall market. He expects to make them bring him enough to pay for 50c corn.

Johnny Duncan and Ed Rice, of near Bullittsville, were visiting friends here Sunday.

Union.

During a thunder storm on Wednesday last, Jno. Burl Conner, J. J. Childress and a domestic of Mrs. Conner's were severely shocked by a stroke of lightning from which however all have recovered.

Miss Anna Anderson and Master Lee Huey left us Monday last to attend college at Georgetown.

Mrs. Crouch, of Gallatin county, has just been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Huey.

We are needing rain to make fall grass and tobacco.

H. P. Stephens and wife have just returned from Louisville Cotton Exposition and report themselves well pleased.

Many brethren of the Old School Baptist will attend the Franklin county Association this week.

Jas. G. Blanton holds the reins over a handsome bay Hambletonian, just from Scott county.

Ben Lampton is in active training, but Wm. T. still claims that old Dexter is a head on the homestretch.

Plattsburg

Considerable sickness in this and the Petersburg neighborhoods.

Ed Hensley is building him a new house on Johnson Avenue.

Abe Graves, of Covington, was here last week looking for large draft mules.

Samuel Hensley will move to Indiana, in a few weeks to work in the car shops.

Will Colvin has eight acres of as fine tobacco as ever grew, and is almost ripe enough to cut.

H. C. Hensley raised a water melon this season that weighed 60 pounds.

One of our old citizens has set a dead fall for the big snake, and if he succeeds in trapping it, it will be exhibited here a few days and then sent to the Zoo at St. Louis.

One of our farmers bought forty-five thousand shingles to roof one barn.

G. C. Voshell is attending the Baptist Association at Sparta, Indiana.

Prof. L. H. Voshell is negotiating for the school at the Terrill school-house. Lon is a good teacher, and the patrons of the district can do no better than to employ him.

Reuben Aiken had two of his fingers cut off by the band cutter the other day. Rube was feeding the machine at the time.

There is talk of sending for Col. Will Batterson and have him come down and conduct a camp meeting for us. We are personally acquainted with Bill, and know he is a good one.

Thomas Barnett has sold $400 worth of watermelons off of four acres of ground.

The Woolper school at one time the most flourishing in the county, has gone down entirely, and from present indications there will be no school at all this fall.

We are responsible for all that appears in this column of the RECORDER, and will say to the fellow that sent in the challenge to fight a duel, that we accept. Our weapons consists of two pistols and a bull-dog.

We were standing on the promenade at the Lawrenceburg fair Saturday week, with an old friend, when a bevy of young ladies passed, and they were indeed beautiful. We asked our friend if he knew them, and he said that they were from the Blue-grass region, of Ky., and drank the lime stone water, which gave them such a bewitching appearance.

It now looks as if we would have a fine corn crop. Late tobacco is doing well and will make a much larger yield than the forward.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, PARKER'S TONIC is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: DR. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy, in two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York

4

MALARIA, indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

SPARTA, TENN.—Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters, and recommend them."

LEWISVILLE, IND.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration, and found it entirely satisfactory."

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Riley, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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OFFICE AT - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington. - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. H. J. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J. P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
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LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
ROUSE.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.
• I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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UNDERTAKING.
We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., HEBRON, KY.

DR. SCHENCK'S
PULMONIC SYRUP,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and MANDRAKE PILLS.

As the proprietor of these medicines I conscientiously offer them to the public as safe, reliable and certain remedies for the Cure of Consumption, and with equal confidence as almost a specific for those morbid conditions of the body, which, if neglected, are apt to terminate in fatal diseases of the lungs. I claim that the use of my remedies will cure Consumption.

I *do not* claim that the disease can be cured after the lungs are destroyed, for no medicine can create new ones; but I maintain that the first stages of Consumption are curable, even when the lungs are partially decayed. When one lung is sound I am almost certain of making a cure, if the patient will take proper care of himself and follow my directions.

It may be asked: "How is it that you can know so much about this disease, and pretend to cure it, when so many educated physicians, who have made a study of it for years, pronounce it incurable?"

The question is a fair one, and shall be fairly answered: I do *not* claim to know more than other physicians about the causes, nature and history of Consumption. I suppose that my views on these points would be found to agree with those of most educated and intelligent physicians. We should agree that while the *final cause* is obscure—in other words, while it is not possible to say *why* Consumption selects this or that person as a victim—yet the *predisposing* causes are:

1st, *Inheritance.* Consumption is hereditary in a wonderful degree. *One* parent very often entails it upon the offspring, and *both* still more frequently, so that whole families are often swept away, and hand the predisposition down to their children.

2d, *Cold.* By this we do not mean those changes of weather which often produce inflammation; but long-continued and steady cold, so that a condition of debility is produced. Indeed, whatever tends to produce long-continued debility will, in some persons, generate Pulmonary Consumption. Prominent among these influences are insufficient diet, living in an unwholesome air, sedentary habits, grief, anxiety, disappointment, whether of the affections or in business, and all other depressing emotions; the abuse of mercury and the influence of weakening diseases. I also agree with the best doctors as to the *manner* in which the lungs become affected. Pulmonary Consumption is also called *Tuberculous* Consumption, by which we mean a disease of the lungs caused by tubercles. A tubercle is a small, roundish body, which is deposited in the substance of the lungs by the blood. This is the beginning and first act of the disease. Many of these are often deposited at once. Each one undergoes several changes. After producing inflammation of the parts of the lung next to it, it ends in ulceration, opens a passage into the bronchial tubes, and passes out at the mouth by spitting. The place where the tubercle grew and ripened now becomes a cavity, and where there are a great many tubercles, of course they make a great many of these little cavities, which gradually unite and leave great holes in the lungs. Unless a stop can be put to this process, it will go on until the substance of the lungs is consumed and death ensues.

Of course I agree with the faculty upon the symptoms and course of the disease; the short, dry, hacking cough, so slight at first, but gradually increasing; then shortness of breath, a quickening pulse, then feverish sensations, flushing of the cheeks and heat in the palm of the hands and soles of the feet; the slight but growing emaciation, with feeble appetite, hemorrhages, increasing cough, disturbed sleep, fevered tongue, then loss of appetite, taken to the bed, then expectoration of softened tubercle in the shape of small lumps of yellowish, cheesy, or curdy matter; hectic fever, brilliant eye, chills, night sweats, sharp pains in the side, increasing emaciation and debility, disordered stomach and bowels, diarrhœa, nausea, swollen extremities, hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, weakness so great that expectoration is impossible; then death, bringing welcome relief from the tortures of this horrid monster.

Now, as I have said, I mainly agree with the medical faculty on these points. But when we came to the *treatment* of the disease I differ from it totally. The doctors believe Pulmonary Consumption *cannot* be *cured.* Therefore they do not try to do anything more than to smooth the patient's path to the grave, and seem quite reckless of the medicines they give, so that the patient is kept *comfortable* and *easy*, even if his life is shortened. As soon as tubercles begin to appear in the lungs of a patient, it is a common practice with many leading physicians to begin dosing with whisky in increasing quantities, until the ravages of excessive dram-drinking are added to the ravages of the disease; and I have yet to hear of a single case of Consumption which was *cured* by stimulants. I can say the same of Cod Liver Oil. Many physicians send their patients away from home on distant voyages, to Minnesota or Florida—anything or anywhere so that they may die easy. For they do not pretend to *cure*, and they have no remedies which will do so. Now I say not only that diseases of the lungs can be cured, but that my medicines do cure them. *The proof is, that by their use thousands of Consumptives have been and are now being cured by them.*

The whole science of medicine is based on experiments. We cannot by any process of reasoning decide that any particular medicine will help or cure any particular disease. How was it found that Quinine will cure Chills and Fevers? Why, by trying one thing after another, until experience demonstrated that it was a specific for that disease. In just that way the knowledge was gained of my remedies, which are almost a specific in diseases of the lungs.

Pulmonary Consumption is hereditary in my father's family. His father, mother, brothers and sisters died of it, and he had reached almost the last stages of the disease when he was providentially led to experiment with the articles which are incorporated in these medicines. He was cured by them, and lived a strong, healthy man for over forty years after his recovery. What cured him has cured thousands of others all over the country.

These results are not accidental. There is no such thing as accident in nature.

Whatever may be the cause, the origin of Pulmonary Consumption is in the blood. Whenever, from any of the predisposing causes which I have just now mentioned, the blood becomes degenerated, it begins to make tuberculous deposits in the substance of the lungs. This must be stopped, or death will surely follow. It will not be enough to get rid of the tubercles already deposited, and heal up the sores already made, but something must be done to stop further deposits. What shall that be? The regular faculty say nothing can be done. I say purify, enrich, and tone up the blood, until it becomes so healthy as no longer to make tubercles. Can this be done? Yes. How? By the easiest and most natural way in the world. Take a man who shows to the experienced eye, by many infallible signs, that Consumption has set in. He is feeble and without appetite. Now, see what I intend to do:

First, I propose to cleanse his stomach and bowels of their dead, slimy, clogging matter. This I shall do with my Mandrake Pills, which are the best cathartic pills in the world. They contain no calomel or other minerals, only vegetable matter. They evacuate the stomach and bowels gently but thoroughly, and do not weaken or gripe. They act like magic on the liver, rousing it out of its dull, torpid state, and promoting a full, free flow of healthy bile, without which there can be no perfect digestion. Now that the stomach and bowels are cleansed and ready—what next? *Create an appetite.* This I do by my Sea Weed Tonic. The effect of this medicine is wonderful. Unlike a temporary stimulant, which by reaction lets the organs affected sink lower than before, this not only tones up the stomach, but keeps it toned up. The natural craving for food returns in all its force, so that we have now a stomach hungry for food, and a digestive apparatus ready to make way with it. What next? Any one can answer that question. *Put into that hungry stomach an abundant supply of nutritious food to be converted by the strange chemistry of digestion into rich red blood.* This will stimulate the heart into stronger action, and it will pump a fuller current out through the arteries; healthy blood will take the place of the thin, blue, flattened fluid in the veins, and soon a circulation will be established which will flow through the lungs without making any unhealthy deposits; strength and flesh will increase, and the bad symptoms steadily diminish. At the same time use my Pulmonic Syrup; it is the best expectorant known. It blends with the food, and through the blood goes directly to the lungs, attacks and loosens up the yellow, foul stuff left there by the ripened tubercles, and strengthens and stimulates the bronchial tubes and coatings of the air-passages until they get strong enough to lift it out and expel it by expectoration. Then the lungs get over their soreness and have a chance to rest and heal.

So you see that I have not only shown that my medicines do actually cure consumption by experiment, but it also seems plain that they, or something like them, *would*, from the nature of the case, do so.

For a full description of Consumption in all its various forms, and also Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, those great forerunners of Consumption, see my book on "Consumption and its Cure." This book also contains the history of hundreds of cases that have been cured in all parts of the country. I send it free, post-paid, to all applicants. Address

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:
MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
AND PULMONIC SYRUP

Are sold by all druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

Wool That is Too Bad for a Turk.

The wool dealers of this city are found in the greatest number in Duane street, below Church. In the stores along there the shelves are piled up with bundles that bear a slight resemblance to very small cotton batting rolls. From the ends of the rolls great varieties of fluffy, curly, and stringy material protrude. There are bundles of long, fine, snowy fleece, and others where the fleece is long, coarse, and dark colored. Still other bundles are filled with shorter fleeces, and some with fine, soft, straight hair. From a few the contents protrude in small, dirty, matted rolls. The fiber is stuck together so closely that an effort is required to spread the stuff out. The fiber is usually broken in doing so.

"These bundles," said a dealer yesterday, "are samples of wool from every wool-producing country in the world. The varieties in quality are as numerous as the countries from which they come. The finest quality comes from Ohio. The poorest is found in these [the dealer pointed to the bundles of coarse, dirty tufts]; that is bed wool. Wool is used by the poor people in countries governed by the Turks, instead of straw and hair for filling beds. They sleep on it from infancy to old age. They sicken and die on it. Then, when it has got too bad for a Turk to use, and the price of wool rises a little, they sell it. It goes in bales and bags to Marseilles and to England. Packed by hydraulic pressure into bales of about 400 pounds, some of it is reshipped to America. New York and Philadelphia are the chief importing ports. The importer sells it to the manufacturers. It is made into blankets and carpets."

"It is disinfected first?"

"Never. It goes into machines that tear up those little tags into separate hairs, then it is spun and woven."

"Into bed blankets?"

"Yes, of the coarse, gray kind, such as are supplied to lumbermen, to miners, etc., and are sold to the poorer people generally. Horse blankets are made of it usually."

"Where are the mills that use this stuff?"

"The Yonkers mills use some. Most of it is used around Philadelphia. It is common in all mills that make carpets and low-priced blankets."

"Do you think there is danger of importing the plague with such wools?"

"Certainly. It has to be handled on ship-board, at the docks, and in the warehouses. Workmen are very likely to take any such disease as cholera, if cholera prevailed where it came from. I have known of cases often where mill hands, who had been handling the stuff, have been taken with 'mysterious' diseases. In England, where large quantities of mohair, a Turkish wool, are used, the wool is disinfected, because a peculiarly offensive disease is sure to attack those who handle it before a purifying process. The danger to the general public through use of the goods is not great, because bed wool is not used in the fine goods."

"How much of this bed wool is to be expected here this year?"

"Not very much; the wool business is depressed. The best quality brings only thirty-seven to thirty-eight cents. That stuff is worth only ten cents, with the duty paid. The amount imported varies from 500 to 3,000 bales a year, according as the price is high or low. In my opinion it is worth the attention of the sanitary authorities, whether the amount is great or small.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Congressional Cemetery.

From the catacombs of Thebes to those of Rome, on to Pere la Chaise, Kensal Green, Mount Auburn, Greenwood, Laurel Hill, Lone Mountain, Bellefontaine, Cave Hill and the Congressional Cemetery in Washington—millions of the dead slumber in sweet oblivion.

"All that tread the globe, are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

The Congressional Cemetery contains about fifty acres and was opened in the month of April, 1807. The first body buried in its silent sod was that of Uriah Tracy, a Representative from the State of Connecticut. Since that time more than a hundred and fifty memorial stones have been erected by Congress to glorify the public men from various States in the Union who fell in the line of duty with their official harness on. It must be remembered that no stone is put up in the Congressional Cemetery to commemorate the name and fame of any Congressman unless he dies while holding his official station.

The custom, however, of placing memorial stones in the cemetery has fallen into disuse in the last few years, because of the rigid economy exercised by modern statesmen in small things. They can vote away millions in land and millions in money, to a band of close incorporators for selfish uses, but can not spare a hundred dollars for a sandstone block to commemorate one of their own number who has passed into the silent halls of death. Perhaps it is just as well; for the scaly white-washed stones that now disfigure this home of the dead are enough to make them rise en masse and kick over these rude memorials, called monuments by courtesy. There are not many bodies buried under the sandstone blocks, and consequently the few proud spirits that might rise in their strength to demolish the monuments above them would need reinforcements from the various parts of the country where the dust of their colleagues lies entombed.

The cemetery for many years has been under the control of Christ Church, located near the navy yard, and bodies are buried therein for a price corresponding with that of all kindred establishments.

I have often wondered why a free people do not maintain a public cemetery where every mortal created in the image of his God may be deposited in the bosom of mother earth without charge. While we have a republic of the living I can not see why we should be deprived of one for the dead, when all know that peasant and princes are resolved into equal dust in the cold, dark and narrow house.—*Cor. Washington Post.*

—Yorkshire girls take an early start. An eighteen-year-old young woman, walking with a Yorkshire man, was astonished when a five-year-old Yorkshire girl cried out: "Where is thee ganging wi' my mon? I tell thee thou shan't have my mon!"

—It makes a Mount Washington guide wish he was dead to have the tourist remark that the view from the summit is "rather neat."—*Boston Post.*

The "Massage" Cure.

Within a few years an entirely new system of treating disease, nervous weakness, and debility arising from excess and overwork, has sprung up in this city. It is called "massage," and consists in the manipulation of the human body by the hands of an operator. Strictly speaking, it is not rubbing, but consists in a series of kneadings and working of the patient's flesh by vigorous palms so as to excite a circulation of the blood on the surface of the body and in the extremities. It first became known to the general public in a quiet way some six or eight years ago by two or three foreigners, who put up their signs "Professional Massage," and received patients who were sent by physicians. For some time only rheumatic, paralytic, and neurosthenic invalids availed themselves of the benefits of massage. But its beneficial effects were ultimately found to be of service to debauchees, and a great host of fashionable men and women who lived extravagantly, drank, smoked, and set up late, and otherwise exhausted their nervous systems by dissipation or mental and emotional overwork.

Then the number of manipulators began to increase. Cards appeared in the newspapers advising the languid public that Mme. —— and Mr. —— applied massage at their elegant rooms. There were Swiss, Swedish, French and German massagers; and presently it became a fashionable thing to go and be manipulated after a night out or a reckless dinner-party.

One of these operators, who is a lady and has her rooms on Twenty-eighth street, devotes herself exclusively to ladies, and among her patrons are several wealthy females who come regularly two or three times a week and go through the kneading process. The operator acknowledged in conversation with the reporter that in many cases the manipulation only took the place of that kind of muscular exercise which the patients were indisposed to take for themselves. Another operator, on Sixth avenue, placed a much higher value on the process, and said the massage imparted vital strength by the contact, if the operator was a healthy and vigorous person.

The process consists, as already said, in kneading and working the flesh of the patient with the hand in such a manner as to force the blood into the small veins at the surface. The person to be treated is placed either in a chair or on a couch; and the operator with bared arms then seizes upon the flesh, and commences a rapid but dexterous series of pulls, pinches, squeezes, pressures, shoves, pats and rubs, until every inch of the surface has been gone over many times and the flesh begins to glow. The expert manipulator will do all this so rapidly and so gently that the combined sensations of the subject are anything but unpleasant. Indeed, it is not unusual for the patient to go off into a kind of mesmeric sleep.

The lady on sixth avenue has a number of patients who have no ailment whatever except a constitutional lethargy, and they undergo this treatment regularly with as much satisfaction as if they were having their back hair combed.

In certain cases of dyspepsia the subjects are put upon a couch and carefully kneaded, very much as a batch of dough would be by a skillful French baker.

There are other middle-aged ladies who, before going to a party, have to be regularly made up, like a pillow that has been slept on. Before they are harnessed and decorated for the fray they have to be kneaded. The process is supposed to impart compactness, to increase the roundness and elasticity of the surface, and to give something of the buoyancy of youth to the frame. It is jocularly said by some of the knowing ones that you can tell a well-kneaded party in any company.

There is, or was a few weeks ago, a negro up-town who was regularly employed at that business by several physicians. He had no rooms, but applied his process at the houses of the patients. He was considered by the doctors who employed him to be one of the most expert men in the business. He was kept busy all day going from house to house, and among his subjects were several young men of fast reputations, who after a night's excess perferred this method of recuperation to the Turkish bath.

But, just as massage was becoming the fashionable thing, up comes a Yankee and threatens to kill the whole business with a machine. Another on Fifty-ninth street has invented what he calls a mechanical massage. He puts his patients into a machine and they are manipulated by steam power. A visit to his establishment disclosed as many as twenty patients of both sexes undergoing the treatment. Some of them had their limbs in the machines, and a pair of rubber hands seized them and added to the kneading a rapid vibratory motion that was new and curious. Here were men and women with rheumatism and paralytic affections, being shaken up in the most approved style.

The physicians all speak well of the process. They say that it forces the circulation into the capillaries, and brings it away from the centers and congested parts. It is in short a new and ingenious method of applying exercise, but it threatens to do away with the manipulators, for a new man who can afford a gas-engine can have himself shaken up without hiring a person to come and superintend it.—*N. Y. World.*

—At a recent session of the Concord School of Philosophy, one of the pupils inquired if "the consciousness of the ego was identical with the acute absorption of the actuality," and the Professor answered that he thought it was. This is very much to be regretted. If the consciousness of the ego should somehow or other get mixed up with the actuality of the acute absorption, or the identical should come in contact with the consciousness of the actuality so as to render the absorption of the identical indistinct and incomprehensible from the acuteness of the ego, there might be a fuss kicked up about it. One can not be too clear as to these important points.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A female telegraphist of Boston tells the *Globe* of that city: "Women do not make so many mistakes in telegraphing as men do. We've kept an account of that. Men always try to know what the message means; women only try to know what it says. They stick to the text, and they're oftener on the safe side."

—During a game of base-ball between two colored clubs at Cyprus, S. C., a few days ago, the ball and bats were laid aside and pistols brought into use to decide a discussion over the score, and a large number of the players proved themselves experts at catching bullets.

HOME AND FARM.

—When washing out the manger a few drops of carbolic acid in the water corrects the sourness.

—Manure applied to apple trees a little after mid-summer helps the fruit instead of increasing wood production.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is said that a half-teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water will instantly relieve "heartburn" or dyspepsia. Salt is also a good gargle for sore throat.

—The only certain way to secure seed that will germinate is at harvest time to select a load or two or at least a sufficient quantity for next year's seeding, from the ripest or best developed portions of the field, keeping it separate from the main crop when hauling and at threshing time.—*Exchange.*

—Grass, says the *Ohio Farmer*, is the sheet anchor of successful farming. The proportion of grass lands in any section of the country is a pretty sure index of the degree of agricultural prosperity enjoyed, advancement made, or profit produced. Where grass is neglected labor is increased and soils are deteriorated.

—If a corn stubble is to be sown to wheat the corn should be removed from the ground and the stubble plowed under. A frequent method is to sow the seed upon the stubble and then cover it by plowing a light furrow. The surface is then harrowed, or may be left rough, which, we believe, is best.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—An exchange says that a little salt sprinkled on a manure heap is one of the best applications for both summer and winter. In warm weather it attracts moisture, and keeps the manure from fire-fanging or burning from excessive fermentation. In winter it keeps the heap from freezing solid, and at any season makes the manure more soluble.

—"Do you wish to know," said a man of science, "how to know that your fruit-can is certainly air-tight?" I was that moment contemplating a can which had a little nick on the upper edge, and it was hard to judge whether the rubber would effectually keep the air out. The man lighted a bit of paper, put it into the can, slipped the rubber ring over, and put the glass cover on. The burning paper exhausted the air, and behold the cover was with difficulty removed.—*N. Y. Post.*

—An old-time rule for doughnuts is called for by a correspondent who thinks that things used to taste better than they do now. The receipt is given, but along with it I can not give the appetite of his boyhood: In one pint of sweet milk dissolve two teaspoonfuls of bi-carbonate of soda; to this add two eggs, two cups of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, two quarts of flour, with four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed with the flour while both are dry. Knead and roll with quick, light touches, and fry in hot lard.—*Exchange.*

White Beans.

We have never had better success with our bean patch than this year. And I am inclined to believe that one great cause of my success was in early planting. I have always been in the habit of planting late, but the hot sun in August, that we almost invariably have, would cut the crop short, keeping them from filling well.

This year I planted May 10th, three weeks earlier than usual. The ground was well plowed, and harrowed fine and as smooth as possible, then laid off in rows three and one-half feet apart; three beans were dropped in a hill. The hills are about eighteen inches apart. When well up they were plowed with a diamond plow, running the bar as close to them as possible, throwing the dirt away from them. Then they were gone over with a hoe and every weed cleaned out around the hill. In two weeks the dirt was thrown back to them, taking care to run the plow shallow so as not to cover up too deep. They made a rapid growth and filled in July, before dry weather came on. I do not believe in cultivating after the vine begins to blossom. My experience is that the work should all be done before that time, and if it is done as it should be there is in reality no need of cultivating afterward, as working among them causes them to make more blossoms, injuring the first set and keeping them from ripening evenly.

In pulling or harvesting beans I pull and pile three rows together in convenient piles, not too large as they are liable to heat. If only a small patch is raised I prefer to thresh out as soon as they are dry enough, which can easily be done. I clean a good smooth place in the field and thresh them out there with a flail.

More farmers should plant a small patch of beans, enough at least for their own use; any ordinary family will easily consume from one to three bushels, and they are very healthful and nutritious food, and can easily be kept the whole year round, so that they can be used when there is a scarcity of other things to supply the table. If there is any surplus they will find a ready sale at a good price.

Beans should have a good rich soil to be most profitable, but can be grown to advantage on soil so poor that a majority of other crops would not be found profitable. When large fields are planted they are not called a sure crop by any means, but are generally a paying one. But every farmer can raise what he needs for his own family much cheaper than he can possibly buy, especially when there is a partial failure of crops.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

Not Such a Fool.

A rather superstitious young man of this city, who is fond of quoting fag ends of wisdom in old sayings and maxims, was recently sitting by the girl of his choice trying in vain to summon up courage to pop the question. Every time he plunged in and said something approaching the subject he would be seized with a spell of bashfulness and would contort his face as if about to have a fit. One day he had proceeded as far as—"Supposing a young man should ask you to—" Then he wrinkled his nose, and became silent.

"What is the matter with your nose?" asked the young lady, solicitously.

"Tickles; I must be going to kiss a fool, as the saying is."

The girl smiled into his face with sweet innocence.

"Mother says *I* look like a fool sometimes," she said, archly.

He had sense enough left to improve the opportunity, and now he says that actions speak louder than words, and are better, too.—*Detroit Post.*

—Noticing the death of the negro Henson, the supposed original of "Uncle Tom," who lately died at the age of ninety-four, the London *Times* gravely remarks that "his death was hastened by the injuries he received when a slave."

A Boy's Despair.

There were nine rough-looking fellows and a real bright, sensitive boy on the chain-gang in an Alabama town. The boy attracted a great deal of attention on account of his youthfulness and innocence. An Indiana lady, noticing him as she passed along the street, stopped and spoke to him. The guard, in a very rough manner, ordered the boy to go to work. He looked up into the lady's face and his eyes filled with tears as he turned to obey. Just then the express came thundering along, and without a word to anyone he threw himself in front of it and was crushed into a shapeless mass.

—Mrs. Frank P. Carson, of Evansville, Ky., has an apple which shows a remarkable state of preservation. Five years ago Mrs. Carson tied the apple by the stem and hung it up in her room. It has remained there during this time, and is now as sound as when pulled from the tree.—*Detroit Post.*

—A cool request has reached the Treasurer of the United States from a West Virginian, who asks that $500 be sent him with which to redeem all the trade dollars in his section of country.—*Washington Post.*

—The eating of part of a colored wrapper from a bar of soap caused the death of a little girl of West Liberty, Ky.

"Threw Away Her Supporter."

DR. PIERCE:—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before.

JAMES MILLER,
4246 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

MERELY an outside matter—The handle of a jug.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

HAY FEVER. Since boyhood I have been troubled with Catarrh and Hay-Fever, and was unable to obtain relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm. It has cured me. E. L. CLICKENER, New Brunswick, N. J.

IS A jailer known by the company he keeps?—*Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.*

Woman and Her Diseases is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

A PARADOX—Nearly all our domestics are of foreign production.

HAY-FEVER. Having been afflicted with Hay-Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial. I have had no attack since using it. E. R. RAUCH, Editor Carbon Co. *Democrat*, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Price 50c.

A PRINTER can feel first-rate and still be out of sorts.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

IF your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SAFE BLOWING—The challenges of American duelists.—*Norristown Herald.*

MARIANNA, FLA.—Dr. Theo. West says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best tonic that is sold."

A MAN with water on the brain should wear a plug hat.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

ENRICH and revitalize the blood by using Brown's Iron Bitters. The best tonic.

CORRECT Boston people call a burglar's "jimmie" Mr. James.—*N. Y. Journal.*

CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA.—Mr. C. H. Harman, President of the People's Bank, testifies to the value of Brown's Iron Bitters for relieving indigestion.

HOW MAY every passenger make himself of use to the ship carpenter? By merely being aboard.

CHROLITHION Collars and Cuffs, when thoroughly waterproof, feel as soft as velvet around the neck and wrists

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, August 30, 1883.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@	3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@	4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@	4 70
Good packers	4 75	@	5 10
SHEEP	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Family	4 40	@	4 45
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 09	@	
No. 2 winter red	1 06¼	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	52	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	29½	@	
Rye—No. 2	57	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 00	@	
HEMP—Double dressed	8¾	@	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 00	@	13 50
Lard—Steam	8-10¼		
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	15	@	17
Prime Creamery	18	@	20
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 30	@	1 40
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 25	@	3 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@	3 95
Good to choice	4 50	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 17	@	1 17½
No. 1 white	1 16	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	63	@	
Oats—mixed	34	@	37
PORK—Mess	14 00	@	14 25
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 06¼	@	1 06¾
Corn—No. 2	51	@	
Oats—No. 2	28	@	
Rye	56	@	
PORK—Mess	11 95	@	12 00
LARD—Steam	8 35	@	8 37½
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 14¼	@	1 14½
Corn—mixed	61	@	
Oats—mixed	33	@	33
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	15 00	@	
Lard—Refined	10½	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@	4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 04	@	1 05
Corn—mixed	50	@	
Oats—mixed	28	@	
PORK—Mess	13 50	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 05	@	
CORN—mixed	49	@	
OATS—mixed	26½	@	
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	6 50

The Preacher's Quiet Habits.

Sedentary and studious men sometimes become prostrated before they know it. Those who spend much time in close mental work and neglect to take enough exercise often find their stomachs unable to do the work of digestion. The liver becomes torpid. The bowels act irregularly. The brain refuses to serve as it once did. Their preaching becomes a failure, and there is a state of general misery. So many ministers have been restored to health by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters that the clergy generally are speaking to their friends of this medicine as the very best tonic and restorer they know of. It restores thin and watery blood to its proper condition by toning it up with the purest and most invigorating preparation of iron that science has ever made. It is pleasant to take, and acts immediately with the happiest results, not only on the parsons, but on other folks as well.

REDDING'S Russia Salve is unequaled for chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites, etc. Try it.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer
Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Presents all the advantages of sulphur baths at a cheap rate. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

USE St. Patrick's Salve, and learn its great value. One trial convinces.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE."

I am a locomotive engineer, and have been for twenty years, and am now running on the Maine Central Railroad. Life on an engine, as all engineers know, is very trying to health and strength. The continual jar of the engine, and strain on our long trips all tend to weaken the kidneys and urinary organs. In addition to this, ten years ago, I met with a severe accident, and I was taken from under my engine with severe internal injuries, which gave me great pain. I was laid up for six months, and suffered more than I can describe, and more than I wish to suffer again. I resumed work, but my kidneys began to disturb me, and my nervous system seemed to be out of order. I could not sleep, as my water demanded such constant attention that I was kept awake a great part of the night; to urinate caused severe pains. I employed the best medical skill in Portland and elsewhere, but continued to grow worse. I was persuaded to try Hunt's Remedy, as I found that many of my friends in Portland had used it with great success, yet I had no faith that it would reach my case. However, I sent for a half-dozen bottles at one of the drug stores, in Portland, and from the use of the first bottle found a great relief. My water was much better and the pain in the back and limbs greatly relieved. I continued its use until I had used ten bottles in all, and it has been to me a wonderful blessing, and I have deemed it a duty and privilege to recommend it to those troubled in a similar manner, and you may publish this for the benefit of our railroad men and the public in general, as it has completely cured me.

GEO. W. BRADLEY,
Engineer Maine Central Railroad,
PORTLAND, ME., May 12, 1883.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

ALICE E. CURTIS, of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 13, 1883: "That she has suffered very much at frequent intervals with kidney disease, and the attacks were increasing in severity so steadily as to cause alarm. Her aunt, Mrs. N. M. Small, persuaded her to use Hunt's Remedy, and after using several bottles Miss Curtis has been freed from the severe aches and pains to which she had long been accustomed; and further says that Hunt's Remedy never fails to relieve the severe pains in the side and intense backache, and Miss C. pronounces it a real blessing to woman for all kidney diseases, and she cordially recommends it for the many ills and pains peculiar to women."

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CURES COLD IN HEAD ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY'S CREAM BALM CO. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use.

HAY-FEVER Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Owego, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defense against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

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Graves' Patent. The genuine and best. Shoots arrows, bullets and shot. Sends bullets 1,000 feet. Don't kick. Shoots straight. Gun, with 5 steel pointed arrows, shot and bullet attachment, delivered free on receipt of one dollar. Send for price list of Scroll Saws, Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Hammocks, &c. THE JOHN WILKINSON CO., 78, 80 and 82 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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151 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill.
2-Ton Wagon Scale, $40; 4-Ton $60
"Little Detective," $3. Send for Price List.

Wanted Agents Male and female for new book, "Daughters of America." Low in price. 50c. will secure an outfit and agency. Address FORSHEE & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per mo. made selling our fine Books & Bibles. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Cincinnati, O.

RUBBER STAMPS, with your name 30 cents. Scrap pictures, 3c a sheet. Cards, Type, Etc. Agents Wanted. List free. THALMAN M'F'G CO., Baltimore, Md.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

Indulgence and Excesses.

Whether over-eating or drinking are made harmless by using Hop Bitters freely, giving elegant appetite and enjoyment by using them before and removing all dullness, pains and distress afterwards, leaving the head clear, nerves steady, and all the feelings buoyant, elastic and more happy than before. The pleasing effects of a Christian or sumptuous dinner continuing days afterwards.

Eminent Testimony.

[N. Y. Witness, Aug. 15, 1880.]

"I find that in addition to the *pure* spirits contained in their composition, they contain the extracts of hops and other well-known and highly approved medicinal roots, leaves and tinctures in quantities sufficient to render the article what the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage—unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine.

"From a careful analysis of their formula—which was attested under oath—I find that in every wine-glassful of Hop Bitters, the active medicinal properties aside from the distilled spirits are equal to a full dose for an adult, which fact, in my opinion, subjects it to an internal revenue tax as a medicinal bitter."

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. In. Rev.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, '81.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost; I know it."

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We make to order and carry in stock a large line of Wood Mantels, from $10 upward.
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$200 We make six sizes, capacity from 3 to 50,000 ft. per day with one saw for our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill. LANE BODLEY CO., John and Water Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. Illustrated catalogue free.

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TEA AND COFFEE.
Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book, $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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30 Sheets fine writing paper in Blotter Tablet, with calendar, 25 cts., by mail. Agents wanted. Economy Printing Co., Newburyport, Mass.

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

A SURE
RECIPE
For Fine Complexions.

Positive relief and immunity from complexional blemishes may be found in Hagan's Magnolia Balm. A delicate and harmless article. Sold by druggists everywhere.

It imparts the most brilliant and life-like tints, and the closest scrutiny cannot detect its use. All unsightly discolorations, eruptions, ring marks under the eyes, sallowness, redness, roughness, and the flush of fatigue and excitement are at once dispelled by the Magnolia Balm.

It is the one incomparable Cosmetic.

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Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warrants 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
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OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

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Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1883. NUMBER 46.

THE BOY.

A's the green apple
with bites all around.
B is the ball that is lost on the ground.
C is O the O cigar-
ette mak O ing him
pale. D is the dog
with ~ a can
on it's tail. E is
the errand
that
makes
him look wry. F is the fishing and Fourth of July. G is the
games that make happy his days.
H is the hooky from school that he
plays. I is the Indians he's going to
slay. J is the jack-knife he str ading
away. K is the kite in the sky scar e
discern ed. L is the lickings for lessons
unlearn ed. M is for marbles and melons
sublime. N is the novels that cost him a
dime. O 's hi old man with a strap
by the gate. P's his toy pistol which
settles his fate. Q is the quarrels which
bloodies his nose. R is the
ruin he makes to his clothes.
S is the swimming, skates, snowballs
and sled. T is his tops and his toys
painted red. U is the
uproar he makes when
he's spanked. V's his vim
when he's leading the
band. W's his
whis tle s
happ y and
shrill. X is X
penses when ever he's ill.
Y is the yells he emits all the day.
Z is his zeal that he shows at his play.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

TOBIT CLUKE'S BARGAIN.

Muckledrumlie—some Scotchman must have christened it—was no place for a man whose eye-teeth were uncut. The people, as a class, were of the wide-awake type; and if, now and then, one among them was caught napping, his condition, on waking, was very apt to suggest that Solomon's injunction, "Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine eyelids," was specially designed for the meridian of Muckledrumlie.

They were sharp traders, the Muckledrumlians. Indeed, Joe Jawtry used to say a couple of them could sit down to a quiet bargain and rise up each a hundred dollars richer without a cent of money passing—a mode of producing wealth which Adam Smith and the rest of them have forgotten to mention in their books. But Joe's opinion of his fellow-townsmen may have been a little warped by his own experience. He was an old "forty-niner," who had returned from California with a snug little pile, intending to spend it and the rest of his days peacefully in his native town—meaning that the two, as nearly as possible, should run out together. But he hadn't been a month in Muckledrumlie before he was bargained out of all he had—the bulk of it going, share and share alike, to Nathan Sinch and Tubal Tulkins, the two "smartest" men in the town.

About the poorest man in Muckledrumlie was Tobit Cluke. His sole possession was a patch of ground as poor as himself. Part of it was a stony hillside, which the most graceless vagrant of a weed would have disdained to take root in.

One day as Nathan Sinch chanced to be skirting this sterile slope, his eye, always on the lookout, spied Joe Jawtry half way up, clinging with one hand to the stump of a stunted crab-tree, which had died of sheer want, and poking among the stones with the other.

When Joe found that Nathan's eyes were on him he slid down from his perch like a 'possum from a persimmon bush, and was hurrying off, pretending not to have seen Nathan, when the latter called out:

"Hello, neighbor!—what was you peekin' into up there?"

"N-nothin', much," stammered Joe, hanging his head and looking flustered.

And that was all that could be got from him in spite of Nathan Sinch's questions, which were neither few nor far between. Joe pleaded pressing business and took a hasty leave.

"What can that chap be up to?" said Nathan, with a perplexed scratch of the head. He was half inclined to scramble up and inspect for himself the spot which had engaged Joe's attention; but the ascent was steep, the day hot, and Nathan fat.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "'tain't nothin', nohow." And casting a wishful look up at the crab-tree stump, he sighed regretfully and waddled on.

Bright and early next day Joe paid a visit to Nathan.

"Mornin', Mr. Sinch," he said, cordially.

"Mornin', Joe," returned the other, stiffly, a little miffed over his late baffled curiosity.

Joe Jawtry hemmed and cleared his throat with an embarrassed air. He wasn't commonly at loss for words; but there was plainly something working on his mind—something he wanted to say, but didn't know how to approach.

"Ding it all!" broke out Nathan, his inquisitiveness fairly boiling over," out with it at once, and don't stand there hangin' back like a bound boy at a frolic!"

"I—I—" Joe began, but stuck fast.

"Blurt it out!" exclaimed Nathan, bursting with impatience.

"I've come," said Joe, nerving himself with an effort, "to ask if you'd lend me a thousand dollars—I mean on good security."

Nathan Sinch opened his eyes. What earthly security had Joe Jawtry to offer for a thousand dollars? Nathan's curiosity rose to white heat.

"Fact is," continued Joe, in a mysterious half whisper, "I think of makin' Tobit Cluke an offer for that bit o' hillside o' his'n; an' ef I buy it I'll be willin' to s'cure the loan by a mor'gidge on the primises."

"Lend you a thousan' dollars to put in Tobe Cluke's hillside!—well, that's a good un!—ha! ha! ha!—an' take a mor'gidge on it for the money!—better yet!—ho! ho! ho! Not much, ef Nat Sinch knows hisself. Why, I'd like to see the gasted fool as'd give a thousand cents for that stone-heap!"

"H—sh!" cautioned Joe, "don't speak so loud. I don't want the thing to git out. There's lots o' folks as'd be ready to snap it up at wunst ef they only know'd what I know. There's Tubal Tulkins, for one, I've my doubts he half mistrusts a'ready."

"Well, I'm main sorry I can't obleege you," said Nathan—"not of the s'curity was ever so good. I'm dreadful skrimp o' money jest now. These is tryin' times, you know, an' wuss is comin', I'm afeard."

Joe pleaded hard, but Nat Sinch was a man that could say "no," and stick to it; so Joe went away empty-handed and looking a good deal chopfallen.

"Aha!" cried Nathan, as soon as Joe was out of hearing—"I know what's o'clock. It's plain enough now what he was fumblin' round the old crab stump for. *He's struck goold, that's what he's struck!* He's a old Californy miner, an' was always reckoned a lucky finder, I've hearn say, but not good at keepin'. I wouldn' wonder, now, ef there was goold enough in that side-hill to pay the national debt. They do say it's most found in jest sech 'or'nary lookin' spots."

Joe went straight over to Tubal Tulkins's, where an altogether similar dialogue was gone over—only *there* Joe said it was Nat Sinch he suspected of being ready to snap the thing up.

In the course of half-an-hour Joe trudged across to Tobit Cluke's cabin, which Nathan Sinch had entered not a minute before.

"This is what I call blamed mean!" said Joe, with a withering look at Nathan, who had hardly finished bidding Tobit the time of day—"it's what I call blamed mean, so it is, sneakin' in this way to get ahead of a neighbor!"

"I'm a square man, Tobe Cluke," he continued, "an' don't want to take no advantage of nobody. Will you take a thousand dollars for that 'ere hill-side 'crost the gulch yonder, s'cured by a mor'gidge on the primises? Yes or no?"

"*I'll* give a thousan' cash down!" cried Nathan Sinch, before Tobit's astonishment would suffer him to speak.

"I'll go a couple o' hundred better!" shouted Tubal Tulkins, bustling in out of breath, just in time to catch Nathan Sinch's words.

"O, thunder! there's no use o' me buckin' agin two sech bloated Diveses as you chaps," said Joe, sitting down despondently.

The bidding between Nathan and Tubal went on briskly. Each felt that it was a sort of pig-in-a-poke business, but neither could bear the thought of letting the other bear off a prize possibly worth millions. At last Nathan bluffed Tubal with a bid of five thousand dollars, and came in winner. Tobit Cluke had recovered sufficient presence of mind to say "done," when the Squire was sent for, and the deed made, and a check given for the money on the spot.

"I've been climbin' over that bit o' ground a good deal," said Nathan Sinch, dropping in on Joe Jawtry in a neighborly way a couple of days afterwards.

"The hillside you mean," replied Joe, unconcernedly.

"Yes; you see I thought I might find somethin'."

"Find somethin'?—what did you expect to find?—goold, for enstance?"

Nathan admitted, sheepishly, that such a result would not have astonished him.

The laugh that Joe gave rang unpleasantly in Nathan's ears.

"Goold!" cried Joe, between his guffaws; "why, ef you sarch ev'ry atom o' that hillside with a mickeryscope o' forty thousan' hoss-power you'd never find as much goold as 'd make a gnat's earring!"

"What was you lookin' at, then, up thar by the crab stump?" gasped Nathan, trembling and turning pale.

"I'm a bit of a nat'ralist, you see," said Joe, "an' was watchin' a emmygrant train o' lean-lookin' red ants cuttin' away to escape starvation."

"What did you mean, kerflummix you! by that confounded gas 'bout givin' a thousan' dollars for the drotted place?" bellowed Nathan, in a rage.

"I said I thought of makin' Tobit Cluke an *offer*," answered Joe, calmly; "I never said I meant to *buy*, did I? Fact is, I wanted to see somebody git a bargain, for wunst, off you or Tube Tulkins, an' I guess Old Tobe's done it!"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A New Field for Sportsmen.

A novelty in the way of "sport" is always gratifying and acceptable. As soon as Du Chaillu announced his stomach-thumping, walking-stick-using gorilla, a number of sportsmen started for gorilla-land, and Eden Lawson's "flying tiger" of New Guinea beguiled a credulous party into trusting their persons and property among the Papuans. But as a thoroughly refreshing novelty we think the donkey-hunting, cow-stalking, and dog-shooting of the Galapagos Islands must take a front seat. Once upon a time it appears there were human beings upon Charles Island who planted orange groves and corn, and imported cattle, asses and bull terriers. What happened to the human beings no one seems to know, but, failing other information, we may conclude that some cannibal ship's crew landed on the hospitable island and ate up the islanders, just by way of showing that the usual order of things might sometimes be reversed. Of the fate of the quadrupeds, however, there can be no doubt. They multiplied exceedingly, and are now in unrestricted possession of freedom and the island. But the cattle are vicious and aggressive, the dogs are wild beasts, preying upon calves and donkeylings, and the donkeys are fierce and fleet. What a groundwork is here presented for a vice-versa archipelago! If there are poultry they are no doubt rapacious birds of prey, robbing fox-roosts and carrying off fox-chickens. The cat, overwhelmed by wild bull-terriers, has become subterranean, purblind, insectivorous, and so forth. For the present, however, it suffices to point out the novelty of the sport to be enjoyed. It is not everywhere that the sportsman can shoot cows without having to pay damages, or enjoy a splitting burst across country after a donkey. The Galapagos Islands are the exception.—*London Telegraph.*

—A reverend by the name of Overton, of McNutt, Ga., in a sermon recently censured young men for matrimonially addressing young ladies on Sunday.—*Chicago Times*

THE DAIRY.

—Every dairyman should raise at least one-eighth of an acre of corn fodder for each cow to help the pasture through the dry season.

Immersion, for at least five minutes, of the vessels in which milk is set will, it is asserted by a member of the French academy, destroy the organism which in the form of dark blue spots distress the dairyman.

—A butter-maker, writing to the Iowa *Homestead*, says the best butter color is a pailful of corn-meal mush, fed warm once a day, the corn to be of the yellow variety; adding that it will increase the milk and butter as well as give a good color.

—The Chautauqua method of disposing of skim milk when it cannot be sold for human food, or made into profitable cheese, is the best we know of. The dairymen of that county add a quart or two of bran to a cow's allowance and feed it to her.—*The Dairyman.*

—Prof. Arnold urges dairy farming; first, because it costs ten per cent. less to operate a dairy farm than grain or mixed agriculture; second, the average returns are larger than for other farming; third, the prices are more uniform and trustworthy; fourth, it does not exhaust the soil; fifth, it is more secure against changes in the season.

—One hundred and thirteen cubic inches of cream should make a pound of butter. Any dairyman can judge of the fairness of any can he may use by the following rule: Multiply the square of diameter of can, expressed in inches, by the decimal .785398, and the product will be the number of cubic inches of cream, measuring one inch in depth in the can.

—Straw and cornstalks can be best utilized by running them through a cutting box, wetting them and mixing bran or mill feed with them, and the more liberal the supply of the latter the better the cows like it and the greater will be the milk yield. This is a much better way to feed ground food than without a mixture.

Ventilation in the Dairy.

The importance of a current of pure air through a milk-room where the milk is set for cream is not sufficiently understood. It is supposed that if the apartment is airy, dry and clean, and free from odors more or less offensive or even objectionable, these are sufficient. But they are not sufficient unless the term airy is understood in its fullest sense as including not only large space but also a constantly moving and renewed body of fresh air, pure air that has not been deprived of its proper share of oxygen by any previous process of consumption. This is necessary for the following reasons: First, exposure to pure air prevents the formation of acid in milk. It is known that milk will sour very rapidly in the close atmosphere of a cellar in which the air has been deoxidized by means of decaying vegetable matter, or in which the posts or beams are affected by dry rot. Secondly, we know that this first souring is due to the change of the milk sugar into lactic acid, a spontaneous change in which no alteration of the elements has occurred, and which requires nothing more than the mere absence of oxygen to affect it.

This change will take place very quickly, as many milk dairymen find to their surprise and cost, when milk is canned tightly before it has been cooled and aired sufficiently. Thirdly, we know that this needed airing simply affects the oxidation of the milk required to destroy the germs present in it, and by the operation of which the change of the milk sugar to milk acid is produced. Fourthly, it is known that exposure to air, and necessarily to oxygen, which is the only active element in the air, develops a high flavor in the cream and in the butter made from it, and that cream so exposed to the air, or as we term it in common parlance, ripened, churns more easily than other cream, and produces the very best quality of butter as regards color and flavor. The fact is, the flavor of butter, and of cheese as well, is developed only by a process of oxidation, airing or ripening, for all these terms mean the same thing, and if the dairy or cheese-room is not well ventilated and provided with abundance of fresh, pure, moving air, good butter or cheese cannot be made.—*The Dairy.*

A Dairy Cow.

A dairy cow never reaches perfection in her line until she has arrived at maturity, and she must reach this period of her life with all her faculties unimpaired if we expect her to be as good a cow as nature intended her to be. She differs in this respect from the best beef-growing animals, which are mature, as it were, from the start, and whose organizations, instead of being impaired for their business by generations of high, early feeding, are rather more and more adapted to it. We all know that the oldest and best family of Shorthorns are not remarkable for constitutional vigor and elasticity. They have not very great muscular strength, are not nervous and powerful in their movement, and are deficient in the procreative powers.

A good dairy cow should possess the appearance of strength and firmness without being too compact, and she should possess no palpably weak point if she is expected to endure well in the work of the dairy. She should not be selected for a breeder unless she possesses as an inheritance that shape which indicates strong vitality and that quality which indicates active secretory functions. In her well shaped strong head, wide muzzle, mild eye, broad forehead, small, wavy horn, slender neck, straight and slender fore-legs, sharp chin, loose shoulder, broad ribs, open jointed backbone, mellow skin, preponderating hind-quarters, long hind foot, and broad fore-foot, ample carcass, well-shaped udder, large superficial veins, soft hair; she should indicate a capacity for converting food into milk, as distinguished from the cow whose round and full form and heavier bone and smooth joints, narrow head and heavier quarters show an aptitude to take on fat.—*Farmers' Friend.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Omaha spends $100,000 a year on her public schools, and a larger portion of the money comes from liquor license.

—The Yale triennial catalogue, lately issued, shows that of the seventy-three members of the class which graduated in 1832—fifty-one years ago—forty are now alive. The statistics of longevity at Harvard are no less remarkable. The graduates of our greatest colleges seem to live longer than the average.

—In Russia they still have a primitive way of keeping Christians from backsliding. The Moscow *Gazette* publishes the proceedings of the trial of seven Christian Tartars at Kazan, who were recently convicted of reviling and renouncing the orthodox faith and sentenced to hard labor and exile in Siberia.

—A Boston Methodist, Rev. Mr. Hamilton, is emancipating himself from the itinerant system by building a spacious house, to be called the "People's Church," designed to seat 4,000 persons. As it is a private enterprise, he will not be subject to the law of change which governs the regular Methodist Church.—*Boston Post.*

—While President Martin, of Hamilton College, was lecturing before a large audience of the Summer School of Christian Philosophy in the Presbyterian Church at Richfield Springs, N. Y., the Universalist Church, near by, was struck by lightning and partially wrecked. An infidel remarked that God had made a mistake; but Rev. Dr. Deems said the Presbyterian Church was their salvation.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The Jews of Vienna have an industrial school, in which children of their race are taught the mechanical and artisan trades. It has already turned out 1,500 skilled mechanics. Last year the school had over 250 pupils, of whom 40 were learning to be carpenters or cabinet-makers, 65 blacksmiths, 60 shoemakers, 23 turners of wood and metal, and 40 whitesmiths. Others were being trained as wheelwrights and designers.

—In some respects Ireland is the foremost nation in the world in the matter of education, as is shown in a recent circular of the Bureau of Education: In the comparative statistics of elementary, secondary and superior education in sixty principal countries, Ireland heads the list, with an average of twenty per cent. of her population of 5,159,829 attending school. The United States comes second with a percentage of nineteen and three-fifths of a population of 50,155,783. The next in line is Germany with fifteen and nine-tenths of a population of 45,149,172.

Artificially Dried Lumber.

"Thoroughly dried lumber is hard to buy nowadays," said the manager of a piano manufactory in this city, "and if you don't have dry lumber in making pianos you might as well not make them."

"How do you manage, then, for you make many pianos?" the reporter asked.

"We have dry rooms, or kilns, in which we put the lumber and season it ourselves. If it were not for our dry rooms we would have to shut up shop. We buy the best seasoned lumber that we can get, and leave it in our dry kilns from one to three weeks. Then we take out a board and try it, and if it is not thoroughly seasoned we shut up the kiln again."

"How do you tell when it is seasoned?"

"In several ways. We examine the sawdust, crumple up the shavings, observe the odor of the wood, and the way the saw or plane goes through it. Even then we are often deceived, and when the wood is made up and varnished, it cracks, warps, or splits, plainly showing that it was not fully dried.

"Dried lumber is necessary not only in the making of pianos, but also in the manufacture of furniture, moldings, and all kinds of wood-work. I'll guarantee that you have seen the back of a fine-looking hardwood bedstead split from side to side, or the lid of a desk cracked, to say nothing of windows and doors shrinking so that you have to use the widest kind of weather-strips to keep out the wind. Well, all this comes from using unseasoned lumber. It makes up neatly enough, but when it is exposed to the action of the atmosphere and the moisture in the pores of the wood evaporates, there's bound to be a shrinkage and something's got to give."

"What is the cause of the scarcity of seasoned lumber?"

"The great demand for lumber in the East for building and manufacturing purposes compels the Western lumbermen to ship their lumber before it is thoroughly seasoned. Half a dozen years ago it was customary to take the lumber from the saw and pile it in the open air, where it would be left from eighteen months to two years before it was considered in sufficiently good condition for shipping. Now six months is held to be a good long time. The consequence is that there is comparatively very little dry lumber in the market."

"How is lumber dried artificially?"

"There are half a dozen ways. Heat is the great principle in them all. There are drying kilns of all sizes and almost all shapes. Some are heated by steam-pipes, some by furnaces and some by hot air. In some a vacuum is created, and in some compressed air is used. The great thing, to my mind, in drying lumber is to get a good circulation of air about it. The moisture comes to the surface and is dried off. A lately-invented drying apparatus consists of an arrangement by which a very large volume of air is thrown into the kiln at one end and exhausted at the other. Every two minutes all the air in the kiln is changed. A fan-blower entraps the air and forces it through a heating apparatus before it gets to the kiln. It is so arranged that the air may be heated to any degree desired, and different kinds of lumber are differently treated. This process dries green lumber in seven or eight days."

"How long would it take the same lumber to dry in the open air?"

"Anywhere from one to two years. Some people say they would not use kiln-dried lumber, but they are in the minority. Piano-makers and cabinet-makers could not get along without drying kilns."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Old Love and Burglary.

Some time ago the wife of a merchant was suddenly awakened in the night by the sound of footsteps in her bed-room, and the next moment the light of a dark lantern flooded her face so near that she could almost feel the heat and hear the suppressed breathing of the intruder. Her husband was from home, and the only person in the house except herself was a servant-girl, who slept in the story beneath. Her presence of mind did not, however, forsake her. It doubtless requires a great amount of resignation and fortitude in a woman to listen to, without screaming, the ransacking of her store of valuable laces and the appropriation of her jewelry; but the lady, very rationally deeming her life worth all the lace and diamonds in the world, quietly closed her eyes and awaited the result.

The light was withdrawn from her face and she heard the rustling of silks, the picking of locks, and occasionally a low whisper of surprise or disappointment. Then there was silence for a full minute—it seemed an hour to her—and a soft footstep approached the bed, and the glare of the lantern again fell upon her face. Through the closed lids of her eyes she saw the light, but remained calm and motionless in its scrutinizing rays, fearful that the least movement might imperil her life. What a moment of suspense! The light was removed from her face, and she felt that some one was leaning against the bed. Still she remained motionless, nor did she stir when the warm breath of the burglar fanned her cheek. Not until his lips pressed her forehead did she spring up and half shriek: "Who is in this room?"

"Hush!" responded a voice in a hoarse whisper, while a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. "Speak nothing, and fear nothing." The next moment she heard the sound of retreating footsteps and the creaking of a shutter, then all was still again. Satisfied that she was alone, she sprang from the bed and touched a lighted match to the burner, then sank into a chair, completely prostrated with the danger through which she had passed. Recovering, she looked round to ascertain of what she had been plundered.

The drawers were all in the utmost confusion, but, strange to say, little or nothing was missing. A casket of jewelry was open on the bureau, but the diamonds and gold were all there. Beside the casket she discovered a little roll of paper containing a ring which had been given to her many years before, and which had been in her possession ever since. Half bewildered at the singular proceeding, she was about to cast the paper from her when her eye caught the marks of a pencil upon it. She carefully opened it and read:

> This ring, which once was mine, tells me in whose house I am. You know I am an outlaw—the world knows it, and I do not care to deny it; but, fallen as I am, I can not rob *you*, Maria. Forgive me, and God bless you.
>
> HENRY.

This explained all. Falling on her knees, she prayed for him who had written the scroll. And who was "Henry?" Ten years ago he loved the same Maria, and he would have made her his wife—for she had promised to be his—had he not taken to drink and gambling and finally forged the name of his employer, for which he was given a home in a convict prison. When he was worthy of her love he gave her that ring, and she had kept it in remembrance of what he had been. This is the story of the ring.

On the return of the husband the wife related to him the adventure and showed him the note; but he has never attempted to arrest the burglar.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Always His Luck.

He boarded the St. Clair River boat yesterday morning with his wife and five children, and the family were not yet seated when he began:

"Now, Sarah, I'll bet fifty dollars you forgot to hook that wood-shed door!"

"Mercy on me, but so I did!" she gasped.

"Just as I expected—just exactly; we'll get home to find the house cleaned out or in ashes. Never mind, though, it would serve us just right!"

The boat had not yet started when one of the boys who insisted on some gymnastics with a chair fell to the deck and set up a great squall.

"Broke both arms or I'm a sinner!" shouted the father. "I told you he'd do it if we let him come along, and now he's a cripple for life!"

It was, however, discovered that the youngster had sustained nothing more serious than a skinned nose, and peace was restored and continued until the wife suddenly discovered that she had lost her watch.

"Of course—of course!" prowled the husband. "There goes $125 of my hard earnings! I knew you'd have it stolen before you had gone a rod!"

"But perhaps I left it on the bureau."

"Well, it will be lugged off before night, just the same. Serves you just right for bulldozing me a whole month to make this infernal excursion. What ails that woman's baby!"

"I declare if it hasn't got the whooping cough!"

"Of course—of course, and not one of our children ever had it! You'll have business on your hands for the next six weeks!"

The next half hour passed peacefully enough. Then somebody observed that a man whose gaze was fixed on the water probably contemplated suicide.

"I expect nothing else!" exclaimed the disconsolate husband, "but may be he will listen to reason."

Going over to the stranger he laid a hand on his shoulder and brusquely inquired:

"Sir! do you mean to jump into the lake?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, as the man looked up.

"Just so—exactly—I suspected as much. You'll utter a yell as you go over and kick up all the bobbery you can, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"And my wife will faint away and every young'un howl like an Injun! I'll give you a dollar to go over on the sly."

"No, sir—not for a thousand."

"Haven't you any feelings for a man who has had steamboats and fish and rivers and lakes and flats pounded into him for three months?"

"None, sir."

"And won't five dollars bribe you?"

"It won't."

"Then go ahead with your oration and death-yell! Make all the fuss you will! Splatter around in the water as long as you possibly can, and fix your eyes on my family when you go down for the last time! I never had any other kind of luck, and I'm going down to the saloon and get drunk preparatory to a biler explosion! Good-bye, old feller; serves me right, and I don't complain!"

When he was helped ashore at the Flats he was weak in the knees and limber in his spirit. Gathering his family around him he counted:

"Sheven, eight, nine, ten, 'lezen, twelve. Why, bless my stars! I only had five shildren when we left Detroit, an' now I've got ten! Juss my luck—juss zl 'spected! Los' watch—whoopin'-cough—su'cide—ten shildren—whoop! Sherves me jus' rize!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Flavored Cigars.

"Most people like a flavored cigar," said an Indianapolis druggist to a reporter who had stepped in to buy a weed. "Try one of these; I think you will like it." The reporter took one of the brand recommended to him, lighted it and began to smoke.

"I have to put up considerable cigar flavor," continued the drug man, "and I suppose some people wouldn't find it so difficult a thing to quit smoking if they knew what the popular flavors are made of. On second thought, though, I don't think it would make any difference. The fact that 'snipes'—that is, old cigar stumps—are worked over into cigarettes and smoking tobacco—though thoroughly ventilated in the newspapers—never cured a smoker of the habit. Awhile ago it was shown that some nasty diseases were contracted from smoking cigars made in low tenement houses and by leprous Chinese; but the smokers never flinched, but smoked calmly on."

"Tell me something about these flavors," said the reporter.

"Well, since you insist on it, I will. A flavor I have made a good deal of—it's a flavor that, in the language of the trade, makes a 'ten cent cigar for five cents'—is made as follows: Gum guaiac, gum tolu, tonqua beans and essence of pine-apple, of each one ounce; valerian root, two ounces; laudanum (tincture of opium) one ounce; oil of rose, six drops; Jamaica rum, half a pint; macerate for thirty-six hours and pour off, using one ounce to a pint of port-wine to blow on the fillers.

"A good many men who get attached to a certain brand of cigars don't know what chains 'em. It's the opium, and they get in the habit of using it unconsciously. Valerian taken habitually renders the heart's action more rapid, but feebler, causes hurried respiration, and may occasion congestion of the kidneys. If its use is long continued, it may paralyze the spinal cord, so the books say. Its action on the tongue and throat is more prompt and apparent, frequently causing epithelium. As to opium, its infernal effects are well known. It would take an almanac to enumerate all the diseases it occasions. It produces contraction of the pupils of the eyes, affects the digestive functions by blunting the gastric sensation, checking all tissue changes. It tends to constipate the bowels by diminishing the proper secretions of the liver and pancreas, and the blood being but partially oxygenated, is rendered unfit for a return to the heart, and stagnates in the lungs. Opium has a tendency to augment Bright's disease, diabetes and other diseases of the kidneys. It's opium and valerian that makes the artificially flavored cigar popular."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Shad in the Pacific.

The shad, although until seven years ago a stranger on the coast, has multiplied since its introduction to an extent truly remarkable. They are now to be found all along the coast of this State and northward are rapidly making their way. As yet, they have not found that favor in the markets of this city which they long ago obtained in the East, partly owing to the presence of the salmon, and partly from other causes, the chief of which is, no doubt, the fact that there has never been such a quantity offered for sale at any one time as to put the price of the article down so low that every one would be tempted to buy through motives of economy, and thereby acquire a taste for such fish as a staple article of diet. The main reason why the shad has not appeared in that abundance in our markets at the present time, which the vast shoals on this coast might justify us in expecting, is the limitation act, which, through wisdom or ignorance (it may have been the one or the other), closed the bay to shad-fishing during the winter months when the fish were here, and opened it during the summer months when they had returned to the ocean. On the Atlantic coast the shad begin to "run" in January in the rivers of the Southern States, continuing to ascend the more northern streams later, as the ice passes out and the waters become warmer. The shad season occupies about six months of the year along the coast. On this side of the continent their course is reversed, and the shad appears in San Francisco Bay in October and leave it about the 1st of May, beginning later as the degrees of latitude increase. From recent accounts the "run" in Columbia River this year is something wonderful, and at the present time the fish are so abundant that they are sold at twenty-five cents per hundred, and thousands fail to find purchasers even at that price.—*San Francisco Alta.*

—From criminal statistics just published it appears that in the year 1881 the total number of persons convicted of the various penal offenses in Prussia, with a population of nearly 29,000,000, was 238,732. Of these 186,222 were males.

Key West has eighty-one cigar factories, employing 5,000 hands, and during the year ended June 30 manufactured 75,000,000 cigars.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—In the State of Mississippi only 1,236 women said their ages were thirty-one, while no less than 10,619 declared they were just thirty.—*Chicago Herald.*

Italy has 7,628 sailing vessels and 92 steamers. The trading vessels are manned by 181,381 men, of whom 4,338 are Captains of long courses and 2,509 cabotage Captains.

—Ostrich chicks are hatching out at the California ostrich farm at the rate of one a day. When they come out of the egg they are about the size of a half-grown duck. They grow rapidly.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The number of watermelons shipped by steamer from Savannah to the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston markets was, for the season, 797,101. The freight averaged six cents, and the average price at which the melons sold was twenty-five cents.—*Chicago Times.*

—The value of the poultry consumed in the United States annually is estimated at $300,000,000, or $6 to each inhabitant. The value of the eggs consumed is set at $240,000,000, or $540,000,000 for poultry and eggs together, or about $10 per head to each inhabitant. The number of eggs consumed is claimed to be 9,000,000,000, or 180 eggs to each inhabitant, which would allow one egg to each person every other day.

—Three public officials in the city and county of New York have incomes from their offices amounting to double the salary of the President of the United States. The profits of the County Clerk from fees range from $100,000 to $150,000 a year. The Register of Deeds is also paid by fees, and squeezes out of the office every year about $200,000. The Sheriff's office is another gold mine, yielding a yearly income of not less than $100,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The geographical limits of some of the world's great cities seem to bear but little relation to the number of their inhabitants. New York now includes 41½ square miles, or 26,500 acres; Paris, within the fortifications, consists of 28¾ square miles, or 18,315 acres; London has 122 square miles, or about 77,000 acres; Philadelphia, with a population of 800,000, has the surprising geographical area of 129 square miles—which is considerably more than is covered by London, even with all its modern additions of what were not long ago outlying and separate communities.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—There are now about 17,000 dentists in the United States, and they pack into the teeth of the American people about a ton of pure gold and five times that amount of less precious metals (tin, silver, platinum, etc.) annually. Now, these metals are worth $1,000,000, and it will take only about 350 years to bury all the coin in the United States in the grave-yards (another feature in favor of cremation). There are about 4,000,000 of artificial teeth made in the United States yearly, yet only one-third of the people avail themselves of this blessing.—*Scientific California.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Please to remember that in the economy of life short progress and honest weight are better than long progress and short weight.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A little singular that passengers are not permitted to converse with the man at the wheel, notwithstanding that he is spokesman of the ship.—*N. O. Item.*

—How the Style Spread.—

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a gown;
She made it up slattern,
With a sack for a pattern,
And the style spead all over the town.

—She was a sweetly inexperienced young housekeeper, as one may gather from her remark when some one suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses. "Yes," she replied, "if they are in season we'd better have some."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—You can not long pass for anything more than your real value, after all. You may wear a placard saying you are solid gold, but men hardly take a second squint at you before they discover that you are pinchbeck. The farmer may shingle and clap-board his old barn, but the moment you get on the inside you see that it is the old barn nevertheless.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is not genius that tells on the world, but downright and honest hard work. Your brains may ferment and effervesce like a yeast pot, but unless you can settle down to steady toil you are worth no more to the community than a soap bubble, which bursts so soon that it is hardly worth one's while to stop to look at and admire it. A good blacksmith is worth a round dozen of geniuses who wear long hair and Byronic collars and wonder why the world doesn't adore them.—*Exchange.*

—Plantation Philosophy.—De edycation ob a man is his silver, but his common sense is his gold. Fortune sometimes comes ter de one what least expecks it, but is more apt ter com ter de man what works for it. De wust boy don't al'ers turn out ter be de bes' man. I has know'd good boys ter drag along an' finally amount ter suthin'. De wust lick I eber got was from a man what didn't want ter hit me. Now I'se mighty kereful 'bout crowdin' a man. When a pusson says dat he wants ter fight, yer's safe; but when he tells yer dat he doan want ter fight, den stop right war yer is.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

An Awful Thought.

A young lady stepped into a certain drug store the other day to quiz the clerk. She gave him this and that, and he soon became red in the face. He was becoming irritated.

"If I keep on," she said, sweetly, "You'll get mad, won't you?"

"Yes, I will," he pettishly replied.

"I'd advise you not. Don't become more worked up than you are. It wouldn't be safe," she answered.

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Because if you become madder they put you in that drawer and sell you out to color old shawls at ten cents a pound. Think to what a base use a handsome drug clerk might come if he didn't use care." And the lady left, much to the relief of the muchly-worried clerk, who failed to "catch on."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

THE RECORDER.

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Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. SEPT. 12 1883.

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1 Column	1 year	$80
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[illegible] "	[illegible] "	10
[illegible] "	[illegible] "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

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One year $1 50
Six months 75
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The Corn Crop for 1883.

[From the Cincinnati Price Current.]

While it is yet to early to determine with exactness what the corn crop of 1883 shall be, the question of its present condition and promise is an interesting one. With a view of ascertaining what this is we have, as heretofore, made extensive investigation by special inquiries, the result of which, carefully collated and computed, is herewith given to the public, from returns received within the past week:

In 1882 the corn area was 65,500,000 acres, and the average yield about 24.6 bushels per acre, compared with 18.6 in 1881, 27.5 in 1880, and 28.1 in 1879. The latter was the highest average on record. The area the present season is 68,000,000 acres and the average yield will probably be about 85 per cent. of the 1879 average, provided the crop reaches maturity without essential interference from frost.

For the seven leading corn States Ohio alone gives promise of a smaller crop than last year, the reduction now indicated being about 15 per cent. while there is a gain of 5 per cent. in Indiana, 10 per cent. in Illinois, 15 per cent. in Iowa, 5 per cent. in Missouri, 30 per cent. in Kansas, and 10 per cent in Nebraska—our approximations for these States reaching an aggregate of 1,042,000,000 bushels, compared with 955,595,800 reported by the Government last year, or an average increase of nearly 10 per cent.

In the South, where there was more than the usual production of corn last year, excepting Texas and perhaps the unimportant ones of Louisiana and Florida, will afford so great a yield as in 1882, and the aggregated crop now indicated is about 420,000,000 bushels, compared with 485,123,500 last year.

In New York the crop is seriously curtailed in many districts, and the average for the State is 30 per cent. below last year, while in Pennsylvania the promise is better, now indicating a crop fully up to last year. The small production in New Jersey and Delaware is not up to last year. These four Middle States now show a promise of 72,000,000 bushels, compared with 78,585,000 last year.

The New England States and other sections of the country not included in the foregoing, last year produced 14,809,000 bushels, and will probably be about 13,000,000 bushels.

The aggregate result is that the gain which is now apparent for the leading corn-growing districts, amounting to about 75,000,000 bushels over last year, will be offset by about an equal deficiency in the South and other sections, so that the general promise of the country is for a crop of proportions corresponding closely to last years production. In these calculations the official exhibits of the Department of Agriculture for last year are adopted as the basis of comparison, and which we regard as about 10 per cent. below the real measure of last year's crop. This means that if last year's crop is reckoned by the 1,617,000,000 measure, it will be equal to this production this year, while, if last year's crop was actually 1,800,000,000 bushels, or more, the promise now is for a crop of equal proportions.

It is safe to assume that we have assurance of a corn crop this season that will reach 1,600,000,000 bushels by official recognition, and 1,800,000,000 bushels in fact, or equal to the production of 1832. It is also evident that the new crop will not be drawn upon for early feeding purposes in the manner which attended last year's crop. It is likewise evident that there is a fair surplus of corn in the West, compared with depleted reserves a year ago. With this fact is the bountiful production this year of oats and hay, and other feeding products. So that the corn crop this season might be 10 to 15 per cent. short of last year, and still be ample for all needs, while the probabilities are that it will not be less than last year, and may possible be greater.

In Ohio the present average promise is about 85 per cent. compared with last year, or 80,000,000 bushels.

In Indiana about two-thirds of the counties report the crop as up to or better than last year. The general average promise is good.

In Illinois about 25 per cent. of the counties will fall short of last year in yield, but in various other localities where there was a marked shortage last year there will be a fair to good crop this season, quite a number of the best corn growing counties reporting a material increase in the yield. The promise now is for 10 per cent. over last year's crop.

The Iowa crop, as in States further East, is quite backward. If the bulk of the crop can reach maturity, it will make a yield fully 15 per cent. in excess of last year.

In Missouri the average promise is for a yield slightly better than last year.

In Kansas returns indicate an average of fully 30 per cent. over last year in the production.

In Nebraska there is complaint that the crop is late, and early frosts would result in much damage. Returns indicate a crop 10 per cent. larger than last year, with no serious drawback from frost, while the gain may possibly be greater with an especially favorable fall.

In Minnesota the crop is backward and early frost would cut it short essentially.

In Wisconsin we place the estimate at 30,000,000 bushels, compared with 32,200,000 last year and 38,800,000 in 1880.

Michigan promises but little over 60 per cent. of a crop.

In Kentucky only a few sections report the crop as good, while many counties are 25 to 50 per cent. short of last year in yield. The indications reported average 85, or about 65,000,000 bushels, which may be somewhat modified; the crop in 1882 was 75,000,000, and in 1880 86.000,000.

In Tennessee there has been much drawback from drought, and the yield will fall 10 to 15 per cent. below last year on the average, a few counties exceeding last year in production. The estimate may be placed at 65,000,000 bushels, compared with 75,200,00 in '82, and 62,500,000 in 1880.

ALTHOUGH the buildings of the North Kentucky Agricultural Society have vanished, our people still cherish a love for witnessing fine collections of stock and agricultural productions such as were to be seen year after year at the Florence Fair; and during the past few days we have talked with some of the prominent men of the county, and find that they are anxious that another agricultural association be organized and a ground prepared for exhibitions.

It is evident that the Latonia association will never have the agricultural feature attached, and it is the one in which the masses of the country people are interested, hence an agricultural fair in the vicinity of Florence would in no wise conflict with the races at Latonia.

We have also been informed that some of the business men of Covington have expressed a willingness to lend material aid to the enterprise and are anxious that some one set the ball rolling.

It seems that the public will now take hold of the matter, and with industry on the part of the advocates of a fair one can be held next fall, and after a few exhibitions it can be made to rank among the best in the State.

The land upon which it was proposed to erect new buildings two years since, can now be purchased for two or three thousand dollars less than it could have been bought for at that time, and with the amount of money subscribed that was promised when the last attempt was made to reorganize the association, everything can be put in readiness for an exhibition, and being located on the railroad would be a great advantage.

An agricultural association properly conducted would be a great benefit to the surrounding country. It would inspire the farmers to an improvement of their stock, and to take more pains with their farm productions. It would be a place where the farmers could meet and exchange opinions, and derive information one from another in regard to many farm topics. It would introduce new and profitable features in farming with which many of our citizens may never become acquainted unless introduced to them through the medium of an agricultural association in their immediate vicinity.

Among other things the social feature is not to be overlooked. It brings together the people of the surrounding county, and affords a means of social intercourse that can be enjoyed on no other occasion. The people of the country become acquainted, and are furnished means of ascertaining what different localities are doing in the agricultural line.

Agriculture is the most important pursuit known to the American people—being the great corner stone and supporter of all other branches of business, and should be given every advantage in asserting itself.

THE Cincinnati Democrats who were disatisfied with the manner in which the Highland House convention was managed, met last Saturday night and nominated another ticket for county officers. It seems that the Hamilton County Democracy is in a bad shape just at the present time when harmony is needed, and while the two factions are cutting one another's throats the Republicans will quietly walk off with all the county offices.

JUDGE HOADLEY's health has failed him, and he has been compelled to retire from the field in the canvass for Governor of Ohio, and the probabilities are that he will do but little more active work during the campaign. To what extent his absence from the field will effect the final result can only be surmised; but the leading men among his supporters think his chances for election will not be put in peril.

GOV. KNOTT's cabinet is as follows: Secretary of State, Ex-Congressman James A. McKenzie, of Christian county; Assistant Secretary of State, Col. H. M. McCarthy, editor of the Paducah Journal; Adjutant General, Major John B. Castleman, of Louisville; Commissioner of Agriculture, Col. John F. Davis, of Shelby county; Private Secretary, Judge Charles E. Kincade, of Louisville.

HON. JOE BLACKBURN has withdrawn from the race for the Speakership in consideration of which he thinks that the Kentucky legislature ought to make him a United States Senator. Well, may be it ought, and as between Joe and Cero Gordo, let us have Joe by all means.

IT is claimed that the Cox and the Carlisle supporters for the Speakership will combine to defeat Randall. Such a combination will be the natural result of these gentlemen's position on the tariff question, which is the issue upon which the race is being made.

HAD Cecil complied with the contract that Sheldon claims was made as between them, Sheldon never would have discovered that Cecil had rendered himself ineligible. It is Sheldon's bull that is gored.

ELLIS CRAFT is now awaiting the hangman's noose, the Court of Appeals having overruled the petition for a new trial, and all that now remains is for Gov. Knott to appoint a day for the execution.

THE New York Sun does not think that the approaching election in the State of Ohio, this fall, will have an important bearing on the Presidential election next year, as the issues are purely local.

LITTLE by little the corrupt means brought to bear in the Louisville convention, are made public. The head and tail of the ticket both seem to have been the result of trading.

KNOTT's majority was 44,434. He ran ahead of his ticket, although his majority was not as large as that of some of the other candidates.

THE Republicans in Hamilton county, Ohio, are laughing themselves blind over the rupture in the Democratic party over there.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer has on hand a $50,000 libel suit. It was not brought by the Commercial Gazette, but by a shoemaker.

THE fight in Hamilton county, O., is between John R. McLean, editor of the Enquirer, and Geo. H. Pendleton.

THE State Railroad Commission met in Frankfort yesterday to fix the assessments of railroads for 1883.

THE Democratic party in Ohio is afflicted with too many great men.

THERE will not be over a half crop of corn raised in Owen this year.

GOV. KNOTT has two colonels and one major in his cabinet.

HENCEFORTH we will spell the word Governor with a big G.

STATE NEWS.

—On 150 miles of the Cincinnati Southern there are twenty-seven tunnels.

—B. M. Burdett, Esq., has bought over 5,000 bushels of wheat in Garrard at $1.

—A Spencer county boy, eight years old, has two grandmothers, two great-grandmothers and two great-great-grandmothers living.

Just From New York WITH A Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS, — AND — OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

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540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY.

—The Allenville (Todd county) Gazette will be published hereafter in Russellville.

—Hon. Critt Reeves, twice a member of the legislature from Todd county, is a candidate for Assistant Clerk of the lower house of the General Assembly.

—Woodford Sun: Patrick O'Hara, the stone-mason, when asked why he sold his bald-faced runaway mare to a minister, replied he wanted to spread the gospel.

—J. W. Berry, of Jessamine, is feeding his hogs with cooked potatoes, and reports to the Jessamine Journal that they are taking on fat at the rate of three pounds per day.

Paris Kentuckian: Our North Middletown correspondent writes us that Capt. Ed Spears has a rooster that watches constantly for and catches mice with the ease and quickness of an old Maltese cat.

—Lexington Gazette: A new market for Kentucky horses has been found in New Zealand. It seems our horses are in great demand from many sections, judging from the number taken from here each year.

—Catlettsburg Democrat: The recent term of the Rowan Circuit Court made it pretty warm for the pistol fiend and the demons who furnish liquors to minors. Their jail is said to be so full of them that their feet stick out the window.

—The Mercer Enterprise says an apple tree in that locality has not failed to bear fruit every season for sixty years. Five feet from the ground it measures around the trunk ten feet nine inches. It is believed to be the largest apple tree in the world, and is now ninety years old.

—Frankfort Yeoman: Mr. Mathew Allen, of Louisville; Dr. Mark Wallace, of Cincinnati and Gen. Jno. Rodman, of this city, were in the Governor's office yesterday, and Sam Gaines says he never expected to see so good a crowd again—Mathew, Mark, Luke and John.

—Hustonville (Lincoln county) item, Danville Advocate: J. W. Allen is buying corn around here at $1 50 per barrel in the field. The drouth has injured the corn to some extent in this part of the county, but the large amount of old corn on hand will prevent the new crop from going up in price.

—Frankfort Yeoman: The colored brothers are very hot over the scratching of Asbury by Kentucky Republicans. Their organ in New York says "the colored man will hereafter only gush over the white man in proportion as the white man gushes over him." That sounds very nice, but the darkey will vote the republican ticket all the same. He may be cussed, kicked and confounded, and he will never have the spirit to rise up against his white republican masters.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF MT. PLEASANT GRANGE HALL.

The Stockholders of the above property are requested to meet in the Hall the 19th inst., at 2 p. m., for the purpose of deciding wether a *pro rata* tax shall be levied on the Stock or the Hall shall be sold, to liquidate the debt now against said company.

J. E. DUNCAN,
OSCAR GAINES, } Trustees.
G. C. GRADDY,

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, PARKER'S TONIC, is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: Dr. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York

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Notice.

500 stock sheep for sale. Call on the undersigned at Bullittsville Boone county, Kentucky. ALFRED S. GAINES.

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

Farm for Sale.

A small farm of 11½ acres, on the Covington and Lexington pike, at the top of Willow Run Hill. On it are a commodious house, necessary out buildings and a good orchard. Title good. Call on W. C. Tupman, Sheriff's Office, Covington, Thomas Tupman, Kenton Heights or W. L. Riddell, Burlington.

For Sale.

70 Stands of Bees.

I will sell the entire lot at $5 per stand, or will sell 35 stands at $6 per stand. Persons buying one or two stands can get them at $10 per stand. A larger number will be sold proportionally cheaper. No honey has been taken from the brood department, and the stands are all in good order.

E. E. UTZ.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of Churchell Clore, decd., will present them properly proven as by law required. HENRY CLORE, WM. CLORE, Executors.

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land. 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office.

44-2-m

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Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with your attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Billious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

INJECTION SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation. *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim Burlington

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Riley, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Erastus Garrison, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come foward and settle their indebtedness at once. C. T. RICE, Admr.

FOR SALE.

A full blooded Alderney cow—will be fresh in the spring. She is very gentle and a good milker. CY RIDDELL, Hebron, Ky.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnetta, Commonwealths Attorney; N. E. Hawes, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

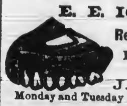
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and R. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Lodor fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders [illegible] fully solicited

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 *E. 54th St., New York, May* 16, 1882.

MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen: Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

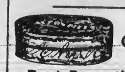
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.



AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
—Best Purgative Medicine—
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Billous Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS. Box [illegible], Corning, N. Y.

NEVER FAILS

FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness* and *Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 2[illegible] W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. [illegible] Garretson & Co., [illegible] College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

The tobacco knife is now getting in its work.

A fire was a good thing to have in the house Saturday.

Some have commenced salting their cisterns to save the water.

Mine host of the Boone House is being annoyed with hay fever.

We have recently experienced a few nights nearly cool enough for frost.

The Cincinnati dailies have been full of exposition gush the past week.

Mr. G. T. Gaines has the finest young horse in this part of the county and he has a big price on him.

Two five thousand-dollar damage suits have been filed for trial at the next term of the Circut Court.

Johnnie Burke has joined the Lime Kiln Club, being initiated last week, as evidenced by the Central Hotel premises.

Between the Aurora Fair and the North Bend Association, our town was on the verge of depopulation all last week.

The RECORDER acknowledges the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Falmonth Fair which is in session this week.

Henry Clore, in attempting to get off a fence the other day, got hung on an iron spike which inflicted a very ugly wound.

Prof. R. O. Hughes will teach a ten months school for the Bullittsburg neighborhood, and Prof. Stephenson will teach in Florence.

M. S. Rouse, of the Florence neighborhood, was in town the other day, and says there will be an average crop of corn in his neighborhood.

Going along the street the other evening we were sure Rex had come to tow, but upon investigation we found it was only a croquet ground illuminated

One of Union's legal luminaries is a fine pedestrian, and considers a tramp from Union to Burlington and return in an afternoon, very pleasant exercise.

The rivalry for the dudeship of the Teachers' Institute led to a squabble among the teachers. The matter is to be carried to the State Superintendent.

The honey bees are becoming a nuisance by visiting kitchens and sitting rooms in great numbers. Probably the dry weather has forced them to new fields in search of food.

Since last October James Conner has handled 4,500 sheep and lambs, 2,500 hogs, 500 cattle and 50 horses. If he has realized fifty cents on each head of stock handled, he has made a very good year's work.

One day last week, Mrs. James Westbay narrowly escaped being badly burned. She was attempting to move a pan of grease from the stove, when it ignited and the flames enveloped her head and body.

Moses Shropshire, of Scott county, and a brother of Mrs. David Hogan, of this county, was married, Sunday week in Ohio, to Miss Nancy Dixon, of Loveland, Illinois. The groom is 83, and the bride 45.

The older member of this firm will be chief cook and bottle-washer at his house for the next ten days as his better half left for Indianapolis Monday. There are seven days races at Latonia during her absence.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Tim Westbay, of this place, and Jno. Welsh, of Florence X-Roads, have organized a mutual admiration society. John is president and Tim secretary. The first meeting of the society was held in Burlington last week.

I take this means of notifying the public that I am prepared to grind corn at my mill on the Burlington and Petersburg pike near Legrand Gaines' and solicit the patronage of the surrounding country. Will grind every Friday.

4t-43 LEWIS GRAHAM.

The other day as L. P. Arnold's carriage was being driven rapidly down Jefferson street, it collided with a porker, which came near upsetting the carriage. People should be careful and not interfere with the town hogs as they (the hogs) have the first privileges on the streets of Burlington.

Several of our exchanges came to hand bearing what purported to be portraits of Governor Knott, no two of which looked a like, some of them being a fair representation of a tolerably decent tramp. If some of those editors representing the Governor as such a horrible looking person, get into trouble during his administration they certainly will not expect executive clemency. They are guilty of an unpardonable act.

The Aurora Fair was well attended last week and the exhibition very large and fine. We see the names of the following Boone county people among the list of successful competitors: J. W. Gaines on jack; W S Walton, on stallion; Riddell & Norris, on yearling colt; R A Brady, fastest racker. On the 3d day premiums were awarded Boone county stock as follows: J C Jenkins, on colt; Riddell & Norris, on four year old mare; same, on yearling; W S Walton, on all purpose horse. On cattle the premiums were divided between J. C. Jenkins, of this county, and J. H. McDaneli, of Gallatin county.

Read W. E. Piper's ad in this issue.

Deputy Sheriff German is attending the Falmouth Fair.

E. W. Duncan is attending Medical College in Cincinnati.

Wm. Smith, who lives on Woolper, lost a child last week, by scarlet rash.

The cold weather has created some uneasiness among the tobacco growers.

The Boones go to Covington next Saturday to play the Kentons a return game.

David Blythe left Monday for Hanover, Ind., where he will attend school again.

Marce Riddell captured a handsome prize for horsemanship, Saturday, at the Aurora Fair.

Some claim that jack frost was lurking in the low lands in this locality Sunday morning.

Hall's Hair Renewer is the least troublesome to apply, and the most cleanly, of all hair preparations.

A. W. Smith is arranging his baggage for a trip to the land of flowers, where he will sojourn for several weeks.

Don't forget Wm. Walton's sale on the 27th inst. It will be the largest sale of personal property had in this section for a long time.

A portion of the land William Walton purchased out west, is in the midst of the territory where oil has recently been discovered.

While in town last Saturday, William Conner, of Florence, showed us three very ancient coins, aged respectively 152, 114 and 107 years.

Last Wednesday night McMullin's saw mill at McVille came near burning. The fire was discovered at a late hour at night and was extinguished.

The frost last Saturday night, on low lands, bit corn, tobacco and other growing vegetation. The top leaves of some patches of tobacco were badly burnt.

William Green, of Dillsboro, Ind., was in Burlington Saturday. He had not been here for many years, and none of his old acquaintances recognized him.

A tramp with a hand-organ attachment struck the town the other day, and ground a few nickles out of the plethoric pockets of some of our citizens.

Capt. Bradley's Wave that plied the Ohio between Aurora and Rising Sun, could not stand the pressure when being inspected last week, and her boiler bursted.

The ruling of the Superintendent of Public Instruction as to what constitutes an attendance at the Teachers' Institute is the reverse of that of our commissioner.

Saw mills in the country are enjoying a water famine. Graham's mill, on the Petersburg and Burlington pike, and Russell's mill on the Burlington and Florence pike, have been shut down for several days for the want of water.

Mittie Acra left Tuesday morning with a display of harness for the Falmouth Fair. He took with him the set of harness which took the premium at the Alexandria Fair over a set that took a medal at the Cincinnati Exposition last year.

Miss Mary Light, of Covington, who has been visiting her relatives here for several days, has, during her visit, executed many nice sketches, some of which are as truly comical as the object sketched. The back view of "Buck Shot" can not be beaten.

Another worthy lady of Boone died on the 6th inst. Mrs. Jennie Riggs, wife of David Riggs, on that date died of typhoid fever after a painful illness of three weeks at her residence, in Petersburg. The remains were buried on Friday in the Petersburg cemetery. The friends of the deceased have the sympathy of the entire community.

The weather last week was very fine for out door meeting, and the attendance at the North Bend Association was very large. Quite a number of able ministers were in attendance and preached during the meeting. Each day a fine dinner was spread by the ladies of the Bullittsburg neighborhood, and everybody were invited to partake.

Last Sunday morning about 9 o'clock the alarm of fire was turned in from box 29, calling the bucket-brigade to the first ward in Bucktown. The department was not long in responding, but on arriving at the spot found it to be the burning out of a chimney in one of the negro cabins in that part of the town. This makes the third time this year the brigade has been called upon and each time on Sunday. Just now is a bad time for a fire to break out, as water is very scarce and everything is so dry it would not take long to lay the town in ashes. People should be very saving with the water.

A few days since a goverment officer visited Burlington to ascertain if the dealers in tobacco and whisky were all straight on the stamp question. In a few days after his visit, Keene Robbins, proprietor of the Sandford House, received a notice to report to the Commissioner in Covington, because of some defect in stamps on cigars he had in his stock. Keen took the cigars and the bill for them given him by the man from whom he bought them, to Covington, where he satisfied the authorities as to his innocence in attempting to wrong Uncle Sam. The Commissioner took the name of the party who sold Robbins the cigars, for the purpose of a further investigation. Colter, of Rising Sun, sold the cigars to Robbins, and he will, in all probability, be called to an account.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

We are cool and dry.

Farmers are busy cutting tobacco.

John and William Rue have sold their hogs. James Conner was the purchaser.

Mr. Rue, of Gunpowder, is building a fine house. Be sure and put it above high water mark.

Burlington was well represented in our burg last Sunday. Dr. J. M. Grant and family, James Connor and family and R. C. Rice and wife were visiting at O. P. Conner's.

Our new school teacher is boarding at O. P. Conner's.

Lewis Parsons come from Milan, Ind., last week to run one of H. P. Parson's saw mills, but was taken sick and had to return to his home last Saturday.

J. O. Huey now rides in a new buggy.

Hebron.

Continued dry weather has made almost a total failure in our late vegetables.

The farmers have to feed their stock now. They will have a long siege of feeding.

Miss Ada Wilhoit is visiting in Saxon county, Ind.

J. W. Davis now occupies his fine residence.

Johnson Aylor is building a dwelling in Deer Lickville, near Jake Crigler's.

J. D. and J. B. Cloud are attending school at Springfield, Ohio.

Scott Walton's Norman horse captured four premiums at the Aurora Fair.

Geo. W. Knapp will give a grand ball at the Hebron Hall, on the evening of 26th inst. Everybody is respectfully invited to attend. Good music will be furnished.

Constance.

Everything is lively around our burg.

The saw mill is doing a good business.

Jode Peno is again able to be out.

Wm. Souther and son have gone to the Exposition at Louisville, where they will spend a week or two.

Geo. Brown is making preparations for his Southern trip. George is a jolly fellow and will be sadly missed by his many friends.

The Harvest Home picnic was largely attended by our most prominent citizens.

Several of our boys may go to Covington to see the Boones make those two runs. Don't shut the Kentons out, boys.

James B. Helm left, last Monday, for Tennessee, where he will meet J. T. Haley for the purpose of canvassing the State.

Charley Riggs, left last Thursday for Vanceburg, Ky., to join E. E. Souther in the picture business.

The party given at the residence of Mr. Simpson Riggs', was an enjoyable affair. All present had a splendid time.

Petersburg.

Col. Davis is visiting at Lexington, Ky.

Miss Jennie Star, of Aurora, Ind., was the guest of Mrs. Lucy Kirkoff, last week.

Mrs. Ella Jenkins and Miss Jennie Duck, of Lawrenceburg, were visiting friends here last Friday and Saturday.

Our old friend, Charley Riggs, formerly of this place but now of Buffalo, spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Capt. A. B. Parker now has charge of the office on the Str. Minnie No. 2. Arthur is a good clerk and the right man in the right place.

Capt. Mort Christy, of the Str. Wave, is very sick with typhoid fever. Our genial little friend Elihu Alden has charge of the boat.

Joe Weindell, Bill McWethy, Bill Snyder, Elmore Wingate, Lon Yerkes, Charley Kine all left for Memphis, Tenn., last Monday night to go to work in the cooper shops. These boys are all good coopers and we have no doubt but what they will do well.

Mr. William Smith, of Frankfort, Ky., is visiting his father at this place.

Miss Nora Jackson has gone on a two weeks visit through Hamilton and Owen counties, and while gone will attend the exposition at Louisville.

Mrs. Fannie King, of Carrollton, Ky., is at home on a visit.

Union.

Mrs. Dr. Blanton still remains dangerously ill.

Miss Nannie Burkitt is dangerously ill from typhoid fever.

Mrs. J. D. Gaines and son are convalescent.

Jack frost called Sunday morning to remind us that old winter is coming again.

Everybody's chickens are dying, and everybody has a remedy that won't cure.

Stock water is becoming seriously scarce.

The Big Bone end of the U. & B. B. Turnpike is progressing rapidly under the contractorship of Geo. W. Baker, 'Squire Howlett and Dexter Tuft, while the Richwood and Big Bone pike is making fine progress under Nicholas Talbott, as contractor. These roads will meet a long felt want.

L. B. Stephens is doing the Louisville Cotton Exposition.

Esq. Bannister's court will convene Thursday next with a full docket.

Miss Lillie Rouse has a flourishing school The public school is also prosperous under Miss Nannie Bristow, as teacher.

Rev. Jas. A. Kirtley preached Sunday night to a large audience.

The Bible and Its Distribution.

Rev. S. D. Gaines, the Agent of the American Bible Society, is now canvassing Boone county with a view of furnishing the Scriptures to everyone who wants a Bible, by sale to those that are able to buy, and by gift to those who are not. Now, this is a work dear to every Christian—let everyone take him by the hand and assist him in his work. The work is ours, and let us see that it is thoroughly done in our several localities.

W. E. HUDSON.

I have been canvassing about Big Bone Springs and Hamilton, and have been greatly aided and cheered in my work by J. W. Kennedy, of Normansville, a good and active member of the Baptist Church, and have been conducted around and introduced by Mr. William Hudson, a member of the Presbyterian Church. No one knows better how to appreciate such kindness than my humble self, who is unacquainted with the people and the different localities in the county of Boone.

S. D. GAINES.

Our Walton correspondent's account of the suicied of Hugh Ingram came to hand the day after we went to press. Our correspondent says that the cause of the rash act is unknown, but the supposition is it was caused by the bite of a mad dog received several years ago. Mr. Ingram was a moral and religious man, highly esteemed by all his neighbors.

J. J. Berkshire has on exhibition at Dudley Rouse's store fine specimens of Irish potatoes: White Elephant, Early Vermont, Brownsville Beauty, Chicago Market, Clark No. 1, White Angrus Rose, Mammoth Pearl, Burbank and Beauty of Hebron, the Early Vermont being the largest in the lot.

E. E. Foster has a relapse of the fever

5

LIVER diseases, headache, and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

LEWIS, IOWA.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

GARFIELD, IOWA:—Dr. A. T. Henack says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

Jeans, Flannels, Yarns, & Tweeds.

I opened last week a full line of the above Goods from the well known Manufactures J. Schofield & Son, of Madison, Ind., and invite you to examine and Price before you buy elsewhere.

MEN'S PANTS.

Jeans Pants at $1 and upward.
Cassimere Pants from $2 50 to $4 00.
Moleskin Pants the best for workingmen at $2 50.

MY STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Is replete, Embracing some choice Styles in Fall Prints, Indigo Blue Prints, Brocade Dress Goods, Bed Comforts and Blankets.
Buy the Solar Tip School Shoe for Children.

W. E. PIPER, Burlington, Ky.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞ Office over Dudley Rouse's Store. ☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington. - - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. H. I. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
☞ Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

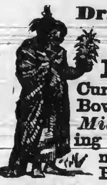
AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
[illegible]
should take a policy at once.
N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.
DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
R O U S E.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.
I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.,
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.



TRADE MARK.
Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '183

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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
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RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The east is gray with a flush of rose,
Birds are singing the world awake,
The farmer's wife has no time to pause,
She has the early meal to make;
For well she knows on this summer day
Men are far too busy to wait
When they are ready to cart the hay
And the wagons stand at the gate.

Oh! but the flowers in the garden are fair!
And oh! but the wind is cool and sweet!
She has her daily duty and care
To keep her busy, both hands and feet.
Perhaps for a moment her heart does turn
To the shady wood and the rippling brook,
But bread is to bake, and butter to churn,
And the twelve o'clock dinner to cook.

Perhaps in the warm afternoon, once more
Something within did strongly plead
For the rocking-chair by the open door,
And a pleasant paper to read;
But men are hungry among the hay;
Weary workers must still be fed;
She gets the flour and the kneading-tray,
And she cheerfully makes the bread.

She is hot and tired, when sweet and still
The moon comes up like a peaceful psalm;
She feels her heart to its beauty thrill,
She longs to sit in its holy calm;
But now the children must go to bed;
Who but a mother can hear their prayers?
Their little torn coats wait needle and thread—
Oh! these are the sweetest of all her cares.

She sits with a smile on her weary face,
The toil of the day is counted not;
Love gives to labor a tender grace,
Hurry and heat are quite forgot.
No need to pity the patient heart
Missing the pomp and pride of life,
For hers is a woman's noblest part—
Honored Mother, and trusted Wife.

—*Lillie E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.*

DREAMS.

Vain Fantasies, the Children of an Idle Brain—The Marked Difference Between Coincidences and Warnings—a Few Hard Nuts for Philosophers to Crack.

> "Dreams are but children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."
> —*Shakespeare.*

> "Well may dreams present us fictions,
> Since our waking moments teem
> With such fanciful convictions
> As make life itself a dream."
> —*Campbell.*

What is a dream? Is it a temporary frolic of the brain which, released from the guidance of reason, relaxes from rules and laws and indulges in a little incoherent amusement of its own, as the chairs and tables are said to do when the family has gone to bed and the house is still? Does it originate and invent its fantastic images, or are they merely the shadows and echoes of past events? Is it a psychological influence, or a spiritual one, or a blending of both? There certainly have been dreams that foretold events which came true, and how, then, did the sleeper get his premonitory knowledge? Bottles of hot water placed to the feet will produce certain impressions and dreams of vague and unsatisfactory nature. Ice, applied to the temples, will give happy dreams, in which rare colors appear before the dreamer's eyes. But these are effects caused by the bodily sensations, and are communicated to the brain by nerves, not by occult intelligence. A French writer is quoted as saying that to dream gloriously we must act gloriously while we are awake, and to bring down angels to converse with us in our sleep we must labor in the cause of virtue during the day. There can be no possible doubt that the same idea or train of ideas which pursues us through the day follows us into the land of dreams and runs up and down the ladder of sleep with a persistency which often is annoying and wearisome. Sometimes the idea that eluded us in the day comes to us at night. Musicians have found a lost chord in their dreams; mathematicians have decided abstruse calculations by the correct figures which their waking minds could not grasp, but which came to them clearly when they were sound asleep and were with them when they awoke. Franklin had several of his projects decided for him by dreams. Sir J. Herschel composed poetry in his sleep, which he committed to paper on awakening. Goethe says, in his memoirs: "The objects which had occupied my attention during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams. In the morning I was accustomed to record my dreams on paper." Coleridge composed his poem of the "Abyssinian Maid" in a dream, and it was said of Lord Jeffrey that, although he went to bed at night with events, plans and dates all in a whirl in his head, during sleep "they all crystalized around their proper centers."

It is considered among people of education and refinement a vulgar habit to relate dreams or attach any importance to them; yet we are told of Lord Bacon that he himself records a dream in which he saw his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar, and he had no doubt on waking that he should hear bad tidings. It actually proved true, as his father died on the very night on which he dreamed. When Postmaster Jewell was dying he awoke from a brief sleep and inquired if anything was wrong in the family of ——, mentioning his brother-in-law's name. They told him there was not, when he remarked: "Very strange," and added that he had dreamed there was. His brother-in-law had just died, but the family deemed it best to keep the news from him, fearing fatal results.

In the old Bible days young men saw visions and the old men dreamed dreams, and great importance was attached to them, as the history of Joseph shows. The Egyptians and Babylonians governed thier lives by dreams, as the Chinese do to-day. There is something more than an idle superstition in the matter; but, as all people are not dreamers, there are many who are utterly skeptical. There are incidents in the writer's knowledge of dreams so remarkable that they can not be explained. If they were warnings, they failed to warn or to alarm, but they anticipated strange events. One was that of a little child who had never seen a coffin or looked on death. He sat at the breakfast-table eating his bread and milk, happy and in good health. Suddenly he looked up at his mother and said:

"Mamma, last night when I was 'sleep a man came here with a pritty box for me."

Then he took some bread crumbs and showed his mother the shape of the box. Her heart stood still, for it was the exact outline of a coffin, and in less than a week her darling was buried, a victim to spasmodic croup.

A Mrs. Griffin had several sons grown to manhood, one of whom—her eldest and best beloved—was away from home. The mother slept alone, in a bed-room off the sitting-room. In the night she dreamed that her son came home, entered the sitting-room, warmed himself at the fire, took off his coat and hung it over a chair, and looked in at her a moment, as was his habit before retiring. She tried to speak to him, but could not. In the morning she awoke with the impression that he had really come home and looked for his coat and hat, but, as it was not there, concluded he had taken it up-stairs with him. At breakfast, as he did not appear, she sent one of his brothers up to call him, but the young man came back and said his bed was not disturbed and he had not returned. While they were eating breakfast he rode into the yard on a powerful black horse he had just bought. All the family turned out to welcome him and inspect his new purchase, and as he stepped out with the animal to show it off it kicked at him viciously, killing him on the spot. Four of the five sons in that family died violent deaths, and in each case the mother had a remarkable dream. But these are coincidences rather than warnings, and are not susceptible of any coherent or scientific analysis. That mysterious reflex chord which unites kindred may act as an imperfect spiritual telegraph wire over which ill news travels in ghostly, intangible shapes, but it is worked by no human agency. As the moon controls the tides in their ebbing and flowing, so do the powers of air control our world of dreams. It is only when we give them reasoning or perceptive faculties that we make a mistake, and overvalue their power.

Ignorant people fortify themselves with what is called a dream-book. By reading it for an interpretation we find that to dream of snakes denotes an enemy; to dream of a looking-glass, treason; to dream of receiving letters is a good omen; to dream of pearls, poverty and misery; to dream of peanuts you will be poor, contented, hearty and happy; to dream of a peacock is a sign of poverty; to dream of a wedding is a sign of a funeral, and to dream of a funeral you will go to a wedding. It is believed that certain days and conditions will regulate the quality of the dream.

> "To-night, to-night is Friday night,
> Lay me down in dirty white;
> Dream who my husband is to be;
> And lay my children by his side,
> If I'm to live to be his bride."

Fortune, marriage and death are the events which the dreamer is always endeavoring to interpret. The first two belong naturally to those who are beginning life. Gamblers think a great deal of their dreams, in regard to cards, but as it is hard to control those erratic messengers a class of people called fortune-tellers do the dreaming for a consideration and predict luck. The queen of hearts is considered favorable to marriage and riches. To dream of this card is great good luck. The jack of spades is an ill omen. There are conditions attached to the objects dreamed of, as this:

> "A maid who dreams of verdant groves,
> Will surely have the man she loves;
> But if the groves are nipped with frost,
> She'll be sure in marriage crossed."

If a young man dreams of marrying a pretty girl, he will be sure to marry a simpleton; and if a girl dreams she has a nice-looking lover, it is a sure sign she will take up with a putty-head.

> "To dream you love a girl who's pretty,
> Foretells that you'll in sorrow part;
> But if you dream she's wise and witty,
> She'll be the darling of your heart."

There is this peculiarity of dreams—they all stop just short of fulfillment. If we dream of a banquet we awake just as we raise the viands to our lips. We dream of thirst, but not of quenching it. We dream of flying, and just as we launch out and are about to enjoy the delightful sensation of floating in space we awake with a bumped head from having come in contact with the floor. The dreams of an opium eater are said to be delightful, but not so are the contortions and shrieks which accompany them. The same law of contradiction which is used poetically to express the meaning of dreams may be applied to their actions. When a baby smiles sweetly in its sleep the mother says it dreams of angels, but the doctor explains that it has the stomach-ache. Lover gives the correlative of this very prettily in his ballad of Rory O'More:

> "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,
> Sure I dhrame every night that I'm hating you so."
> "Och," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
> For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear."

—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

A Fresh Romance.

Mr. Thomas Evans, of Louisville, Ky., was formerly a photographer. In the hopes of bettering his fortunes he went to Arkansas on a prospecting tour. That was in the early part of 1882. It will be remembered that last year a series of most destructive floods occurred in Arkansas. Cities and villages were invaded by the relentless element. One night the rain came, and with scores of others, Mr. Evans awoke to find himself in the grasp of the waters. He was rescued by some adventurous boatmen, but in such a weak, unconscious condition that for eight hours he was believed to be dead.

He was taken to a hospital, where he was seized with an illness which kept him in his bed for twelve months, and well-nigh proved fatal. When he gradually recovered he found himself paralyzed in the arm and hand so that he could not write. The letters he dictated were either miscarried or never sent, so that the only intelligence he received from home was a report of the death of his wife. He recovered all but the use of his hand after awhile, and then it was months before he was able to return to look up his children.

In the meantime it was reported here that he was drowned in the flood, from which, indeed, he so narrowly escaped. Mrs. Evans refused for a long time to believe what every one else accepted as truth, until, as the weeks and months rolled on, with no other tidings of either good or ill, she was at last forced to conclude herself a widow. The prospect ahead of her was a dreary one.

A joyous surprise was, however, in store for her. As she sat at her window Thursday, near noon, looking out on the street, her eye was caught by what seemed a familiar figure. Her heart beat wildly, and looking closely, she saw what seemed to be the ghost of her husband hobbling along the street on crutches and looking eagerly around for the house to which he had been directed. Had a thunderbolt struck her she could not have been more astonished, and, almost fainting, she sank into a chair, deathly white and trembling. Her little daughter, frightened at her mother's unnatural appearance, ran to her side, and in a weak voice was told to run down to the door and meet her father. The child went to the window, and looking out, saw her father approaching, but the crutches deceived her, and, returning to her mother, she said the man was not her papa. By this time, though, he had reached the door, and in another moment was in the arms of his wife. The meeting was an affectionate one. Husband and wife were alike overjoyed at the discovery of the cruel mistake under which they had been laboring, and the children were almost insane with happiness.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.*

—When Henry Ward Beecher was at Grand Forks, Dak., he was invited to umpire a base-ball match.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—The largest cow in America weighs 3,200 pounds, and gives milk in Chase County, Kan.

—Mr. W. H. Bull wishes he had more pea and bean vines for cows; he finds that this feed increases the flow of milk.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Summer squash dipped in batter and fried brown is a good substitute for egg plant. Season with pepper and salt and serve hot.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A farmer in Herkimer County, N. Y., raises his best potatoes on a soil consisting entirely of pure sand. He enriches with plenty of barn-yard manure and plants six or eight inches deep. His crops are sure and excellent.

—The New York *Herald* says: "The feet and legs of horses require more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as a coat."

—A Pennsylvania girl thinks the advertisement of agricultural societies are the best commentaries on the management of their fairs. "Look at the premiums," she says, "for the fastest trotting horse, fifty dollars; for the next fastest, twenty-five dollars; for the best loaf of bread, fifty cents.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Pickles made of citron are appetizing. Pare and cut the citron in small strips; boil until tender in water in which you have dissolved a small bit of alum; drain this off, and pour vinegar seasoned with spices over the citron; let this all come to a boil. Put away in glass cans, and keep in a cool dry room.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Noontime should be kept by every farmer, and work should be suspended when the steam whistle of some neighboring factory, the bell of the village church, or the housewife's horn announces that it is twelve o'clock. To go to the house, indulge in a wash at the pump, eat a hearty dinner, and rest afterwards, perhaps enjoying a smoke, requires an hour—good honest sixty minutes. Nor should this be entrenched upon by grinding scythes, feeding hogs or doing other chores. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," we are told, and he is also entitled to his nooning.—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

Clover and Its Use.

Allow me to make some suggestions as to the uses of clover. I will premise by saying that clover *is not* a hay or forage plant; that whilst it may be used for that purpose, its great use, in the economy of nature, is to restore the fertility of cultivated lands, and to maintain that nice adjustment of the atmosphere which adapts it to the wants of all living things.

In early spring, wheat fields, and all fields of small grain, should be sown with clover seed. It will grow with the growing grain, and be a decided advantage to it, because clover draws its food from the atmosphere, taking nothing from the soil required by the growing grain, but absorbing the noxious gases and fluids which cause rust, mildew and blight. After the grain is harvested, the clover will fully occupy the ground, and if of strong growth may be pastured in autumn, but in the following spring should be allowed to grow undisturbed until in full bloom. Then the most economical use it can be put to is to turn it under with the plow and plant the ground with corn, which will produce a full crop with but little labor in cultivation. But when last cultivated—say in the month of July—the ground should be sown with clover seed, which will grow with advantage to the corn, will fully occupy the ground and fertilize it and take the place of weeds and wild grass, which would impoverish the soil.

When the clover is wanted for hay and seed—for, by a wise provision of nature clover makes two crops, the first for hay and the last for seed—in harvesting the first crop, care should be taken to cut and remove from the ground all grasses and weeds. The clover will immediately grow and ripen its seed before other plants will fairly begin to grow, hence nothing but clover seed is harvested. This seems to be a provision of nature, to keep clover seed from a mixture with other seeds.

If possible, clover should precede and follow every crop. Every uncultivated field and all unoccupied land should rest in clover; and the wealth of the country would be improved if the wild grasses and weeds were forced to give place to clover, for we know that noxious gases and vapors are continually arising from the earth. Some of them are from decaying vegetable or animal matter, and some of them are miasma. All are offensive to the smell and injurious to the health of man. Clover, by means of its chemical powers, not only absorbs these gases and feeds upon them, but freely gives out oxygen, which unites with them, and oxydizes or destroys them, and in this way cleanses the tainted air.

Because of this salutary effect of growing clover upon the air, we say of people who live in affluence and luxury, "*They live in clover.*"—*J. M. McCullough, in Western Farm Journal.*

Remedy for Hen Lice.

One of the most pestilential visitations in the hen-house is lice; abundant at any time from May until frost comes. They do not confine their presence to their own quarters. If in the vicinity, they invade the pig-sty, the carriage-house, the horse and cow stable. The horse and his rider are both likely to be covered with this minute pest. They do not trouble the farmer's hen-roost always, for the hens as a rule have the freedom of the premises, roost in the apple trees by night, and wallow in unlimited dust by day, which effectually rasps off the vermin. But many must confine their hens in narrow quarters during the growing season, if they keep them at all, and these creatures come upon them by stealth. Do you suggest fumigation by tobacco, or by sulphur? What if your hennery is complete in its ventilation, and without a door? It will not hold smoke. Do you advise whitewash and thorough cleansing? That is a big job. Kerosene is now in almost every man's house, and this cheap agent will make you master of the situation. Saturate every box, perch and beam in the establishment, and the job is done. Use the lamp-filler carefully, and much trouble will be avoided.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Prof. Pulitzer, the eminent savant, who recently became the victim of a suicide-duel, was the uncle of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York *World.* By his will his splendid museum of anatomical specimens, numbering thirteen thousand pieces, and valued at one hundred thousand dollars, is bequeathed to the young journalist who, it is said, will establish a free museum in the building adjoining the *World* office, in New York City.—*Chicago News.*

Prehistoric Man.

The *Union Medicale* announces a discovery of the highest scientific interest, and which, if it turns out to be real, will show that prehistoric man is no longer a myth. On piercing a new gallery in a coal mine at Bully Grenay (Pas-de-Calais) a cavern was broken into containing six fossil human bodies intact—a man, two women and three children—as well as the remains of arms and utensils in petrified wood and stone, and numerous fragments of mammals and fish. A second subterranean cave contained eleven bodies of large dimensions, several animals, and a great number of objects, together with precious stones. The walls were decorated with designs of combats between men and animals of gigantic size. A third and still larger chamber appeared to be empty, but could not be entered on account of the carbonic acid it contained, which is being removed by ventilators. The fossil bodies have been brought up to the surface, and five of them will be exhibited at the mairie of Lens, the others are to be sent to Lillie, in order to undergo examination by the Faculte des Sciences. Representatives of the Faculte des Sciences, of Paris, and of the British Museum having been telegraphed for, are expected to be present.—*Nature.*

—The Puritans of New England had their own way of testifying how much they thought of the female sex. If a man and a woman were convicted of a capital crime they hanged the man and burnt the woman. Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* recalls the last instance of this fine discrimination. It occurred in 1775 at Cambridge, when two servants were executed for poisoning their master. They were drawn on a sled to the place of execution, and Mark, a fellow of about thirty, was hanged, and Phyllis, an old creature, was burnt to death.

—Juvenile precocity seems reduced to its finest point of development. Ernest Hambly, a Louisville lad, aged twelve, was attacked by three or four boys, when he repulsed them by effectively using a knife on two of them, slashing them in true ruffian style. His heroism in self-defense is marred by his evident desperate nature, and his future is by no means promising. When twelve year-old boys resort to the knife as a means of defense it indicates a state of society that is by no means desirable.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

An insurance agent named Pyle
In running fell over the stile,
St. Jacob's Oil gave relief
And the pain was so brief,
He got up and said: "I should smile."

A lame old lady at Kovass,
Had no one to advise her,
'Till Doctor John Boyle,
Tried St. Jacobs Oil,
Its action did simply surprise her.

The original D'Arc horse is supposed to have been that which Joan first rode.—*Somerville Journal.*

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered for the last ten years from Hay-Fever. I desire to testify in favor of Ely's Cream Balm. My short use of it demonstrated its efficacy. J. MAIDHOF, 491 Broadway, N. Y. 50 cts.

A BARREL of money makes a hog sot in society.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Two-Thirds of a Bottle Cures.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured.

Gratefully,
MRS. H. C. LOVETT, Watseka, Ill.

IT is reported that an angry passenger threw a porter from a Pullman parlor-car out West. This was probably the biggest tip the porter ever received.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases

A specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

MODERN Song of the Shirt: "Rip, rip, rip, band and gusset and seam. Rip, rip, rip; confound the sewing machine."—*Philadelphia News.*

HAY-FEVER. I have suffered for eight years with Hay-Fever. In July I resorted to Ely's Cream Balm, have been entirely free from the fever ever since. E. C. HILLMAN, State Arsenal, Trenton, N. J. 50 cts.

YOUNG MUGGINS recently became a party to a very interesting sleight-of-hand performance. His girl gave him the mitten.—*Toledo Blade.*

SICK and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

RUBBING is a popular remedy for many complaints. Rubbers have certainly kept a great many people up.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

ESSEX COUNTY, VA.—Mr. James R. Micon, clerk of the County, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it valuable for the purposes which it claims."

YOU can't count votes honestly by electric light.—*Boston Star.*

A GOOD medicinal tonic, with real merit, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

A SHELL race—Oysters.—*Boston Bulletin.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, September [illegible], 1883.		
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@ 4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@ 4 70
Good packers	4 75	@ 5 10
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	4 40	@ 4 45
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 10½	@
No. 2 winter red	1 06	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51	@ 51½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	27½	@
Rye—No. 2	56½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 00	@
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 00	@ 13 25
Lard—Steam	8-10	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	15	@ 17
Prime Creamery	18	@ 20
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar, from store	1 30	@ 1 40
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 25	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@ 3 80
Good to choice	4 80	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 16	@ 1 17
No. 1 white	1 16	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	63	@
Oats—mixed	31	@ 35
PORK—Mess	11 00	@ 14 25
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 06	@
Corn—No. 2	48½	@ 48¾
Oats—No. 2	25½	@
Rye	55½	@
PORK—Mess	11 95	@ 12 00
LARD—Steam	8 35	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ [illegible]
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15¾	@ 1 15⅞
Corn—mixed	61½	@
Oats—mixed	33	@ 35
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	15 00	@
Lard—Refined	10½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 03	@
Corn—mixed	49½	@
Oats—mixed	28	@
PORK—MESS	13 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 04½	@
Corn—mixed	49	@
Oats—mixed	26½	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

THE successful photographer is a man of extensive views.—*Boston Transcript.*

WARRENTON, N. C.—Rev. J. E. C. Barham says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters. It is a complete restorative, tonic and appetizer."

A SOCIAL gathering—taking up the collection.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, Irritation. $1.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic

Should be taken by the weak, worn and dyspeptic. Colden's, no other.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

THE Proprietors of the *Farm, Field and Fireside*, Chicago, are meeting with great success in securing subscribers to their publication. In addition to furnishing an excellent paper at the low price of 50 cents for six months, they propose to distribute $40,000 in presents to their readers. See their announcement in advertising columns.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain!
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE,
Headache, Toothache,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
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BEAVER COLLEGE MUSICAL INSTITUTE, on the Ohio River, 28 miles below Pittsburgh, at Beaver, Pa., offers to young Ladies a quiet home, with every advantage for a thorough literary, musical and art education at moderate rates. Address REV. R. T. TAYLOR, D.D.

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RUBBER STAMPS, with your name 30 cents; scrapp[illegible], 3c a sheet. Cards, Type, Etc. Agents Wanted. List free. THALMAN M'F'G Co., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail. Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

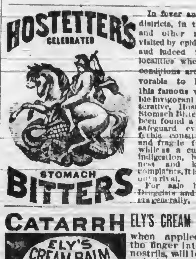
$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

EXPRESSMEN LIABLE.

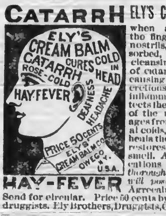
MR. A. S. MERRILL, the popular expressman of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883, as follows: "Having been severely afflicted for about two years with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, so called by my physicians, I suffered with distressing pains in my back and retention of urine, caused by a stoppage of the neck of the bladder, and a complication of other diseases. I was hardly able to attend to my business, and at times would be completely prostrated. I was also affected with incontinence of urine to an alarming degree, indeed, it demanded my attention fifteen or twenty times per night, and at times it would seem impossible for me to ride down to the depot on my wagon, for every jar from the wagon would almost seem to take my life. Having failed to obtain relief from my doctor, I finally consulted our druggist, Dr. Merryman, of Brunswick, and requested him to furnish me with the most reliable and speedy cure for such sickness, for I was suffering too much for human nature to endure long. The doctor recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with remarkable success in a good many cases in Brunswick and vicinity. I purchased a bottle, and received such great relief that I continued, and had not used two bottles before I began to improve beyond my expectations. The pains in my kidneys and loins disappeared, I gained strength, and my water began to pass naturally, and I was able to sleep soundly, and obtain the greatly needed rest which for a long time I could not. I am fully restored to health, and can attend to my business. Thanks to Hunt's Remedy for my restoration, and I highly recommend it to all who are troubled with kidney complaints."

COULD NOT LIFT A POUND.

The above are the words of Mrs. Harriet Bailey, of Putnam, Conn. She writes May 3, 1883: "I have been troubled with kidney and liver disease for two years. I suffered severely in the back and loins. Before taking your wonderful medicine, Hunt's Remedy, I could not lift a pound. After giving it a fair trial, I began to improve, and can now truly say it was a 'Godsend to me,' as I am now able to do my household work and enjoy the best of health. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to two of my neighbors, who have been greatly benefited by it. This letter I send voluntarily, with the hope that it will be the means of inducing some sufferer to use Hunt's Remedy, and be cured as I have been."



In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PORTABLE & STATIONARY
Steam Engines
and STEAM BOILERS, smaller sizes adapted to
Farm and Plantation Use!
$200 We make six sizes, capacity from 3 to 50,000 ft. per day with [illegible] No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill. LANE & BODLEY CO., John and Water Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. [illegible] free.

WEEKS SCALE WORKS.
BUFFALO, N.Y.
3-ton, $35.00
4-ton, $65.00
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

A FORTUNE Sample for stamp. Lady or gent $10 per day. Smith & Rhines, E. Saginaw, Mich.

Fast Potato Digging!

The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!
Sent on 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.
Agents Wanted.

Write Postal Card for Free Illustrated Circulars. Mention this paper. Address Monarch Manufacturing Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!
DR. WM. HALL'S
FOR THE Lungs. BALSAM
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

Grocers and Dealers
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TEA AND COFFEE.
Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT — USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc., Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Texas Send at once for Maps, Pamphlets, Land-folders, etc., describing the marvelous growth and wonderful resources of the Great South-west. Address N. R. WARWICK, 131 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES. Complete assortment of the newest, richest and most beautiful Carpets produced by the best manufacturers in America. Correspondence solicited. Samples and prices by mail. T. M. SNOWDON & CO., 107 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHICAGO SCALE CO.
2 TON WAGON SCALE, $40. 3 TON, $50.
4 Ton $60, Beam Box Included.
240 lb. FARMER'S SCALE, $5.
The "Little Detective," ¼ oz. to 25 lb. $3.
300 OTHER SIZES. Reduced PRICE LIST FREE.
FORGES, TOOLS, &c.
BEST FORGE MADE FOR LIGHT WORK, $10.
40 lb. Anvil and Kit of Tools, $10.
Farmers save time and money doing odd jobs.
Blowers, Anvils, Vices & Other Articles
AT LOWEST PRICES, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

CANCER AND TUMORS Treated scientifically and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. *Drs. Gratigny & Norris*, 204 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 100

EDUCATIONAL.

COLLEGE PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, CHICAGO. Elegant building. Experienced Faculty. Low fees. For catalogue address D. K. STEELE, M. D., 1 [illegible] State St.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Term $4[illegible]. Positions for graduates; write for circular.

$40,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!

This Offer Good Till Thanksgiving Day Only.

The proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into houses where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profit this year and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 100,000 copies. Its circulation is now 65,000. Only 35,000 more needed to force the distribution takes place. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before, the following plan has been adopted by us:

FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away.

5 U. S. Government Bonds of $1000	$5000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of $500	5000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of $100	1000 00
1 Matched pair of Trotting Horses	1000 00
1 Grand Square Piano	800 00
1 Grand Cabinet Organ	[illegible]
1 Three Seat Rockaway	200 00
1 Silver Dinner Service	160 00
5 Top Buggies	1000 00
20 U. S. Greenbacks of $50 each	1000 00
100 Photograph Albums $2 each	200 00
2 Village Carts	200 00
1 Pony Phaeton	100 00
1000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives	$1000 00
1000 Gents' Pocket Knives	1000 00
1000 U. S. Greenbacks of $1 each	1000 00
10 Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement	800 00
10 Ladies' Gold Watches, English Movem't	[illegible]
20 Boys' Silver Watches, American Movem't	200 00
8 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	400 00
3 Patent Harvesters	1000 00
1 Normandy Work Horse	500 00
2500 Elegant Oleograph Pictures	[illegible]
5 Rawsilk Parlor Suit Furniture	1000 00
1400 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Bands and Chains.	

And 92,935 other presents valued from 25 cents to $1 00, which makes a grand aggregate of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 Cts. as directed. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen at the Festival by the Subscribers; this festival will take place without fail. It will not be necessary for Subscribers to attend the Festival, as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. THE 50 CENTS which you send us is the regular price for Six Months' Subscription, and the extra chance of [illegible] presents. OUR PROFIT will be in your future patronage. [illegible] YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. [illegible] of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send you the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble. [illegible] with $5 and we will send 12 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. We shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Eighty Columns), including elegant cover, bound, stitched and cut. And now has a circulation of 65,000 copies, and we are sure to reach the 100,000 at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on that date. It contains Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day, as well as an Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work. Illustrations of different parts of the UNITED STATES and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women. In short, it contains that which will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family. THE PROPRIETORS are men of means, who always have done as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfill to the letter any offer we may make. TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL we will send a printed List of the Awards, and all Presents will be forwarded to Holders of Receipts as they may direct. If you have not seen this elegant and beautiful paper, send for a Sample Copy which will be Sent Free. ONLY 50 CENTS secures the FARM, FIELD & FIRESIDE Six Months, and a numbered receipt. The paper is worth double the subscription price. [illegible] Money in sums of $1 00 or less may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk, larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. money order or Express. (Mention This Paper.)

REMEMBER these are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free. Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again, and is the last opportunity you will have to take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Two-cent Postage Stamps taken in sums less than $1.00.

Read These Testimonials.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.
We have furnished the paper for the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE for several months, and have always found its Proprietors honorable in their dealings, and prompt in their payments.
CHICAGO PAPER CO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.
The Proprietors of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE have paid me several thousand dollars for press-work on their paper. I have always found them prompt in all transactions.
A. G. NEWELL.

August 15, 1883.
I am highly pleased with your paper. The information concerning Poultry management alone is worth five times the price of your paper, saying nothing about the valuable Farm information and interesting stories, etc.
W. R. SIMPSON, SLIPUP, Morgan Co., Ala.

BRAIDWOOD, Ill., Aug. 11, 1883.
I am very much pleased with your paper. Every number seems to me to become more attractive and profitable. I have shown it to several of my friends, who were at once delighted with it.
Mrs. J. F. EARLE.

WAUSEON, O., Aug. 11, 1883.
I received a copy of the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE some days ago and must say that I was well pleased with it. I find it *a first-class journal for the farmers,* of whom I am one. With such an agricultural journal every farmer can receive much benefit.
[illegible] HAYES.

MEXICO, Juniata Co., Pa., July 24, 1883.
I herewith send you the names of fifteen subscribers to the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, which I secured in less than as many minutes.
B. L. SHUMAN.

SOUTH UNION, Ky., July 13, 1883.
It is certainly the best paper I ever saw, neat, plain, instructive and beautifully illustrated.
E. L. HOTE.

ILDERTON, ONT., Aug. 8, 1883.
I have lately been a subscriber to your lovely and profitable paper, and must say I am more than pleased with it. I gave my subscription, in the first place, more to have a chance for one of the many presents than for anything contained in the paper; but I find the paper is worth three or four times the money beside all presents.
S. W. PAISLEY.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., July 9, 1883.
I received the papers all right and am delighted. My friends and subscribers say they are surprised at its size and beauty. Every person that has seen the paper acknowledges it to be the best paper printed, and say it is *worth $2 per year.*
TIMOTHY MOSELEY.

The FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

1 Like an Evil Spirit.

In olden times it was thought that evil spirits came in through cracks and keyholes. The generally approved way to keep them out was to plug up the keyholes and stop the cracks with cotton. Notwithstanding these preventive measures, the evil things had their own way and often came in as they pleased.

So comes malaria now-a-days. We try to keep it out of the keyhole and it comes in by the crack. We stop up the crack, and lo! it comes from a leak in the plumbing, or an opening from some neglected drain, or from some unsuspected source and unguarded direction.

We cannot always keep malaria out, but we can give it battle and drive its effects from our systems. If BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is taken in time, malaria has not a ghost of a chance. This is the great family medicine. Your druggist sells it, and you ought to keep a bottle in the house.

PILES "Anakesis" gives *instant relief*, and is an *infallible cure* for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples *free*. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Wanted Agents Male and female for new book, "Daughters of America." Low in price. 50c. will secure an outfit and agency. Address FORHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

A. N. K.—E. 942

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1883. NUMBER 47.

ONLY.

Only a shred of hair set in a ring;
Yet how I prize that lock of silken hair!
I do esteem it as a priceless thing,
And evermore the precious bauble wear.

Only a little chair, long vacant now,
But memory often fills the empty seat;
A fair, sweet child, with calm and sinless brow,
I see in fancy sitting at my feet.

Only the portrait of a childish face,
The silent shadow of a vanished form,
Pressed often to my own in glad embrace,
With loving prattle and fond kisses warm.

Only some broken toys; but oh! to me
They are the relics of a happy past;
Kept as a treasure under lock and key,
Mementoes of a time too bright to last.

Only some little garments, worn and old,
Gazed at in secret sorrow now and then;
Guarded as misers hoard their darling gold,
And hide the treasures from the eyes of men.

Only two tiny shoes worn-out almost;
You would not deem them worth a passing thought;
But oh! they conjure up a rushing host
Of sweet, sad memories that come unsought.

Only a little bed; how oft I bent
To kiss the lovely tenant sleeping there;
My heart was happy in its great content,
Nor reck'd the sorrow it has had to bear.

Only a little while, but short at best,
And time will waft us to the other shore;
Partings and death no more shall rack the breast
In that blest home, the land of Evermore!
—*John Askham.*

A CLIFF ADVENTURE.

In the far north, long ago, when I was a boy, my brother and I used to be expert cragsmen, if I may use the term. Few things gave us more pleasure than to scale all the steep precipices, of which there was no lack in our neighborhood. These precipices ranged from one hundred to four hundred feet in height. We were never troubled with dizziness and, boy-like in such a pastime, did not know what fear meant. Dangerous it certainly was, and many a narrow escape we had. I shudder now at the thought of the places in which we ventured. One of our adventures after birds' eggs very nearly proved fatal. We had often tried, but had always failed, to obtain any ravens' eggs for our collections. We were anxious to procure specimens, and determined that somehow or other we should. Now, be it known to those who are not acquainted with the character and habits of the "bird of ill omen," that he is one of the most sagacious and cunning of the feathered tribe. He builds his nest high up in the most inaccessible cliffs, so that it is almost impossible to reach it except with the help of a rope, and even with such assistance it is no easy task. We knew of a raven's nest about fifty feet from the top of a very steep and bare precipice of four hundred feet which there was no possibility of scaling in the usual way. Above the nest the cliff was partly overhanging, and beneath and on both sides, except the spot chosen for the nest on a solitary shelf, it was smooth and steep as a wall. For many years the same pair of ravens, safe and unmolested, had occupied this spot and reared their broods; but, with the pertinacious ardor of boyhood, we were resolved that they should no longer find that their eyrie was impregnable, and we laid our plans accordingly. It was necessary to have recourse to a rope, that one of us might be lowered down from the brow of the cliff; also a pulley, in the form of what sailors call a "block," was required; for one of us would, of course, have been unable to haul up the other with the single rope only; but the doubling of the rope by means of the block would diminish the weight and pressure by one-half, and bring the task well within our strength. Accordingly, we obtained a coil of about forty fathoms of rope, such as is commonly used for the sheet of the sail of a small boat; also a small block, and a strong oak stake.

The brow of the cliff was a smooth, grassy sward, the turf being hard, and, to all appearance, tough. We secured one end of the rope to the stake, which we drove firmly in the ground right above the raven's nest. My brother was to make the descent; I was to stand by the rope and manage the lowering and hauling up. A small piece of wood to sit on having been attached to a loop of rope and secured to the lower end of the block, all was ready for action, and the descent commenced. Slowly I paid out the rope. I could not see over the cliff, but was quite within easy ear-shot, and every second or two the shout came up: "Lower away, lower away;" at last it was: "Hold hard," and in a little: "All right. Haul up now." I knew that the prize was won, and began to pull away lustily and cheerily; but when I had recovered not more than three or four yards, to my horror and dismay I noticed the treacherous soil yielding to the strain, and the stake being drawn. I had barely time to seize the stake end of the rope. Another moment and the stake would have been wrenched out of the earth and dragged right over, and— well, I dare say I should have held on; I am sure I should; but that would have been of no avail. My poor brother must have fallen down, down, till the block caught the stake with a jerk, which would have fetched me over, too, if I had kept my hold; and down those terrible hundreds of feet we should have been dashed to inevitable destruction. As it was, the situation was dreadful enough for us both. For some time at least I could hold on, but that was all. It was beyond my strength now to haul in one yard of rope. "Haul away, can't you?" shouted my brother, little thinking what a dreadful thing had happened.

I paused a moment before answering. I was afraid, when he knew the truth, that he might faint or lose presence of mind at the appalling position in which he was placed. I did him injustice. A braver, cooler spirit never beat in breast of man or boy. "Don't be alarmed," I cried, "the stake is loosening a little." That is how I put it, to lessen the shock to his nerves. "Keep still a moment," I added, "till I see what can be done." But, in truth, I could not think what was to be done. I could do no more than hold my place and my hold. "Has the stake entirely slipped its hold?" he cried. "I fear so, yes," I replied. "But don't be afraid; I can easily hold you as you are till we think what can be done." He knew the worst then; we both knew too well the peril of the situation. Had he been only a few feet from the brow of the precipice, he might have got up by the rope hand over hand, for he was light, wiry and active, and his muscles strengthened and toughened by constant exercise, gymnastics, rowing, cricket, and the like. But nearly fifty feet! It was out of the question—it was impossible—and we both knew it. Moreover, we had no hope of help coming. There was not the slightest chance of any one passing that way; for the cliff was far away from human habitation, an isolated headland at the extremity of a peninsula, where a few more than half-wild sheep grazed; a place, therefore, where no one had occasion to visit except the owner of the said sheep two or three times in a year. Of all this we were perfectly aware. "What's to be done?" at last I cried. "But at any rate don't get shaky."

Firm and clear came up the reply: "Shaky! old fellow. No! that I shan't, and I know you won't, either. I know you won't let go. We shall do yet, never fear. I am thinking of a plan." And then, after a moment's pause, "I have it. If you hold hard by the stake end of the rope, and slip the other over, I'll slide down till I reach some footing. Wait till I shout that I'm all ready, and then kick the rope out as far as you can, that it may not come down on my head. You understand?" "All right," I shouted back, instantly comprehending and immensely admiring the ready wit of the device. "Be careful in moving; don't jerk; give the rope a twist round your legs, and slip down slowly." It was not without danger that this could be done, and everything depended upon steadiness and nerve. Haste or flurry would in all probability have been fatal. He had to disengage himself from the loop in which he was sitting, pull himself up a few feet, and get firm hold of the rope with hands and feet above the block; and to accomplish this, hanging as he was in mid-air was no easy matter, as the reader will readily understand. In a few seconds I knew by the strain on the stake end of the rope that he was transferring his weight to it alone. "Now, then," he cried, "pitch away; I'm ready."

There was no tension now on the longer end of the rope. With both hands, therefore, I grasped firmly the stake, and kicked the coil as far as I was able. "All right!" my brother shouted. "Hold hard now, and I'll slide down slowly." We knew the rope was not long enough to reach all the way down to the rocks and bowlders where the sea was grumbling; but we had good hope that a hundred feet or so down he would find a footing. In a little more than a minute I felt the tension suddenly cease, and grew deadly faint from the terrible fear that he had lost his hold. The next instant, to my inexpressible joy, I heard his far-off shout: "Right now, old fellow, I've got good footing, and will be up directly; it's all plain sailing now." I ran along the brow of the cliff to a point from which I could see him. I seemed scarcely able to realize that he was safe till I actually did see him. He was nearly half way down, and we waved mutual congratulations to one another. After a few minutes' rest, he passed along laterally for some distance, and then ascended by an easy part of the precipice which we had often before traversed. At last he set foot on the green turf, where I was anxiously waiting him. Each looked into the other's flushed and streaming face, and I am bound to acknowledge that, though we tried very hard, we ignominiously failed to repress a little blubbering.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Revival of Cherry.

Those to whom fifty years is a memory readily recall the cherrywood tables, bureaus, drawer chests, that were then in fashion, when the more gaudy and more costly mahogany had but lately come in. It is an evidence of a return to good taste that the wood of the cherry tree is again in favor, not only as it exists in old furniture, but in its new requirements. It is largely used in cases for musical instruments—melodeons and organs—and in furniture—chairs and tables—after being "ebonized," or blackened by acids and dyes. But it is also coming again into use in its natural color. One of the finest banking houses in the Eastern States is finished entirely in cherry, and it is beautiful. The wood, filled and not varnished, has a soft glow not possessed by any other, and has none of those distortions of grain that are so unpleasant in mahogany.

The timber is chosen from the wild cherry, which in New England and the North generally does not usually grow to a girth of more than twenty inches, but in some of the Western States and in the South frequently attains a diameter of twenty-four inches. The domestic fruit cherry gives some good specimens of small timber, but as the tree is rarely sacrificed until it is past bearing and is decayed, this source of supply is precarious. Like all close-grained timber, the best specimens are those which grow slugly in exposed situations and not in a dense forest. The facility with which cherry can be worked makes it a favorite with the cabinet-maker.—*Scientific American.*

Rights of the Bull in England.

A recent decision by Lord Coleridge, C. J., in the Queen's Bench Division, as quoted by the *New Jersey Law Journal*, sounds singular here, where statutes and municipal regulations so generally prohibit estrays, and hold their owners liable. Unfenced highways are increasing under the protection of these laws, and in some New England cities and villages there are long stretches of front yards and lawns without any defensive protection from the traveled street or roadway The judge in this case ruled that the owner of an ox, which had entered the plaintiff's open shop door while being driven through the street, could not be held liable for damage done. He said: "We find it established as an exception upon the general law of trespass that where cattle trespass upon unfenced land immediately adjoining a highway, the owner of the land must bear the loss (quoting authorities). I could not, therefore, if I would, question the law laid down by such eminent authorities, but I quite concur in their views, and I see no distinction for this purpose between a field in the country and a street in a market town. The accident to the plaintiff was one of the necessary and inevitable risks which arise from driving cattle in the streets in or out of town."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Steel nails are the latest novelty.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Minnesota is to have a sugar beet factory, with machinery imported from Europe. It will be ready for operation next spring.

—The people around Anniston, Ala., are not satisfied with the everlasting supply of timber in that county, and the replanting of oak and pine trees has begun.

—An Elmira (N. Y.) florist has succeeded in growing bananas in a greenhouse, and the fruit is said to be a vast improvement on that imported from the tropics.

—The first salt made by white men in Syracuse, N. Y., was made in 1788, the annual product at that time being one hundred barrels. In 1880 the product was sixteen million barrels.

—Honey-raising in cities is a new industry lately developed. The editor of a magazine published in New York City and devoted to bee culture is a practical man, and keeps an apiary of one hundred hives on the roof of his publishing house in the heart of the city. The owner says his bees gather honey from the trees and flowers in the city, and do not go beyond its limits.

—Dr. Brown Sequard is said to have discovered a new anesthetic which destroys sensibility, but not consciousness or physical activity, for an entire day or more. When it is administered to a man by the hypodermic injection process, he is not incapacitated for work or enjoyment, yet he can submit to having his flesh cut without feeling any pain. It is obviously a marvelous gain for medical science. It is some form of carbonic acid.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Curiosity-lovers and those scientifically inclined may be much gratified to know that napkins are now being made of spun glass, a luxury which few persons will deny themselves at the reasonable price of $100 per dozen. They are of a delicate pearl color, about the size of an ordinary breakfast napkin, and almost as pliable as silk. The filling consists of minute glass threads, crossed, by a silk chain; and the fringe of glass fiber is about two inches long.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The heat from an electric lamp of 100-candle power is from 57 to 158 heat-units, that of the incandescent lamp of equal brilliancy from 200 to 536. The argand gas-burner is the next best light in point of coolness, but this is represented by 4,860 heat-units, a colza oil lamp by 6,800, a flat wick petroleum lamp by 7,200, and a tallow candle by 9,700. Light for light, therefore, the heat of an electric arc lamp under the most favorable circumstances is to the heat of tallow candles as 1 to 170.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Captain John Ericson's latest invention is a "solar engine," whose use in irrigating tropical lands entitles it to notice in this column. Of its success the venerable inventor has no doubt whatever. It may be rigged up on a houseless and treeless prairie, and is propelled by an engine set in motion by the heat of the sun, without direct human guidance. It is expected this device will prove sufficient to irrigate perfectly a district like Southern California, where sunshine without rain lasts six or seven months at a stretch, and where the sun is remarkably fertile. In fact it is applicable to the complete irrigation of all parts of the country wherever the sun shines and water may be reached by boring.

PITH AND POINT.

—We have heard of a great many different ways to make hens lay, but the surest way is to use a little hatchet.—*Exchange.*

—It is just as well that a majority of people have trouble. They would go out and borrow it if they did not have it in the house.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A committee of one-eyed citizens will go up to Frankfort this winter to see what the new Legislature is willing to do to restrain the feminine parasol. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Before cutting a man's head off in China the authorities considerately make him drunk. In this country they considerately make him drunk before putting a head on him.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—Dr. Crosby says "those who are engaged in amassing colossal fortunes belong to the dangerous classes." We do not care to be referred to in that pointed way, and the Doctor had better stop it.—*Texas Siftings.*

—There are few things so irritating in this life as to wait half an hour for your adversary at checkers, and then have him look up, as just aroused from a nap, and stupidly inquire: "Whose move is it?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—"The reason I don't have a choir," said a certain colored preacher of Syracuse, N. Y., "is because Mary don't speak to Jane and Jane don't think much of Ellen and Jim thinks Bill goes home with his own girl too often."

—"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young woman to play upon the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow." "Why, what followed?" asked a half-dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A railroad restaurant sandwich sent among some minerals to the Concord School of Philosophy puzzled that body more than a little. Finally the majority decided that it was a piece of rock of the paleozoic age, while the minority contended that it was a fragment of an exploded meteor.—*Norristown Herald.*

—She was from Toronto, and was speaking ardently of her home. "You've no idea," she said, "How the Dominion towns are growing." "Oh, I think I have," replied the Buffalo friend. "Able class of people, too. Read every day of lots of bank cashiers and the like gone over there to stay."—*Buffalo Express.*

—When Ethel tumbled down and broke a basket of eggs, the children all cried: "Oh, Ethel, won't you catch it when your mother sees those broken eggs. Won't you, though!" "No, I won't tach it, either," said Ethel. "I won't tach it at all. I'z dot a dranmother!"—*Eli Perkins.*

Religious.

THE GIEIN' O'T.

Ther's mony a way in this warl' o' care
O' helpin' each ither our burdens to bear;
A kind word or smile to a he'rt that is sair
Ait's a blessin an' costs but the giein' o't.

The giein' o't! ay, it's a wearyfu' soun';
It's naething but "gie me!" the hale warl' roun';
But though wild be the cry that upon us comes doon,
Yet how backward we are at the giein' o't!

Nae doot it is wealthy we'd a' like to be,
For we think if we'd lot's o't, thon plenty we'd gie;
But aye the mair o't the grip tichtens a wee,
For rich folks are ill at the giein' o't.

There's some folks wo hear o' wha gie a big sum,
An' then the newspapers beat up the big drum
To tell the hail country; puir bodies stan' dumb,
An' scarce think their mite worth the giein' o't.

But I wad fain ask them, if I had their lug,
Did they e'r scrimp their scone, or their giess, or their jug;
Their wives and their weans we see happit sae snug—
Did they e'er want a dress wi' the giein' o't?

But what though our names may be never in print?
A Reporter's abune, an' to Him it's weel kent
What we gie, and the blessin' He never will stint
Gin oor heart an' oor prayer's in the giein' o't.

An' oh! to remember, when gien', to try
Oor cauld, selfish natur' within to deny!
Seek His glory alane who for us came to die,
Gave His life, to bless us in the giein' o't.

And when with sad he'rt at His footstool we bow,
How can we expect He'll an answer bestow
If roun' that same he'rt love of self we allow
To keep back oor haun in the giein' o't?
—*N. Y. Observer.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. 16—A Praying Mother	1 Sam. 1:21-28
Sept. 23—The Child Samuel	1 Sam. 3: 1-19
Sept. 30—Review.	

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 7—Eli's Death	1 Sam. 4:10-18
Oct. 14—Samuel the Judge	1 Sam. 7: 3-17
Oct. 21—Asking for a King	1 Sam. 8: 1-10
Oct. 28—Saul Chosen King	1 Sam. 10:17-27
Nov. 4—Samuel's Farewell Address	1 Sam. 12:13-25
Nov. 11—Saul Rejected	1 Sam. 15:12-26
Nov. 18—David Anointed	1 Sam. 16: 1-13
Nov. 25—David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2—David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9—David's Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30—Review.	

A CHRISTIAN IN ALL THINGS.

We read the other day of an act of Christian unselfishness which is well worth recalling. A farmer died last month in Ohio, leaving a large family of children and a considerable tract of land. Some years ago he had deeded forty acres of the land to one of his sons, and leased all the rest to him for thirty-two years. By this means the other children were cut off from any share in their father's estate for a very long period. Their lawyer wisely advised them not to undertake a legal contest, and suggested a conference with the fortunate brother. To the astonishment of all concerned, after a brief conversation he tore up the lease, and said the land covered by it should be equally divided among the others, he himself retaining only the forty acres deeded to him. He explained this unexpected action, so different from that commonly taken in similar circumstances, by saying that he was a Christian, and could not conscientiously leave his brothers and sisters "out in the cold."

According to the world's way of looking at things, this was a very singular, not to say absurd, proceeding. "Every man for himself," "look out for number one," "get all you can, and keep all you get"—these are the maxims most in favor when questions of property or money-making are concerned. Those who act on them are not always willing to acknowledge the fact, even to themselves; none the less they square their conduct by the intensely selfish principle embodied in them. So much, apparently, of present prosperity and future comfort and security depend upon the acquisition of money that, in their eagerness to acquire it, men grow impatient of the restraints of conscience, and resolutely harden themselves against all the generous impulses and affection which ought to control their dealings with others. In such a case as that above cited, they say to themselves: "This property was left to me; why shouldn't I enjoy it? Let the others shift for themselves." In business they learn to employ all sorts of "tricks of trade," in order to get the better of their fellows. In politics, to what immeasurable depths of meanness, duplicity and corruption will they not descend for the sake of victory and a chance at "the spoils." And the same low view of what is right and honorable largely affects the dealings of men with one another in every department of life.

We need not say that this selfish spirit has nothing in common with "the mind which was in Christ Jesus" —the large-hearted, unselfish spirit of the Gospel. "Every man for himself," and "do to others as ye would that they should do you," are two very different principles of human conduct. It is useless to try to reconcile them. Yet how many Christian men, misled by a feverish haste to be rich, or by an anxious desire to promote some cause, good in itself, in which they are deeply interested, are continually attempting this impossible task! And what strange things they will do, and justify themselves in doing them, on the specious plea that they can not otherwise succeed in accomplishing their underundertakings. If that be so, better not succeed! For the reason that every Christian is bound by his allegiance to Christ, to act in all things on a higher principal than that of mere worldly self-interest. What if it does prevent his making money as fast as his neighbor? What if his cherished plans do fail because he will not stoop to underhanded means to accomplish them? Suppose it does constrain him to be fair and honest in dividing an inheritance, to his own pecuniary loss? If he is a true Christian, he will "count it all joy" to do the right and noble thing in every case, even when he knows that he will suffer loss by doing it.

Christian highmindedness is one of the virtues that will bear a good deal of careful cultivation in this evil world. There are so many temptations to swerve from the path of absolute, uncompromising rectitude in order to accomplish what seem to be desirable ends, that one needs to fortify himself against them at every point. Meanness, trickery, low ambitions, sordid purposes, often take possession of even good men's souls, unless they keep watchful guard against them. We know no wiser way of keeping these intruders out than to cultivate a broad, manly, unselfish, thoroughly Christlike spirit in all things.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Push.

"Push" is a little word, but it means a great deal. A man's destiny often hinges upon the possession of the quality this word implies. Go into the city and ask who are the successful men in business and in all kinds of professional life, and how seldom will you fail to hear the remark: "They are full of 'push.'" Not that a man must elbow his way rudely along, without regard to the rights of others, true, some pushing men do this, either from too intense an interest in their own affairs, or too little regard for others—but these are not the men of whom we speak. But a man may be very courteous to, and thoughtful of others, and at the same time crowd his own business with might and main. He is the man of push. He is the man of whom a London paper is speaking, when it says:

"Nothing is done without "push" nowadays. No man in any capacity will do much if he has it not. We are not speaking of impertinence and ignorant ambition, but of an earnest sprightliness of character which makes every act an interest and the stepping-stone to something better. And not in commerce only, but in our church life we need the impulsive principle."

We all like to see this quality in men. The business man who throws his whole soul into his business, other things being equal, is sure of success, for we look upon him as a *live* man. His energy and push begets the same in all his employes, and in all his customers. The physician who moves with decision and celerity begets confidence and hope in his patients. The lawyer who pushes his case is far more sure to win. The teacher who brings his scholars sharp to time and crowds them, is far more successful in developing their latent talents. And the minister who possesses this quality is likely to be most successful in winning souls and rousing the church to action. Push will not take the place of integrity, or medical skill, or legal lore, or insight into character, or godliness, but added to any or all of these is a mighty power. Oh, for more sanctified push in our churches to rouse idle and discouraged members to earnest action. Brethren, carry this quality into your work, wherever it is, whatever it is; and may God bless you! efforts.—*Golden Rule.*

On Reverence.

In all grades of society some outward token of respect is shown even to equals, and still more to superiors. Nor will any but the most thoughtless affirm that this is a thing of mere conventional etiquette, "more honored in the breach than in the observance;" it springs from a deep instinct of our nature, and is intimately connected with the well being of society. It not only gives finish to character, but, like the enamel, it protects as well as beautifies. Indeed, so close is the relation which mankind have recognized between morals and manners, that in some languages the same word suffices to express both, as if the one could not flourish in the neglect of the other. Retined and gentle manners, then, are as important as they are pleasant; they are to be classed among things useful no less than among things ornamental. And if this is the case in the ordinary intercourse of society, it is emphatically the case in religion. If it is considered a violation of correct taste to approach one of high earthly rank without the customary obeisance, it is a breach of propriety still more gross and unpardonable to enter the presence of the eternal God with coarse familiarity or outward disrespect. The Psalmist only expresses the spontaneous feeling of every healthful mind, when he says: "O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."—*Homiletic Magazine.*

Choice Selections.

—A soldier in battle should feel as if the whole battle depended upon himself.

—You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—*Lavater.*

—There is no evil we can not either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—*Webster.*

—Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation. —*Addison.*

—The stimulating power and comfort of sympathy none can express, save he who has realized it. It has a power like the magnet, unseen but potent, which draws to itself the wandering, scattered particles that exist around it.—*Rev. E. H. Delk.*

—In one of his stories Anthony Trollope makes a common farm laborer encourage his clergyman, who was in very trying circumstances, by saying: "Parson, it's dogged as does it!" Hold on, is his idea; see the thing through to the end; endure to the very last. There is no little philosophy in the peasant's blunt expression. There is hardly any quality so essential to real success as the ability to hold on. We all know men who are gifted; their knowledge or there genius surprises and delights us. But they never make much of a success in life, simply because they do not hold on. They have no "staying power." Sanguine in their expectations, a little difficulty casts them down, and they give over their efforts. Men of not a tithe of their real ability will push their way to success by sheer force of dogged determination. There is a lesson here also, we think, as concerns Christian character and service. The crown comes not to him that begins simply, but to him that overcomes.—*Christian Weekly.*

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Green, one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose,
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face, or comb my hair.
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere;
And never have again to fill
That old chip-basket—so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said—"Good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said: "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There, now!" said Sammie Green; "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip-basket—so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said, anxiously, as he passed thro';
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper time on top of bread!"

One block from home; and Sammie's dear,
Weak little heart was full of fear.
He thought about "Red Riding Hood;"
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The bean-stalk boy, who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo fum;"
Of the dark night and the policeman,
Then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in thro' the old wood-shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread!"
—*Mrs. Susan T. Perry, in Golden Days.*

AUNT PENELOPE'S CAKE.

Teddy was sitting on the back door-step trying to make up his mind whether to play Daniel in the lion's den, with Bose for lion, or Robinson Crusoe, with Timmy Jones for his man Friday.

He was wondering, too, if the days here at Aunt Penelope's were not, at least, twice as long as they were at home.

What would he not give to see papa, mamma, Nell and Margie, to say nothing of Dick and Tom?

The thought of them was too much for him, and though he would never have owned it, his blue eyes completely overflowed.

"Hannah," said Aunt Penelope, coming into the kitchen, "you may stone some raisins and cut up some citron. I think I'll make some loaf-cake this morning."

Teddy rubbed his eyes briskly with his jacket-sleeve, and listened eagerly.

"Mr. Kent is coming to tea. You may make custards and biscuits, and some time in the course of the day you may bring up that jar of strawberry preserves"——

Teddy's face fairly shone. If he had a weakness, it was strawberry preserves and loaf-cake. As for Hannah's custards, they were not to be equaled anywhere by anybody.

It wasn't so bad having to stay at Aunt Penelope's, after all. At any rate, he would wait until to-morrow to see the folks at home.

"I declare!" said good Aunt Penelope, an hour later going into the pantry, "I never saw a handsomer loaf of cake in my life, though I do say it, as shouldn't."

As for Teddy, who, having at length decided upon playing Daniel, was busily engaged digging a den, his mouth fairly watered at the delicious odor wafted out to him.

"It'll be an awful long time till night," he sighed. "It most seems as though I couldn't wait."

"O Miss Penelope, do come *quick!*" cried Timmy Jones, rushing into the yard just then. "The baby's took a fit, and mother's off washing!"

Miss Penelope left her cake by the open window, picked up her sun-bonnet and ran, calling to Hannah to follow.

For a few minutes Teddy continued his excavations. Presently, however, he paused.

"I should like," he said to himself, "to know if that cake *looks* as good as it smells."

So accordingly he stood on tiptoe, turned the slats and peeped in.

It certainly did look very delicious, though he could not really get a good view of it.

Somehow he had lost all his interest in Daniel.

"I'd like to see how it looks near to," he said, after another short pause. "And I'm very thirsty for some milk.

"I wish—I had a little piece, just a little teenty tonty piece, 'cause I'm homesick! There'll be plenty left. And may be Aunt Penelope was going to give me a piece when Timmy came for her. She'll be real disappointed if I don't have it." He sighed, full of sympathy—for Aunt Penelope, of course.

"Why, Hannah Jane Smith! did you put away my cake?" asked Aunt Penelope.

"No, ma'am, I didn't touch it; haven't even seen it sence you took it out of the oven."

"But I left it by the window. I was just going to put it in the cake box when Johnny came. Where can it be?"

"Tramps!" said Hannah, in a horror-stricken tone. "It's a mercy we was not here, as they might have murdered us. And they've taken some milk, too," she added, spying the empty glass.

"Dinner ready and on the table," said Hannah.

"Where's Teddy?" asked Aunt Penelope.

"I'm sure I've not set my eyes on him since breakfast."

"Where can the child be?" asked Aunt Penelope, now thoroughly alarmed.

They called and called, they hunted the house, barn and neighborhood all over, they looked down the well and up on the barn ridge-pole, and in every other imaginable and unimaginable place; but no Teddy was to be found.

"It will break his mother's heart," sighed Aunt Penelope.

Hannah was on her way up garret for another search, when noticing the store-room door open she stopped and looked in. There in the further corner on a pile of comfortables was Teddy.

"You needn't bother 'bout me," he said, briskly. "I was tired and my head ached. You better go down and eat your dinner without waiting for me, 'cause I ain't a bit hungry."

"Miss White," called Hannah, "I've found him, and it's my belief he's goin' to be sick He looks fevery, and says he don't want his dinner, and it's serions when boys of his age don't want that."

Aunt Penelope came up with all possible haste.

"Dear, dear me, what can it be! I didn't know there was scarlet fever or anything about here except baby Jones' fits, and those ain't catching."

"You needn't bother a bit about me," said Teddy, very earnestly. "My mother doesn't when I'm sick; she just lets me cuperate, she says."

But Aunt Penelope preferred to know about it.

"Teddy," she exclaimed, as she took his rather grimy and very sticky hand to find his pulse, "Teddy, what have you been eating?"

Teddy looked up at the ceiling, down at his copper-toes, over in the corner, everwhere but at Aunt Penelope.

"Teddy," she almost gasped, "did you eat my cake?"

"I—you said it was beautiful, and—I wanted to see—I fought—you know—you'd want me—to have some 'cause I was so homesick—and I kept a thinking —and—it went pretty fast before I knowed it," sobbed Teddy. "But I didn't eat it all," he added, taking from the depths of his pocket a very small, very crumpled piece of cake.

Aunt Penelope turned round and looked at Hannah, and Hannah looked speechlessly at Aunt Penelope.

"A loaf of cake! He'll die," said Aunt Penelope.

They took him down-stairs, soaked his feet in boiling water—as Teddy affirmed—gave him ipecac, castor oil and tea of every kind of herb in the house, while waiting for the doctor.

But he did not die, though mamma said afterwards, laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks, that it was not Teddy's nor Aunt Penelope's fault.

He certainly did not "cuperate" much from that sickness, and from that day to this Teddy has never once tasted a bit of loaf-cake; indeed, he objects to the very sight of it.—*Youth's Companion.*

In the Florida Woods.

A few days after, our special artist Harry went out for a tramp, and returned to camp, his face radiant with pleasure and self-satisfaction.

"Tom," said he, "I have caught for you some black, some yellow, and some brown lizards."

Then he carefully opened an old cigar-box in which he usually carried his paints, and, as he peeped inside, his eyes opened and his whole face expressed the utmost astonishment.

"What is the matter?" asked Tom. "Have they escaped?"

"Escaped! No," said he. "But either I am bewitched, or some wood-nymph has played a trick upon me: for here is a box full of pea-green lizards!"

"*Carolina anolis!*" remarked Tom.

"Who's she? The wood-nymph? Do you know her?" asked Harry, as he shut the box, with a snap. "Well, what I want to know is, how Carrio what's-her-name painted all my specimens bright-green, for I am willing to vouch that nothing green touched that box."

"Except yourself," laughed Tom. "You have been catching what are commonly known as Florida chameleons, and they have changed color in the box."

From the mysterious depths of his pockets Tom produced a magnifying-glass. Then, thrusting his hands into the cigar-box, he pulled out one of the squirming reptiles, and, holding it in his fingers, handed Harry the glass, saying:

"Look and see how old Dame Nature has adapted the feet of these little rascals for climbing."

Harry looked and saw that the under side of each toe was a cushion, the surface of which was plaited like an old-fashioned shirt-front—the plaits on the hinder part having their edges turned toward the end of the toe, and the plaits on the forward part having their edges turned toward the heel, thus dividing the cushion in the middle just as the band for the studs divided the shirt-front. And upon looking further, Harry discovered that the edges of the plaits were armed with rows of needle-like points, and the mechanical principles upon which the foot acted dawned upon him.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed. "When the little rascal runs up a wall, the soft pads upon his toes fit and fill any little uneven place beneath them, acting like the leather suckers we used to make; while, at the same time, the little spines pointing downward are brought to bear upon the surface of the wall. But," he continued, "should Mr. Bright Eyes run down the wall, the pads perform their part just as well and are aided by the opposite set of spines and plaits. Hurrah for Tom, the great naturalist!" he shouted, and in his enthusiasm dropped the box from under his arm.

The inmates immediately took advantage of the opportunity to scatter in every direction: seeing which, Harry grabbed at one and caught it by the tail. His sudden cry of horror startled Tom from his fit of laughter; but when a tailless chameleon darted under a stick at his feet, and he saw Harry gazing with consternation on a squirming tail which he held in his hand for a moment, and then dropped, twisting and writhing, on the ground, he broke out afresh and laughed immoderately.

Harry looked up at last, muttering something about its being his belief that the box had contained imps instead of reptiles. Tom, however, explained that it was quite an ordinary occurrence for this curious animal to part with its caudal appendage, when, by that means, escape from captivity was possible.— —*D. C. Beard, in St. Nicholas.*

—The managing electrician of the electric company which lights Lowell, Mass., narrowly escaped death, recently. He was inspecting the dynamos, which were in full motion, and was regulating the screw of the brushes, when he slipped on the oily floor. In falling he kept hold of the screw with his right hand, and with his left instinctively clutched the dynamo opposite to save himself. At once the full force of the twenty-five horse-power current, strong enough to have killed several men, passed through his body. He fell apparently lifeless, but was restored by hard rubbing.—*Boston Herald.*

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MADISON, (IND.) LETTER.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

Madison is a funny, sleepy, old place. It is amusing to talk to people there, and see how cautious they are in business, and how slow to form an opinion about the worth of any enterprise.

About three years ago some rash individual started a canning factory there. The business men shook their heads and predicted failure, but when they found that the business was gaining a foothold, they rushed to the opposite extreme, and bragged so much about it, that another man came, and started another canning factory. Then both factories had a hard time. The first one considered itself abused, and the second one thought it had been imposed upon.

It seems as if these canning factories began

A NEW ERA FOR MADISON.

Of course, the old established business houses of the town, the Starch factories and the Flower mills, never suffer any great depression with the times, but new enterprises generally had to struggle pretty hard for success. These canning factories, however, worked into a good business in a little while, both are running as many as 150 hands all the time. The force is largely made up of women and children. It looked strange to me to see little girls of eight and ten years of age peeling and preparing tomatoes and corn with apparent skill.

The streets of Madison present a

BUSINESS LIKE APPEARANCE

just now. In one place the frame of a building to be used for a woolen mill is being put up. On another street a big tobacco factory, the first Madison has ever had, is going up, and on the site of the old elevator of Trow's mills, which burned a few weeks ago, the company is rebuilding, and improving on the old grain elevator. The Trows have had ill luck follow them for a good while. It was so long after the burning of the mills, about three years ago, before they could get into running order again, that they suffered immense loss, and only a few weeks ago, the burning of the elevator lost them about $150,000. This was partly covered by insurance, however, and they saved some grain, but in a damaged condition. Madison has had its full share of disastrous fires. There is one livery stable, Andy Fischer's, which has been rebuilt three times. The fire, every time, was the work of incendiaries. This is easily explained, however, when you notice that there are four other livery stables within two squares of him, two more around the corner, two more on Main Cross, and one on Broadway.

They talk about

THE TOBACCO FACTORY

there as if no other place ever had one before. They will work about 200 men, I believe, and expect to make a big thing of it. Most of these enterprises are in the hands of Stock Companies. Madison worked hard for one of the Asylums for the insane but was disappointed. The inaccessibility of the place will always work against it. They are always on the point of getting another railroad, but I really don't believe they are any nearer it than they were before Col. Horace Scott was born.

All this report makes me groan as your subscribers are doing, so I'll to

FRESH FIELLS AND PASTURES NEW

and tell you about a mystery. A mystery is always dear to the reporter's heart, so when I saw the windows of the entire upper story of a house near Carrollton, boarded over, I scented a murder, and following up the scent of blood came full upon a blood curdling ghost story.

It seems as though the son of this planter who owned this place about the time of the war, had done some injury to a negro on the place, the story don't tell us what, but he whipped him or ran off with his wife or something, so that the negro vowed vengeance and murdered him. The dead man's friends simplified the law by taking the negro to the nearest tree and hanged him by the neck till dead. Now he is supposed to roam around the old house, and appears at times to the inmates. It is said that no one can enter the second story rooms without being flung out again by this belligerent spirit. Certain it is that the story has gained credence, for the windows and stair-way are boarded up securely. It is worth investigating. I have found another adventurous spirit, who is willing to go into this den, so if you never hear from me again, you may suppose we have come to a violent end at the hands of a gang of counterfeiters or "moonshiners,"—or spirits, as the case may be.

Yours in consideration, K. P.

THE Superintendent of Public Instruction placed our school commissioner on the committee on district taxation in the Educational Convention which meets in Louisville to-day.

Beaver Lick.

Since Mr. C. J. Houston has quit selling liquor Beaver has assumed the appearance of sobriety, peace and harmony. If there is any one thing that more than all others, adds beauty and pleasantness to a country hamlet, it is the absence of intoxicating liquors. No one is now seen on our streets drunk, and trying to raise the temperature of the place to about that of hades. If our citizens were only capable of appreciating this condition of things as it deserves, nothing could ever again induce that direful monster to select our thriving little village as a retreat wherein to ply his destructive vocation. Citizens, behold the pearl you now possess, and for the sake of those you love, never cast it before swine.

The colored folks of Beaver met at Tom Craig's, last Wednesday night, and enjoyed a big prayer meeting. Rev. John Venerable conducted the meeting, and much religious fervency was manifested.

Very few of our youngsters took in the Latonia races. People about here are too busy for recreative jaunts at present. Look out Louisville, about three weeks from now. Everybody is "a gwine."

The weather for the past two weeks has been quite favorable for cutting and housing tobacco, and lots of the weed has been thus handled. Several buyers have already offered fine figures for choice crops in the neighborhood—business.

Peaches are selling low in Beaver, some have been sold at 50c per bushel, and good ones at that. Fruit, however, is said to be scarce aside from peaches.

The drouth has made people who possess stock go a long ways for water, it was never scarcer here, in the memory of—well, the middle aged at any rate.

Last Friday evening Add Jenkins, who works in Kennedy's tobacco shop, whipped out a No. 22 pop and shot our village blacksmith, Fritz Feldehaus, twice, one ball taking effect in the right side, the other in the left leg. Luckily, however, both are flesh wounds and are not of a dangerous nature. The law will look into the matter at its leisure.

The ball given by Henry Stevenson at the Valley Hotel, last Friday night was an affair in the run of Big Bone that will not be soon forgotten by the many belles and beaux who tripped the light fantastic toe till the "wee sma" hours. Good music, rich edibles and the courteous conduct of mine host, all strove to make it, as it was, the jewel of the season. BILL LLOYD.

Florence.

In perusing the pages of the RECORDER for several weeks past, I was surprised to find no contributions from the big town of Florence or its environs. We were served with items of interest from different sections of this county, and the advertising public evidenced their appreciations of the medium through which to make their "wants and wishes" known by a liberal prtronage of its columns, and yet, we were not represented. So I have determined to write us up, and if you don't print it, Mr. Editor, we'll revive the Boone County Journal, and then you'll catch it, if you have got the Court-house and Jail on your side.

Perhaps everybody don't know how important a place Florence is. Contiguous to the C. S. R. R., and situated at the greatest altitude of any point in the county, its boundary including the sources of the waters of Bank Lick, Gunpowder and Dry Creek, with 2 dry goods and 3 grocery stores, drug store, carriage, harness, boot and shoe, wagon, and tobacco and cigar manufactories, 4 magnificent hotels (all conducted on the European plan), 5 doctors, 1 commissioned and 15 non-commissioned lawyers, 20 widows and a town council, and some minor institutions we have'nt room to mention, one would conclude that a place like this with its surroundings would offer something new, if only a fight or a wedding.

By the way, we had the nicest wedding, Wednesday the 12th inst., at the Catholic church, by Father Burke—Mr. Will Menser, of Covington, to Miss Nannie Grogin, of Florence. Attendants: Mr. Chas. Menser and Miss Delia Grogin. The bride was richly attired in silk and velvet and the groom did honor to the latest fashion. The *elite* of the town turned out *en masse* to witness the pleasing nuptials. The ceremony as conducted by Father Burke was orderly and impressive, and many were the well wishes that greeted the happy pair. We heard it remarked that the attendants were the sweetest couple. Mr. Menser returned to Covington with his prize where he will make his home.

I said I would write, but then what to write and how to write, that the question. Our people are very exacting here, every i must be dotted and t crossed. If I should say that Uncle George Aydelotte had the biggest potatoe in town and should fail to prefix it with sweet, he'd order pistols for two. Or, if I should happen to leak out that little Charley Meyers was going to marry a club-footed woman six feet tall, the RECORDER would have one less correspondent. So with this embargo upon me, I must run in a kind of business line, such as the Town Council of Florence met Sept. 12th, 1883, Pres. Will Conner in the chair, suggested that steps be taken to improve the sanitary condition of the Board. Committee on Indian affairs (Mr. John Reed) moved to have the remains of the celebrated warrior, Big Foot, interred in the Florence cemetery—approved. Col. H. C. Springer, nephew of Hon. R. R. Springer, of Cincinnati, O., was appointed a committee to procure a site and erect a jail in Florence. Adjourned.

The Burlington hatter has been topping out the community around here to such an extent that wives don't know their husbands when coming in. Its real dangerous. O. H. Conrad had his cupola fixed up and the people thought the new Methodist Circuit rider had come to town, and the chickens looked like they saw a hawk. Os happened to say something that gave him away.

Prof. Stevenson's school is progressing at this place. The free school is being taught by M. E. Clutterbuck. Mrs. Dr. Kirtley is teaching a select school here. At present she is very sick. We hope she will be able to continue her school in a few days. GAS OMETER.

THE New York Sun read the riot to the Democratic kickers in Hamilton county, Ohio.

THE Educational Convention convenes in Louisville to-day. Subjects of much importance to the educational interest of the State will be handled by the convention during its meeting.

THE President of the State College writes the school commissioner that upon his certificate and recommendation applicants to said institution will be admttted free of tuition. Now is the time to see the commissioner in regard to the matter.

"Nervous debility, the curse of the American people, immediately yields to the action of Brown's Iron Bitters."

KEOKUK, IOWA.—Dr. E. E. Fuller says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results."

ELM GROVE, N. C.—Dr. G. N. Roberson says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters, and find it all it is recommended to be."

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mothe'rs" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, PARKER'S TONIC, is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: DR. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York

Public Sale!

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder at my residence on the Burlington and Bellevue turnpike.

Thursday, Sept. 27, '83.

All of my personal property to-wit:

5 head of Horses, 1 Mule, 7, head of fine shorthorn Cattle, 150 head of Sheep, 20 head of Hogs, 2 Wagons, 2 Buggies, 1 Combined Reaper & Mower, Harness, Plows, Harrows and various kinds of farming utensils, about 8,000 ft. of poplar fencing, 1,000 ft. of siding boards, 25 acres of corn in the field' Hay in stack. Household and Kitchen Furniture, and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums of $10 and under cash, over $10 a credit will be given to the first of March, 1883, purchasers will be required to give bond with approved security. Sale to commence at 9 a. m.

T. W. FINCH, Auc. WM. WALTON.

For Sale.

A good cow and calf—the cow is fresh and a number one milch cow, apply to

C. L. CRISLER, Burlington, Ky.

Notice.

The annual election officers of the Farmers' M. F. Ins., Company, will be held at Burlington the first Monday in October, 1883. Amount of property insured to date in round numbers $430,000.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Riley, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Erastus Garrison, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come foward and settle their indebtedness at once. C. T. RICE, Admr.

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2-m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

ATTENTION!

Attention! Attention

If you want to buy a first-class organ
If you want to buy a first-class
Piano. If you want to exchange your old instrument. If you want
to receive
their
full value.
If you want an
instrument of any
kind. If you want to
exchange your old sewing
machine. If you want to buy
the best new sewing machine. If you
want to receive a five years warrant with every purchase,
bring or send your orders to G. S. Lozier
Gen. Agent,
Lawrenceburg,
Indiana,
Office & Sales
Room in Dr. C. G.
Walters' building, Corner Short and Tate Srects.
Send for Prices and Circulars.
All mail orders filled promptly.

Just From New York

WITH A

Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,

—AND—

OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

H. F. BLASE,

540 Madison St. - COVINGTON, KY.

YARNS, FLANNELS &

BLANKETS,

From SCHOFILD & SON'S and VEVAY Woolen Mills, now on sale at

COLTER'S

Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,

Rising Sun, Indiana.

We offer a large Factory Blanket for a $5 bill. Every person should see this Blanket; Its the Grandest Bargain Ever offered in the United States.

Indigo Blue Yarns 80 cents per pound, best made.
Steel Mix Yarns 75 cents per pound, best made.
Sheep's Gray Yarns 75 cents per pound, best made.
White Yarns 70 cents per pound, best made.
All Fancy colors 6¼ to 7c. per pound, best made.

When buying yarns, see that they are put on the scales and weighed. Some count so many cuts a lb. and beat you out of near one-fourth of a pound.

Steel Mix Jeans, with Blue Warp, 45c,
Any Color Factory Flannels 35 to 40c.

In Addition to the above-named FACTORY goods we have *Jeans at from 20 to 33 cents.*

Flnnels from 15 to 20 cents,
One Job in a 3-4 Wool Linsey at 22 1-2c.
One Case Canton Flannel at 10c, big bargain.
3 Cases Canton Flannel, 8 1-3 to 12 1-2c.
Over 300 Blankets at $1 75 to $3 50.
Bed Comforts, any price and grade.

SEE OUR $2 25 and $2 75 SADDLE-SEAM BOOTS.
SEE OUR WOMEN'S BUTTON SHOES AT $1 25.

See our Boot and Shoe department when wanting boots and shoes of any kind

Over One Thousand Overcoats to Select From
Over Three Thousand Full Suits to select from.
Ovev Four Thousand Hats to select from.

A Five Thousand Dollar Stock of Millinery to Select from in Shapes, Trimmings, Ribbons and Feathers.

Over One Thousand Bolts of Cashmeres and Dress Goods to select from, and Trimmings to match all.

SAVE YOUR MONEY UP AND COME TO

COLTER'S

Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,

Rising Sun, Ind.

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE ITS VALUE.

LOOK HERE!

when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on

Winegardner

He has a large assortment of

Wall Paper!

And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.

Inks, Pens and Stationar

constantly on hand.

Headquaters in Lotton House.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-tf

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS FOR THE

LIVER

And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.

CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, No. 920 LOCUST ST.

CHAS. L. LABARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge. NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to **CHRONIC DISEASES** of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. **BLOOD IMPURITIES,** inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. **DEFORMITIES** of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. **WEAKNESS** and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. **FEMALE** irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

(The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.)

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY. TRADE MARK

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporise while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

INJECTION SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation. *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim Burlington

FOR SALE.

A full bloodsd Alderney cow—will be fresh in the spring. She is very gentle and a good milker. CY RIDDELL,
Hebron, Ky.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge, S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
38-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

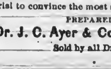
MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM



A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines
OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in 10 hours. Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1460, Corning, N. Y.

NEVER FAILS

FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

Its darn, dry, dusty, dirty weather.

Our housekeeping career closes this afternoon.

Buy your Boots and Shoes at Colters, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

The dry weather has had no effect on the crop of English Sparrows.

The pastures in this locality never were dryer than they are now.

Over One Thousand Overcoats to select from at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Some of our citizens are hauling water, while many others are just about out.

Michael Clore bought a large lot of hogs and turned in his field of frosted corn.

Aaron Dills, of Cynthiana, was last week visiting his brother, Judge Dilis, of this place.

Buy your fall goods at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana, where you can get everything you want in our house. *

Mittie Acra has put on another line between this place and Erlanger, in oppositon to Messrs. Rice and Terrill, and will be known as the "walkers-line."

Mr. John Clarkson and Miss Fannie Rouse, were married on the 12th inst., by Rev. Douglas, at the bride's residence near Union, Ky.

There will be an examination of teachers at this place next Saturday, after which there will be no more examinations until December.

Heavy Saddle-seam Kip Boots at $2, $2 25, $2 50 and $2 75. Women's Kip Shoes at 75c, 90c, $1 and $1 25 at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

James Conner drove a fine lot of cattle and hogs through town last Friday. We hear it hinted that they were not bought at dry weather prices.

Several parties from this section visited the melon producers about Bellevue the latter part of last week, and laid in a supply of water melons.

The Walton and Elijah Creek nines met last Saturday on the grounds of the former, where the Elijah Creek boys were defeated by a score of 28 to 27 in a ten inning game.

FOR SALE—Old roller composition—will make a large lot of durable chewing-gum for young ladies—will be sold in quantities to suit the purchasers. Apply at this office.

You can go to Colter's at Rising Sun, Indiana, and find everything, without running around. Clothing, Millinery, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Cloaks and Raps and everything.*

Last Friday Mr. Ed Fowler received an ugly bite from a little dog while passing through Bucktown. There is about 117 dogs in Burlington, and about six-fifths of them ought to be killed.

Rev. R. E. Kirtley occupied the pulpit in the Baptist church at this place last Sunday, Rev. Dicken preaching at Sand Run where he has been conducting a protracted meeting for several days.

Our harnessmaker, A. M. Acra, took every premium awarded on harness at the Falmouth Fair last week. He knows how to make good and nice work and when he wants to take a premium he is sure to succeed.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

We are in the secret and can tell why Cy Crisler has grown so fat since he came to Burlington; but, before we whisper it to you, you must promise never to communicate it. It is this: He has among his aggregation of boarders a pair of Joes whose witticism and monkey antics have made him laugh and increase in proportion till Jumbo is growing jealous of him.

The Kentons didn't shut the Boones out, but let them make 9 runs, Saturday, while they made 23. Had Quick not gotten his finger broken it seems that the Boones would have been just about all the Kentons could have handled successfully, the score being 7 to 2 in favor of the Boones when that misfortune overtook them. The Kentons' eyes had commenced bugging out.

Two Lawrenceburg pugilists, Ketchem and Thompson, while coming down the river the other day in a skiff, above that city, had a disagreement, and landed on the Piatt bar to settle their difficulty, and they engaged in a bloody fight in which bolders and fists were the weapons offensive and defensive, Ketchem punishing his opponent so severely that Pink Rice and a Mr. Saddler, who chance to witness the contest, had to put him in the skiff and take him to Lawrenceburg. They fell out about rowing the skiff, one being in more of a hurry to get to town to take on a cargo of beer than the other.

Charley Ross Found at Last.

Saturday, just before the dinner bells rang, a lady and gentleman arrived at the Boone House. It was soon suspicioned that a wedding of the two was but a few hours in the future, and developments were patiently awaited. So soon as dinner was over the gentleman commenced a reconnoiter and was but a short time in finding the proper authorities to issue the license and adjust the nuptial noose, and in the parlor at the Boone House, Mr. Chas. F. Ross, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., and Miss Aida M. Chisman, of Wilmington, Ind., were made man and wife, by Elder H. J. Foster, under the statute made and provided in such cases.

The races at Latonia are in full blast this week.

Buy your clothing at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Joseph Cowen's youngest daughter is very sick with bilious fever.

We understand that Dr. Murat, of Constance, will be appointed coroner.

Over three thousand Full Suits to select from at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Miss Nettie Gardner lost a handsome breast-pin on the street a few days ago.

Mrs. Foster, mother of Mrs. A. E. Crisler, has been seriously ill for several days.

Our Beaver correspondent gives an account of a shooting scrape at Normansville, last week.

Those brag $5 factory Blankets are selling rapid, over 50 pair sold all ready at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

James Clore is now the happiest man in all Boone, being the father of a bouncing son, Thomas Henry.

There is a Sixty Thousand Dollar stock of winter goods at Colter's Mammoth Cheap Cash Store, Rising Sun.*

Ayer's Ague Cure is strictly a vegetable preparation, harmless, and warranted to cure all malarial disorders.

Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Wm. Day's mother, was thrown from a horse near Taylorsport the other day and badly hurt.

Buy your Flannels, Jeans, Yarns and Blankets at Colters, Rising Sun, Indiana. Wool Blankets $4, $5 and $6 per pair.*

The south end of the county was visited by a nice shower, Sunday evening. The frost nipped the corn and tobacco some down there last week.

Dodgers calling a meeting in Burlington, on the first Monday in next month, of all those favoring county aid to turnpikes are being circulated.

A letter from Lewis Weaver, of Sunbright, Tennessee, to a friend here says that the drouth prevails there. Mrs. Weaver had a protracted spell of sickness this summer.

Michael Clore, of Bellevue, lost heavily by the frost last week. It would take about $800 or $1,000 to cover his loss on corn and tobacco. L. P. Arnold's tobacco was also badly damaged by the same frost.

Last week we neglected to mention the fact that William Gaines has charge of the public school at this place. The school house was repaired considerably and the attendance at the school is large.

Mrs. William Brown, of Sousn Fork, attended South Fork church one night last week in appearantly good health and in a few moments after her return home she was a corpse. Heart disease was the cause of her death.

Mr. William Walton proposes to give a grand barbecue dinner on the day of his sale, the 27th inst. He will kill the fatted calf, and all who attend the sale will have a chance to buy, as he has a good list of stuff advertised.

Another piscatorial excursion visited the river last Thursday night. It camped on Laughery Island and had a regular picnic frying and eating fish. William Walton was first in command of the cooking department, and he served things up in good style.

Last week Charles Schramm, of Petersburg, hired, of an Aurora livery stable, a double team of fine steppers which he drove to the Enterprise Fair, where he rented a stall and put them in. That day a negro boy entered one of the stalls and shot the horse, killing it outright. The negro escaped, and having been that day discharged by Riddell & Norris for some meanness, it is suppos- he thought the horse belonged to them.

Brother Riddell, of the Boone county, Ky., Recorder, you are probably aware of the fact that you have lost your wager with us that a Boone county lady would win the handsome tea set at the Aurora fair. Miss Mary Jack, of Warsaw, Gallatin county, Ky., carried the prize Come over and see us, Brother Riddell.—[Aurora Independent.

We claim the wager. We be that the premium would come to this side of the river, and did not confine ourself to Boone county. We are awful dry and will come over pretty soon.

The State Auditor has sent out circulars to the Sheriffs of each county urging them to urge the people to pay their taxes as soon as they possibly can; that the State Treasury is in great need of money to meet the demands of claimants on it; that taxes in many cases can be as easily paid now as later, and that all-taxpayers will promptly respond to the necessity. Our sheriff, therefore, is compelled to insist on the speedy payment of taxes, especially as he is bound in law to make his report of collections the first of October.

Monday N. S. Walton was taking a drove of large cattle to Aurora, and had ferried one boat load across the river, where he left them on the beach, and returned for the other, which commenced a terrible bellowing so soon as loaded. Those on the opposite side of the river answered them, and elevating their tails plunged into the water and met and surrounded the ferry boat mid-river, and for a while it looked like they would swamp her. The boat finally got away from them, and they swam for a while, when they found a place on which they could stand with their heads bearly above the water This position they maintained until surrounded by skiffs and forced to swim ashore. A large crowd of persons witnessed the scene, and expected to see some or all of the cattle drowned.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Union.

Miss Nannie Burkett is convalescent...... Mrs. Dr. Blanton improves very slowly .... Aunt Lullie Thompson is very ill......Mrs. Lunsford is no better.

The Presbyterian church has a new carpet and new chandaliers.

Elm Hole, the last show for stock water for Union stock is about dry, being so low that hundreds of fish are visible.

Joseph Meyers has lost three calves, death caused by eating dry grass and not having enough water, producing a disease called dry-itch.

J. A. Huey's valuable Blue-bull horse dropped dead in the wagon a few days since. He had been offered $200 for him a short while since.

L. C. Norman was in town Monday.

Hebron.

Water is very scarce in this locality.

There has been but one wedding in this locality in the past six months, but the Dame says they will be a common occurrence in the nigh future.

James Riddell is the proprietor of a china cow and calf. [It seems to us a china cow would be easily broken.—EDS.]

William Sederberg, of St. Louis, was visiting friends here last week.

Legrand Utz had the premium sweet potatoes at the harvest home. They were boss.

Hickey Hayes' cow suit against Yancy Clore was disposed of by a jury here the other day. Hayes got a verdict.

Mike Clore has purchased Jno. Henderson's interest in the mill at this place. In the way of muscle the capital stock is now largely increased.

Waterloo.

The dry weather still continues. The pastures are very brown and parshed, and water scarce. According to statements of the oldest citizens there has not been such a dry spell in this section of county for years.

The corn crop will he very light. Tobacco, fair yield.

Scott Wingate, alias Storks, and James Anderson, have 7 acres, being the best crop of tobacco in this locality, and have housed it all in good condition.

Public school has opened in district No. 6 under the supervision of Prof. Belle, of Rabbit Hash. The school trustees have expended some $75 or $80 improving the school property.

The school in district No. 7 will be taught by Prof. Dunning, of Indiana. Trustees in district No. 24. known as Parker's district, have called upon County Commissioner to locate the school bouse which will be built immediately.

We would like to see the Plattsburg correspondent locate the corporate limits of his town.

Plattsburg

Woolper is almost dry.

Mrs. Alice Walker commenced her school at Woolper, Monday.

H. C. Foster of Laomi, Illinois, spent a few days with relatives here, last week.

Prof. O. Snyder will shoot young ideas at Willoughby this winter.

Billy Rice and force are here this week building the Ashbyfork bridge. He had to send to Michigan for the timbers.

G. C. Graddy, the noted turfman, of old Boone county, made our town a pleasant visit last Monday. Come again, Carter..

Sam Helm, of Bullittsville, is here this week.

Last Thursday we doned our war suit and started for the classic precinct of Sweet Pete in search of Chas. Schramm, but the Bishop had got wind of our coming, and started for the Enterprise Fair early that morning and left Barney Mack to stand the racket—nobody hurt.

Mr. Chas. Rice, formerly of this place, but now of Buffalo, New York, was here a few days ago. Charley is traveling for a wholesale house in that city.

We forgot to mention in our last the advent of a fine daughter at Mr. Younger Johnson's house, week before last.

The Comets and the Garrison Base-ball clubs cross bats next Saturday on the home grounds. Some fine fielding errors are expected.

J. W. Smith's family all have the scarlet fever. One of his little boys has died with it, and the rest of the children are very sick.

Fresh freaks of nature are constantly occuring in our town. Among the latest is a cow owned by Pat Finn that suckles a whole litter of pigs.

There is a kitten at Morgan Tolin's that has six legs and feet, four of them being on the front feet.

J. Frank Grant's oldest daughter goes to Glendale, Ohio, to school this winter.

There is growing on John Voshell's farm just below the store, a horse-weed that measures 26 ft. in length. Let's hear from Craddock.

It never rains much in dry weather.

People go fifty miles to trade at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to laying your winter goods.*

Rev. C. C. Conner will occupy the pulpit in the Universalist church, this place, on the 4th Sunday, morning and evening. Mornin subject: "For What do We Attend Church?"

Jeans, Flannels, Yarns, & Tweeds.

I opened last week a full line of the above Goods from the well known Manufactures J. Schofield & Son., of Madison, Ind., and invite you to examine and Price before you buy elsewhere.

MEN'S PANTS.

Jeans Pants at $1 and upward.
Cassimere Pants from $2 50 to $4 00.
Moleskin Pants the best for workingmen at $2 50.

MY STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Is replete, Embracing some choice Styles in Fall Prints, Indigo Blue Prints, Brocade Dress Goods, Bed Comforts and Blankets.
Buy the Solar Tip School Shoe for Children.

W. E. PIPER, Burlington, Ky.

We Have

J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S

JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.

THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS

45 Cents.

Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed, as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.

COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,

Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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OFFICE AT - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. E. L. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.

Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES,
ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt atten tion given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.

☞Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS,
Aurora. Ind

Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
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DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.

R O U S E.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.

☞I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold,
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO THE
Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
☞AGENTS WANTED.☜
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used n my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '183

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK.
Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, A. R. Mullen, L. H Dills, F. P. Helm,
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The general operation of Banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

HOW WE TRIED TO LICK THE TEACHER.

TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

I wuz a boy o' seventeen, ungainly, dull an' tall,
Ez green ez eny goslin' but I tho't I knew it all.
I went to school at Plano. I chopped up wood an' chored
For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him fur my board.

One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,
About ez rough an' raw ez I—about ez big a fool—
Jist hinted in a private way, 'twould be a right smart featur'
An' give us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.
He wouldn't ask no better fun than just to make him climb.
We'd have a long vacation an' a *whopper* o' a time.
The teacher he wuz sickly—he wus not ez big ez I—
I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't a half but try.
Fur eny one on lookin' at him would a said on sight
Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight.
His hands they wasn't accustomed much to hangin' on to plows,
To hold corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin' twenty cows.
Philetus said he'd use him fur a mop to mop the floor,
An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd hist him out the door.

We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we hed planned;
They said 'f we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin' hand.
But big Philetus Phinney, he wus tickled ez could be
To think we tho't a snip like that could lick a chap like he;
'F I'd knock the bucket over he'd make the teacher dance—
He'd flop him in the water, and he'd mop it with his pants.

We heard the school-bell ringin', we scrambled in pell-mell;
I run agin' the water-pail, on puppus, an' I fell;
I struck upon a stick o' wood, I badly raked my shin,
The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

That scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his cha'r,
He took me by the trowse's and he held me in the ar',
Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled me like a top,
An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop;
He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die,
He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry.
While big Philetus Phinney he wuz just too scar'd to laugh,
He let the teacher thrash me till I bellered like a calf,
An' all the other fightin' boys, with white an' frightened looks,
Sot shakin' in the'r very boots an' ras'lin with the'r books;
An' O, how hard they studied—not a feller spoke or stirred—
They didn't dar to whisper or to say a single word.

Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me sich a scar?
He still is peaked lookin'—he's settin over ther'—
An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yit, I vow
I'd hate to hev him get those hands o' his'n on me now;
He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his school:
That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

—From "*Away Out West*," by Eugene J. Hall.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Far up in the northern part of the State of Michigan, a peninsula called Keweenaw Point, extends for fifty miles into Lake Superior. Along its western shore runs the main road, from which branch many others, leading to the numerous copper mines situated in this region—among which the Calumet and Hecla, Allouez, Phœnix, Delaware and Schoolcraft are most famous. The eastern shore, being still covered with wild woods, is overgrown with thick underbrush, and intersected here and there by short, swift streams.

During the week, the men of this peninsula are almost all at work under the earth, and the country seems deserted, though many little wooden houses and log huts with shingle roofs dot the region near the mines. But on Sundays men litterally spring up out of the ground, and groups of miners appear everywhere, enjoying the only day they have to see the sunshine, the lake, the trees and the flowers.

Amid the dense forests to the south and east grow quantities of berries and wild small fruits; and on the morning of Friday, July 21, 1882, a merry party of four children started into the woods, expecting to fill their tin pails with blue-berries before many hours. The children were Mary Palson, a girl of thirteen; her younger sister, Margaret Palson; Theodore Lorre, a boy of nine; and his sister, Arminda Lorre, who was but seven years old. They proceeded on their journey in gay spirits and came ere long to the mouth of one of the mines, called "The Wolverine," where the father of the Lorres was employed. Alas, for their day's sport! The father happened to see his children, and, fearful of their getting lost in the dense woods, he bade them go back to their home. All four of the children obeyed his injunction, but on their return journey they mistakenly followed another road than that by which they had come, until they finally discovered that, instead of bringing them nearer home, it was really leading them farther and farther into the forest.

After plodding patiently on for an hour, the boy asked the three girls to sit down and wait while he searched for the right road. But his little sister clung to his hand, preferring to go along with him; and so the children separated in pairs. The Palson sisters chose a path leading to the north, and followed it all day and until they came at last to the bank of a river, where they were found on the evening of the next day, and returned in safety to their home.

But the Lorres? They had not returned when their late companions were brought in, nor had any news been heard of them. Mary and Margaret could only indicate vaguely the locality of the spot in the woods where they had last seen the brother and sister, as they bade them good-by; but several parties immediately started out in search. The father and older brother of the children, in company with friends, had been seeking the missing ones during Saturday, and on Sunday night a party discovered the children's tracks in the soft ground near a river. But they were soon lost in the mud, and the most thorough search in the neighboring woods proved fruitless, while loud and repeated hallos brought no response.

Monday morning came and the children had not been found. But now, large parties of men, sympathizing with the parents' agony, began to search the forest in all directions. Most of these, however, were miners, ignorant of woodcraft, and knowing little of the upper world. and so they discovered no sign of the children, and many even lost their own way, and found the path home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by a generous action of the proprietors, all the employes of the Allouez mine were given permission to share in the search, and large numbers from the Calumet and Red Jacket joined them.

As the evening of this day closed in, a terrible storm arose, and every home in the surrounding country was filled with exclamations of pity for the lost boy and girl who had to face the tempest alone in the wilds. Gradually the men, wearied and almost hopeless, returned with sorrowful faces from the vain search, without having found even a trace of the lost children.

Wednesday and Thursday passed, and still the almost frantic parents had no tidings of their absent ones. But on Friday morning, as a final endeavor, all the men employed in the Calumet and Hecla mines, together with many citizens of Red Jacket, set off for the woods, where they were met by more laborers from the Allouez, Centennial and Wolverine mines; and before noon of that day nearly thirteen hundred men plunged into the forest in search of the lost boy and girl.

It was while this army of searchers was scouring the woods in all directions, beating through the wild shrubs and tangled thickets, and frightening timid birds and animals with their loud "halloo-oo-s," in another part of the forest, a brave nine-year-old boy trudged wearily through the underbrush, carrying his sister upon his back. Both their faces were pale and white with exhaustion, and the little girl's bore the mark of tears. But Theodore Lorre was a plucky lad and had by no means lost heart. He had kept up his courage and cheered his little sister through all the days and nights that they had spent in the woods, and he had even thought out a way of escape, and planned a route which he felt must bring them out of their prison—for the vastness and shadow of a mighty forest can form as strong and gloomy a prison, if you do not know some way out from it, as was ever made by stone walls and iron bars.

As he toiled painfully along on that afternoon, with vision strained to catch some break in the endless rows of trees that stretched in every direction, he kept revolving in his mind a plan which he had made, and was as happy as a lost boy can be when he found, by and by, that the plan was working well. In other words, he had resolved the day before to follow steadily the course of a small stream which they had chanced upon, as he knew that it must flow into a larger stream, and that in turn into a still larger, until at last some one of them would lead him out of the forest! So much his wise head had taught him; and the reason of his joy that afternoon was, that the little stream had just fulfilled his expectation and brought him to the edge of a larger one—in fact, to a river. But, after reaching it, he felt that he could make no effort to follow it that day, for his sister was too weak and tired to walk, and he himself so weary and foot-sore that his knees seemed ready to sink under him.

He saw a fallen tree-trunk near by, and, making a little bed of dry leaves against one side of it, he placed his sister upon it, while he sat down upon the log beside her. And so they rested, while the shadows grew longer and darker among the trees. They spoke but little; but whenever Arminda seemed frightened or ready to cry, Theodore took her hand in his and cheered and soothed her by encouraging words.

"But," you will ask, "how did they live? What had they to eat?"

In order to answer these questions fully, we must retrace their wanderings.

After parting from the Palson sisters (one whole week before they arrived at the resting-place where we have just seen them), Theodore and Arminda wandered on, seeking constantly for for some path or road, until day began to fade. As the darkness closed in upon them, little Arminda could not keep back the tears, and her heart was filled with dread. But Theodore was not easily frightened. "Cheer up, Sis," he said; it'll be just like campin' out—that's all," and he took out his pocket-knife and proceeded to cut some bushes for a bed.

"Mother won't like it and will be dreadfully scared," said Arminda.

"Well, I don't know as I like it any better'n mother," said Theodore. "But I'm not going to be scared."

"Arminda, however, seemed to have something on her mind.

"Did you ever see a bear?" she whispered, as if she feared that Mr. Bruin might even then be in the thicket and overhear what she said. "I saw a picture of one, once," she went on, "and he was eatin' up a great big man. I guess that man was scared. I guess he was."

"Well, I don't let old make-believe pictures scare me," said Theodore.

Nevertheless, Arminda's words recalled to Theodore a certain bear story that a few days before had filled him with delight. It was not quite so pleasant now to think of the great brown bear that, according to the story, had crossed the forest road and frightened a woman almost out of her wits, as she was driving over to the Wolverine mine.

The woods were fast growing dark, and little Arminda clung closer to her brother, till at last they lay down on some soft moss and leaves which Theodore had gathered, and he told his sister to go to sleep. He watched the stars and the moon,—the same moon that was looking down into the door-yard at home—and wished that it could somehow show him the way thither.

Meantime, the little sister was breathing softly; and soon these modern babes in the wood, wearied with the day's travel, were fast asleep.

The morning sunlight was just creeping into the forest when Theodore awoke.

"Halloo!" said he, looking about him in confusion at the strange surroundings.

Little Arminda started, and opened her eyes, too, in a daze. "Why, I slept all night with my dress on! Why, we've runned away!" she exclaimed.

"That's what the folks 'll say, I s'pose," replied her practical brother, jumping up cheerily now that daylight was at hand. "And they'll say we ought to be whipped, too, I guess. But I'd be willin' to be whipped when I get home, if I only could get there. And oh, but aint I hungry?"

"So am I," said Arminda.

"Well, let's have some breakfast, then," suggested Theodore. "There are nice, big berries all 'round here. I see some. Just you wait."

He soon came back with an armful of branches from the heavily laden bushes, and they both devoured an unlawful quantity.

"I guess they'll make us sick, such a lot," said Arminda, in a cheerful tone; "but there's a lot more in the pails; and we musn't lose our pails," she added. "And if we carry 'em home full of berries, then they'll like it better."

"We must pick our pails full," said Theodore, "so that, if we don't find any more, we won't starve." And he proceeded to fill the pails.

"I'm all skeeter-bites!" sobbed Arminda. And the spiteful insects had indeed cruelly wounded the little girl's face and neck and soft, round arms; and Theodore, too, bore many a mark of their sharp stings. "Well, we must hurry and get home," said he, and mother'll cure 'em."

So they set out on their journey, eating the big ripe huckleberries from the bushes as they walked, filling their pails, in case they should come to places where there were no berries, and quenching their thirst at the creeks and small streams which they chanced upon at intervals. This day, too, wore slowly away, and once more they made a rude bed at the spot where darkness overtook them, and slept as best they could. Sunday came and passed. The little ones, walking hand-in-hand through the dense underbrush, could find no clue to guide them out of the wilderness. Yet all day they kept moving on. When they looked up to the tops of the tall trees, they felt lost and lonely; and when they grew tired, the great stillness subdued them, like the height of the trees. Now and then, the chirp of a bird or the crackle of a dead branch made little Arminda shiver and sink her voice to a low whisper.

But that night—the third which they had passed in the woods—they heard another sound far away in the distance.

"O-ho! O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!"

Theodore recognized his brother's voice and shouted loudly in answer, Arminda joining. They called again and again. But the wind was against them. The sound they had heard grew fainter—their brother was evidently moving away. At last only a little echo answered their cry, and then the great woods seemed more silent than ever.

The next day, while they were walking along, Theodore thought he heard a call, and they stopped to listen. "'Twas over yonder," said the boy. "You wait here a minute, and I'll go and see if I can get a sight of 'em." He rushed through the brake a few rods, shouting and calling, and at last thought he saw a man moving among the trees in the dim distance. But the figure soon faded from sight, and, as Theodore turned to go back to his sister, he found that, in his eagerness, he had gone much farther away from her than he supposed. He called and called, but got no answer. He looked about him, faltered and stopped short. How far he had run he could not tell, and the way back to his little sister was lost completely in the bewildering sameness of the forest. He plunged into the bushes, first in one direction, then in another, but seemed to get no nearer to the spot he had left. He leaned at last against a tree, dashed his fist across his eyes, and with a great gulp cried hoarsely, "I have lost her!"

But he would not give up; and he set to work to find the path he had taken through the thicket after leaving her. While seeking this, he caught sight of a fluttering bit of rag on a bush a few rods away. It flashed upon Theodore that here was a guide; these bits of calico belonged to Arminda's dress, and he had only to follow their lead to find his sister. He took the poor little rags tenderly from the bushes, and when at last he did find his sister, the thrifty little soul insisted on putting them, with other pieces that she had preserved, in her own pocket, "as Mother would need them when she mended the dress."

In the early dawn of the next morning Theodore leaned suddenly from the bed of leaves where he was lying, and looked wildly about him in every direction He had heard it again, that far-off "O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!" And what was that, now up, now down, dancing in and out among the dark trees? Could it be a light? Could it be the light of his father's lantern? Yes, it was! As the daylight grew he could distinctly see his father with a lantern in the distance. But all his frantic shouts failed to reach the searcher's ear, and, in his terror at losing his sister the day before, Theodore had resolved that nothing should tempt him to leave her again. And this determination he kept now, since he preferred to starve in the terrible woods rather than save his life by deserting her.

In the evening of the next day came the storm. The stillness of the forest began to be broken by the stirring and rustling of leaves, and then by long sighs of the wind, that deepened into a groaning and grumbling. Every moment the sky grew blacker, and down among the shadows of the great trees night had already come.

It found the two children at the foot of a pine tree, near which (and, indeed, half-covered by the boughs of the pine) lay a fallen trunk. Theodore had chosen this as the best place he could find in which to meet the storm; and on the lee side of the fallen trunk he had made a sort of rude tent, or covering, of loose brush that he had gathered, weaving together the crooked branches that they might not blow away. The poor little shelter was ready none too soon; for by this time the wind was tearing madly through the forest, bending and twisting the trees, and hurling to the ground small branches and twigs thick with leaves. Just as heavy drops of rain began to fall, little Arminda crept into the rude "house" which Theodore had made for her, and drew close to the side of the huge log, which lay between her and the wind. The "house" was not large enough to hold Theodore, too, and so he made his bed upon a stone just outside. Down came the rain, while the thunder drew nearer and nearer, till the forest seemed one vast crash and roar. Through the dark trees the children saw the lightning darting and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by telling her not to be frightened, "for *he* was there with her." Perhaps even his stout little heart would have quailed had he not been sustained by his pride in his "house."

"What's goin' to hurt us here?" he shouted, proudly, amid the tumult of sound. "I like to be out in the rain."

"I like to get wet, too," Arminda answered, weakly. "It makes my skeeter-bites feel good."

The lightning by degrees grew fainter and the thunder farther away; but all night long the wind and rain kept on together. The children clung to each other and whispered that they were not afraid.

Morning came at last, but still the tempest raged. Theodore looked ruefully about him when he arose, and resorted immediately for comfort to the pail of berries he had wisely sheltered. "I'm getting sick of this," he remarked to Arminda. "We must get home today."

But alas for such hopes! The whole day was spent in patient but fruitless plodding over the wet leaves, with the rain still falling, and that night they had to seek their rest upon a huge, sloping stone under the projecting boughs of a thick-leaved tree—since that was the driest bed that they could find.

By this time, you may be sure, they were in a sorry plight. Their hands and heads fairly ached from the bites of swarming mosquitoes; they were scratched and bruised by their scrambles through the tangle of the underbrush; and though they managed to keep their pails filled with berries, they were becoming very hungry for some more satisfying food. Arminda was now too foot-sore to walk more than a few steps at a time, and Theodore had to carry her. Their clothes had become so soaked that they were a heavy burden; even Theodore was too weary to tramp very far in a day; and poor little Arminda was almost sick with fatigue and hunger.

On the next day, however, they came upon a brook and began to follow it as Theodore had planned, and made what progress they could. The wind had died down, and, save for the "drip, drip" of the drenched trees, the great storm was over. It left the little wanderers pitiably weak and sore, but still brave and hopeful, and they kept on their way along the bank of the brook, until, in the afternoon of Friday, they reached, as we have seen, the edge of the larger stream. Content with this triumph of his new plan, Theodore prepared the little couch of leaves for his sister to rest upon, as already described, and sat down on the log beside her. And when she dropped asleep from weariness, he began to wonder how long it would take them to get home by following the river shore, and whether his poor little sister would have strength to stand the journey, or he to carry her.

But a speedier deliverance was even then at hand. It was on that day that the great woods re-echoed in all directions with the calls and shouts of thirteen hundred men; yet none of their loud halloos had reached Theodore, as he sat upon the log that afternoon, all unconscious that he and his sister were the objects of such a great expedition. Indeed, it was late in the day, and the army had really failed like the other smaller searching parties, having passed beyond or far to the side of the spot where the children were now resting; and yet it had not failed either, as you shall see. It so happened that four men belonging to the searching regiment lagged behind their companions, and, failing to catch up with them, went straying hither and thither, forgetting the children entirely in their desire to rejoin their fellows. But being miners, and having little knowledge of woodcraft, they soon found themselves hopelessly bewildered, and had to confess that, instead of finding the lost children, they were in the unpleasant predicament of being themselves lost in the woods.

It can not be said that, considering how much older they were, they bore this discovery with any better courage than the children had shown. But all they could do was to keep up a constant halloo, in the hope that some of the returning parties would hear them. This, therefore, they set about doing as lustily as possible, but for a long time without reply. At last, however, as they stood silent, listening after one of their loud calls, one of the men said: "Hark! What was that?" Faint and weak through the far distance came an answering "Halloo—oo!" They moved over in the direction whence it came and again repeated their call, and stopped to listen. Again it was answered, more clearly this time, but on the instant one of the men said, breathlessly: "That is a *boy's* voice!"

They ran forward quickly, and before long came in sight of the boy himself, and one of the party shouted to him: "Who are you?"

"I'm Theodore Lorre," he answered.

"Where do you live?"

"At Allouez."

"Is there any one with you?"

"Yes, my little sister."

Imagine the surprise and joy with which the men discovered that they had at last found those for whom all were seeking. Ragged, foot-sore, bruised, and exhausted, the children still showed that they had not lost their courage, and the men, overjoyed with their success,—for few had hoped after so many days to find the brother and sister alive—lifted them on their shoulders and carried them till dark, when the encamped for the night on the bank of the stream near which the little ones had been found.

Early Saturday morning, they prepared to continue their way, and the whole party—miners as well as children—being lost, a consultation was held about the direction to be pursued. The miners said that it would be useless to follow the river, because it flowed into Lake Superior, and would lead them farther and farther from home; but the boy stoutly maintained that all the water on that side of Keweenaw Point flowed into Torch Lake. At last, persuaded by his entreaties, and aware of their own ignorance of the locality the men yielded, and slowly forced a path along the bank down the stream, a course which to their great delight, brought them ere long to a region where they recognized several land marks, and whence they soon and easily made their way to Calumet.

Meantime, in the town, parties were sadly preparing to resume the apparently hopeless search, when the news flew from mouth to mouth that the lost ones had been found. At first, the report was not believed; but before nightfall the miners, carrying the children on their shoulders came in sight, and the crowd burst into shouts and cheers of joy. A gentleman took the little ones into his buggy, and drove along the street toward their home while the crowd thronged about the horse and vehicle clamoring for a sight of the children, who had to be constantly held up to their view and saluted with cheers. A friend had run forward to inform the almost frenzied parents, who wept with joy on hearing the news; and in a few minutes the father and mother clasped to their hearts the lost ones whom they had begun to mourn as dead.

Theodore's boots could be taken off only by cutting them away from his feet with a knife; and as the poor boy had had his leg broken hardly a year before, it seemed marvelous that he could have endured all he did. Both children were terribly foot-sore, and several days passed before the brave lad could leave his bed. For eight long days and nights he had wandered with his little sister, refusing, even to save his life, to leave her a moment lest she should be hopelessly lost. And during the last two days, hardly able to drag himself along, he carried her on his back. He had shown through all that had happened a courage and endurance that any man might envy, and it is good to know that, in the days following his return, hundreds of friends and neighbors visited the family, and in many ways testified their appreciation of the children's bravery.

The devotion and courage shown by this boy of nine are truly remarkable and worthy of all praise. And when we remember that his own wise little head had really discovered a way out of the woods before he was found by the miners, and that he in fact guided them out afterward by persuading them to follow the route he had determined upon, we could not blame the sturdy lad for hesitating to admit that he was really lost in the woods.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Highest of Waterfalls.

Some years ago Niagara was supposed to be the most magnificent waterfall in the world, but recent African explorers discovered that the falls on the river Zambesi, known as the Victoria, are even more wonderful than the famous American waterfall. And now comes the news that in Washington Territory there exists what is, in some respects, the most marvelous cataract in the world. It is on the Cowlitz river, and the fall is fully 1,500 feet high. It has not yet been fully explored. There is also a waterfall in Wyoming Territory 475 feet high, which is said to be a very wonderful cataract of its kind. The remarkable newness of our country is shown by the fact that these great natural curiosities have not as yet been thoroughly examined by white men.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—Several persons tried to enter a New Jersey house to put out a fire, but a sagacious Newfoundland dog kept them at bay until the house was destroyed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A SERVANT girl fell on a bracket,
Her skull, she did nearly crack it,
St. Jacobs Oil applying,
Saved her from dying—
It proved to be "just the racket."

A steamboat Captain from Goshen,
Was hurt by a boiler explosion,
On the pains in his hip,
St. Jacobs Oil got the grip,
He calls it the all-healing lotion.

"A SCENE of bare beauty," is the way a Rawlins (N. C.) paper puts it in giving a description of a ball.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASS'TION, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the dim dictionary of Wall street there are several such words as fail.

Fits, Fits, Fits,

Successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stamp for pamphlet, Buffalo, N. Y.

NERVOUSNESS, debility and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Cancers and Other Tumors

Are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

A GIRL who runs away to sea has a naughtygal inclination.—*The Judge.*

OWENTON, KY.—Dr. I. F. Mundy says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics, and prescribe it frequently."

BOSTON should make Sullivan professor of the Howness of the Forceful.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Dr. Irwin H. Elderidge says: "I would recommend a trial of Brown's Iron Bitters in all cases of anæmic debility or when a tonic or appetizer is indicated."

"PA, rogues always fall out at night." "At night? How do you know that?" "Because, pa, when rogues fall out, honest men get their dews."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HAY-FEVER. I have been a Hay-Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms. I used it, and with the most wonderful success. T. S. GEER, Syracuse, N.Y.

VESUVIUS threatens another "alarming eruption." It is high time for Vesuvius to be vaccinated.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

HAY-FEVER. I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it is, in my opinion, a sure cure. I was afflicted for 25 years, and never before found sure relief. W. H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.

THE worst punishment you can inflict on a Chinaman who has committed a crime is to exqueues him.—*Lowell Courier.*

YOU would use St Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

REDDING'S Russia Salve is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints Price 25c.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, September 11, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@ 4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@ 4 75
Good packers	4 30	@ 5 15
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 08	@
No. 2 red	1 03¼	@ 1 04
Corn—No. 2 mixed	53	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	28¼	@ 28¾
Rye—No. 2	56	@ 57
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 00	@
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75	@13 50
Lard—Current make	8-15	@ 8-17½
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@ 18
Prime Creamery	20	@ 23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 5 85
Good to choice	4 50	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 08	@
No. 2 red	1 14¼	@ 1 14¾
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	63¼	@
Oats—mixed	32½	@ 36
PORK—Mess	13 50	@13 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 03½	@
Corn—No. 2	51¾	@
Oats—No. 2	27¾	@
Rye	60	@
PORK—Mess	11 25	@11 30
LARD—Steam	8-17½	@ 8-20
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat-No. 2 red	1 11½	@ 1 11¾
Corn—mixed	60	@ 60½
Oats—mixed	33	@ 35
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Refined	10¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02	@
Corn—mixed	49	@
Oats—mixed	30	@
PORK—MESS	13 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 03	@
CORN—mixed	49¼	@
OATS—mixed	27	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50

ST JACOBS OIL

[1]

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.,
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

LADIES, buy for your husbands, brothers and sons Celluloid Collars and Cuffs and save trouble in washing.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Is infallible when the scalp is annoyed with dandruff. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

TWELVE HOURS AFTER.

MR. HENRY BARNES, the Tea and Coffee Merchant, 80 Houston Street, New Haven, Conn., writes on May 16, 1883: "It is with feeling of gratitude, and a desire to benefit my fellow man that I write you these few lines as testimony to the value of the greatest of all medicines. Eight years have I been a sufferer from kidney disorder and inflammation of the bladder. Sometimes when passing water the pains were something terrible, a scalding, burning sensation, with retention of urine, with sharp pains in my side, loins, and back, extending clear to the back of my head, tended to make life intolerable. I have been treated by a number of our best physicians, and have used any number of proprietary medicines, all to no avail, obtaining no relief. How long I would have continued in this way I do not know, in fact I despaired of getting relief, until a neighbor, who had been very much benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy, advised me to try it; and, although I had no faith that it would reach my case, yet as he spoke so highly of its great merits I decided to give it a trial, and its use has been attended with the very best possible results. Twelve hours after taking the first dose I experienced relief. I continued on in its use until I had used five bottles, when all the pains had vanished, my otherwise good health returned, and I am free from all pains, and am a well man. I am confident my cure has resulted from the use of Hunt's Remedy, and that alone.

"What it has done for me I am positive it will do for others. You are at liberty to use my name or this letter in any manner you see fit."

HURT BY A FALL.

When only a boy some thirteen years old I was hurt quite badly by a fall, and severely injured my back and kidneys, and was doctored by our best physicians, and tried many remedies, and they all failed, until Hunt's Remedy was recommended to me by friends that had used it here in Manchester with the greatest success. We purchased a bottle from Z. Foster Campbell's drug store, and found that I improved very rapidly; was relieved of the pains in back, and after using several bottles found that I was completely cured, and I can not over-estimate the good Hunt's Remedy has done me, and can most heartily recommend it to those troubled with kidney complaint; and you can use this letter as you choose,

Respectfully yours,
ALONZO P. MARSHALL
95 Orange St., Manchester, N. H., May 7, 1883.

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STOMACH
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In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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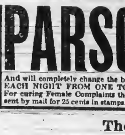

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when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

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A Dangerous Case.

• • • ROCHESTER, June 1, 1882.—"Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most intense and deathly pains in my back and —Kidneys.

"Extending to the end of my toes and to my brain!

"Which made me delirious!

"From agony.

"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!

"The doctors tried in vain to relieve me. But to no purpose.

"Morphine and other opiates

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die!

"When my wife heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

"The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used five bottles, I was well and at work, as hard as any man could, for over three weeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that was ever known. I called the doctors again, and after several weeks, they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, and he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again. In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since. It also cured my wife, who had been so for years; and has kept her and my children well and hearty with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used.

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"That poor invalid wife!

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"Mother!

"Or Daughter!

"Can be made the picture of health with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!

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2

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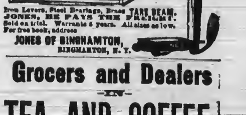

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883. NUMBER 48.

SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not heed your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, for it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all fly on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

A FLY PAPER.

"I think flies is sociable, I do. For my part, I'm glad to be back where they be. Nobody never need to excuse their flies to me. If they'd a been where there wa'n't no flies, as I have, and where the poor critters was jest a-hunted and a-gone-at from morning till night, they'd never lift their hands agin 'em as long as they drawed the breath o' life."

Miss Semanthy Simmons' remark seemed to be understood by her audience, notwithstanding the fact that she had her "twister," two side-combs and some hair-pins in her mouth. Semanthy was spending the afternoon at a neighbor's, her first call since her return from the city, and, for fear that some one would call to detain her, had "jest taken her hands out o' the dish-water, put on a clean apron and scooted." This was the lady's apology for not having dressed her hair at home.

"Yes, I do mean to say that flies don't have no privileges where I've been. Cousin Gusty will as good as faint away if she catches sight o' one. They've got blinds and shutters and screens and lace curtings and swing doors, and every hired gal has a feather duster three yards long, and sticks with frizzled paper stuck to 'em, and little pop-guns that they put sneezing powder into and blow at 'em, and I raly believe that if a hundred or two of them unfortinit critters should git in unbeknownst to 'em they'd order out the militia. Oh, it's easy to say: 'Oh, Semanthy!' but if you'had underwent what I have from their thrashing and shooing and exterminating the air, I don't know what you'd do. You know in this house, if anybody knows, that I don't git much chance to sew when I'm to hum, and so sez I to myself: 'I'll jest take my crazy bed-quilt to Cousin Gusty's, and as they never will let me wash dishes or putter round any, why, it stands to reason I can git a lot done.' Did I? No, I didn't. That quilt is crazier than when I took it away; for, what with jumping up every other minute to see if I couldn't get a crack o' light so that I could tell yaller from green, and blue from cinnament brown, the hull thing is in that state that 'twould make a lunatic of anybody who'd ever try to git it together.

"Could I have a shetter open if I was a mind to? Didn't I tell you that I couldn't? My cousin Gusty is a pious woman, and I ain't going ter say to the contrary, but I believe she'd ruther I'd 'a broke five out of ten of the commandments than to took out one o' her screens. You don't think it speaks very well for her piety? Well, I don't know. Folks is about as they're made, I've diskivered, in New York as well as in Valrmount. You know in this house, too, that I never set my heart on flimmydiddles, but I didn't skasely know myself in regards to that crazy quilt, I did hanker so to git it along. Why I've craned my neck till I've had the neuralagy for a week trying to tell which was tuther of my silks. I've got up in a cheer and lit the gas contrivance that hung down from the wall—lor sakes! 'twould go off like a pistol every time, and scare me een-a'most out o' my wits—and there I'd stand, and jab at the eye o' my needle for all the world as if I was spearing for eels, like a pesky fool, till my knees would tremble as if I had the ager. Why didn't I say that I'd bring work with me and wanted to do it? So I did more'n a hundred times. As quick as I'd say that, cousin'd say: 'Come down to the sewing-room, Cousin Semanthy, and let the seamstress help you.' 'Gracious sakes! I aint a-fishing round for help,' sez I; I ain't no cripple. The only thing that's lacking, Cousin Gusty, is light enough to see to thread my needle. If I was a owl I could do it in the dark, but being nothing but a poor human bat, I ain't able to see through all them thicknesses that's up to my winder.'

"What would she say? Oh, she'd smile kinder amused like, and that would be the eend of it. One day I jest spoke my mind about them screens and things. I'd clum up to the gas, and I'd clum up to the winder, and I'd squinted and twisted my neck till I was as full of cricks and kinks as a egg is o' meat. I hadn't been raly riled till then, and then my dander was clean up. Sez I, 'Cousin Gusty, whatever is the matter with you about flies?' 'About flies,' said she; 'I don't understand you, Semanthy.' 'Wa'al,' said I, 'I should think that anybody that had both cold and biling water let into 'em through the wall, and wash-tubs and rubbing-boards ready to their hands, wouldn't be quite so pertikeler about siling their things. Why, sez I, 'I could clear-starch them curtings and all the rest of the flummery in this room in no time. For pity's sake,' soz I, 'Cousin Gusty, do let me cast aside some of that superflumsiness of kiverlids, and allow the light o' day to shine in upon my crazy quilt, and upon your Cousin Semanthy, who is nigh about as crazy as her spread.' You don't see how she could get around that? Wa'al, I nuther. When my dander is once riz, then my mouth is more like a mill-stream afore it's dammed than anything I can compare it to. There ain't never no lack of oratorical powers when I'm once swelled up with my subject. What did Gusty say? Oh, she spoke about the dellkit paper on the wall, and about the frisco overhead—whether she meant San-frisco or not I don't know—and poked the sewing-room and seamstress under my nose agin, and that's all that amounted to. And what do you think? That woman actooally told me that she never had her lace curtings, or her bureau frills, or her counterpins, or her shammies, done up to hum. With all that water pouring into the house, and all the hired help standin' round, and soap by the box, and clear-starch by the hundred-weight! That took the stiffening out o' me, and I jest lifted up my hands, and een-a'most went.

"Cousin Gusty do anything? Wa'al, I shouldn't call it doing anything: she plays on the pianner, and has company, and goes a-visiting, and tries on her dresses, and sees that the winders are all stopped up tight. That's the most I ever see her do. I had to larf one day, though I don't suppose I orter, but we are all weak in the sperret sometimes, specially when we've had our noses on the grin'stun a spell. Wa'al, I was a-coming along through the entryway on the second story, and I heard Cousin Gusty say to the black boy who opens the door for folks an' perades round from morning till night with a silver sarcer in his hand, that she'd jest seen a fly in the droring-room—that's the room that's got everything in it; and nothing that's good for anything. I'd ruther have this setting-room, with that sofy and them rocking-cheers with the quilted backs, and a few flies sprinkled round, than all the truck that Gusty's got. She can talk about her 'tarjays' and her 'uppernays,' and her 'mokay' and her 'turkay' carpets; but give me a good ingrain that I can turn and beat myself, and I won't ask no odds of nobody. Oh, yes, what did I larf about? Wa'al, as I was saying, Cousin Gusty got wind of a fly, and sot the darky onto him. I didn't tell you, but Gusty was fixing for Saratogy all the time I was there, and there hadn't been time yet to swathe up the statutes. You don't know what I mean? Wa'al, you wouln't want to know; but statutes are mostly men and women that are cut off at the waist, and sot round top o' things. Who cuts them off? That's more'n I know; but there they are, as nat'ral as life. You'd as lief set around in a cemetery? Wa'al, so'd I. I do hate the pesky things. If they only had their legs and arms on, 'twouldn't be quite so wearing. If you don't beat all!—how should I know where their legs and arms be? I have an idee that there are some droring-rooms that have the heads and shoulders, and some have the legs, and some have the arms, just as they happen to take a notion. You don't see how anybody could larf in such a place as that? Wa'al, I don't know myself.

"I used to go by them statutes at fust as if I was shot out of a red-hot shovel, but arter a while I never thought on 'em. Wa'al Cousin Gusty she sez to the black boy (raly now you'd a thought somebody was dead by the tremblin' way she spoke): 'Thomas, I've jest diskivered a fly on my Sanko in droring-room' (Sanko or Syko, I don't know which she said), 'and you must find it and kill it at once. Don't let me behold that fly no moro, Thomas.' No, ma'am, sez the black boy; and the minit Cousin Gusty's back was turned, sez he to himself: 'I hope there won't bo nothing but flies in Saratogy. I hope they'll have stingers, and I hope they'll bite her, and I hope she'll make a mistake and eat some ou 'em; I didn't wish nothing so bad as that on Cousin Gusty, but I felt a good deal nearer to that black boy arter that. There was just the same feelin' in his colored heart as there was in my white one, only he went further than me, and that was nat'ral, not having my eddication. Yes, Gusty's husband is rich, and no mistake. He has a leather shop in the Swamp; but, I vum, you'd never know he worked in hides. His hands are as white as a baby's; and I've sniffed and sniffed to see if I could nose out the smell o' leather on his clothes when he come in, but I never could. You wouldn't know he worked in a swamp neither, for there was no mud on his boots, and they shined just like a glass bottle. Yes, he's just as down on flies as Gusty is. Anybody'd think he'd get used to all kinds of critters, working in the marsh as he does day arter day; but, lor sakes! you'd never s'pose he'd seen a bug in his life. As I told Cousin Gusty, I should just as soon think of kicking agin death and the rates as to be everlastingly murderin' and shootin' flies. And the bruises that I've got all over my frame, fallin' agin this and that thing as well as t'other, is just disfiggerin', to say nothing about the pain I've underwent with 'em. I used more camphire and anguintum that four weeks than I ever used in my life. Supper-time, do you say? Wa'al, now, if the time don't just travel in this house! It used to seem to me three weeks 'twixt dinner and supper at Gusty's. Next time I come over I believe I'll bring my quilt, and see, as Cousin Gusty sez, 'if we can't bring some order out of chouse.'"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Too Late.

A New York broker who reached a village in Ohio the other evening was interviewed, soon after placing his name on the register, by a farmer, who said:

"I just wish you had arrived here this afternoon!"

"Any excitement?" replied the broker.

"Well I should say so. My son, Daniel, was convicted of stealing seven sheep, and has been held to the higher court. You ought to have been here!"

"Why?"

"Why, I'd have had you on the jury, and you could have cleared Daniel slick as grease. Our folks here don't look at things as you New Yorkers do."—*Wall Street News.*

Photographing Letters.

"The oddest customer," said the photographer, "I ever had, was a Tennessean who came in and had himself taken with a sign across his chest, on which was printed, in large letters:

'J. C. K.'
The father of thirty-four children.'

"He was in sober earnest, and wanted fifty copies. He was dumb-founded when, by way of a joke, I showed him the negative, on which the sign read:

'K. C. J.,
nerdlihc ruof-ytriht fo rehtaf eht.'"

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A factory in Elmira, N. Y., "turns" out between two hundred and three hundred augers daily, and is the only industry of its kind in the State.

—Another Pennsylvanian has discovered a new mechanical force, and wants us all to stand on tiptoe to hear it hum. His name is Bromily, and he claims to multiply power without fuel.

—A Georgia farmer, after making practical experiments, announces his belief that an acre of melons will yield as much syrup as one of sugar-cane, while the former does not tax the land near so heavily as the latter. The syrup has a peach flavor.

—We have in the Southern States in operation, or in course of erection, 191 cotton factories. This outnumbers by twenty-seven all the cotton factories in New England, outside of Massachusetts, and exceeds by sixteen the number in that State.—*Pulaski (Tenn.) Citizen.*

—A Maine man has invented and constructed a great improvement on the Indian birch canoe, being made of tin, and to avoid the great danger of upsetting or filling with water and sinking, or being swamped in rough water, he has conveniently arranged on either side a series of air-chambers.

—To remove fish-bones from the throat, Professor Vololini, of Breslau, recommends a gargle composed of muriatic acid, four parts; nitric acid, one part, and water, 240 parts. The teeth have to be protected by lard or oil. The fish-bones become flexible, and they disappear entirely after a short time.

—The Germantown (Pa.) *Telegraph* notes the fact that, as the Western States are steadily coming into formidable competition with each other in the production of tobacco, fruit, cheese, butter, vegetables, etc., the East is coming back to wheat-growing, and urges the seaboard farmers to jump in, raise all the wheat they can, export the surplus to Europe, and thus arrest what is called "the drain of the agricultural districts to supply emigrants to the West. In fact," it says, "the Eastern farmers have suffered in many ways from a policy wholly adverse to their interests, which has built up the West at their expense."

—To build a ship so that in case of accident to the bow the stern half can be instantaneously separated from it, and can continue the voyage securely and easily on its own account, is the latest contribution to the list of safeguards against the dangers of the sea. The idea is that of a German inventor, and is set forth with some detail in the Hamburg *Courier*, which sees no reason why it should not be entirely feasible. It would require many departures from the present mode of building vessels, as well as from their internal arrangement and equipment; but the inventor asserts that, as a whole, a vessel so constructed could be fully as sea worthy and swift as any built on the present plan, and would be twice as secure against disaster.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—As the New England tobacco crop promises unusually well this year we can expect a fine line of imported cigars presently.

—Some people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Two white tramps have been sent to the chain gang for throwing kisses at the young ladies of a Georgia seminary. The privileges of the American citizen seem to be getting very limited indeed.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Dr. Chalmers used to say that when one is in the act of tipping his hat to a lady whom he supposes to be an acquaintance it requires a good deal of tact to make believe that he is only scratching his forehead when he finds she is a stranger.

—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dearest Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back."—*Boston Post.*

—One fellow might hang around a surf swimming place for weeks and never have a chance to rescue a rich man's daughter from a watery grave. Another would grapple a millionheiress the very first day and be invited to her house to dinner. It is all luck.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A lady subscriber wants to know how to catch a husband. We have had no experience in this kind of sport personally, but we have known a husband to be caught by his wife as he was leaving a bar-room. When she got him home, we believe she caught him by the hair of his head and the husband, well, he caught particular Jesse.—*Detroit Post.*

—In a new light. "I have been with you now three months," said the junior clerk, and I think I ought to have a salary something nearly comensurate to my services." "H'm!" replied the employer; "well, times haven't been very good; you haven't had very much to do, you know. Couldn't think of giving you more than fifty dollars a month." Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir, I am not to blame because you haven't done business enough to keep me busy. I expect to get paid for what I know, not for what I do." Employer—"Oh! That puts the matter in a new light. I shall give you five dollars a month hereafter."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"I tell you, pard," said old Jimmy Cannon, a guide, "the West has lost its romance. Only a little while ago, it seems to me, where once there was nothing but the whoop of the Indian and the song of the six-shooter, now there are railroads and churches and commercial men and high schools and three-card monte men and lecturers and daily newspapers and every little while a natural death. Why within two months, if the blasted papers tell the truth, several men have died in Wyoming of disease. I tell you, it looks as though us old timers would have to move away. When we have to wait for lingering disease to snuff us out it's time to light out for the frontier."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Our Young Folks.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

A SONG FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE ALWAYS DISCONTENTED.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And little boys never are called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told: "It is time for bed."
Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,
Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?
Then oh! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pie;
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's land;
For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.
And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

—*Ella Wheeler, in Harper's Young People.*

On a Hill.

Sammy Bones lived on the very top of a hill, and the yard that he played in was almost all hill-side. So that if he happened to fall down, and get to rolling before he could get up again, he never stopped rolling until he reached the fence at the bottom of the hill.

But this did not happen very often. Really it never happened but just once that I know of. That time he *did* roll down hill, just like a log of wood or a keg of molasses—clear to the bottom.

His mamma was sewing on the machine, by the sitting-room window, at the time, and chancing to look out, she saw her precious son rolling away! And what was worse, he rolled faster and faster at every roll. Imagine her feelings! But if you're not a mamma yourself, there's no use in trying to imagine—you *can't*. But she need not have been so alarmed about him, for half an hour afterwards her son was safely on the top of the hill again—in the house.

He had been rubbed with arnica here, and anointed with scented salve there, and he had a long strip of court plaster just above one of his eyes, and another strip across the bridge of his nose. Nevertheless, he was very happy. For besides having been a great hero, "achieved greatness," as Shakespeare would say, he had also achieved some blackberry jam. And he did not get blackberry jam very often, not much oftener than he took a roll down the hillside. It was only *because* of the roll that he got the jam now. Sammy understood this fact; so withal, he felt that the accident was "all for the best"—now that it was over.

While he ate his bread and jam, his mamma with very red eyes, was giving her neighbor, Mrs. Smith, an account of the shocking affair, and of the mental anguish she had suffered while her boy was taking his wonderful circular journey.

"Why, I should think my hair would have turned gray with horror at the sight," she exclaimed, wiping away some more tears that came at the thought.

"Oh!" interrupted Sammy just as Mrs. Smith began speaking, "if you'd just been the fellow that was *a-rolling* though! *Looking on* ain't nothing," he added, grandly.

But a few days afterwards he found that "looking on" *was* something. It came about in this way:

When Sammy's father, who was a doctor, came home at noon on this day, he was in a great hurry. Mrs. Buel, who lived twelve miles out of town, had another stroke of paralysis, and he must go to see her right off.

"I'll just take old Bill out of the shafts," said the doctor, "and let him get some oats and a few minutes' rest, and then off I must go again."

Then he put two stones before the front wheels of the buggy to keep it from rolling away, and went in to his own dinner.

"Don't meddle with those stones, Sammy," he said, the last thing.

Sammy had had his dinner, and so had his two little cousins Meg and Milly, who were visiting him. So they did not go into the house.

"Let's get in the buggy and play horse," said Meg.

And in she and Milly clambered, while Sammy took hold of the shafts and began pulling. Taking hold of the shafts and pulling a little was not meddling with the stones, he thought. He just pulled a "little bit," when suddenly the buggy began to *push.* It pushed harder and harder, and Sammy got very red in the face trying to hold it in. But it *wouldn't* be held in! It got away from him, and rushed pell-mell down the hill with those two little cousins inside screaming "just awfully." And Sammy could only stand still and look on, just as poor mamma had done when he rolled away a few days before. Oh! he felt *dreadfully!* Then his papa rushed out, and his mamma rushed out, and his auntie, and Mary Ann, the hired girl; they all chased the buggy down the hill. But they did not catch it—not until it stopped of itself against the fence.

Milly and Meg, were not a bit hurt, but they cried and *cried*: and both of the shafts of the buggy were broken clear off.

So the doctor had to go on horseback to see Mrs. Buel.

Nobody scolded Sammy very much, for he looked so pale and sorry, and nobody gave him any jam this time either. But after a while his mamma smiled a little, and asked him if "*looking on*" "*wasn't* something."

And Sammy looked very, very meek, and said: "Yes, ma'am."—*Youth's Companion.*

Wrinkles.

I wonder, children, if when you look at your grandmother who sits there nodding in her chair—("I wasn't asleep," says grandmother, with a start; "Of course not," returns grandfather, with a twinkle in his eye)—I wonder if, when you look at those wrinkles in the dear grandmother's face, you think of the thought and the care and the trials that helped time to make them. She is sweeter to me, children, than she was in the old days when she was like a wild rose in June. (Grandmother made a quaint, old-fashioned courtesy, and everybody went over and kissed her.)

But we won't talk of grandmother in particular, we'll talk of wrinkles in general. When I was a boy I was taught to look with respect on a wrinkled face. Each wrinkle means a great deal. It means suffering and care, and anxiety for others; for that old person has been very selfish, indeed, who has lived only for himself. Few have been so selfish.

Yesterday, as I was crossing South Ferry, I saw a wrinkled hand before me on the rail of the boat. It was a man's hand. It was hard and brown. And, though the man himself had his back towards me, I read him from that hand. He had his Sunday coat on and a tall hat, but the hand was the hand of a laborer. The wrinkles were made as much by constant use as by time. It was an honest hand, and I—grandfather—thought it would be more fitting to a gentleman to kiss that toil-stained hand than the hand of the Sovereign Lady who rules the British Isles, and one of them at least, so badly. When the man turned his face grandfather saw he was not mistaken. The face was an honest one, and when the boat touched the wharf with an awful bang against the woodwork, two boys, neatly dressed, sprang to meet the man, and called "Father." Those wrinkles had been made in daily toil that these nice, bright boys might be kept nice, and bright, and good.

Each wrinkle in your father's face means a day of anxiety or toil for you. For whom does he work? For you. For whom does your mother plan, and mend, and economize? For you.

Do you think that because people grow old they do not like pleasant things? Do you think that it is no sacrifice to toil and moil day after day? That parents are bound to work, work, work, so that the young may have all the sweet things of life, and accept them thanklessly, like little princes?

Grandmother likes a new ribbon for her cap occasionally, as well as any of you girls. She doesn't ask for it, but then she likes you to think of it all the same. And I think I caught her crunching those caramels Kate gave her as if she were seven instead of seventy. ("For shame, grandfather, only sixty-eight!") *N'importe*, as the French say, two years do not make much difference, but I am sure she seems younger to me every day.—*Christian at Work.*

Carried Over Niagara.

About sundown one evening recently a man was carried over the falls. Who he was is not known. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was extraordinary. His boat was a very good one, decked over the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them. I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat, then near half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed toward the American shore—the wind blowing from the shore, and the sail was still standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and, from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the island. There it was turned up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give the alarm or remain to assist in case the boat attempted to make the island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned toward the American shore. Then it was certain that it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge, rallied a man at the toll-gate, and we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—he standing at the stern with his oar changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down. I was astonished to see the boat rise, with the mast and sail standing, and the man again erect directing the boat toward the shore. As he came to the next and to each succeeding fall he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current. Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar, and pointing his boat toward the main shore, he cried: "Had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the falls the boat struck a rock, turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand until he went over the precipice. Without the power to render assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

—A Louisville (Ky.) father got wind of the fact that his daughter intended to elope, and proceeded to act in a somewhat unconventional manner. He said he would be Dan Tuckered if there should be any eloping in his family, so he "laid" for the couple. He caught them at two o'clock in the morning and hustled them before a justice of the peace, where he had them married in regulation order, himself acting as master of ceremonies.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Religious.

HEREAFTER.

O heart, grown wild amid the heat and tumult
Of years that hasten so, be calm, be strong!
These few, brief days may mock thy high endeavor,
But O, the eternal years of God are long!

O captive soul, imprisoned, fettered, thwarted,
Cast down, oppressed, beset on every side,
Be patient! Fold awhile thy sky-born pinion;
For O, the everlasting doors are wide!

O faint with toil, who longing, reaching, striving,
Forever grasping, ever empty stand,
"Fullness of joy" in God's great presence waiteth,
And "pleasures evermore" at His right hand!

—*Demorest's Monthly.*

WHOM TO JUDGE.

While the rule of Christian charity forbids us to judge or condemn others, and requires us to look with leniency and large tolerance upon their acts and character, there is no such rule to regulate our self-judgments. We are not warned against being too exacting with ourselves, nor commanded to be self-tolerant. The multitude of sins that charity is to cover are not our own, but another's. With ourselves we are to be rigid and unbending. We are to look at ourselves as we really appear in the mirror of God's Word, and not seek to hide from our own eyes any blemish, or extenuate any defect. Like Cromwell, we are to insist on being painted as we are, scars and lines, great wart and all. We are not to make apologies for ourselves to ourselves. We are not to commisserate ourselves and try to find excuses for our failings and sins, in order that our self-condemnation may be as light as possible. We should abate nothing from the strict truth as we know it in our own hearts, when we are making up our self-judgments. We should palliate nothing in the guilt or weakness that stains or mars our character or course of life.

The more common course, however, is to have the largest patience with ourselves, and little patience or none at all with others; to hide from ourselves our own faults and blemishes, and insist on seeing every minute flaw in others; to use the widest breadth of charity to hide from our own eyes the multitude of sins in ourselves, but to refuse its folds for our neighbor's use, leaving exposed his minutest blemishes; to applying all manner of specious casuistry to make our own evil appear good; at the same time denying to others any excuse for or extenuation of their transgressions or defects; to have defense for every small or great folly or vice in ourselves, but none for any semblance of evil in others. We apply the glass with its full magnifying power when we are looking at another, that no smallest speck may hide from our search; then we reverse the glass when we look at ourselves, so that every spot may be minified and reduced to insignificance.

Such a way of looking at our faults and the faults of others is neither just to ourselves nor charitable toward others. We never can rise to excellence of character, nor attain a lofty reach of conduct, unless we habitually set before ourselves the highest possible—the absolutely perfect—ideal. Shutting our eyes to our own defects and blemishes is simply to leave them as spots in the picture, as dropped threads in the web, as false notes in the score of the music, as broken stones in the wall, to shame us some day when the completed work is revealed. If we would have perfect and beauteous work when all is finished, we must make it perfect and beauteous, line by line, as we go on. We should be eager, then, to recognize every flaw or fault in ourselves, in order that we may with unsparing hand remove or correct it. He wrongs his own soul, and is untrue to his own highest good, who refuses to see the defects in himself, or who apologizes for them as if they were unworthy of him. The aim in character-building should ever be to surpass one's self. This can be done only by the faithful and habitual recognition before one's self of the highest and noblest standard of attainment.

But while holding ourselves to a strict account, we are not to be severely strict with others. We are not to make ourselves our brother's judge to the same extent that we are to judge ourselves. Our brother is in God's hands: God is his master, and to God must his account be made. We do not understand what extenuations there may be in another's case for the things in him, or in his course, which we are disposed to condemn. We never know precisely where to locate the blame when a man's character is scarred or marred. And we had better not attempt it. God understands it all, and He will be both pitiful and just. We must leave it to Him.

If we knew what had so distorted another's life, our voice of criticism would, perhaps, be hushed. Longfellow says: "If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility." Every life has its pathos. We know not what grief may have done to spoil the life, or what some secret sorrow, or some fierce temptation, is even now doing to mar its beauty. If we knew all, possibly we would not wonder at what we now are ready to condemn."

It is clear that the judging of others is neither our duty nor within the scope of our ability. It is also clear that charity toward others is both right and possible to us. We ask forbearance of God; we should extend to others what we crave from Him as the very hope of our soul. As we grow toward godlikeness in character, we shall grow in leniency toward our fellows. God bears with those in whom we see so much evil; should not we bear with them, since He does, when we remember that it is against Him, and not against us, that their evil is committed?—*S. S. Times.*

The Sovereignty of God.

The sovereignty of God has been a strong support and consolation to the children of God in their work and trials and afflictions and sufferings. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice," has been the text from which the joy of many a believer has sprung. "Thy Kingdom come," the word of our Lord Jesus, has been the longing of saints in all ages. The prayer Our Prophet, the Faithful and True Witness, taught us, begins: "Our Father, who art in Heaven" and continues, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done." A royal Father, a Father who rules, meets the needs of man. Men trying to live righteously in a sinful world, often engaged in seemingly doubtful conflicts, often abused, misrepresented, maligned and even persecuted, are sustained and cheered by faith in the royal supremacy of God. It is not only that God is their Father, but that He is an Independent, almighty, everywhere present, perfectly righteous, omniscient, and irresistible Sovereign, glorious in holiness, that is their strong staff, their encouragement, their consolation. Knowing this and believing it, they are willing to be patient and to wait for the promised end.

This faith in the government of the God of the Bible has made strong, heroic Christians; has inspired songs in the night; has been a mainspring of hopeful, beneficent activity; has infused confidence in prayer, and has been as the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land. The new theology may babble as it will about mediæval figures, and about striking out the kingship of God from the confessions, but it will never succeed in convincing the Church. The moment there is a prospect of the success of such a proposition there will come a protest from sick-rooms, from mission fields, from believers actually in the conflict of right with wrong, from the really earnest souls striving to make the world better, that will rebuke and silence these sentimentalists. God is a sovereign, a being to be adored and feared and obeyed, as well as one to be trusted and loved. "The Lord *reigneth*, let the earth rejoice."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Influence of Personal Character.

Nothing is more marked or more beautiful in the life of Jesus than the influence of His mere character and presence. (Illustrated by His course with little children; the devotion to His person of noble women; the drawing to Him of the sinful and the weary; and the general testimony of friends and foes.)

There is no effort to produce an impression; nothing demonstrative or theatrical. It is all unstudied, natural, the spontaneous outcome of what He is.

I. It is what a man is that the Bible lays the stress upon. Shown by (*a*) the ceaseless reference to the state of the heart; (*b*) the doctrine of a new birth; (*c*) the placing of goodness in motive, desire and intent.

Not what a man has, does, thinks, but is! "Blessed are the pure in heart. * * * the meek," etc.

II. It is as a man really is that he comes to be known. Character is one of those subtle influences, or combination of influences, which you can no more confine than you can an odor.

No imposture, deceit or mistake is permanently possible. A strong temptation, an unguarded moment, a look, a gesture, and the truth is out.

Character is felt. There is a mysterious sympathy and understanding between souls.

III. What a man really is determines his influence; and

IV. Mainly his power. A most solemn principle; our power to do is largely conditioned by what we are. Are we weak, mean, sordid? We shall fail as the disciples failed to "cast him out," and for the same reason. It takes a saintly man to do a mighty work.

Let us aim after a greater depth and reality. Professions, phrases, outward acts, ceremonies, may only betray (can not long conceal) spiritual poverty. It is "the man after God's own heart" who is so often spoken of as "My servant David."—*London Freeman.*

Gems of Thought.

—To do so no more is the truest repentance.—*Luther.*

—The claims of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Johnson.*

—A man never knows what a weak, fickle and uncertain master he has in himself until he is at liberty to govern his own life as he pleases.

—In the light of eternity we shall see that what we desired would have been fatal to us, and that which we would have avoided would have been essential to our well-being.—*Exchange.*

—In a dispute with an infidel the purity of the Bible is an overwhelming argument. The Sermon on the Mount, if all the circumstances be considered, will be regarded by any profound thinker as a greater miracle than the raising of Lazarus.—*Fuller.*

—Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their rightful meaning often leads one to distort facts, to misrepresent conversations, and to magnify statements in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who in common conversation is indifferent to the import and regardless of the power of words.—*Peabody.*

—Atheism in any form is more credulous than Christianity a hundred-fold. It requires less blind faith or credulity to accept every miracle at sight than it does to accept any positive position assumed by any atheist who has ever written or spoken. The atheist thinks it a terrible thing for us to believe that Christ could raise one dead man, but he believes there are millions of souls called into being each year with no divine agency whatever.—*Golden Rule.*

—You can not reason your heart into purity. A single day's work in such a task would make more progress than a century's words. If thinking is not followed by doing it is like a plant that promises well, but never comes to fruitfulness. It is a very easy matter to think of doing great things, of making great sacrifices for others' good, of being charitable and helpful to your fellowmen, but to have this thinking blossom out in noble deeds is quite another thing. Many think of doing good, while the few set out to frame their thoughts in living deeds.—*Exchange.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. SEPT. 26 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
[illegible]	½ "	40
[illegible]	¼ "	20
[illegible]	1 "	20
[illegible]	1 "	10
[illegible]	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

IN Cincinnati politics it's two pluck one.

THE breaking up of the drouth came just in time to prepare the ground for sowing grain.

THE Democratic bickering still continues in Hamilton county, Ohio. An attempt to harmonize failed, making each party more determined.

THE drouth is not confined to Kentucky soil this year, but is effecting the crops in numerous localities in the south, while the western country has been blessed with copious rains.

IT was thought that when Governor Blackburn stepped down and out of office he would not be heard of again soon, but he went east and got off some silly twaddle for the north to make capital of.

THE Court of Appeals, last week, interfered with a Carter county hanging arranged for the 24th of November, by reversing the verdict of the lower court in the case of G. W. S. Henderson, sentenced for killing Robert Clark.

THE total tax valuation of the State as taken from the Assessors' books returned to the Auditor's office for 1883, is $274,380,098, being an increase over 1882 of $11,067,650. Of the increase $4,687,197 is on personalty and $6,380,453 on reality.

GOV. KNOTT has not manifested any desire to embark extensively in the pardoning business yet. He has used the little word "no" pretty liberally so far, and according to his inaugural address but few pardons will be granted during his administration.

GOV. KNOTT and a caravan of State Officials were on exhibition the first day of the Louisville Fair, and last Thursday a portion of the Kentucky press gang was prowling about that city. Verily, Louisville was blessed with distinguished visitors last week.

THE cause of education is evidently attracting more attention in Kentucky at present then it has at any time in the history of the State. With a good educational system in operation in Kentucky she would soon shake off her lethargy, and become as great a State as there is in the Union.

THE Land Office muddle justifies the conclusion that there was trading done in the Louisville Convention by some of Cecil's friends who are known to have indulged in that method of electioneering in previous conventions. Cecil may have been ignorant of what was being done, while, on the other hand, Sheldon was making the best terms possible for his retaining a lucrative position in the office. The combination resulted as desired, but Sheldon was not wanted as chief clerk, and he should not made such a tool of himself.

THE effort to give Gen. Williams a boost in the Senatorial race by abusing, belittleing and misrepresenting Hon. John G. Carlisle is contemptible, to say the least of it. Mr. Carlisle is the equal of Gen. Williams in all the elements that go to make up a statesman, and he has acquired more reputation and less notoriety than any Kentucky member in either House, Gen. Williams not excepted. For dignity, honesty, ability and learning Mr. Carlisle is the peer of any man sent from Kentucky to either branch of Congress since the war.
—[Winchester Sun.

A FREIGHT and passenger train on the C. & O. road ran into each other in Triplett Tunnel, making a total wreck of the passenger's engine and five cars of the freight train. One fireman and a passenger were injured. The way the accident occurred is reported thus: The freight train was but a short distance in advance of the passenger, both going in the same direction and up a steep grade when the boxes of the freight became uncoupled from the engine, and running back with fearful speed collided with the passenger.

SHELDON has surrendered the keys of the Land Office, which will, in all probability, be followed by a prosecution for usurpation. Let the prosecution come, and let it be vigorous, too.

THE national colored convention assembled in Louisville last Monday. They were having a lively time trying to choose a permanent chairman, from last accounts. The speakers each embraced their first opportunity to declare their abiding faith in the Republican party. Fred Douglas wanted to be permanent chairman but was meeting much opposition. Twenty-seven States are represented in the convention.

WE presume no one has any objection to ex-Governor Blackburn going where he pleases and when he pleases, but if he is correctly reported by the New York Sun, in an interview with a representative of that paper, he should be muzzled before he starts on another trip beyond the limits of Kentucky. Such twaddle as "there still exists in the South a desire to see the North humbled;" "we are ruled by blacks, and of course there still exists a bitter feeling;" "it will soon be a question of might;" &c., sounds extremely ridiculous here, but in the North there is some danger that this sentiment be taken as the feeling of the people in Kentucky, coming from such a source.—Richmond Herald.

JOSEPH NORVELL, a clerk in the Land Office under Sheldon, has sued Cecil, Register of the Land Office, for $5,000 damages. Norvell bases his claim for damages on the allegation that Cecil previous to his election, employed him as his clerk at a salary of $1,000 per year, and that he tendered Cecil his services under the contract, but that he failed and refused to recognize the contract. The depositions of both Norvell and Cecil have been taken and they swear to exactly the opposite, Norvell threatens to have Cecil indicted for perjury, of which Cecil's attorneys make much sport. A large number of witnesses have been summoned, several of them are feeling very uncomfortable because they will have to tell what they know about the cause of trouble. Probable the public will yet get a history of the workings of the Louisville convention, and that, too, from men who know all about it.

A GANG of slickers are doing Indiana. One man goes ahead and represents that he is the agent of a new paint house that has sent him out with instructions to paint a barn every eight miles for what the material alone is worth. The contract is entered into, and in a few days the workmen come along to do the job. Much to the farmer's surprise the foreman informs him that he has a contract with him, the amount usually being ten or twenty times as great as the unsuspecting Grangers supposed it to be. During the wrangle, that is certain to ensue, a third party arrives on the scene, and in a very short time discovers that the farmer is about to be swindled. Calling him out he tells him confidentially that for twenty dollars he will put a stop to the scheme. Generally the last proposition is agreed to, the third man soon "runs the rascals off," the twenty dollars is paid, and shortly after the gang divide the spoils.

GOV. KNOTT should not construe any friendly expression he may hear or find in the papers in regard to Governor Blackburn personally, as an indorsement of his administration The Breckinridge News points out some of the effects of his injudicious exercises of the pardoning power, and says that during his administration our statistics show an increase in the crime of murder alone of 135 per cent. In 1880 there were committed in Kentucky fifty-three murders (of all grades and homicides), or a fraction over one per week. In 1881 the total footed up ninety-six, or a fraction over one and three-fourths per week. In 1882 the total was 113, or a fraction over two per week. And up to the 15th of August of the present year, 1883, 109 murders have occurred within the borders of the Commonwealth, being a fraction over two per week for the entire year. These figures should prevent any one from indorsing the policy, and certainly they are not calculated to encourage the new governor to adopt it.—Louisville Post.

7

LADIES and sickly girls requiring gentle and reliable stimulant, will find Brown's Iron Bitters beneficial.

ELKTON, KY.—Dr. E. B. Weathers says: "I regard Brown's Iron Bitters as a medicine of unusual worth."

FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Rev. T. J. Reilly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

THE hail that visited a portion of Carroll county, Sunday after noon, was very destructive to growing crops

THE town of Rabbit Hash has been almost destroyed twice within the year, and both times Stephen Mock lost his store building. This has been an eventful year with Rabbit Hash, and 1883 will make the most interesting page in the history of the town.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"no, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, PARKER'S TONIC is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: Dr. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy, in two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York

Public Sale.

On Friday the 28th inst., at 3 o'clock p. m., the following property will be sold to the highest bidder, to-wit:

MOUNT PLEASANT GRANGE HALL and one-half interest in lot on which said property is located. The purpose of said sale is to raise means to liquidate debt against said property.

Terms of Sale—$100 cash, and the balance, if any, in 30 days, the purchaser to give bond with approved security.

The sale will take place in the hall at the appointed hour.

Trustees { OSCAR GAINES, J. E. DUNCAN, G. C. GRADDY.

Sept, 19th, 1883.

For Sale.

A good cow and calf—the cow is fresh and a number one milch cow, apply to
C. L. CRISLER, Burlington, Ky.

Notice.

The annual election officers of the Farmers' M. F. Ins. Company, will be held at Burlington the first Monday in October, 1883. Amount of property insured to date in round numbers $130,000.

J. H. WALTON, Sec'y.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Riley, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Erastus Garrison, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come foward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land. 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ½ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2-m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good.

MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS, Aurora, Ind

Will have constantly on hand

Marble and Granite Monuments,

Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire

INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

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J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.

R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.

LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz, JNO. M. MOODY.

Just From New York

WITH A

Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,

—AND—

OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

H. F. BLASE,

540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY.

YARNS, FLANNELS &

BLANKETS,

From SCHOFILD & SON'S and VEVAY Woolen Mills, now on sale at

COLTER'S

Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,

Rising Sun, Indiana.

We offer a large Factory Blanket for a $5 bill. Every person should see this Blanket; Its the Grandest Bargain Ever offered in the United States.

Indigo Blue Yarns 80 cents per pound, best made.
Steel Mix Yarns 75 cents per pound, best made.
Sheep's Gray Yarns 75 cents per pound, best made.
White Yarns 70 cents per pound, best made.
All Fancy colors 6½ to 7c. per pound, best made.

When buying yarns, see that they are put on the scales and weighed. Some count so many cuts a lb. and beat you out of near one-fourth of a pound.

Steel Mix Jeans, with Blue Warp, 45c,
Any Color Factory Flannels 35 to 40c.

In Addition to the above-named FACTORY goods we have

Jeans at from 20 to 33 cents.
Flnnels from 15 to 20 cents,
One Job in a 3-4 Wool Linsey at 22 1-2c.
One Case Canton Flannel at 10c, big bargain.
3 Cases Canton Flannel, 8 1-3 to 12 1-2c.
Over 300 Blankets at $1 75 to $3 50.
Bed Comforts, any price and grade.

SEE OUR $2 25 and $2 75 SADDLE-SEAM BOOTS.
SEE OUR WOMEN'S BUTTON SHOES AT $1 25.

See our Boot and Shoe department when wanting boots and shoes of any kind

Over One Thousand Overcoats to Select From
Over Three Thousand Full Suits to select from.
Ovev Four Thousand Hats to select from.

A Five Thousand Dollar Stock of Millinery to Select from in Shapes, Trimmings, Ribbons and Feathers.

Over One Thousand Bolts of Cashmeres and Dress Goods to select from, and Trimmings to match all.

SAVE YOUR MONEY UP AND COME TO

COLTER'S

Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,

Rising Sun, Ind.

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE ITS VALUE.

LOOK HERE!

when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on

Winegardner

He has a large assortment of

Wall Paper!

And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.

Inks, Pens and Stationar

constantly on hand.

Headquaters in Lotton House.

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We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.

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LIVER

And all Billious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

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SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, NO. 920 LOCUST ST.

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Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

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Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY. TRADE MARK

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS

by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Billious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

INJECTION SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim Burlington.

FOR SALE.

A full blooded Alderney cow—will be fresh in the spring. She is very gentle and a good milker. CY RIDDELL,
Hebron, Ky.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

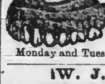
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. Ed Fowler, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



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Resident Dentist,

Rising Sun, Ind.

WITH

J. P. Ulrey.

Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

W. J. RICE,

CARPENTER & BUILDER,

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Is prepared Raise or Move EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS

On Short Notice.

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

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SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN."

148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

☞ All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known *writer on the Boston Herald*, B. W. BALL, of *Rochester, N.H.*, writes, June 7, 1882:

"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a *complete cure*. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility,** and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.

50c. & $1, Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 35 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

Paynes' Automatic Farm Engines

OF ALL KINDS.—Established 1840.

3 to 100 Horse Power.

Our 10-Horse Spark Arresting Threshing Engine has cut 10,000 feet Pine Lumber in **10 hours.** Will burn wood 6 feet long, coal, Straw and corn stalks. Send for Price List and Catalogue G.

B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1400, Corning, N. Y.

FREE!

RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness* and *Decay*. Sent in plain sealed envelope *free*. Druggists can fill it.

Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any *clean* pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial **MEDAL & Diploma.** Established **50 years.** Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern **BATTLES.** New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard **Books & Bibles** works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 37 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

County Court next Monday.

The sun's crossing the line stirred up the moister.

Buy your clothing at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

The grand jury meets Monday, a signal for a small exodus.

Read the advertisement of the Mt. Pleasant Grange Hall for sale.

Over One Thousand Overcoats to select from at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Fall pastures may be resurrected, but they now look like they are only awaiting a funeral.

The buyers who have old tobacco on hand are sipping the cream of their last year's buying.

The Independent figures that 7,640 persons, all told, attended the Aurora Fair this year.

What's our winter clothing that were left over from last winter? Echo answers, where?

The drouth slayed the mosquito crop in this section. Last season there was an over production.

The readjustment of Postmasters' salaries will increase our worthy P. M.'s exchequer several dollars.

Buy your fall goods at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana, where you can get everything you want in our house. *

Ayer's Pills take the lead of all aperients and purgatives. Their action is gentle, searching and thorough.

We are glad to see that Judge Hawes has grown sufficiently strong to be able to wield the croquet mallet again.

There is a Sixty Thousand Dollar stock of winter goods at Colter's Mammoth Cheap Cash Store, Rising Sun.*

W. B. Adams has a pumpkin the weight of which he estimates at 150 pounds. That's some pumpkin for you.

G. S. Lozier's fine display of Pianos and Organs were awarded first premium at both, Lawrenceburg and Aurora Fairs.

Buy your Flannels, Jeans, Yarns and Blankets at Colters, Rising Sun, Indiana. Wool Blankets $4, $5 and $6 per pair.*

Since J. Frank Grant entered his trotting mare for the Louisville races, she has taken the distemper and will not be able to start.

Nine premiums were awarded G. S. Lozier at the Aurora Fair, on different kinds of work done on the New Home sewing machine.

Burlington sent a pretty extensive delegation to Latonia last week. Don't know whether their visit expanded their purses or not.

The petit jurors are summoned for the second day of the approaching term of Circuit Court. The grand jury will be impaneled on Monday as usual.

If a fire was to break out in Burlington it would have things it own way, there being very little water in wells and cisterns. Be careful with your fire.

Heavy Saddle-seam Kip Boots at $2, $2 25, $2 50 and $2 75. Women's Kip Shoes at 75c, 90c, $1 and $1 25 at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

A horse fell with C. L. Crisler, last Friday evening, and sprained Cy's ankle, and he had two canes and a crutch to assist in his locomotion for several days.

The trustee of the jury fund expects all the constables and justices of the peace to make their reports on the first day of Circuit Court, which is next Monday.

The light running New Home Sewing Machine took first premium at the Enterprise Fair last week, over all competitors, viz: Domestic and White sewing machines.

The leaves have commenced falling, and in a few days the town will be "kivered" with them to the depth of about one foot. They become a nuisance in the fall.

You can go to Colter's at Rising Sun, Indiana, and find everything, without running around. Clothing, Millinery, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Cloaks and Raps and everything.*

It was universally conceded that G. S. Lozier's display of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines, at the Lawrenceburg and Aurora Fairs was the largest and finest ever exhibited at any county fair.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

A drove of cattle passing over the bridge at Florence X-Roads, last week, disabled the structure so as to render it dangerous, and the authorities condemned it. The travel now crosses the creek above or below the bridge.*

Mr. Abel Carpenter, one of our staunch citizens was in town, last Friday. Mr. Carpenter spent about two days getting the water out of his cistern just at the beginning of the drouth, and he has enjoyed the luxury of carrying water for some time.

Last Wednesday, while Charlie Winston, son of Mr. A. G. Winston, was getting away from a couple of his father's horses that were kicking each other, he fell, breaking one bone in his left wrist, which is attended with the pain usually produced by such injuries.

Those brag $5 factory Blankets are selling rapid, over 50 pair sold all ready at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Mrs. Jane Foster, whose serious illness was mentioned last week, died on Friday night. Mrs. Foster was an aged lady, and leaves one son and one daughter, Mrs. A. E. Crisler of this county, and Elijah Hogan ex-Sheriff, and Representative-elect in Gallatin county.

James Riddell, who saw the negro at the time he shot the horse driven by Chas. Schramm to the Enterprise Fair, says it was accidental, and that the negro was attempting to load the pistol when it was discharged. The negro had never been in the employ of Riddell & Norris.

The tobacco crop is about all in the house, and as the weather has been very favorable for cutting and housing, it is fair to assume that its present condition is good. In weight, the crop this year will fall considerably short of last year's crop, if reports from different neighborhoods can be relied on.

The ducks and geese were as glad as anybody else to see the rain last Sunday. Yes, we met what the Joe's call an old goose, Sunday evening, on the pike, and it lifted its h—t, (we mean it flopped its wings) as though it was glad to see the rain. Now we don't mean this for you Jim.

The docket for the October term of the Circuit Court which convenes Monday is composed of 36 common law appearances, 11 of which are for damages; 8 common law cases continued from last term; 15 old indictments and 24 new indictments returned by the last grand jury. There are 18 equity appearances and 48 continued equity cases.

The back-bone of the drouth commence weakening last Friday morning, and the elements were unsettled as to what course to pursue; but about 1:30 p. m. Sunday the question was settled by the best rain that has visited this section for a time almost to which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary The rain was accompanied by hail which would have done serious injury to growing tobacco, but the most of that crop was cut, and but little injury resulted.

The last days of William Walton's sojourn in this county came near bearing him distress. During the absence of himself and wife, one day last week, his sons, Everett and Paul, while out doors, discovered that something was burning in one of the second story rooms, to which they hastened, where they found the clothing on a bed burning rapidly. The fire was extinguished with a bucket of water before being communicated to the building. The cause of the fire is attributed to the lighting of a match, by a mouse as there was no other means by which it could be started.

R. S. Strader, who at one time resided where Dr. J. C. Terrill now lives, shot and killed a negro boy at his stables near Lexington last Friday night. The negro, attempting to commit some depredation about the stables that night had been driven away twice, the last time being shot at by some of the employes of Mr. Strader. On his third appearance Mr. S. was notified of his return, when he went out to the stables, taking with him a shot gun, both barrels of which were loaded. When he discovered the negro he was coming toward him rapidly, but was stopped by a load from the gun in Strader's hands. The shot soon proved fatal. Strader surrendered, and was discharged by the examining court the next day. A pistol was found on the body of the negro.

Last Wednesday morning Charles Westbay was at the spring near the common school-house, watering his team preparatory to going to the city, and when getting into the wagon the horses started, and upset the wagon, which caused them to run off, coming up Washington street at a great rate of speed, having run against a fence and demolished one fore wheel. W. R. Terrill saw them coming when he ran to the wagon and getting in went to the front and got hold of the lines and succeeded in stopping the runaways in Union street near McKim's store, having turned two street corners. Getting into the wagon when the horses were running was a fearless act that no one else would have undertaken. The wagon was badly used up and is now on the docks for repairs.

Wednesday night about half-past 11 o'clock an alarm of fire was sounded, the cause proving to be the burning of the storehouse of H. S. Pate, in Rabbit Hash, Ky., just opposite Rising Sun. When discovered the fire had made such progress that it was useless to attempt to save the burning building. A keg of powder exploded, throwing firebrands in all directions, and for a time it looked as though the dwelling of Ben Wilson and several other houses in the neighborhood would surely go, but hard work on the part of the Kentuckians, assisted by a number of Rising Sunners saved all except a small building that stood but a few feet from the store. Mr. Pate's stock of goods, valued at $2,000, was totally destroyed. A $2,000 insurance policy was placed on the stock a short time ago. Dr. L. C. Cowen, who had an office in the building, lost all his books and accounts, but he was insured for $200. Stephen Mock, owner of the store building, which was new, had an insurance of $800, One theory as to the cause of the fire is that the store was broken into by thieves, and then set it on fire to cover up all traces of the burglary.—Rising Sun Local.

About four o'clock the afternoon before, Deputy Sheriff German had levied on a portion of the goods that were burned, for debts owing parties in the city.

People go fifty miles to trade at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Rev. Dicken will commence a protracted meeting here next Sunday nigh.

Mr. Simeon Clore, of Waveland, Ind. was the guest of Noah Clore, near Florence, last week.

Mrs. S. S. Westbay and son, Johnnie, of Brinkley, Arkansas, are visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. George Duvall and wife, of Cincinnati, were visiting Mr. James Westbay and family, Sunday.

Dan Hewitt, of Woolper Heights, came to town Saturday bringing the printers some nice peaches.

Miss Annie Cowen, daughter of Jas. Cowen, of Gallatin county, is visiting her grandfather, Samuel Cowen, and family at this place.

Mrs. W. S. Huey has moved to Burlington, and now occupies Mrs. Francis Riddell's house, Mr. McFarland having moved into Mr. Rous[illegible] house.

Dr. Cowen, of Rabbit Hash, was in town Monday. Since the destruction of his pills and powders by the fire the other night, he can take a short vacation. He also lost all his books and accounts.

Buy your Boots and Shoes at Colters, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Huntsville.

A good rain fell here Sunday evening, which was long wished for by everyone.

Farmers are very busy housing their tobacco, and will be busy this week cutting corn and sowing wheat.

Several of the young folks of this place attended the Sunday-school celebration at Hopeful Church, Saturday.

A. M. Acra, of Burlington, was here Saturday night,

James Pope and Miss Ida Pope were visiting Elliot Snyder and wife, of near Florence, Sunday.

James D. Acra will soon be ready to build an addition to his residence.

A. B. Acra claims to have the largest, Mabley pumpkin in the neighborhood.

Florence X-Roads.

Fine rain last Sunday.

The Hopeful Sabbath-school celebration, last Saturday was a very pleasant affair, and was largely attended. The Hebron school was out in force. Rev. A. J. Douglas delivered the address which was very appropriate and interesting.

F. H. Russell has been repairing his mill. He has a large supply of logs in the yard.

J. J. Tanner's new house is about completed.

A Mr. Cole proposes to teach a 5 months school at this place. The house has been provided with a lot of new desks.

John Aylor furnished some good beef last week.

A. F. Crigler has returned from a visit to Ohio.....Jeff Riggs has returned from Indiana. He reports crops not the finest he ever saw.....Uncle Billy Tanner has gone to Virginia to visit the home of his youth and the friends of his childhood......Mrs. Delia Utz entertained a large number of her neighbors and friends last Sunday. Among them were Michael Dilger and son, of Cincinnati,

Rabbit Hash.

About 12 o'clock on the night of the 19th of September, fire was discovered issuing from the roof of the new house of Stephen R. Mock in this place, occupied as a store and grocery by H. S. Pate, jr., of Rising Sun, Ind. The fire when discovered, had made such progress that it was impossible to save the building or any of its contents, but by the timely arrival of the neighbors and some of the citizens of Rising Sun, the property of Wilson & Riddell stored in a building near by, was nearly all saved, although the building itself was burned. And now in behalf of Messrs. Wilson & Riddell and at their request, we tender to the citizens of Rabbit Hash, and especially to our kind neighbors of Rising Run, who so generously aided them in saving their property from the devouring flames, their grateful thanks. The house of Mock was a total loss, which is probably covered by insurance. All the goods of H. S. Pate and the house belonging to the heirs of Robt. Piatt, decd., and lately occupied by Wilson & Riddell, are swept away.

The members of the Baptist Church in East Bend, have just completed a beautiful and substantial fence around their church property, and now it will compare in appearance favorably with any similar property in the county.

Mrs. Annie Stephens and her son, Master Victor, who have been visiting relatives and friends in this neighborhood for the past month, will return to their home in Monroe county, Missour', the 25th.

Francesville.

The Rev. Dicken assisted by the Rev. Robt. Kirtley has been carrying on a protracted meeting at this place for the past two weeks. As yet there has been but one addition to the church. Mr. Dicken is certainly a very able speaker and he has made a strong effort to convert the ungodly and have them to come within the pales of the church, but it appears that the Francesvillians and the neighborhood at large are past redemption, and it will be but few years ere we will be in want of a missionary sent among us for the purpose of enlightenment.

Considerable excitement prevailed here at the beginning of last week in Hotel circles. It seems there was a strife between the proprietor of the Hayes house and the landlord of the Hedges hotel, as to who would entertain the delegation from Burlington (which by the way are building a barn for Mr. Noah Utz). Mine host of the Hayes house cut the rates on a pas with the Grand of Cincinnati, the other could not call his hand. The delegation therefore are stopping at the Hayes house, and from what we have heard great animosity exists between the landlords, and in all probability it will be a duel as landlords generally are desperate characters, especially when it comes to settling a board bill.

Billy Hayes has made a valuable addition to his slaughter house in the way of a large tank. He will use it for rendering out tallow, lard and for various purposes. He contemplates putting up a bone mill next spring, which, judging from the corn crop here, will amply pay him as there will be a large supply of bones on the market, and Billy might as well reap the profits as Si Keek.

Squirrels were very plentiful in this vicinity until last Thursday, when we went out hunting and succeeded in killing two and scaring the balance to death.

Mrs. Sereptha Pritchard sustained a serious fall from a horse, on the 17th inst. She had been visiting at Mr. Joe Graves' and was in the act of mounting her horse to leave, when the saddle turned with her, throwing her backwards to the ground. We are informed that she is not considered dangerously hurt though seriously.

Our almanac says now is a good time to dig cisterns and ice houses, and our almanac knows.

We have a man in our neighborhood that is afflicted with the watermelon kleptomania, another new disease, and sometimes fatal.

The sunflowers are fast losing their roseate hue, reminding us that summer is past, and in a few short weeks we will hear the wind whistling around the corner asking us what we have done with our last year's earnings.

Mr. Scothorn's house is nearing completion, Mrs. Goodrich has had her house remodeled which has added to its appearance very much.

Mr. George Morton and wife, of Indianapolis, are visiting at Mr. Abe Wainscotts

Those desiring a good article of coal will do well to call on Davis Bros., Constance. We have purchased our winter coal from them and find it contains more gas than we do ourself.

Florence.

I had just finished a lengthy article on drought—indeed I had made a real grammar founded on scientific principles and philosophical research. I was prompted to this effort by the inadequacy of the present text books by comparison to express the dry state of affairs.

Why, one man said his neighbor's pond had dried out, cracked open and burned up. Another lighted his coal with a match without kindling. A third wanted to borrow the water used to rinse the glasses at the bar to sprinkle his floor; he was refused upon the ground that he wanted to dry it out and get the whisky.

Dry, dryer, dryest, is the way they talk up the degree of comparison now, per contra, wet, wetter, wettest. This practice was established way back in the times of Old Noah when Mother Earth was soaked with water, and there were only three dry spots, the farms of Shem, Ham and Japeth. Since that time, four thousand years, our planet has been whirling and pitching around the burning rays of Old Sol, and she's dried out. The inhabitants are dry and the superlative degree don't express it. I had this all arranged by a critical analysis and was flattering myself upon my effort and how I would present it to the Teachers' Institute at its next session; how the teachers would envy my grammar qualifications; what debating; how the commissioner would come down with his gavel and the examiners would resign their position, and the next issue of the RECORDER would announce the great loss to the educational interest of Kentucky in a supplement with bold head lines. But unlucky moment an unexpected shower threw a damper upon my dry article, the bottom fell out of my manuscript, and the glory of an author faded forever.

I took a stroll through town to-day along the shady side of Main St., to try to pick up something newsy. The glorious rain had washed the dust from the shade trees and the dirt from the streets and sidewalks The merchants were busy cleaning windows and displaying their goods. The farmers were at the shops with their plows preparatory to seeding. The pumps at the well replenished, hotel cisterns were once more blessed with cranks, and the hostlers at their posts, awaiting for a nickel. The loungers were in their accustomed places. The excited conversation and anxious appearance of a group of humanity drew my attention, I paused as I drew near. A first-class tragedy thought I, as breathless I listened. "They may jail me, but I'll never tell," said one. Caught the assassin and want him to confess I thought. "Is the Sheriff in town?" said another. Going to mob him I guess. "When is court?" said a third. Perhaps they'll let the law take its course, and I breathed easier. "I'm dry said another;" all said "I should smile," as they disappeared in a near hotel.

I intuitively followed to the door. The whole party stood in line before the bar, confronted by the landlord who with cocked revolver in hand demanded answers to the following questions: "Are each of you 35 years of age and duly sober?" "Is there any streak of insanity traceable back to your ancestors?" "Are any of you related by blood or marriage to Smith Brown or the Sharp Brothers?" "Barkeeper," said the landlord, "the answers entitle this party to ginger ale, be quick and don't repeat."

As they departed I entered, feverish and excited. I told the landlord I was a representative of the press, and would like to interview his bar. "Bring a certificate of good moral character and enter by the side door." he grufly replied. I started to cross the street, was jostled by a fellow with a big club in his hand, and just behind him and in a stooping posture, with a swinging basket on his face, was another fellow who screamed out to a tall young man with red cheeks, who stood a little further along to "curve'er." A little boy said, "he can't, cause he's got a sweetheart and he's dead on her, he is."

GAS OMETER.

Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to laying your winter goods.*

Over three thousand Full Suits to select from at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Next Saturday afternoon the Boones will play a picked nine composed of players from Cleves, Delhi and Riverside, O.; Taylorsport and other places in Boone. This will be one of the most interesting games of the season, and all lovers of the sport should go to see it. It will be played on the Boones' ground (Dr. Terrill's ball park.) Game called at 2 p. m. Admission 15 cents.

Lewis Weaver, of Sunbright, Tenn. writes under date of 20th inst., as follows:

We are having very dry weather here—rain is needed badly. We have had a frost which damaged the corn some on low land—no tobacco to damage. Our crop of peaches is about exhausted. The crops of Seed Ticks and wild turkeys are very fine, and there are some deer here. Oil well supplies have been received here for shipment to Overton county, where they are now boring for oil. Parties from the North are becoming interested here, and we expect an oil well will be sunk in Sunbright this fall. From what we can learn these parties are well pleased with the oil outlook and our grazing. There is an abundance of elbow room here for all who desire to come to the mountains.

Mrs. Lewis Weaver is improving, and says Martin Weaver has the boss baby.

The rain that fell Sunday and Monday relieved us of a job that we were getting particularly fond of, that of carrying water about a quarter of a mile before breakfast.

In some localities in the north part of the county there was a heavy fall of hail Sunday. In some places hailstones were not melted late in the day Monday. Tobacco not cut was considerably injured.

Thieves made their quarterly raid on Mike Clore's store at Hebron, Monday night, taking about $35 worth of goods. One of James Riley's horses was taken and rode to Bromley, supposed to have been ridden by the thieves.

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EMBALMERS,
Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

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Lessons given at my residence,
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BOOTS AND SHOES,
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Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.
No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

We Have
J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S
JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.
THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS
45 Cents.
Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed, as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.
COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.
R O
FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES,
SALT BY THE BARREL.
R O U S E.
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.
The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.
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QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.
DUDLEY ROUSE'S.
I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase.

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SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
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79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month,
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping,
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

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Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as———.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood.
Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCAME, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

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And having just received a beautiful
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Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
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BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

MODEL CHILDREN.

Dat fust chile am Abs'lum 'Neezer,
 An' dat nex' one's Ephaham;
Ober dar am Potiphar Cæsar—
 Him as we fo' short call Sam.

Sorter 'semblin'? Like free pins, sah;
 Can't mos' tell which which one am;
Dat, I 'spec', is case dey's twins, sah—
 Abs'lum, Ephaham, an' Sam.

Yo' nebber seed sich peaceable chillun;
 No, dey nebber disumgree;
Jes' watch 'em eat dat water-millun—
 Peaceable, sah, as dey kon be.

Dar, now, chillun, quit yer foolin';
 Frow dat piece o' peel away;
Yes, dey likes ter all be rulin',
 But dey'll mind jes' when I say.

Luff him be, dar, Ephaham; yo'
 Needn't look de biggest share!
Fo' de solem' fack I'll flam yo,
 If ye doan divide dat fair!

Did'n ye heah me talkin', Abs'lum!
 Luff right go ob Eph'ham's ba'r!
Dar's enuff; ye all ken hab sum—
 Cuff him agin, sah, if yo' dare!

Potiphar, stop dat! Mind yer mudder!
 Look out 'fo' ye tear his cloze!
Hain't yer 'shamed to scratch yer brudder?
 See dat poor little Abs'lum's nose!

Hi! yo' wile-cat, dar! he's stranglin'!
 Doan yer da's to frow dat stone!
'Pears yer wuss'n dogs fur janglin',
 If I da's to leab yer 'lone!

Whist! I heah de ole man 'wakin'!
 Skatter quick, wid all yer might;
Ye ken bet ye'll git a shakin'
 If ye doan skoot out o' sight.

See 'em git! Yah! yah! What chillun!
 Coorse dey'll jangle when dey's mad;
But dey'll quit, sah, mighty willin',
 When I menshun de ole man's gad.

—Charles H. Turner, in Century Magazine.

THE SHUTES OF SHEFFIELD.

My wife and I had given much thought to the question of house rent, and had decided that we should not be justified in exceeding £120 a year, but we hoped to find a pretty little place in the country at that rate. Our requirements were modest. "Give me a well-cooked chop and a good glass of sherry, and I can rough it anywhere," said the intending traveler. We only wanted a thoroughly pleasant house, within easy distance of a country town where there was good society, a really good garden, a stable and coach-house, and a few fields. We had looked at many houses, when one day, after a morning of disappointment, we saw a charming one standing some little distance from the road, and a notice informed us it was to be let. We went to see it. It was simply perfect, and was surrounded by a garden which I loved at first sight. It was sheltered from every cold wind, open to every benign influence, and full of the most beautiful, old-fashioned flowers, all growing as if they had been at home there for years! A single glance showed me that some which I had long been vainly trying to cultivate were flourishing here with happy indifference to human care. My wife was delighted with the house—so was I—but it was the garden which completely carried me away. It was not very large, but there were wide open walks, and pretty, secluded paths, and roses and fruit trees, a lawn, and magnificent flower borders. Having once seen that garden, I never could be satisfied with any other.

"It's pretty, sir," said the housekeeper, observing how lovingly my eyes dilated. "A many pretty flowers grows here. They grow of their own accord like, for the gardener has little trouble with them."

"The gardener!" I exclaimed; "I never let people of that kind run riot among my flowers!"

"Oh, lor, sir, well to be sure! But there has always been a gardener here. That's his cottage there, behind the trees," and she pointed out a pretty, red cottage across the lawn. Little was visible but the tops of some dormer windows, for a high trellis covered with roses screened it from view.

"What's the rent of Fairlawn?" I asked, in sudden fear, for the little bit I saw of the gardener's cottage was so well built that it alarmed me.

"One hundred and sixty pounds, sir."

My wife's countenance fell. With prompt decision she took off her spectacles, put them carefully in their case, and stowed them away in her bag as no longer needed.

"One hundred and sixty pounds," I repeated, very sadly.

"Yes, my dear, that settles it," said my beloved wife; but she had no idea what regret I was feeling.

"I suppose it's no use thinking of it," said I, with a sigh, "but I never saw flowers do so well in any garden before."

"Come, John," said my wife. "It's only tiring ourselves for no purpose—we had better go. You know as well as I do that we ought not to saddle ourselves with such a high rent."

"Stop! I have an idea," said I, joyously. "We might reduce the rent by letting that cottage."

"You might, sir," interposed the housekeeper. "It has six rooms and a kitchen; it was let a little while back to the Curate. It's only the last year or two the gardener has had it."

We went to the cottage, and when I saw what an excellent house it was I decided to take Fairlawn. I settled the matter at once, and in ten days began to move in. I gave the cottage a name likely to inflame ardent and poetical minds, called it Eglantine Cottage, and advertised it freely. It had a verandah covered with roses, and a pretty little garden of its own in front, sloping down to the high road. We had established ourselves at Fairlawn, brought our dear only daughter home from school, and returned most of the calls made on us by the resident gentry, before we had an application for the Cottage. At last a gentleman came—a man of five and thirty, with bushy, brown hair, keen, inquiring, gray eyes, and a singularly intelligent face. His name was Shute. He had studied for the Bar, but was forced to live in the country on account of his wife's health, and now devoted himself to art. They had no children, and did not object to a forty-pound rent, though I myself had feared it was rather too much. All was soon settled, provided the references he gave me were satisfactory.

They were most satisfactory. Each of the two responsible and well-to-do gentlemen to whom I wrote had the greatest pleasure in testifying to the high character of the gentleman who wished to be my tenant, and each concluded by saying that such testimony on his part was almost unnecessary, seeing that the said gentleman was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. I read this, and straightway a fine flavor of respectability attached itself to my tenant—he was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. This being the case, I dedicated to his enjoyment the larger part of a large hamper of fine ferns which had been sent me from Cumberland, and went and planted them myself in telling spots. That done, I tied up his roses so that his wife might have the full benefit of their beauty. And now all care was over, and we were really happy at Fairlawn. My wife had her pony carriage and explored the neighborhood, and I had my garden and my box of books from the library. Mr. Shute's furniture began to arrive, and Mr. Shute himself came to see all made ready for his delicate wife. He stayed with us, but he was so busy that we did not see much of him. He was, however, a very pleasant fellow, and we liked him.

"I won't trouble you with my furniture-arranging difficulties, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Peveril," said he, "but there is one little favor I would like to ask of you. Would you mind having that trellis lowered a little? It would be such a treat to my poor wife to have just a glimpse of your exquisite garden from her sofa. She is so unfortunate as to be almost a confirmed invalid."

"I shall be very glad—" I began.

"Thank you! thank you! I felt sure you would be kind. Shall I give orders to have the trellis removed, or will you?"

"Removed!" I had imagined that he said "lowered." Now, I like to throw off my coat and waistcoat when I am working in my garden—but one can't behave ill to a delicate woman.

"She is coming to-morrow," said he; "there is no time to lose."

I had not the courage to plead for its only being lowered, and now the windows of Eglantine Cottage raked my happy hunting-grounds where I had hitherto been so full of liberty, and so alone. My heart ached for the poor roses which had been thrown down with the trellis. Mr. Shute began to pluck them, and said he would put them in water to help to make the house gay for his wife. Then he threw them down, exclaiming: "After all, she won't be here till to-morrow. I am sure you will give me a handful of fresh ones in the morning."

"You have roses of your own," said I, impatiently, for he had flung down all those he had just gathered—and it infuriates me to see flowers ill-treated.

"I know I have," said he, calmly; "but I don't want to touch mine. They make the front of the house look well. My wife, Mr. Peveril, is quite the creature of impression! Come and see how you like the look of the little place now that the furniture is in."

Everything looked most charming. The rooms were large and low, with low, wide-latticed windows and window seats. The view into my garden was delicious. I never thought the Shutes paid too much rent after I had seen that. Their furniture was of the "Queen Anne" time, and suited the rooms to perfection. Eglantine Cottage was infinitely prettier than Fairlawn. I began to feel unbounded respect for this scion of the Shutes of Sheffield, for all this delightful result had been obtained so easily. There was very little furniture in the drawing-room; the floor was covered with Indian matting and Persian rugs; the curtains were of Japanese muslin; the walls hung with the most exquisite water-colors in perfectly simple wooden frames. There were twelve or thirteen magnificent Turners! I had only one, the gift of my rich uncle, and I was accustomed to consider it a priceless possession. Mr. Shute actually had thirteen, and a Girtin and a Barrett as well! Besides this there were shelves full of beautiful china plates. I had never seen such a dainty abode before. Such richly hung walls were a most agreeable sight to a landlord! Full of comforting inner warmth, I exclaimed. "Well, there is no fear of Mrs. Shute not admiring this!"

"You think so?" said he; "I'm so glad! I have had to be very careful what I did. You see, she is quite the creature of impression. I should be miserable if she said the Cottage was not pretty. By the by, did you know that she was one of the Wilmots of Taunton?"

Now I was not going to stand that. I had made up my mind to feel a great respect for the Shutes of Sheffield, and, if they all had as good an idea of furnishing as Edward Shute, they were emphatically worthy of it; but I was not going to allow myself to be so much impressed by any other family. Besides, what were the Wilmots of Taunton to me? I was well acquainted with every rose that was grown, I knew every pansy worthy of a place in my garden, but—I had never heard of the Wilmots of Taunton.

We went over all the rooms; one was fitted up as a studio. Mr. Shute's easel was set up, his color-box and palettes were ready; but, of course, he had not begun to work yet.

"I shall be glad when I get her safely here," said he. "By the by, how am I to fetch her from the railway station? Do you mind lending me the pony carriage?"

I said I would lend it to him; but I wished he had not said *the* pony carriage; if he had said *your* pony carriage it would not have looked so much like a vehicle which belonged just as much to him as to me.

Mrs. Shute was a tall, pale, languid-looking woman of eight and twenty, with fair hair—which was by no means all her own—and dull, blue eyes. She spent most of her time on the sofa.

"I do so wish that we had a little bit of ground at the back of our house," said Mr. Shute one day to my wife, "if it were ever so small. My poor wife never gets out; she can't sit in our garden, for it is so near the road, and being so much in the house is so dull."

Having said this, he looked anxiously into her eyes to see how much Christian charity she possessed.

My wife, poor dear woman, was taken by surprise, and replied: "I wish Mrs. Shute would use our garden sometimes—when my husband is not working in it, I mean, for when he is busy he likes to be careless about appearances."

"Oh! thank you. How truly kind!" exclaimed Mr. Shute. "Then we will have a key made. You know there is a door from our back yard into your garden, and we will have a key made for it at once, unless you have one you can lend us."

And now my poor wife knew what she had done, for, of course, it was out of the question for an invalid like Mrs. Shute to walk all the way round by the lane to the proper entrance, and yet, if she had a key and could come and go when she liked, all my pleasure in the garden would be gone. "You won't go when my husband is at work?" she said in desperation to Mrs. Shute, and then trusted to her delicacy. What a poor, weak thing to trust to!

They got the key—they used it. Mrs. Shute, who was not strong enough to go around to the proper entrance, meandered for miles along our gravel-paths and lawn. I could always trace her presence, for she plucked every flower she fancied, and flung it as quickly away, and I saw my slaughtered innocents lying bruised and withered in the sun, and could have slain her in turn. Mrs. Shute might be the creature of impression, but the flowers were the creatures of impression, too, and bore the marks of her ridiculous high-heeled shoes as she crushed them down in her indifference and passed on. For some little time she respected my feelings and never entered the garden when I was at work. Soon, however, she came when she chose; and frequently I, hard at work in my gray flannel shirt, would see a sylph-like form arrayed in spotless white glide toward me, which planted a camp-stool within a yard of me, and seemed determined to enter into a prolonged conversation. If I moved away Mrs. Shute was certain to follow me. It was best to try not to mind her being there, and let her sit admiring her pretty feet and open-worked stockings, and utter weak little remarks.

She was always affable. "I see, Mr. Peveril, you are quite *au bout des doigts* with all your flowers!" said she one day, most kindly.

"H'm," I replied. "Yes, I like flowers."

"So do I! I worship them! I even admire a lot of great ugly ferns we have in our own garden!" Thus did the creature of impression speak of the lovely rare ferns which I had sacrificed to the tenants who were to help me pay my rent.

"Don't you like ferns?" I said, half inclined to make an effort to get them back again.

"Well, yes, in the woods; but I like Pelar-r-rgoniums in gardens; nothing looks better. If I had plenty of money I'd just put hundreds of them in front of our house. What a thing money is, Mr. Perevil! and there are actually some people who are so crowded with it that they don't know what to do with it but make an ostentation of it."

"I am very sure I should know what to do with mine, if I had a little more," was my thought—for I was forced to endure this lady's company for want of a miserable forty pounds a year.

She perhaps found me unusually dull, for she said she would "stroll about a bit," and hastily knotting up a "guinea switch of hair" which was rolling down her back, she went away. Presently she returned with the Grosvenor book which I was looking forward to the treat of reading when my work was done. She had obtained it by thrusting her arm at the open window, and removing it from the table where it was lying awaiting my return. She and her husband, too, were extremely fond of possessing themselves of whatever they happened to want. She borrowed a book in this nefarious way. He came in a panic—his wife was ill; would we let him have half a dozen bottles of old port? Or he was suddenly seized with admiration of one of our water-colors. We had three good ones, but he was not satisfied with anything less than our Turner, and asked if we would allow him to take it to the Cottage for an hour or two, and place it on an easel near his wife's sofa—it would help to while away the weary hours, and she was the—

Rather than hear him say she was the creature of impression I hastened away to get the picture for him. His wife did not care for pictures; why did he borrow them for her? She did not care for books, either. She was entirely uneducated; and though possibly a Wilmot of Taunton, she certainly was not a lady. She wished to be pleasant, though, and was very fond of sympathizing with me whenever she happened to observe certain small green insects which she called "nasty afrites" on my roses. Had she been reading "The Persian and Turkish Tales?" I wished an ill-disposed afrite would carry her off—but nothing ever did carry her away from my side but the sight of the gardener going toward the kitchen garden. Then she said in a moment; "Dear Mr. Peveril, Edward and I are so fond of fresh vegetation, may I go and ask that man to cut off some little trifle for the Cottage?" and I, rejoicing at this momentary good fortune, always said: "Oh, pray do." And she went and commanded him to hear to her abode cauliflowers and peas, lettuces, apricots, or whatsoever else was agreeable to the palate of a creature of impression. For my part, I should not have cared what went to the Cottage so long as nothing came from it—to sit by my side, I mean. But my wife said too much went! They had new-laid eggs, milk, cream, and more butter than we could well spare, and they did not pay as they got it, but let the account run on.

"Be patient," said I; "don't complain and don't offend them. We should have been very hard up without these Shutes, for I have spent more than I ought on the house and garden, and it is an immense comfort to have such rich tenants. They must be rich, for those pictures on their walls are worth thousands. Don't let us think of the Shutes. Let us enjoy our happiness?"

Our dear daughter had got a lover—not a declared one, but one who was evidently in earnest. He was a thoroughly conscientious, upright man, and had a small estate which had been in his family for a couple of centuries. Our joy about this made us tolerant of the Shutes. The young folks met constantly, and the more we saw of Mr. Ducie the more we liked him. Perhaps it was a lucky thing that Mrs. Shute liked sitting on my lawn better than driving with my wife, for if she had used our pony carriage my daughter would have had to stay at home, and Mr. Ducie would have had fewer opportunities of seeing her.

One day, after irritating me by calling my penstemons antirrhinums, when I should have disliked to hear her bestow such an appellation on my snapdragons, she, who knew nothing of our secret hopes, suddenly exclaimed: "Mr. Peveril, don't you think that Mr. Ducie who comes to your house is a very charming young man? We have asked him to the Cottage, and he is coming! There are a great many nice young men in this neighborhood! I am going to invite my sister to come and stay with me—she is such a nice girl, and so beautiful!"

I could see the connection of ideas. She was going to invite her sister to the Cottage in the hope of fascinating some one—most probably our Mr. Ducie! This was fatal, for if Mrs. Shute made up her mind to deprive us of anything which seemed good in her eyes, nothing remained to us but to resign ourselves to letting her have it.

My poor Dorothea! I sighed heavily. That marriage on which we had set our hearts was not to be. Mrs. Shute's sister, a Wilmot of Taunton, and probably also a creature of impression, would come and win away Mr. Ducie's affections from my daughter, and my wife and I would be such fools that even we would allow ourselves to be drawn into doing our part toward producing that result. I was silent for some time; I was afraid she would notice it; I did not want her to know how we felt about Mr. Ducie, so I said: "I suppose your husband is hard at work this fine morning?"

"Yes, he is busy copying—painting, I mean," said she, in some confusion.

"Copying nature, I suppose," said I; but it occurred to me that considering he was a landscape painter, Mr. Shute staid a great deal indoors.

Miss Wilmot came She was as bright and rosy as Mrs. Shute was pale, and hardly had she arrived than the Shutes began to borrow our pony carriage freely, and asked us to lend them our lawn for a tennis party they wished to give to introduce her.

"They want to invite Mr. Ducie!" I exclaimed, when my wife told me this. "It is too much! It's like seething a kid in its mother's milk!"

"And we shall have to supply the strawberries, and the cream, and lend the teacups and teaspoons, and a couple of servants! And she wants to borrow our long dining-table to place under a tree on the lawn, and has not got a table-cloth long enough to cover it, but is sure that we have, and won't mind lending it, and—"

"Say no more," said I, decidedly. "We must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at giving up Mr. Ducie to them."

He was there even while we were speaking; he told us of his visit afterward, and said he thought Miss Wilmot a very charming girl, though it was easy to see that, like the fat boy in "Pickwick," "he knew a nicerer;" but how long would he continue to put my Dorothea in the first place if these Shutes began to angle for him in earnest? Our experience was that they always managed to get what they wanted. He begun to go to the Cottage a great deal more than I liked. My wife said it was because from the Shutes' windows he could sometimes see Dorothea walking in our garden. I did not know. Why did he not come to us?

He did come to us, and sometimes asked Dorothea to stroll with him in the garden, but no sooner did they go out than Mrs. Shute and Miss Wilmot joined them. I called the latter "the Abominable, that uninvited came," but how could the mind revert to poetry in the midst of such vexation as this?

While everything was in this wretchedly uncomfortable state I received a letter from my uncle—the uncle I did not want to offend. It was rather cold, and it ended thus: "I think, John, you must now see that I had every reason to warn you against taking that foolishly expensive house of yours, but you need not have sold your 'Turner,' and you ought to have had at least another hundred for it. Besides, I would infinitely rather have lent you some money myself than have that exquisite drawing go out of the family!"

It had not gone out of the family—I had not sold it, and never meant to do so! It had been an act of great self-sacrifice to let it go to the Cottage for a few days, but now I had got it back and would keep it. My uncle's letter made me feel inclined to go and look at the drawing. I took it down to enjoy it thoroughly. It had been taken out of its frame. Why had that been done? I at once went to the Cottage to ask the question. The ladies were out. They had hired a carriage and gone to spend the day with Mr. Ducie's mother. They were evidently in terrible earnest about that affair, and it was a most significant feature that they had hired a carriage, instead of insisting on having ours.

"Mr. Shute is in the studio, sir: will you walk up stairs?" said the servant.

I walked up stairs, but he was not there. On the tables and easels I saw a number of water-color drawings in various stages of progress, all of which he was copying from others. Mr. Shute copied Turner drawings and sold them as originals! I saw it in a moment. And he had copied mine! Or had he, perhaps, sold the original and sent me back the copy? Then the drawings on his walls were copies, too, and I had not such a well-to-do tenant after all, for those Turners on the walls had been my sheet-anchor of safety. Perhaps the rent of this cottage, for which I had sacrificed so much, would never be paid, and my cream and new-laid eggs, my fruit, my vegetables, my peace of mind, even my hopes for the future, were all to be as nothing. Letters with foreign stamps lay on the table, doubtless orders from the antipodes for valuable drawings, which my clever tenant had no difficulty in supplying, and even now his wife and her sister were twining their meshes around—

I looked up suddenly, and saw from the Shutes' window my Dorothea and Mr. Ducie walking in the garden below, hand in hand. Joy took possession of my heart. He had fled from the two Wilmot sirens in search of my Dorothea!

We never saw the Shutes again. That same evening they left Eglantine Cottage. Next morning two emissaries of the law took possession of it. Mr. Shute was deeply in debt, but he had taken away nearly everything that was valuable. All that remained to satisfy his creditors was a certain amount of Indian matting, two pairs of flimsy curtains, a few rush-bottomed chairs, empty picture frames, and some furniture too heavy to be moved. The china plates which had looked so imposing were cracked in every direction, and neatly mended. Not one of them was worth one shilling. Everything else was much the same. This little palace of æstheticism had faded away in an hour or two.

My wife and I were so happy that we did not grieve over our lost rent. My uncle lent me £100, and three months afterward came to Dorothea's wedding, on which occasion he satisfied himself, and me, too, that my Turner was still on my walls, and that the estimable Mr. Shute of Sheffield had contented himself with making a copy.—*Belgravia.*

Our Sea Farms.

Prof. Huxley says that our deep-sea fisheries can never be exhausted. The entire catch of codfish on the coasts of Norway and the United States is but an insignificant fraction of the myriads of that fish which visit the northern shores of Northern Europe and Eastern North America. The annual catch of herring would not supply a week's consumption to an ordinary shoal of codfish, and yet as much herring is eaten by man as all other fish put together. An acre of water will supply more food for man than an acre of the best arable land. There is a shallow lagoon in the Adriatic Sea covering 70,000 acres of surface. For a great number of years it has added five hundred weight of fish to the acre—about double the quantity of food that can be derived from the most fertile land. Hence, oceans and deep seas can always be depended upon to supply unlimited quantities of food to mankind, no matter how dense the population of the globe may finally become. But this remark does not apply to in-shore, lake, and river fisheries. The supplies of salmon, shad, oysters, and lobsters can be reduced, unless the waters are intelligently restocked. Prof. Huxley paid a high compliment to the United States for the prudent treatment of its streams and coast lines in the re-stocking of delicious fish. The labors of Prof. Baird and his Fish Commission have been of immense benefit to the present generation, and will be of still greater advantage to the generations which are to follow.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Chickory Farming.

Chickory farming promises to be one of the coming industries of California farming. Chicory was first planted in the State about fifteen years ago, but since that time it has been extensively raised on the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers. Chicory is cultivated on a small scale in some of the Eastern States, and in some places in that section grows wild in abandoned fields and orchards. It grows very luxuriantly on the bottom lands of Louisiana and Texas. The root of the plant, when being prepared for use, is cut by a machine, into small square blocks, then placed in the sun to dry, afterward roasted, and finally ground in a mill. Chicory possesses few elements in common with coffee; and yet it imparts a taste to it greatly fancied by certain coffee drinkers in Europe. In France and Belgium, the common people have been so accustomed to mix chicory with the coffee they drink that they prefer it, so prepared, to the beverage in its pure state. Travelers in those countries, even when they purchase pure coffee for their private consumption, find that the cooks will mix chicory with it, even after having received strict orders to the contrary.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

American Triumph at Amsterdam.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have just received the following cable dispatch from Mr. C. C. Bender, their agent in Holland, now representing them at the World's Exposition at Amsterdam: "*Received Diploma of Honor, the very highest award.*" The Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs were placed in competition at this great exhibition with a large number from the leading makers of Europe and America, and this award is but a continuation of their unbroken series of triumphs at all the great world's exhibitions for the last sixteen years. Mason & Hamlin have now won the highest awards at Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Milan, 1881, and Amsterdam, 1883.—*Boston Journal.*

A Clergyman's Advice.

Six months or more ago a stranger appeared in one of the stores of an adjoining town and asked for mutilated or punched coin. He purchased all that was exhibited and departed. Subsequently, during most of the time mentioned, he returned at intervals seeking further installments of damaged currency. A short time ago he made another visit and entered into explanations, substantially as follows: "I am a clergyman of the next town, and one of my deacons has been in the habit of putting all his punched coin in the contribution-box. But I have got even with him by collecting punched coin and paying him wholly in that kind of currency for a supply of firewood. He is cured now, and puts no more punched coin in the box."—*Concord Monitor.*

—An old man, of Machias, N. Y., died recently of a very peculiar illness. Two weeks before he died, it is said, his bones began to break. First his arm broke, then two or three of his ribs, and then his legs. He was ninety-six years old.

A Congressman speaking one day,
Got lame in his jaw, they do say.
With the ache he was toiling,
But a St. Jacobs Oiling,
He said was worth all his pay.

The champion driver Dan Mace,
Who never was "left" in a race,
Says for cuts and sprains,
And all bodily pains,
St. Jacobs Oil holds the first place.

People speak of gold as hard money, when in reality a gold dollar is a tender thing; legally so, in fact.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For scrofula, sores of all kinds, skin and blood diseases, its effects are marvelous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Send stamp for pamphlet on skin diseases. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than" to have married and then have the girl sour on you.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"With Grateful Feelings."

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" have cured my daughter of scrofulous swellings and open sores about the neck; and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife who had been bed-fast for eight months from Female Weakness. I am with grateful feelings, yours truly, T. H. Long, Galveston, Texas.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" of some other fellow.—*Detroit Post.*

"Fair Girl Graduates,"

Whose sedentary lives increase those troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists.

In 1819 Florida was ceded to the United States by the Spaniards. It has since been seeded to cotton and sweet oranges.

Huntsville, Ala.—Dr. J. C. Spotswood says: "I highly recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, rheumatism and general debility."

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, September 21, 1883.		
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 00	@ 4 25
HOGS—Common	4 00	@ 4 75
Good packers	4 80	@ 5 15
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 06	@ 1 08
No. 2 red	1 02	@ 1 08
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	29½	@
Rye—No. 2	56½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 50	@12 75
Lard—Current make	8	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@ 18
Prime Creamery	20	@ 23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 40	@ 3 80
Good to choice	4 50	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 05	@
No. 2 red	1 11½	@ 1 12
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	61½	@ 62
Oats—mixed	32½	@ 36
PORK—Mess	13 50	@13 75
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 00	@
Corn—No. 2	50¼	@ 50¾
Oats—No. 2	27	@
Rye	55	@
PORK—Mess	10 60	@10 65
LARD—Steam	8·17½	@ 8·20
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 06½	@ 1 06¾
Corn—mixed	57	@
Oats—mixed	34	@ 36
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Refined	10¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 00	@
Corn—mixed	49	@
Oats—mixed	29½	@
PORK—MESS	12 25	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 01	@
CORN—mixed	48	@
OATS—mixed	26¼	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	3 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 50

We should think there would be a continued row in a book-bindary, there are so many rulers.—*Boston Post.*

Catarrh.—For fifteen years I have been greatly annoyed with this disgusting disease, which caused severe pain in my head, continual dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Ely's Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles. J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and 11th St., N. Y.

If your dining-room is made cool and airy, how is your chambermaid?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tampico, Tenn.—Rev. D. F. Manly says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after physicians failed."

The English Lord-Chief-Justice has been cordially received, but what will he say to our coal-ridge, the Alleghenies.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Vigor, strength and health, all obtained by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," and they divide the boodle.—*N. Y. News.*

Look Out for Frauds!

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Rats"), and has laughing face of a man on labels. 15c and 25c bottles.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

One reason why more people don't go to the Yellowstone is because it takes too many yellow stones to get there.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. John D. Park & Sons, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. Crittenton, New York.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

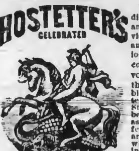
Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic

Promotes digestion in females of delicate health. Colden's, no other, of druggists.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain!
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE,
Headache, Toothache,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

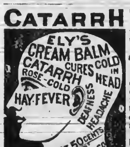
HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH
BITTERS

In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

A POLICEMAN'S DUTY.

Policeman Ed. K. Heath, 19 North Street, Portland, Me. May 11, 1883, writes:

"I have been troubled for a good many years with inflammation of the bladder, dating as far back as during the time I was in the army. I suffered with dull, heavy pains in the back and kidneys too intense for me to describe, and tried several remedies that were recommended, and was examined by one of our best physicians, who pronounced it inflammation of the bladder; and I went to the hospital for treatment, but all medicine and treatment had seemed to fail. I was recommended to try Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used in several such cases here in Portland and vicinity. I purchased a bottle at Smith's drug store here, and found after using the first bottle that it relieved me greatly, and after using several bottles found that it did me more good than all other medicines and treatment I have received combined. And to add to my good opinion of Hunt's Remedy, I beg to state in closing that my wife has been for a long time troubled with a weakness and inflammation of the bladder, with a complication of other diseases peculiar to women. After using only two bottles she has been completely cured; and I can say that my wife is loud in praise of this wonderful medicine, and I would highly recommend it to all who are suffering from kidney diseases or diseases of the bladder."

NO MATERIAL CHANGE.

This is to certify that I have used Hunt's Remedy for the kidney complaint, and derived much benefit from its use.

I have been afflicted about one year, and received treatment from the local physicians, and used a number of so-called specifics without any material help. I am happy to say, after using three bottles of Hunt's Remedy, I was completely cured.

I never fail to recommend it, and you are at liberty to use my name in any manner you may desire.

John W. Johnston.

Norwich, Conn., May 7, 1883.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

PORTABLE & STATIONARY
Steam Engines
and STEAM BOILERS, smaller sizes adapted to
Farm and Plantation Use!
$200 We make six sizes, capacity from 3 to 50,000 ft. per day with one saw for our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill. LANE BODLEY CO., John and Water Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. Illustrated catalogue free.

CHICAGO SCALE CO.
2 TON WAGON SCALE, $40. 3 TON, $50.
4 Ton $60, Beam Box Included.
240 lb. FARMER'S SCALE, $5.
The "Little Detective," ¼ oz. to 25 lb. $3.
300 OTHER SIZES. Reduced PRICE LIST FREE.
FORGES, TOOLS, &c.
BEST FORGE MADE FOR LIGHT WORK, $10.
40 lb. Anvil and Kit of Tools, $10.
Farmers save time and money doing odd jobs.
Blowers, Anvils, Vices & Other Articles
AT LOWEST PRICES, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Grocers and Dealers
—IN—
TEA AND COFFEE.
Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Window Shades.
Complete assortment of the newest, richest and most beautiful Carpets produced by the best manufacturers in America. Correspondence solicited. Samples and prices by mail. T. M. SNOWDON & CO., 107 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Texas
Send at once for Maps, Pamphlets, Land-folders, etc., describing the marvelous growth and wonderful resources of the Great South-west. Address N. R. WARWICK, 131 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

CANCER AND TUMORS
Treated scientifically and cured without the knife. Book on treatment free. Drs. Gratigny & Norris, 201 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."
SAW MILLS, ENGINES, THRESHERS, Horse Powers,
(For all sections and purposes.) Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

HAIR Wigs & Waves sent C.O.D. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail Price-list free. Goods guaranteed. B. C. STREHL, 157 Wabash-av., Chicago.

FREE BY RETURN MAIL. Full description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

YOUNG MEN learn Steam Engineering, and earn $100 per month. Send your name and 10c. in stamps to F. KEPPY, Engineer, Bridgeport, Ct.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

BAD, BAD, BAD BLOOD.

Some blood is bad because it is poor and weak. Some is bad because it contains impurities. Some men have such bad blood that the wonder is it does not poison the mosquitoes who come to bite them.

The rich red color of good blood is owing to the iron which is present. Blood which has not enough iron in it is always unsatisfactory. The person in whose veins it circulates cannot be said to enjoy good health.

The efforts of expert chemists to produce a preparation of iron which can be assimilated with the blood have resulted in that perfect preparation which is an important part of Brown's Iron Bitters. It is the only one which freely enters into the blood. It is the only one which accomplishes the desired good.

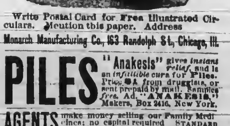
Weak, poor, thin blood may be made rich and strong, and impure blood may be purified by the use of that Great Iron Medicine, *Brown's Iron Bitters.*

For You, Madam,

Whose complexion betrays some humiliating imperfection, whose mirror tells you that you are Tanned, Sallow and disfigured in countenance, or have Eruptions, Redness, Roughness or unwholesome tints of complexion, we say use Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

It is a delicate, harmless and delightful article, producing the most natural and entrancing tints, the artificiality of which no observer can detect, and which soon becomes permanent if the Magnolia Balm is judiciously used.

Fast Potato Digging!



The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger
Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!
Sent on 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.
Agents Wanted.
Write Postal Card for Free Illustrated Circulars. Mention this paper. Address Monarch Manufacturing Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1, from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl St., New York.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

EDUCATIONAL.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Terms $40. Positions for graduates; write for circular.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1883. NUMBER 49.

HIS GIRL.

Her eyes are lovely. I won't tell
  What hue their loveliness may show;
Her braided hair becomes her well,
  In color like—but ah, no! no!
That is my secret—red or brown,
It is the prettiest hair in town!

She walks with such a dainty charm,
  But whether she be short or tall,
Of rounded limb or sylph-like form,
  Her figure suits *me*—that is all!
Nor do I choose the world to know
If silk her dress, or calico.

My precious girl is worth her weight,
  Not in rough gold, but diamonds fine,
And whether that be small or great
  I leave the reader to divine.
Ask *me* to guage her solid worth—
She would outweigh the whole round earth!

To rhyme her praise is such delight
  That I must keep it to myself,
Lest one should better verses write
  And lay *me* gently on the shelf.
I am not jealous, but you see,
  This charming girl—belongs to *me*.
    —*M. S. Bridges, in Continent.*

A SOCIETY ITEM.

"*Did* ye see the *Cyclops Courier*, Miss Abigail?" queried old Simon Sharpe, in quite a fever of excitement.

He was leaning over the little green-painted gate, coatless and blue-shirted. Just beyond Miss Abigail Byrnes paused in her task of tying up heavy-headed August roses—a tall, angular figure, clad in a brown-and-white striped print and big yellow sun-bonnet. Very bony, scant of smiles and hard of feature was Miss Abigail, but gentle and generous as a child's was the heart under the ugly calico gown.

"No," she replied, "I haven't seen it—what's the news?"

He responded with a counter question. "You remember Roger Kearney?"

"To be sure. He went to the city to start a big store. What of him?"

"They be a-saying down at the Corner that just now when he had got his big store built, stocked and flourishin', he has gone and been burned clean out, every yard of silk-stuff and ivory buttons."

He paused, breathless.

Miss Abigail clasped her thin hands and elevated her pale brows in dismay—not at the peculiar English and curious rhetoric of her narrator, but at the startling information imparted. "Land's sakes!" she ejaculated. "You don't say so!"

Simon nodded vigorously.

"Yes," he affirmed, with the apparent savage relish observable in even phlegmatic natures when the misfortunes of another is the subject of discussion, "lost everything, they say! Hadn't no insurance, neither. H'ain't saved a spool o' thread. Not as much as a hook, eye nor darnin' needle left!"

Miss Abigail promptly tied the strings of her sunbonnet afresh and let down her gown, which had been pinned carefully up. "I'll just run over to Mrs. Evans'," she declared, "and borrow the *Courier*. She takes it. News don't taste good at second-hand, anyhow!"

And she went.

Leaning out of a picturesque, vine-wreathed window up at the rambling, white country house of which Miss Abigail was mistress looked pretty Dorothy Stratton.

"Where on earth is Aunt going?" she asked herself bewilderedly as she caught sight of the tall, flying figure. "Leaving the roses only half tied up, too!" But just then a stray sunbeam lit the stone on Dorothy's finger to dazzling flame. She forgot all about Miss Abigail's hurried exit as she turned it now this way, now that, and ended by kissing it in a burst of rapture.

"You dear, dear little ring!" she said. You see it was quite novel to her yet—her engagement and her ring.

This was only August. In May she had not dreamed of the existence of such a person as Mr. Paul Carlisle.

He had come down to Blue-Berry Hill in June, a popular and successful [illegible] sculptor, seeking rest, isolation [illegible] country quiet. And the very first thing he did—he who could have chosen last season from half a dozen brilliant society belles—was to fall head over ears in love with Dorothy Stratton.

She captured his erratic artistic fancy, and she pleased his instinctive sense of refinement.

She was so lithe and graceful, with such round marvelous curves of throat and arms. And she held her small, sloe-black head with such charming dignity. And what could be more winsome than the face with its clear, colorless skin and liquid gray eyes, and curved black brows and grave, sweet, crimson mouth?

Just how June and July passed neither of these happy, foolish young people could have lucidly explained.

And the precise manner in which he had spoken at last, the shy confusion of her answer, the parting with regrets, hopes, love unutterable, was still a mere mystic, entrancing, delicious remembrance.

But there was the ring, a glittering, tangible reality. So what wonder Dorothy turned it up and down, and under and over and kissed it in sheer joy of heart?

Over at Mrs. Evans' Miss Abigail sat, her sunbonnet untied and pushed back on her head, her spectacles perched on her accommodatingly rigid nose, deep in the perusal of the *Cyclops Courier*.

"Too bad, eh?" queried Mrs. Evans, briskly "topping" gooseberries.

"Yes," assented Miss Abigail, "after all his years of saving—eh! what's this?"

"What's what?" asked Mrs. Evans, startled at her guest's tone. She was staring straight at the sheet she held, her eyes very troubled and her mouth grimly set.

"Dear, dear, Miss Byrnes!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans, in feeble alarm, "*do* tell!"

But her visitor made no reply, only roused herself with an effort, tied her sunbonnet strings with an energetic jerk, and marched straight out of the house, the *Cyclops Courier* in her hand. Mrs. Evans stared after her a moment. Then she tapped her forehead significantly, muttered a single word, and went complacently on topping her gooseberries. Dorothy, still sitting dreamily by the vine-wreathed window, twisting the bright circlet round and round on her slim brown finger, started as Miss Abigail banged the garden gate behind her and hurried up the path.

A heavy tread on the stairs, the door was flung wide, and she stalked into the dainty chamber, all pink silesia and snowy dotted muslin, like a herald of war.

"Dorothy!" she said, in quite an awful voice.

"Aunt!" cried Dorothy, rising.

"Look there! Read."

She held up the paper and waved her arm with a tragic gesture of command.

Dorothy glanced at the paragraph pointed out and read as bidden.

And this is what she read: "The social season has begun. Among the names of the pleasure seekers leaving this evening on the steamship Asia to summer on the Continent we notice those of Paul A. Carlisle and wife."

Dorothy looked at the paper blankly. Then she began and read it over again.

"Well?" questioned Miss Abigail sternly.

The girl stood up, white to the very lips and trembling a little.

"There's some mistake," she said.

Miss Abigail gave a distrustful snort. "If there is," she asserted, "*we've* made it. He's a scamp, my dear!" And then waxing emphatic, "A double-distilled scamp."

"You musn't speak so," said Dorothy, striving to swallow the great choking lump in her throat. "It is—some other—Mr. Carlisle."

"Yes," mocked Miss Abigail scornfully, "*very* likely! Do you suppose there are two men with exactly the same name—*down* to the middle initial—whose departure would be considered worth chronicling in the *Cyclops Courier*—do you?"

But Dorothy sprang to the door, and ran down stairs, and out into the shadowy old orchard like a thing pursued.

And there she flung herself down on the smooth, short grass, dry-eyed, white-lipped, half mad with searing, incredulous pain.

And up in the room she had just left, hard-featured Miss Abigail sat down in Dorothy's own particular, beribboned rocker, and flinging her blue apron over her face cried like a baby for very sympathy. The day wore on, the gay, sweet, warm August day. And still Dorothy lay crushed, and faint, and heart-sick under the big apple tree.

The *Courier* was dated the 15th—this was the 17th. City papers were mellow when they reached the little village. He had been gone two days—but then he hadn't gone! There was some mistake, she kept telling herself over and over, though in her innermost soul she did'nt believe there was.

Within Miss Abigail went around the house with a very stern countenance and very red eyes.

"I'll make some strawberry puff-balls for supper," she decided, gravely. "She was always powerful fond of strawberry puff-balls, and maybe they'll comfort her some!" But then Miss Abigail had never been in love herself, and it takes more than strawberry puff-balls to cure such heartaches.

The soft, purplish dusk lay over the farm when Dorothy felt a gentle touch on her shoulder.

"Come in to supper, child. You'll catch your death o' cold."

She rose up slowly.

"I am not going into the house," she said. "I should smother."

Miss Abigail held forth the tempting bait within, and shook her head in sorrowful foreboding as utterly disregardful Dorothy walked away. Down at the gate she paused—the low, wide, green gate where she had so often stood to listen to the ringing footstep coming up the country road.

So often, but now—never again! Despite the pain of remembrance she found herself recalling every dear word, and look, and thought of the dead summer days. She had been something of a bookworm all her life, and now flashed to her brain and there burned the rebellious, passionate cry of Othello:

"My heart is turned to stone; I strike it
And it hurts my hand!"

Hark! a footstep! she must go in; how foolish she was, growing to imagine it might be—*his*.

Nearer—nearer still! She could not move. She leaned heavily against the green post-pillar. A voice! Whose voice? The gate was flung wide; close arms were round her——

Dark! Oh, *how* dark it was growing——.

Five minutes later Miss Abigail looked up in swift amazement as a tall young figure strode into the little parlor bearing in his arms a slender, pink-clad burden.

"You!" she cried. "I thought you had gone to Europe with *your wife*. We read it in the *Cyclops Courier*, and——"

"And you believed it? Good heavens! Was that why Dolly fainted at sight of me? My father and mother sailed for the Continent. Our initials are the same. I told them all about Dorothy before they left, and if she will only consent to a hurried marriage we will join them in Paris in September. Oh, you're listening, you dear little sinner! What do you say—yes? That is right! And you doubted me! Dolly, Dolly! aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes," said Dolly, "I am!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Gastronomic Novelty.

It is not generally known that the flesh of the whale is both nutritious and palatable. Large quantities of it are eaten every fishing season by men engaged in the capture of the fish; but still larger quantities are, of course, wasted. It recently occurred to a Norwegian speculator that some of the immense mass of food that is thus annually thrown away might be profitably preserved and used for consumption on shore. He made arrangements, therefore, with several whaling captains and two meat preserving firms, and last week he gave a dinner, at which he believes he demonstrated that whale flesh may be cooked in at least a dozen different ways, and that it forms a delicious as well as a wholesome article of diet. Some parts of the fish, we are told, supply material for an excellent imitation of turtle soup; others resemble beef; and still others are almost as white and quite as tender as chicken. The meat can be sold for about half the price of Australian tinned beef.—*St. James Gazette.*

—About three thousand tons of borax are annually produced in California.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Swiss railroad companies now cover a portion of their carriages with a phosphorescent preparation, which makes them visible at night.

—An Indianapolis inventor is at work upon a new electric headlight for locomotives, which, it is claimed, will light the track for a mile brilliantly.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Artificial ice, which is produced by vaporized ammonia, is turned out in slabs eight inches thick by twenty-two inches wide and six feet long, weighing 350 pounds. It is made at a cost of less than $1 a ton.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A Boston engineer has been turning his attention to the power going to waste in the Niagara River. He estimates that a motor could be submerged in the river which would furnish half a million horse-power—sufficient to run all the machinery in Buffalo and pump all the city's water. His plan is to place a giant iron wheel in the river perpendicularly, so that it shall be turned by the current. The power would be taken from the shaft of the wheel by either belts or gearings, or would be sent through electric cables.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—It is reported that a firm in Paris has patented an engine for the instantaneous formation of steam, so that it can be used at once in the cylinder of the engine. A pump sends the required quantity of water between two plate surfaces, which are heated, and between which there is only capillary space. The liquid, spreading into a thin layer, evaporates instantly without going into the so-called spheroidal state, and the steam acts in the cylinder as fresh formed steam. The speed of the pump is regulated by the engine.

—Down in Georgia gasoline has been put to a new use. A mechanic of Augusta is constructing a steam buggy, in which the boilers will be heated by two gasoline burners. The buggy has three wheels, the first being extra large, and bearing the burden of the machinery. The vehicle will carry several persons, and the engine can be worked with ease by anyone inside; and can also be guided in any direction at the will of the operator. Its average speed is estimated at a mile in three minutes. It will no doubt make a good companion piece for the steam man in the patent office.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—For the treatment of both hard and soft corns Dr. Trail Green speaks highly of the use of salicylic acid. He has adopted a formula recommended by Dr. Gezon, which is as follows: Salicylic acid, thirty parts; extract *Canabis indica*, five parts; collodion, two hundred parts. The collodion fixes the acid on the diseased part and gives speedy relief by protecting it from friction. The *Canabis indica* acts as an anodyne. The acid loosens the corn so that it comes off in four or five days, adhering to the collodion. If any portion of the corn remains, the acid should be applied again, and the treatment continued until the whole of the corn has disappeared.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Slang is always objectionable. Instead of saying "a dead give away" you should say "a posthumous donation."

—Old Beeswax: "No, sir; never contradict a lady. It's a waste of effort. Just give her time and she'll do it herself."—*Boston Post.*

—The watering-place season of 1883 has not been a brilliant success financially, owing to the high price of coal. —*Philadelphia News.*

—It seems only proper to suggest that all those St. Louis stories of kidnaped girls should be sent down the Niagara Rapids. Are they not made of the missed?—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—A Beaufort bachelor so greatly admired the way in which his housekeeper prepared his coffee that he proposed and was accepted. This is a pointer for a woman with ambition in that direction.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Public sympathy: Dissatisfied wife—"We cannot agree—we must part forever." Husband: "All right, but we must not ventilate our sorrows through the press." Wife: "Ugh! what's the use of the separation then?" —*The Judge.*

—Irish attorney (to his clerk who has taken the blue ribbon, and has been "celebrating the event"): "I'll not stand it surr! Wid yer pludges! Instid o' takin pludges ye're always breakin' yo'd better make no promises at-all-at-all—and kape 'em!"—*Punch.*

—Several brilliant intellects are now engaged in inventing new names for old colors in ladies' dress materials for next season. One man, after working sixteen hours a day for two weeks, has succeeded in evolving new names for two tints—viz: "toper's nose" and "kicked dog." The latter is yeller, of course.—*Boston Post.*

—"Oh, grannie! grannie!" exclaimed a Brooklyn boy, glancing up from a paper which he had been reading, "Java has been visited by a shower of fire." "Dear me," returned the old lady, not exactly catching the full import of the communication, "dear me, you don't tell me so! Well, I thought the coffee this morning tasted a little burnt."—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.*

—A Milwaukee belle attending a theatre in New York City recently complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to see the acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked her escort, handing her his lorgnet. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, took a long pull, and then handed it back in great disgust, saying: "Why, there ain't a drop in it!"—*Chicago Herald.*

—Entirely trustworthy.—"Thomas," said a gentleman to a colored whitewasher at the Central Market, "can I put entire confidence in you?" "Yes, sah." "Well, then, I've half an acre of watermelons out at my farm on Woodward avenue." "Yes, sah; jess so, sah. Am dat all, sah?" "All, except that I wanted to say that I depend on you not to say a word to any of your colored friends about it." "No, sah—no, sah; not a word. I hain't dat sort o' possum, sah. (Aside.) Dat acre will be little enuff for dis niggah."—*Detroit Post.*

Our Young Folks.

OUR SKY.

I know of a dainty blue sky,
And it is the baby's blue eye;
  And we watch it to see
  What the weather will be;
But we never can tell if we try.

We catch a wee glimpse of the sun,
And think such a fine day is begun;
  And everything neat
  And happy and sweet,
All ready for frolic and fun.

The rainbows are here without doubt;
And the robins and roses come out;
  And gay bobolinks
  And poppies and pinks,
And butterflies skimming about.

The blue-bells are ringing a chime,
And the fairies come marching in time,
  Mother Goose and the rest,
  In their fine Sunday best,
And dance in a rollicking rhyme.

But lo, there's a storm in the sky!
Then how the wee fairy folks fly!
  And Mother Goose rings
  For umbrellas and things,
And tries hard to keep herself dry.

The birds and the blossoms look sad;
For they wore the best coats that they had;
  To think such a shower
  Should come up in an hour!
'Tis really, yes really too bad!

But look! while they worry and fret
The clouds are all gone and the wet;
  And the sky is as blue
  And as innocent, too,
As if it had never rained yet.

So we can not tell if we try
The signs of this dainty blue sky;
  But its smile or its frown
  Turns the house upside down
For it is the baby's blue eye.
  —*Carrie W. Bronson, in N. Y. Independent.*

HOW HE ESCAPED "CATCHING IT."

Jasper wished and wished and *wished* he hadn't done it. But you can't undo things that way, you know; the best way to do is not to do them.

Perhaps that was about the way Jasper himself thought; now that it was too late, as, tired and anxious, ragged and grimy, he skulked along in the shadow toward home.

He was not very big nor very old, this boy Jasper, and it was getting pretty dark, and Jasper himself was getting uncommonly hungry. But, some way or other, he did not hurry home as fast as you might think he would, under these circumstances.

But then he had a good reason for not hurrying.

Ordinarily, he would have rushed home and into the house pell-mell, and vociferously announced to his mother that he was "hungry as a bear, and wanted something to eat." But you don't like to run in the cannon's mouth to get the ball.

And when Jasper got home to-night, he was pretty sure of getting something else besides something to eat. The truth is, he expected to "catch it" when he got home.

Perhaps you don't know what "catching it" is. Jasper did, perfectly well. He had had considerable experience in "catching it," but had never enjoyed it.

This was the reason why he felt so solemn this evening, and why he walked so slow, and why his feet felt so heavy as he walked.

But I must hurry and tell you what it was that Jasper had done, and now wished that he had not.

He had been to the fire, flatly disobeyed his mother, and scampered off right before her very eyes.

It was dreadful in Jasper; for, besides the disobedience of the thing, his mother was a nervous woman, and he should not have helped to make her more so.

She had just been telling Mrs. Coleman that it would drive her to the verge of distraction to have *her* son running around between fire-engines, and under horses' hoofs, and beneath blazing embers the way those Warren boys did. And Jasper had heard her tell Mrs. Coleman this, too—or, at least, he could have heard if he had listened.

I am not sure, though, that he did listen, for, at the time, Mrs. Coleman and Jasper's mother and Jasper himself where all standing on the sidewalk, trying to make out where the fire was.

The fire-bells were ringing and the fire-engines were rushing by, and a crowd of men and boys were tearing along the road after the engine. So you can see there was considerable to take Jasper's attention away from what his mother was saying to Mrs. Coleman.

Another thing that may have attracted Jasper was his overwhelming desire to become a part of that moving mass of men and boys.

"Can't I go, mother?" he demanded, vehemently, clutching at his mother's dress. "I'll be sure and not get killed."

"No!" said his mother, with emphasis. "Let me catch you going, sir!"

But the excitement of the scene before him was too much for Jasper. It was perfectly maddening to have to stand there stock still, as though he hadn't any legs to run with, when everybody else—all the other boys, anyway—were running as fast as their legs would carry them.

Just here, a squad of little boys, about Jasper's own age, came screeching and yelling down the road in the rear of a tardy engine, and then—I really do not think Jasper could have been personally responsible for what he did—he took to his heels, joined the crowd of boys, and was lost to sight, all in just about one second.

And his mother was screaming after him:

"Come back here! Oh, you'll *catch it!*"

If it hadn't been that she had the baby in her arms, I believe she would have run along with the crowd herself in pursuit of this rebellious son of hers. But all this had happened several hours ago.

Jasper was not excited now, and his personal responsibility had all come back to him. It weighed him down—there was so much of it.

And the fire was all out, too. It had not been such a very great fire, anyway. There was so much smoke and so little blaze, and the firemen had been in *such* a hurry to put it out.

And then a little short fellow like Jasper did not have half a chance to see anything, with so many grown men in front of him.

It had not been at all a satisfactory fire, and then just think of having to come home in the end and "catching it!" Poor Jasper!

When he got into the yard he thought he would just see how the land lay before he ventured into the house. So he peeped into the dining-room window—and if there were not the folks just sitting down to a "piping hot" supper! They had poached eggs and toast, and repentant Jasper, hanging on the window-sill, thought:

"How good poached eggs and toast *do* look when a fellow's been and run away to the fire, and don't dare go in when he's just a-starving!"

And then he devoutly wished again that he hadn't gone to that fire.

Jasper was a great boy for wishing, you see; but if he had studied "Mother Goose" as thoroughly as I have done, he would know that

"If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride."

And that is only a poetical way of saying: There's no use in wishing.

Jasper looked on hungrily until he had seen the last egg disappear from the platter, and then he felt more hungry than ever. He noticed that his mother kept looking at the clock, and once he saw her lips say:

"I wonder why that boy *don't* come!"

Then she got up and went to the door to look for him, and Jasper hastily retreated into the dog-kennel. He snuggled up against old Rover, cried a little, and wished again he hadn't gone to that old fire; and then he stopped wishing, and went sound asleep.

But all this while Jasper's mother was suffering, as well as Jasper. And *she* began to wish, too. She wished she hadn't threatened him, but had held hold of his hand instead, when she was talking with Mrs. Coleman on the sidewalk. Then he never would have run away.

"It was all her fault," she thought with deep self-reproach, "if she hadn't looked after him better."

After a while she got so worried that she lit the lantern, and she and Jasper's father started out on a search for their runaway son.

"We had better look around the yard first," said the father, who did not seem very much alarmed himself. "Perhaps he is here somewhere, and don't like to come in."

So they looked there, and of course they found him—for the dog-kennel was not much of a place to hide in. There he was, fast asleep, with his head on Rover's leg, and grimy tear-marks on his cheeks.

"Well, I do declare! The poor, tired little darling!" said the forgiving mother.

And the father picked him up and carried him into the house, and the mother gave him three poached eggs on toast and a glass of milk, and never even scolded him.

Jasper was soon in bed and asleep again, though he had thankfully wondered why he didn't "catch it." But if he had heard the conversation between his father and mother, before he came in that evening, he might have understood better. He would have heard something like this:

Mother, anxiously—"I am mortally afraid he'll get killed some of these times, running off to fires and things."

Father—"Pshaw! Boys will be boys! I'll tell you what, Sarah Jane—you needn't expect you can keep in a boy as big as our Jasper from a fire. Let him go to the fire. It don't hurt boys—does 'em good."

Mother, sighing, and giving up the point—"I don't see what they want to go for, though."

Now, wasn't he a really splendid father?

But the reason of it was this:

You see Jasper's father had been a boy himself once, and Jasper's mother never had—and that makes all the difference in the world, you know.

But it seems to me that Jasper ought to have been punished for his disobedience, and then, the next time there was a fire, his mother could say:

"You must not go to the fire, Jasper!"

And I'll warrant that he would obey her.—*Golden Days.*

On Taking Exercise.

Boys who take a great interest and an active part in out-door sports often bring needless illness upon themselves by over-exertion and want of proper care after violent exercise. Attacks of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs frequently occur from getting very warm and then cooling off too suddenly.

When about to engage in a game of ball or any sport that requires continued activity, it is best to lay aside the outer garment, and put it on again when the game is finished; and instead of sitting down to "cool off," it is safer to walk around for awhile. It is also dangerous to drink large quantities of water when very warm, as the system receives a shock which may lead to sickness.

Violent exercise taken occasionally will not develop the strength as well as a regular amount continued every day. If a boy wishes to develop his muscles, let him play ball or row a certain time every favorable day. Let him cease at the moment a sense of weariness or disinclination seizes him. The next day he will be able to stand a little more exertion, and so by degrees he will attain to a certain standard, and have a reserve force of strength that will be the foundation of continued good health in the future. It is necessary that the growing body should have exercise. Air and sunlight are necessary to growth, and active out-door sports are the means by which their benefits can be obtained.

Let boys have all the out-door exercise they can. Ball-playing, rowing, horseback riding, swimming, all are prime factors in muscular development, and with care and judgment in their proper use will tend to stronger and healthier growth.

The world needs strong men as well as wise ones, and indeed the mind will develop more rapidly in a sound body than in a sickly one. It is a grand thing to be able to stand hardship and privation in the search for truth and knowledge, and any man with good physical strength is equal to the task of combating the world if with it he has the stimulus of a strong will. Let boys then seek to build up in their growing days a sound constitution, and life will be more than doubled in value to them.—*H. C. Van Gieson, M. D., in Harper's Young People.*

Religious.

"IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM."

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him,"
  To whom thy path is known;
  Thy wisdom is to trust His care,
  Nor strive to walk alone.
  Commit thy way to God; the rest
  Leave to His will—He knoweth best.

"In all thy ways;" in each rough path
  Stretch forth thy feeble hands,
  And seek protection from His love,
  Who Heaven and earth commands.
  Thy strength in each emergency
  Sufficient "for the day" shall be.

"In all thy ways;" when clouds arise
  And darkness clouds thy way,
  He knows thy grief—appoints e'en this
  Deep sorrow—oh, then "pray:"
  Thy burden roll upon the Lord,
  And stay thyself upon His word.

"In all thy ways;" thy strength brought down
  With lingering sickness pressed;
  Too weak to raise thy head, thou may'st
  Rest on the Master's breast.
  Tho' now the end thou can'st not see,
  Thou yet shalt say: "'Twas good for me."

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him;"
  Leave every painful doubt
  To Him whose name is "Wonderful,"
  His ways past finding out;
  In child-like faith His rod receive,
  His precious promises believe.
    —*Baptist Weekly.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 7—Eli's Death	1 Sam. 4:10-18
Oct. 14—Samuel the Judge	1 Sam. 7: 3-17
Oct. 21—Asking for a King	1 Sam. 8: 1-10
Oct. 28—Saul Chosen King	1 Sam. 10:17-27
Nov. 4—Samuel's Farewell Address	1 Sam. 12:13-25
Nov. 11—Saul Rejected	1 Sam. 15:12-26
Nov. 18—David Anointed	1 Sam. 16: 1-13
Nov. 25—David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2—David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9—David's Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30—Review.	

THE FREETHINKERS' CONVENTION.

The sixth annual gathering of the Freethinkers' Association was held last week in the goodly city of Rochester, in the midst of numerous Christian temples whose Heaven-ward pointing spires are a standing rebuke of the principles which this fraternity seem anxious to disseminate. The city in which it met is vocal with the hum of many-sided industries, where order and regard for law, enterprise, growth and prosperity speak eloquently of the benign effects of Christian institutions and of Christian civilization. All this the Freethinkers must see, but they are sure not to give credit where it is due. The strange spectacle was witnessed of a body of men and women (for women, alas, are of the membership, regardless of what the condition of woman would and *must* be without Christianity) gathered to pour obloquy upon a faith which emancipates and blesses, and upon institutions but for which the light that is about us would be darkness, and all that exalts and adorns society be changed into what debases and deforms it.

One may wonder why a convention of this sort is held at the present day! It is quite pertinent to ask, what good end of any kind can such a motley gathering possibly subserve? What urgent social or other need prompts eight hundred people to come together from different parts of the country to proclaim sentiments and views which are opposed to the understanding and the moral sense of the community? Does any great evil, wrong or injustice afflict society, and call for relief and redress? Is the mind or conscience so fettered that thought and speech are not free, and the aid of such doughty champions is invoked to bring liberty? Are the religious and moral beliefs of Christian men, and the fruits they bear, destructive of the welfare and happiness of the community? Does the prosperity of the land under Christian institutions rest on a false foundation, the subversion of which, with the substitution of one after the Freethinkers' own heart, will increase this prosperity, and make it more abiding? No sensible man can need an answer to such inquiries.

Among the grievances of which these Freethinkers complain, as set forth in the articles of their association, are the following:

"We demand that all religious service now sustained by the Government shall be abolished, and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

"We demand that the appointment by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

"We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the Government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation, under the penalties and pains of perjury, shall be established in its stead.

"We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

"We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights and impartial liberty."

Hatred to religion, and especially to Christianity, which has always awakened the most bitter opposition of infidels, is the animating spirit of the convention. Among the mottoes that were prepared to adorn the walls of the building in which the convention met was the following:

"The Government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

No man, woman or child in this country believes that this bold statement expresses the real sentiment of George Washington in regard to the basis of our national institutions, or the foundation of our national prosperity. What Washington did say and believe in regard to the influence of religion on society is fully set forth in his Farewell Address, in which he says:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest hopes of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert the oaths* which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles."

The above placed on the walls or read from the platform of a Freethinkers' Convention would be a salutary antidote to the dishonest statement of the opinions of the Father of his Country.

From Washington to Paine and Ingersoll the descent is very far. The last two are in their "own place," and their names fitly point the "striking mottoes" that adorn the walls of a Freethinkers' Convention. Such a convention, indeed, without Paine prominent, would be an anomaly, although the disciple Ingersoll goes far beyond his teacher in invective against the Christian faith, and in ribald, blasphemous treatment of sacred things. The motto from Paine reads thus: "This world is my country—to do good is my religion." Measuring his religion by the moral good he accomplished, it was a low minus quantity—while the evil, in the realm of morals and religious belief, which his infidel writings have wrought, marks him as a master architect of mischief and ruin. Had he taken the advice of Franklin and burnt the MS. of his book instead of giving it to the world, his name would have been spared the odium with which it must be regarded through the ages. What that advice was will appear by an extract from the letter containing it as published in Bigelow's "Life of Franklin," vol. 3, p. 364. The whole letter of the sage and philosopher is one that a Freethinkers' Convention might do well to re-produce in connection with the "striking motto" from their favorite apostle. Franklin wrote:

"I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence, that takes cognizance of, guards and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear His displeasure or to pray for His protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present, I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtile and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face * * *

I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a great deal of regret and repentance. *If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be if without it?* I intend this letter itself as a proof of my friendship and therefore add no *professions* to it, but subscribe simply yours,

"B. FRANKLIN."

—*N. Y. Observer.*

Shapira's Manuscript and the Bible.

BURDETTE'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

You will perceive, my boy, that every time man undertakes to manufacture a little Bible on his own account, he makes a mortifying failure of it. He is caught at it, and in one-tenth the time it took him to conceive his fraud, in as many hours as it took him months to prepare it, he is exposed, and his hand-made edition to the Bible is swept away in the other rubbish of other counterfeiters. You see, my son, the Bible doesn't need any of these nineteenth century proofs of its truth; it needs the word of no man to establish its genuineness; it has stood by itself, "an anvil that has worn out many hammers," through century after century, unchanged and unchangeable. Every time a man manufactures a new verse or a new chapter, we know it is not genuine; we detect the counterfeit. The Bible has no need of the supporting prop of a fraudulent ark or a leather Deuteronomy. There was a complete Bible centuries before Shapira happened, and there will be the same Bible ages after Shapira and his patent Deuteronomy have together crumbled into indistinguishable dust. The Bible does not need our help, our testimony, our indorsement. And if there had never been discovered, in all the world, a bit of parchment, a piece of broken pottery or scratched stone, the Bible would be just as strong as it is to-day, and men would believe just as firmly and trustfully in its truth. Don't you worry, my boy, because Shapira's ancient manuscript was written with London ink, and don't fret because the ark in the glacier turns out to be put together with Pittsburgh nails. That all the frauds on the Bible and its history are so quickly and easily detected should only convince you how impossible is it for man to counterfeit the work of God. Wait until some man fools us with an artificial moon; and until some philosopher stores away the sunlight in parlor lamps, before you believe that man can successfully imitate what man never made.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Wise Sayings.

—He preaches sublimely who leads a sober and righteous life.

—The anger of an enemy resents our faults or admonishes us of our duty with more heartiness than the kindness of a friend.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested, and highly productive of interest.—*Goethe.*

—Let this be thy purpose, O friend! to observe the law of right and to do it. Then the sunshine and the storm, the night and the day, the heat and the cold of life's discipline will foster and mature the grain for garners in the sky.—*N. A. Staples.*

—As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and falling leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—We recently found in an old magazine the three practical questions of Bernard, which seem to us to cover all the difficulties that may arise in deciding the right or wrong of any contemplated course of conduct.

1. Is it lawful? May I do it and not sin?

2. Is it becoming me as a Christian? May I do it and not wrong my profession?

3. Is it expedient? May I do it and not offend my weak brothers?

The prayerful application of these simple tests would dispose of a vast amount of fruitless discussion, especially touching the whole subject of "popular amusements."—*United Presbyterian.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. OCT. 3 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
[illegible]	"	40
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[illegible]	"	20
[illegible]	"	10
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

You must keep the peace this week.

THE New Liberty Fair is in progress this week.

A Kentucky negress aged 115 died in Canada, last week.

IN some parts of Michigan there was a heavy snow on the 28th ult.

THE Negro national convention at Louisville was not an advisory meeting.

JUDGING from the number of bars the Ohio river supports, it is an anti-prohibitionist.

M. L. ROBERTS is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for City Attorney in Covington.

BOONE'S representative-elect is about the only one in the State who is not a candidate for Speaker.

SINCE September 15th the Post Office Department has issued 102,605,000 new two cent postage stamps.

BURGLARS are getting so numerous and impudent in London that the police are to be armed with revolvers.

SUNDAY'S Commercial-Gazette contains pictures of Ben Butler and Fred Douglas, Fred being represented as the handsomer.

HOADLEY'S attack of ague has subsided, and the last days of the canvass in Ohio will find him in the front ranks of the battle.

JAY-EYE-SEE beat St. Julien in the trotting race last Saturday. St. Julien was, before Saturday considered the King of the turf among trotters.

POLITICAL camp-fires now illuminate in the Buckeye State from the lakes to the Ohio, and the nearer the election approaches the brighter they grow.

THE Governor has appointed Dr. Robert C. Chenault, Medical Superintendent of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, in place of Dr, Bullock.

THE spread of Freemasonry among the Catholics has alarmed the pope, and a papal embassador is on his way from Rome to Montreal to inquire into the matter.

McLEAN'S rural Democratic contemporaries in Ohio, are blistering him on account of the course he is pursuing toward Senator Pendleton, whom they regard as a good Democrat.

THE address of Fred Douglas before the Colored National Convention at Louisville, last week. was an able effort, and proves conclusively his ability as an orator, and a far seeing person.

BEN BUTLER has a strong grip on the people of Massachusetts. It took him a long time to get settled in the Executive Chair, but once there he had no trouble in getting the nomination for a re-election, it being made by acclamation.

THE New York Democrats' State Convention met last week and nominated a ticket with but little trouble. Tammany Hall and Irving Hall were both represented in the convention, and its action was more harmonious than was anticipated.

INDIANA'S forest of Presidential timber is more extensive than that of any other State, and many of her towering statesmen will suffer the humiliation of being let to weather the political storms and decay, without being chosen to occupy the coveted position.

CAPT. TOM HENRY, clerk of the Court of Appeals, was put on the stand in the Norvell-Cecil suit, and supports the charge of Sheldon that a trade was made with Cecil whereby he, Sheldon, was to be retained as chief clerk in the Land Office. According to Henry's statements Judge Hargis was also very industrious trying to effect a combination for Sheldon's benefit.

SENATOR THURMAN has taken the stump in Ohio, and creates much enthusiasm wherever he goes. All the brains that each party can command are being put in active use in the campaign over there, and the people are doing nothing but pail the cows and attend political meetings.

SATURDAY'S News Journal contains an account of the killing of two brothers in Robertson county, this State, by two other brothers. An old feud existed in the Rogers family of Robertson county, and the killing occurred last Friday while depositions were being taken to be used in the settlement of the father's estate. One of slain was William Rogers, and was a lawyer in St. Louis. An attorney from St. Louis, by that name has attended our Circuit Court occasionally for several years, and it is feared by those here who knew him that he is the unfortunate man.

THE Custom officers have their hands full watching the smugglers. About this season of the year dressmakers and milliners who have been abroad during the last few months studying styles and inspecting new materials, are returning and they nearly all bring back large quantities of laces, dresses, etc., which they try to "get through" without paying duty. Last week the custom officers seized very nearly $50,000 worth of materials, and their unhappy owners see no end of trouble, expense and anxiety lest their efforts be rewarded with a prison cell

CLARENCE HALL, of the Beaver Creek country, is sowing a tract of land for hog-feeding purposes. This plant is said to be one of the best feeders known for swine. They devour it greedily, and once set in it never needs replanting. Mr. Hall says after he gets his crop of Artichokes under good production, he'll have nothing to do except turn his hogs on them in the fall, and let them root and grow fat. Enough Artichoke roots are always left to insure seed for the next year. The plant yields enormously, the production being from one hundred bushels on moderate lands to extraordinary results on rich soil.—Glasgow Times.

THE campaign in Ohio is beginning to grow in interest. Judge Hoadley has all but entirely recovered, and will now make a canvass which according to a leading Ohio Democrat "will make the fur fly." But the most significant feature is the fact that all Republican office holders are being ordered home to vote. Republican organs have been trying to prove all along that the fight would result in a walk over for Foraker. The fact that the managers are now leaving no stone unturned to secure victory shows very plainly that things have come to a critical pass with them, and that if they mean to retain their hold on the reins of the government, they must work very hard.

WE understand that a gentleman from the central part of the State is in communication with Hon. J. A. Gaines, seeking information as to what a bank in Burlington could do. We do not know what reply Mr. Gaines gave him, but it looks to us like a bank at this place would do a great deal of business, and would be a paying institution. The most of the money received by the business men of the town is used by them in accommodating individuals by cashing checks, and many checks are presented to them which they refuse because of the want of the funds. Large amounts of money could be loaned here on good securities, and the outlook for a general banking business at this point is apparently good. The expense of the concern would be nominal, and if the bank was conducted by men in whom the public has confidence, it would receive a cordial support.

THE Educational Convention that assembled in Louisville was in the hands of men who see for Kentucky a brilliant future, when her people are once thoroughly aroused as to the great importance of having a good public school system. The slow development of our State is mainly attributable to the very poor school system with which we have been laboring for many years. As a proof of this we need only a glance at our younger sister States that are far ahead of us in the matter of education, which exerts a powerful influence on their behalf. The organization of a good school system was one among the first things they did, and they have been the principal promoters of public good. The prime movers of the late Educational Convention are discerning men, and understanding the great natural advantages of their State, want to see its principal avenue to future prosperity improved and made commensurate with the position it should occupy in the educational world.

IT is said that there are eighty-seven counties in Georgia in which a drink of liquor can neither be bought, begged nor stolen. The drouth rageth there but it has no effect on the growing crop.

JAS. T. WILSON, Sheriff of Graves county, settled and paid in full, on the 26th ult., the revenue due the State from his county for 1883, being one month and twenty-five days earlier than any settlement ever before made. Mr. Wilson is certainly a good collector.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—The electric prairie-dog extinguisher is the latest Texas patent.

—The "Bowie Cross Timbers" is the æsthetic name of a Texas paper.

—Four maidens of the Choctaw Nation have entered Wesleyan University at Macon, Ga.

—Mrs. McCurry, aged over 100 years, was baptized a few Sundays ago at Buzzard Roost, in Whitfield county, Ga.

—Mayor Fannin, of Apalachicola, has invented a cotton tie, for which he has been offered $100,000 by a Baltimore firm.

—Dick Cody, of Georgia, went to bed a few nights since with his hearing unimpaired, and waked in the morning totally deaf.

—A negro at work on the Georgia Pacific railroad is seven feet three and a half inches high, weighs 225 pounds, and is only twenty-five years old,

—Mr. E. A. Hawkins, of Gainesville, Fla., improvised an incubator from a box with a glass top, and has hatched out two young rattlesnakes from a couple of eggs which he found.

—At the burial of a colored man recently in Catoose county, Ga. there appeared at his grave as mourners his real father and his step-father his real mother and his step-mother.

—At Estillville, Va., a few days since, a young man by the name of Haskell, while at work at a saw-mill, five miles south of that place, was thrown under the saw and cut in two.

—A Few days ago a hog was picked up by the pilot of an engine, near Diascan, Va., and strange to say, was thrown upon the platform and carried to the next station, where it was found to be unhurt.

—Reynolds, Ga., has a musical prodigy in the person of Joe Carson, son of Capt. J. P. Carson, who though only four years and six months old, plays quite correctly several pieces upon the harp, piano and organ.

—Miners prospecting near Concord, N. C., discovered at the mouth of a long-deserted shaft of a gold mine the skeleton of a woman. The clothing and shoes were still on the bones, and, from the fine quality of cloth and the presence of a diamond ring of some value, it is thought that the bones were those of some lady of position and means.

—Chattanooga Times: Chas. Leslie Clark. of Lock Haven, aged thirteen years, has for several months been unable to retain food upon his stomach. After each meal he was seized with violent vomiting spells. He grew pale and thin. Yesterday the lad, while on his way home from school, was taken with one of his spells. During the convulsions he felt something come up into his throat The object nearly strangled him. During the struggle it came up into his mouth. The boy grasped the something and drew it out of his mouth with a jerk. With a shriek the lad dropped the object, which was a black water snake, eight inches long. The reptile was killed and taken home. It is supposed that young Leslie swallowed the snake last summer while drinking from a spring near his home.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"NO, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer. fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline. PARKER'S TONIC, is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. it eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: DR. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Riley, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Erastus Garrison, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come foward and settle their indebtedness at once.

C. T. RICE, Admr.

Just From New York
WITH A
Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,
—AND—
OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

H. F. BLASE,
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YARNS, FLANNELS &
BLANKETS,
From SCHOFILD & SON'S and VEVAY Woolen Mills, now on sale at
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Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,
Rising Sun, Indiana.

We offer a large Factory Blanket for a $5 bill. Every person should see this Blanket; Its the Grandest Bargain Ever offered in the United States.

Indigo Blue Yarns 80 cents per pound, best made.
Steel Mix Yarns 75 cents per pound, best made.
Sheep's Gray Yarns 75 cents per pound, best made.
White Yarns 70 cents per pound, best made.
All Fancy colors 6¼ to 7c. per pound, best made.

When buying yarns, see that they are put on the scales and weighed. Some count so many cuts a lb. and beat you out of near one-fourth of a pound.

Steel Mix Jeans, with Blue Warp, 45c,
Any Color Factory Flannels 35 to 40c.

In Addition to the above-named FACTORY goods we have

Jeans at from 20 to 33 cents.
Flnnels from 15 to 20 cents,
One Job in a 3-4 Wool Linsey at 22 1-2c.
One Case Canton Flannel at 10c, big bargain.
3 Cases Canton Flannel, 8 1-3 to 12 1-2c.
Over 300 Blankets at $1 75 to $3 50.
Bed Comforts, any price and grade.

SEE OUR $2 25 and $2 75 SADDLE-SEAM BOOTS.
SEE OUR WOMEN'S BUTTON SHOES AT $1 25.

See our Boot and Shoe department when wanting boots and shoes of any kind

Over One Thousand Overcoats to Select From
Over Three Thousand Full Suits to select from.
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A Five Thousand Dollar Stock of Millinery to Select from in Shapes, Trimmings, Ribbons and Feathers.

Over One Thousand Bolts of Cashmeres and Dress Goods to select from, and Trimmings to match all.

SAVE YOUR MONEY UP AND COME TO
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AND YOU WILL RECEIVE ITS VALUE.

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He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY TRADE MARK
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by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
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One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

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Ague Cure
IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Billous Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
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INJECTION SANTINELI
Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation. Fairmount Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold by W. F. M'Kim Burlington

FOR SALE.

A full blooded Alderney cow—will be fresh in the spring. She is very gentle and a good milker.

CY RIDDELL,
Hebron, Ky.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

E. E. IGOE,

Resident Dentist,
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WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
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W. J. RICE,
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Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
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Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.
PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS
OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines.
2 to 100 Horse Power.

Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue seat free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 1150, Corning, N. Y.

NEVER FAILS
FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK
Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES.
New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPAN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 150 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

Some wheat has been sowed.

Hickory Nuts and Walnuts are plentiful.

The grass has grown some since the rain.

Buy your clothing at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Wanted—A School teacher in district No. 51. Apply to James Barlow.

Over One Thousand Overcoats to select from at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Legrand Gaines took in the big exposition at Louisville the first of last week.

It don't take an industrious hail storm long to make fine-cut of a patch of tobacco.

At the last meeting Alonzo Souther united with the Universalist church at this place.

You only have to lick two cents worth of postage stamp when you send a letter now.

Our butchers have pooled their issues, and the meat eating public are awaiting developments.

Ayer's Hair Vigor imparts vitality, gloss and freshness to the hair, and restores its original beauty.

Considerable stone is being pulverized for spreading on this end of the Burlington and Bellevue pike.

Buy your fall goods at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana, where you can get everything you want in our house.

The Williamson nine defeated a picked nine on the Walton grounds, last Thursday, in a score of 12 to 10.

The personal property of Edward Hammond, decd., will be sold Saturday at his late residence near Hebron.

Circuit Court commenced Monday and a good many of the boys are away from home on important business.

Our public houses went through the renovating process, last week, preparing to entertain guests during court.

There is a Sixty Thousand Dollar stock of winter goods at Colter's Mammoth Cheap Cash Store, Rising Sun.*

W. E. Piper has just completed his annual invoice of stock. The result seems to be entirely satisfactory to him.

It is said that at the next meeting of the Universalist church, of this place, several of its members will be baptized.

A wash-tub is a very awkward article to come in contact with in the dark. Try walking over one for an illustration.

Buy your Flannels, Jeans, Yarns and Blankets at Colters, Rising Sun, Indiana. Wool Blankets $4, $5 and $6 per pair.*

Lewis Weaver, of Sunbright, Tenn., called in to see us one day last week. He's fat and saucy, and as genial as of yore.

A very large copperhead snake was killed on the ground where the boys played ball at William Walton's last Thursday.

The Grand Division Son's of Temper[illegible]ce of Kentucky, meets with the divi[illegible] at Petersburg, Wednesday, Oct, 10, [illegible], at 9 a. m.

[illegible]eavy Saddle-seam Kip Boots at $2, [illegible]5, $2 50 and $2 75. Women's Kip [illegible]es at 75c, 90c, $1 and $1 25 at Col[illegible]'s, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Riddell & Norris go to St. Louis this week with their stable of thoroughbreds, where they will probably "get on to" some good premiums.

John W. Rice, of Bellevue, has a crop of potatoes which is yielding 125 barrels to the acre. They will be a paying crop at 25 cents a bushel clear.

Capt. A. B. Parker was in town Saturday, driving a horse that limped from the effects of the severe pelting given it by the late severe hail storm.

The dry weather dried the sweet potatoes all out of the hill—at least their are none in the writer's hills. If he attempts to garden again he will have his truck patch insured.

You can go to Colter's at Rising Sun Indiana, and find everything, without running around. Clothing, Millinery, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Cloaks and Raps and everything.*

That $20,000 damage suit the News Journal and the Commonwealth say is on the docket for this term of the Court, is a creature of the reports' active imaginations. They miss the amount only $15,000.

Mrs. Susan Acra fell one evening last week, and broke the small bone in her arm twice near the wrist joint. Mrs. Acra is particularly unfortunate, having fallen about two years ago and broke her other wrist.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Mr. S. A. Palmer and Jas. M. Conner have had a trade in which the latter becomes the owner of the house occupied by the former, Mr. Palmer will again occupy Mrs. Clore's house just across the street from the shop.

Six dollars (12 half dollar coins) were plowed up and found in the neighborhood of John B. Winston's last week. One piece was 176 years old. This is the third finding of silver coin in that neighborhood within the past twelve months.

Those brag $5 factory Blankets are selling rapid, over 50 pair sold all ready at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

Prof. Gallagher's school, we are glad to learn, is on the increase. If energy will accomplish it he will have one of the largest schools taught at this place for a long time.

Every side-saddle that could be found in the burg, was put to use last Saturday, and a cavalcade of the fair sex hied themselves to the rural precincts to gaze upon the loveliness of a country autumn.

Bro. Holland, of the Eminence Constitutionalist, attended the Louisville Exposition, and the wonders there beheld upset his vision, and last week his paper came to hand with its inwards upside down.

Atty. Tolin brought to town, Saturday, a jumbo bat, which measured 16 inches from tip to tip. Its physiogomy resembled a bull-dog's, and its body was covered with a heavy coat of fur. It was killed by Geo. Voshell while trimming hedge.

The more we hear about the effects of the late hailstorm north of this place, the greater the destruction thereby. The hail was several inches deep in some places. Mr. John Moore, one of the oldest men in the county, says he never saw anything like it.

Modistes, everybody thought, had exhausted their ingenuity when they invented such names as crush strawberry, decayed orange, expiring toad, etc., for tints of colors. A genius has eclipsed herself by a new name for a dull drab color. It is called Elephant's breath.

NOTICE—Through mistake a lot of carpenter's tools were put in the wrong buggy at Wm. Walton's sale, last Thursday. The owner, Mr. Jas. Thompson, of Bellevue, will be very thankful if the one that drove the buggy will let him know of there where-abouts, or leave them at this office.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, wife of Frank Jackson, died at her residence near Petersburg, Wednesday night, the 26th ult. She had been sick but a short time. Mrs. Jackson is the sister of Dr. W. H. and Captain George W. Terrill, of Petersburg, and was about fifty-five years of age. She was esteemed as a very excellent lady.

It is said that litigation is at such low ebb in this county that H. P. Stephens, of Union, will supersede his sign, "Attorney-at-law," with a barber's pole. He commenced taking lessons in the tonsorial art last week, but we made a sacred promise to say nothing about what he practiced on, and you bet your last button we won't.

We don't know whether Mr. Henly Smith intends to start a balogna factory at this place or not, but he requested us to say that he has a very fine Scotch pointer dog, that he would like to trade for some hounds. He didn't say how many hounds he wanted, but we suppose a dozen good, nice, big, fat ones would be enough to start on.

Quite an exodus from this county to Missouri this week. Willis Arnold and E. K. Stephens move to Saline county, Slater being their postoffice; and William Walton and family go to Bates county, Butler being their post-office. Kentucky will lose those good citizens, but in this instance what is her loss is Missouri's gain, and we Kentuckians are a liberal set of fellows anyhow.

In neither of the counties of Kenton, Boone and Grant is there an agricultural association. These counties are rich and prosperous. They could make an excellent show of products of the field, of housewives' taste and skill, and a splendid exhibit of fine stock. Why can not the farmers, traders and stockmen of these three counties organize and arrange for an agricultural fair next Fall on the grounds of the Latonia Jockey Club?—Commonwealth.

They don't propose going so far, but do better by improving a ground of their own, near Florence.

BRADY-HILL.—It was a pleasant event which took place last evening at the residence of I. D. Rawlings, Esq. The chief parties on this occasion were Mr. S. P. Brady, of Burlington, Ky., and Miss Isabella Hill, also of Kentucky who were united in matrimony by Rev. B. F. Simpson, M. A., pastor of the Baptist church. The wedding party, though not large, was an exceedingly pleasant one, and all seemed to share in the happiness of the bride and groom, and all united in wishing them an abundance of enjoyment in there new sphere of life. The happy couple started via the Wabash railroad for Chicago, whence they will go to Philadelphia thence to their home in Burlington, Ky. —Jacksonville (Ill.) Daily Journal.

Mr. Brady and wife have many friends in Boone who wish them a happy life.

Last Thursday was William Walton's sale, which had been thoroughly advertised, and he being recognized as rather an extensive farmer, people by the twenties, fifties and hundreds, flocked there from all parts of the county, to buy what they desired of his stock and farming outfit, the result of years close attention and careful selection. A large amount of property was sold, and, owing to its good condition, brought fair prices. Mr. Walton prepared a dinner for a large attendance, but before noon the crowd had grown to such immense proportions, that it was impossible to entirely satiate the appetite of everyone there, and when the command was given, the long table, on which appeared to be a wagon load of meat and bread, was cleared of every vestage of provision instantur, and those failing to make connection turned their attention to the orchard which was near by. It was one of the busiest days Mr. Walton and his boys have had for a long time, and we hope the prices realized are satisfactory to them.

Circuit Court convened Monday. Judge Major was very much indisposed and Col. DeJarnett charged the grand jury for him in an very earnest and able manner. The grand jury is composed of the following gentlemen;

J Frank Grant, Foreman, W B Craven, Jno P. Craig, Jno R Smith, S J Hedges, James Breeden, Alfred Chambers, E L Grant, Noah Surface, Nick Talbott, T J Uts, Jno S Mason, Noah Sebree, Ben Stephens, G W Huey and J. J. Weaver.

The petit juries are composed of the following gentlemen:

Jury No. 1.—J D Cloud, M S Rice, Lewis Rice, J H Smith, Robt. Black, Henry Dixon, Marian Stephens, B W Adams, N B Stephens, Jno Bradford, Milton Beemon and Alvin Corn.

Jury No. 2.—J F Blythe, Asa Cason, Ed Fowler, Jno H Aylor, R S Cowen, Chas White, Jno O Roberts, Chas McKim, James Delph, G T Gaines, Ras Huey and W H Grant.

The attendance at Court Monday was not very large.

Elder E. Stephens, the Lord willing, will preach at Florence X-Roads the 2d Sunday in this month, at 3 o'clock.

The funeral of Mrs. Nancy Snyder, who died a short time since, will be preached at Gunpowder Church, Sunday, October 21st.

A large circle of friends and acquaintances sympathize with Dr. W. H. Blanton, of Union, in the loss of his estemable wife. She died last Saturday morning and was buried Sunday after the funeral preached by Rev. J. A. Kirtley.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Taylorport.

Miss Eliza Stockwell, of South Bend, O., is visiting friends in our town......Miss Page Grubbs spent part of last week among her friends in Delhi and Home City...... Aaron Carter will move to California in December......Wm Humphrey is building a house on one of the lots bequeathed to him by Mrs. McNiel, decd. .... Harry Piper was in town last Friday.

Waterloo.

The pastures of this vicinity have put on a green appearance since our last.

The prayer meeting at the former residence of J. H. Walton was well attended on Friday night, and will meet at Elijah Ryle's next Friday evening.

J. T. Marshall talks seriously of shaking the dust from his sandals and locate in the sunny South. Dump, leave us a lock of hair.

Dr. J. M. Grant and James Conner, of Burlington, took dinner at our neighborhood store, Saturday.

Farmers will be busy this week sowing wheat and cutting corn,

Hebron.

Farmers are sowing wheat, and seed wheat is selling at $1 and $1 10.

Stock hogs are selling at 5 cents.

The ball given at this place Wednesday night was largely attended by the gallantry and beauty of this and adjacent neighborhoods.

Tuesday night thieves made a clean deal of Abe Clore's meat.

Perry Aylor and Virginia Clore were joined in wedlock on the 26th ult., and returned Sunday from their wedding tour. J. M. Utz and Dellia Williams were guests at the infare.

Verona.

Tobacco about all cut, and very good considering the dry weather. Not much seeding done yet.

Miss Nannie Hamilton's school for advanced scholars commenced Monday, Miss Frances Poland is teaching at the Fry School-house.

A protracted meeting was held at the Baptist church the past week, by Revs. Johnson and Riley, which resulted in 14 new members.

Miss Laura Mansfield is our leading musician.

Mr. Geo. Utz, wife and daughter, were visiting at this place, Saturday.

Mr. David Huston has completed his new barn. John M. Powers is having a new barn built.

Florence.

The enterprising spirit of our town is manifesting itself in the erection of two tasteful and commodious cottages; one by John Olsner, blacksmith, the other by W. C. Tanner, retired merchant.

School Commissioner D. M. Snyder and the trustees and teacher's of school district No. 8, Florence, seem to be at loggerheads, and an appeal from the action of said commissioner, in regard to same, is the result. M. E. Clutterbuck, appellant, vs D. M. Snyder, appellee. The petition with papers has been forwarded to the State Board, and as soon as Mr. Snydor makes his answer we will state the case,

J. W. Howe and family, formerly residents of this place, passed through town a few days since enroute for Ohio, with all the appendages and paraphernalia requisite in keeping a farm house. Mr. H. purchased a farm near Hamilton, O., paying $110 per acre, upon which he locates.

If there is happiness in a big sunflower, Tom Swetnam ought to be the happiest man in town. His annual measures 38½ in circumference. His neighbor says he can beat him on the son, but his flour is rather contracted.

When the suicidal mania gets possession of the canines, we think it is time for the higher order of animals to seek death on a more exalted scale. We have to chronicle this week the sad terminus of two noble "purps," Jip and Jack, who came to their untimely end by leaping into wells. What could have prompted them to this rash act, is a mystery. Both belonged to kind indulgent families, particularly Jip, whose melodious voice, as it was sweetly wafted on the midnight breeze to the enchanted neighbors, told of a happy home. Poor Jip and Jack are at rest—so are we.

Though we were so unfortunate as to lose the great Southern R. R., by about one mile, we are not wanting in conveyances to the depot of same, and every morning and afternoon the cries of r-a-i-l-r-o-a-d, from a half dozon drivers of as many different styled vehicles, ring through the streets of our town. Fare from 0 to 15c, each way, and travelers wishing conveyance from and to this point can be assured of accommodation to suit purse and person.

Uncle Noah Clore comes to town every day, because it was foreordained that he should.

Miss Kate Delmnzo, a belle of Ghent, Ky, who has been paying her uncle, S. S. Scott a visit has returned to her home.

Kirby Conrad has also returned to his home.

Judge F. H. Meyers, of Princeton, Ky., formerly of this place, is here to see his many friends.... Miss Delia Grogan contemplates a pleasure trip to St. Louis, this week...... The Misses Carey, Alice and Lula, have just returned from a pleasant trip via Eminence to Louisville Exposition......L. Conner Yager, jr., enters the Cincinnati Law School, October 11th, 1883.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Buddie Smith spent Sunday with his parents.

Prof. Bell, of Rabbit Hash, was in town Saturday.

Miss Phronie Campbell is visiting friends in Indiana.

H. P. Stephens, atty., of Independence, was in town Saturday.

Judge Riddell and family will become citizens of the town again this week.

W. L. Scott and wife, of Kenton Co., were visiting Mrs. Dempsey Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Powell, who has been visiting her sister at this place for several days returned to her father's in Kenton.

Mr. E. E. Utz and sister, Miss Susan. left Tuesday morning to visit friends relatives at New Liberty, Owen county.

Miss Maude Kirkpatrick after a week's pleasant visit in the Bellevue neighborhood returned home last Sunday.

Mrs. R. B. Johnson, of Holden, Mo., who has been visiting relatives in this county, returned home this week, her mother, Mrs. America Scott, going with her.

W. L. Gedge, of Covington, who sojourned in our midst last week, participated in one of those piscatorial excursions which visit the Ohio so often from this place. The fruit of the trip was not plentiful.

Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to laying your winter goods.*

Over three thousand Full Suits to select from at Colter's, Rising Sun, Ind.*

People go fifty miles to trade at Colter's, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Buy your Boots and Shoes at Colters, Rising Sun, Indiana.*

Grange Meeting.

On Saturday the 14th inst,, the members of the Mt. Pleasant Grange will hold a meeting. The members of Petersburg and Point Pleasant Granges are especially invited to attend. Speeches and a good dinner will be the order of the day. Bros. N. S. and J. H. Walton, and others will deliver cheering speeches. The object of the meeting is to consummate the granges mentioned Our Grange Hall has passed from under another cloud, and will soon bask in the sunshine with a new coat of tea green, with red trimmings. Meeting at 10 a. m.

G. C. GRADDY.

8

For tremulousness, wakefulness, dizziness, and lack of energy, a most valuable remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters.

OTTUMWA, IA.—Dr. J. N. Armstrong says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others."

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—Dr. J. C. Riddler says: "Persons who use Brown's Iron Bitters always speak well of it. It is a good medicine."

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2-m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire

INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

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JNO. M. MOODY.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
EMBALMERS,

Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

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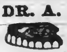
—TEACHER OF—
PIANO & ORGAN.
Lessons given at my residence,
Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. E. I. [illegible]
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State, 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN



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Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt atten tion given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

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BURLINGTON, - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

We Have
J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S
JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.
THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS
45 Cents.

Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.

COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES, SALT BY THE BARREL,

R O U S E.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS.

The Best of Flour
PATENT & HIGH GRADE
Always on Hand, and cheaper than the cheapest.

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND TINWARE.

DUDLEY ROUSE'S,

I now have on hand a full Stock of SCHOFIELDS Flannels, Jeans, and Yarns. Call early and make a Purchase,

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SWETNAM & NEAD,
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Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month,
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Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold,
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Petersburg Drug Store,
Where you can find everything in the
Drug line, such as——.
Well call and see and be convinced.
Respectfully, S. C BUCHANAN.

TRADE MARK,

Dr. **CLARK JOHNSON'S**
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCAMC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

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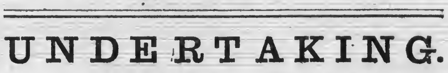

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BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

Fruit in Summer.

"Fruit being palatable and easily obtained, and less heat-producing than meat and bread, should be largely used as a food, in summer," so says the *British Medical Journal*. All the best medical authorities agree upon this statement. No one disputes that fruit is more easily obtained in the summer than in the winter. Very few boys go out, in this climate, to rob water-melon patches on Christmas eve. And the cases in which people take the cholera by lounging about in the grass, eating green apples in January are very rare. And we all agree that fruit should be used largely as a food. Some people may prefer to use it as a raiment, but this is not right. Then banana is sometimes very successfully used as a roller skate, but this use of that esculent is improper and forced. The onion may also be diverted from its use as a food and employed as a weapon of offence. And the hucksters make sales of apples and lemons. But we are all agreed that the best use to which food can be applied is as a food.

The best way to obtain food, perhaps, is to wait until the farmer has gone to bed. The thunder-storm can't waken him. Then enthusiastic fruit seeker should not neglect to take along a can of chloroform for the dogs, as they are passionately fond of it. A farm dog does not often have the opportunity of inhaling the chloroform that does not cheer one-half so much as it inebriates twice as quick. Give him all he wants of it; he will feel the better for its digestive properties. It is just what the dog needs, especially after a hurried repast of human veal.

Fruit, the doctors tell us, may be taken with a meal or upon an empty stomach. It has, they say, a gently irritating effect upon the mucous membrane of the stomach. A long lumber hedge switch in the hands of the man who owns the orchard has also been found to have a gently irritating effect upon the epidermis of the back, which has, in some instances been sensibly noticed through two coats, a vest, a hickory shirt and an atlas back. "A succulent and pleasantly acid variety is best for the purpose of an aperient." And perhaps, although we are not a medical expert, yet we say it boldly, perhaps there is no fruit quite so succulent as new cider eaten through a straw. As it grows riper and riper the cider loses this succulent quality, and is to be eaten rapidly, in large doses with most astonishingly exhilarating effects. This vigorous and hardy fruit gathered from the sunny side of a New Jersey "Stone Fence," will put spring into the heels of an old man, until he will weigh a ton. "Cooking," says the *Medical Journal*, "removes much of the acidity from crude fruit and renders it lighter and more palatable," but we believe this kind of an apple is usually eaten cold.

"It is a fundamental principle that whatever fruit is eaten uncooked must be fully ripe." And all people cannot eat all kinds of fruit. For instance, a boy twelve years old should only be allowed to eat the following fruit, in various stages of maturity: Apples, ten days from the blossom, pears, as soon as they can be scratched with a piece of glass, gooseberries in the bud, currants, peaches when the pith becomes too hard to bite, grapes, melons in the pith, squash, potatoes, turnips, cucumbers, onions, bananas, gourds, cranberries, crab-apples, acorns, pignuts, new persimmons and oak-balls. But it is difficult, even with the utmost vigilance, for the parent to restrict the boy to even this liberal fruit diet, although it is dangerous even for the healthy boy to go beyond this limit. Still, he will do it sometimes. About twice a day.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A Likely Parrot.

The education of the parrot whose ownership was contested in a Brooklyn police court some months ago, has now been completed. He speaks and sings in German and English, whistles several tunes, fools all the dogs on the block with his coxing calls, and mimics the caterwauling of fighting cats. As a reporter stepped into the shop of his master, at 131 Meserole street, yesterday afternoon, Polly sang out from his perch over the door, "Go 'way! Go 'way!" and then, as though repenting of the cruel rebuff, screamed, "God grant mercy! Come here, don't you hear?"

"I've taught the little fellow so much in the last three years," said his owner, "that he begins to forget part of it, and I guess I'll have to graduate him. Before he learned 'Polly wants a cracker' I taught him my name, and if anyone stole him I should find it out, because he says twenty times a day if he does once, 'I belong to Strauss, ha, ha, ha!'"

"What about the case in which the bird figured some months ago?" asked the reporter.

"I sold my bird store, and the buyer insisted that the parrot was included in the purchase, but Justice Kiehl decided in my favor when he heard the bird say, 'I belong to Strauss, I belong to Strauss.'"

Mr. Strauss said a thief visited his shop one day when he had stepped out, and a neighbor of his saw the man seize Polly and start to run off, but he dropped the bird like a shot when it cried out, "God grant mercy!"

"Mother, get up; it's five o'clock. Put the coffee on. Father wants breakfast." With such cries and with cluckings like a mother hen, Polly interrupted the conversation. At one moment it assumed a martial attitude, and screamed loudly: "Clear the decks for action!" and then, with drooping head and tail, called out reverently: "Lord, make us thankful for what we're about to receive." As the reporter went away the bird was singing the first verse of a German serenade in a shrill soprano voice.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mrs. Bolton, one of the witnesses in the Frank James trial, whose former relations with the freebooters made her testimony very important, is described as a mite of a woman, a widow and as meek-looking as could well be found. She is the last woman in the world who would ever be taken as one connected with the most blood-thirsty band of robbers that ever existed. As to that point the James boys' band is a curious one in every respect. Frank would be taken for a lawyer or a professional man; Dick Liddell looks more like a dude than a cut-throat, and the women are all good housewives and church-going country folks, except Mrs. Hite, of Kentucky, who evidently has been a backwoods country belle.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Ten thousand men, mostly from Jamaica, are at work upon the Panama Canal.

—It has been decided by the Austrian railway administration to employ women as guards on the same terms as men.

—With the exception of a few years, Madagascar's rulers since 1828 have been women. A niece of the late Queen has just succeeded her to the throne, and makes the fifth Queen since that year, and the fourth in an unbroken line.

—The Shah of Persia has a way of managing horse-races that is peculiar, at least. The competitors all deposit the entrance money with his Majesty, and when the race is finished the Shah confiscates the winning horse and keeps the entrance money. Pool-selling is not practiced in that enlightened part of creation.

—Among the victims of Casamicciola were a Signor and Signora Bonavita, who left property worth $1,000,000, to which there is no direct heir. Their relatives, in order to determine the succession, have petitioned to have their bodies disinterred, that by an examination of the external injuries it may be ascertained, if possible, who died first.

—A circus man in Europe has a new way of raising money. He raffles off his African lion at each town he visits. In this style of raffle the victim is the unfortunate winner. "Take your lion," says the honest circus man as he goes to open the cage. The crowd stampede. The unlucky owner, who finds he can not buy the cage, generally pays the circus man to keep the brute.

—The conversion to Christianity of the Queen of Madagascar, who lately died, is said to have been entirely accidental. She chanced to find an old Bible around the palace and began to read and study it, ending in adopting the faith and making bold war upon idolatry. Under her rule the country took rapid strides forward in education and all kinds of progress.

—The youngest son of one of the first families of Schleswig-Holstein made a visit to Monaco. He had a large sum of money with him at the time, but he lost it at roulette. Telegraphing home for more, he received it and played again, but lost all he had. He then lost his watch, his studs and his rings, and tried to borrow 500 francs to pay his hotel bill. Being a stranger he could not do this, and out of shame for his failure, and out of reluctance to ask for more money from his family and explain the situation to it, he shot himself.

—Labouchere tells the following story of his earliest visit to Aix-les-Bains: "I remember arriving there when I was about seventeen. I sat down at the gaming-table, and in half an hour I won £400 or £500. An official then told me that the Commissary of Police wished to speak to me. On being introduced into the den of this official he asked me whether, as I evidently was a minor, I had the written permission of my parents to gamble. I said that they had not furnished me with such a document, so he told me that I could not be allowed to play. This excellent man probably saved me a good deal of money, for I left with my booty instead of returning to the tables."

Magical Roots and Herbs.

A house with four gables, each one of which seemed to lean for consolation and support against the telegraph poles that had sprung up beneath them. Windows whose long service had apparently deprived them of usefulness, for their dingy, unpainted blinds were tightly closed and bound with faded green muslin. A sign, which bore the legend, "Herbs Sold Here," and a row of dingy window-panes, through which could be discerned bunches of parti-colored leaves, that resembled nothing more than the war-trophies of some sanguinary Indian who had fought and bled, but who had conquered his enemy. Within, in strange contrast with the accumulation of dust, stood a young man whose hair cast a lurid glow over the piles of boxes that reached the ceiling, filled, if the labels on them could be trusted, with cures for every ill that human flesh is heir to, as well as a large variety of others, and with powders and potions whose presence in an active stomach would make death a welcome relief. Across the counter stood a colored woman, whose avoirdupois could only be correctly determined by hay-scales. There was an eager look in her eyes; and with one hand clutching with convulsive energy a dollar bill, and the other stretched like a signal-service storm map on the counter, she whispered in the most accessible ear of the youth:

"Gimme some Adam and Eve."

It was done, and the money changed its owner. The colored woman vanished amid the thunder of her tread, and the clerk sank behind the counter with a flash of his lurid locks.

A *Tribune* reporter asked the clerk what the woman meant. He was enlightened as follows:

"We have colored men and women call here every day and ask for 'Adam and Eve.' It is a root found in New Jersey swamps, and is supposed to bring the best fortune to its owner. We charge one dollar for a single root. Here is one of them." The reporter was shown a small, light-colored root, resembling in fiber the peanut-root. From a slender stem bulged two protuberances of unequal size. "The small bulb," continued the clerk, "is Adam; the larger, Eve. Colored people put the roots in a bottle and then pour a pint of whisky over them; if they swell there is luck in them, and they are cherished for years as their most valuable possession. I have known negroes to commit suicide because they had lost their 'Adam and Eve.' A colored man came in here a few days ago and told me that he had been to Philadelphia and that he made over a hundred dollars at cards. On his way back on the train he had got drunk by imbibing the whisky in his 'Adam and Eve' bottle, and in a fit of frenzy had thrown his charm away. He said his money was stolen from him before he arrived in Jersey City, and he spent a week hunting over the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railway for his lost 'Adam and Eve.' I sold him another."

"The superstition about the four-leaved clover is well known. We have them for sale here, and have a good trade for them. They can be bought for $5 each. Some persons who have found a four-leaved clover would, I believe, rather part with their lives than with their tiny plant, for it brings destruction on the fortunes of a man if he loses his quatrefoil.

"There is a root that is known among colored people as the 'dead-root.' It is very small, shaped somewhat like a carrot, but forked. The more forks it has the more powerful it is. The peculiar virtue of the 'dead-root' is that it not alone prevents death by violence, but drives away the evil spirits that are supposed to hover about the remains of a worldly negro after death. Wherever you meet with a colored man of reckless daring you may depend upon it that he has a 'dead-root' hung about his neck. It is necessary, however, to make these fetiches powerful, that no person should know that you are the possessor of one, for such is the faith the negro has in their virtue, that if any man is supposed to have one of extraordinary efficacy, he would be in danger of robbery if not of murder. Beside the root that I have spoken about, there are many others that have special virtues. The snake-root will cure snake-bites, however poisonous they may be, and the 'devil-root' is supposed to prevent delirium tremens."

"These superstitions are not confined to the negroes by any means. We have white customers as well, but of course their number is small. It is true that the colored people who come here to buy the 'charmed roots' belong to the most ignorant portion of their race, but there seems to be a grain of the most senseless superstition inherent in the negro that is found in the members of no other race. The herb business is not now what it used to be. In fact, it has decreased one-half in the last five years. While the treatment with herbs is still regarded as good, the science of pharmacy has become such that only the active principle of the herb is used instead of the plant itself. Our stock is gathered in New Jersey and Long Island, by persons who make herb-picking a regular business. The plants are dried and packed there, and are sent to us in bales. Of course, we are obliged to depend to a great extent on the knowledge of the herb-gatherers, but they are trained from their childhood to make a proper selection, and their training seldom leads them astray. Herbs and roots are sent to us from all parts of the country, as there are some plants with medicinal properties that cannot be found in our vicinity. But it is rare indeed that a herb is sent to us from over the seas. It is safe to say that there is not a plant that grows which is valuable in medicine that cannot be found within the boundaries of our country."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Life Led by the Men Who Make Newspapers.

What a curious life journalism opens to its devotees! Some fellows sit quietly in their offices from eight o'clock at night until two in the morning doing nothing but reading what other people have written, striking out here, putting in there, knowing absolutely nothing of the world except that which they read of, sleeping the better part of it at home, giving to their families not more than three or four waking hours, rarely if ever going to places of public amusement, avoiding as far as possible all individual responsibilities, humdrumming through life, busy, active, useful, but uninformed out of certain grooves. Others devote themselves to specialties, in which they become proficient, aside from which they know no more than the ordinary merchant or broker. Others, again, are immersed in politics, writing upon no other subject. Some deal with conventions exclusively. Writers on art, whether it be dramatic, lyric or the work of the painter, are of no special use as general newspaper men, but seek and find well-paid employment upon great newspapers which can afford specialists.

Then there is the correspondent, here to-day, there to-morrow, and somewhere else all the rest of the time. With his eyes open he has it in his power to know everything knowable—in a superficial way. He meets the great men of the country and the little ones, and is known to them by name and sight. He is always welcomed, because he has it in his power to serve. If he were to be stricken blind, or with paralysis, or be laid up beyond the possibility of convalescence and recuperation, they would not put their hands in their pockets to the extent of $1 for him or his. Correspondents, by the way, are divided into sundry classes. Some men have noses for news and nothing else. They scent an item from afar. Others are enterprising in the last degree. They not only know a good thing when they see it, but they see it before anybody else is aware of its existence, and understand how to utilize it for the benefit of their employers. There are gossip writers, men who know nothing except stories about this, that and the other man or woman. If the gossip can have an unpleasant flavor to it, all the better. They are mud slingers, stirrers of communities, people who are shunned by reputable and thoughtful men, chiefly because it is unsafe to talk in their presence; men who do not hesitate to repeat private conversations, to violate the sanctities of confidential communications, who would steal an idea from a telegraph wire, or read an opened letter on a friend's desk without the slightest compunction.—*Jo. Howard, in Boston Herald.*

Ecuador.

With regard to the climate the rainy season generally runs from December to June, the remaining months being dry; but on the Amazon slope it rains all the year round. As to the influence of the climate on man there are vast healthy districts in the river valleys of the Amazon region, while those of the Pacific shore are commonly full of disease. Special disorders are chiefly due to the lack of sanitary measures. In the west and northwestern parts the abuse of sweets as food results in a curious and frightful intestinal complaint. The country is now, and will, in all probability remain, almost wholly agricultural, the Pacific coast and river valleys of both east and west yielding generous crops of cacao, cotton, sugar cane, rice, tobacco and tropical fruits; while the inter-Andean plateau produces all the cereals and vegetables incident to a temperate and even cold climate, though they are of inferior quality. No hope of the Republic ever being an exporter of cereals is held out, and cattle do not thrive in the Amazon section, chiefly from the immense number of bats, which bleed or otherwise irritate them. Cinchona bark, which first came from the province of Loja, is being so rapidly cut and sent out of the country without new planting that the supply must soon cease; and Colonel Church attributes this to the fact that the highest official sanction is given to this destructive measure for private emolument. In mineral wealth Ecuador is poor. The population is estimated at 1,000,000 (exclusive of savage tribes), and is distributed as follows: White, 100,000; mixed, 300,000; pure Indian, 600,000. The evil qualities of the mixed races are condemned as the source of the degradation of the country. Internal communications are much needed in Ecuador, and although Colonel Church is personally interested in the construction of future railroads, he expresses his strong opinion that for the next ten or twenty years a thorough system of first-class mule routes would undoubtedly be the best for Ecuador.—*London Times.*

HOME AND FARM.

—The yolk of an egg mixed with a little molasses makes a rich brown glaze for the top of rusks and buns.

—Charcoal, either in lumps or pulverized, and mixed with lime or gypsum, is a great deodorizer. It can be hung in baskets in cisterns, daries, refrigerators, or meat safes, and will keep the contents from absorbing foul odors.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Little wafer-like cakes to eat with chocolate or cocoa are made of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, with flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll them very thin, cut in strips, and bake in a quick oven.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The Rev. L. L. Langstroth, the inventor of the movable frame bee-hive, and an authority in bee-keeping, recommends planting all waste places with golden-rod and wild aster as sources of honey supply. "So fond of these flowers are bees," he says, "that they will forsake almost everything else for them.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—This way of making a plum pudding cannot be too highly recommended: If fresh plums are in season use them; if not take a quart can of plums; put them in a basin on the stove; when hot, sweeten them plenteously; soak several slices of bread in the juice, then line a pudding dish with the bread and pour the plums in. Serve cold, with cream.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Analysis fails to show any essential difference as to the value of either white or yellow corn. But for table use the difference between white and yellow meal is very great; the individual preference for one or the other appears to depend upon early education. Those who in their early youth have been accustomed to use white meal cannot tolerate the yellow, and vice versa.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Some one who has tried it says it is a good plan to burn sulphur in cellars where milk is kept, especially if they are damp. The sulphurous acid evolved destroys the mildew, which if not checked will injure the flavor of cream and butter. In many damp cellars the mildew wastes the cream so that the butter product is seriously decreased, besides the injury to quality.

—The markets for beef cattle can hardly be considered in a healthy condition, price are disappointing. The demand for beef is good, and as immense runs are marketed with ease, at prices astonishing, if compared with the best prices of two years ago, it conclusively proves that all the meat that can be raised will find a profitable outlet. Our trouble this year has been at home, and it is useless to disguise the fact that the cattle have not been up to the standard of last or other previous years.—*Texas Live Stock Journal.*

Handling Stock.

The term "handling stock" is a technical one, more particularly applied to cattle than to any other domestic animals, but a practical knowledge of it, even in sheep and swine, is considered important in England by all breeders.

When the fingers are moderately pressed upon the fleshy parts of an animal, and the hair, hide, and especially the flesh, beneath have a fine, soft, elastic spring, it is called *good handling;* on the contrary, if they are coarse, thick, hard and rigid to the feeling, with little or no spring under the pressure of the fingers, that is called *bad handling.* Of course there are as many degrees in handling, from very bad to very good, as there are grades of animals. The better an animal handles, the quicker it feeds—that is the sooner it will mature and become fully grown for the purpose of breeding, or to fat for the butcher, and a good handler will do this at a much less consumption of food than a bad one.

By cultivating a race of cattle which handle well we gain in two ways—lessen the time in perfecting them, and save in the food. For example: A good handling steer can be fully fitted for the shamble at about three years of age, while an indifferent one will require a year longer to do this, and a bad one fully two years; and yet the price realized from the three will be within a fraction of the same. So here is a considerably greater consumption of food in the last two, greater risk in keeping them, and the loss of one or two years of interest on the amount for which they are sold.

So important is the knowledge of proper handling considered in England, that when a grazier comes to purchase stock of the breeder to feed for the shambles, he would rather select the animals blindfold with handling, than with his eyes wide open to inspect them without this opportunity of touching them.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Chewed Codfish.

"Would you like to buy some condensed codfish?"

"What is condensed codfish?"

The man opened a box and showed a preparation which he said was simply ground codfish.

"What put it into your head to grind it in this manner?"

"Well, I was in the fish business, barely making enough to keep soul and body together, when a friend came in and chaffed me for not going into some other business. He picked up a big codfish scornfully and said: "Now, that is a pretty thing to offer a man; its just a mess of strings that nobody can chew." And to chafe me still further, he said in sort of a jocular way, "You ought to hire a boy to chew that fish for your customers." I got an idea from that, and before night I had a grinding machine, and next morning I put out a sign 'Condensed Codfish.' Everybody wondered what that was, and most of them bought some to try. It took like fire, and in less than a month I was clearing $35 a day on that alone and had half a dozen instead of one boy to do the chewing for my customers. It is a big business now. I am shipping it all over the country and am about to close arrangements for supplying the English market through a New York house. If that succeeds I can retire in five years with a fortune. My friend is keeping books for me and says he is the inventor of chewed codfish."—*Chicago Herald.*

"Put it Thar."

When the stranger remarked that he was from Arkansas, one of the passengers suddenly turned and asked:

"You are, eh? Maybe you are from Crittenden County?"

"I am that."

"Perhaps from James' Landing?"

"That's it, exactly."

"Then, maybe, you know my brother, William Henry Jones, from Penn Yan, this State?

"Stranger, put it thar!" exclaimed the Arkansas traveler, as he extended his hand and smiled all over. Bust my buttons if I didn't help hang your brother for cattle-stealing jist before I left home."—*Wall Street News.*

—An old frame house in Winthrop, Me., built 114 years ago, was moved half a mile recently without even cracking the plastering.

A book agent named Joe Smyrk,
Was put out and hurt by a jerk,
He says as a cure,
St. Jacobs Oil is sure,
At all times to get in its work.

A lightning-rod man in St. Paul,
From a house had a serious fall,
Though battered and bruised,
He said, when he used
St. Jacobs Oil—" it simply beats all."

"Papa, please tell me the story of the new comet," said Mary to her father last evening. "I can not, my dear," replied Mr. Rattler, "there is no tail to it yet."—*Boston Courier.*

Marion, Mass.—Dr. N. S. Ruggles says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valued tonic for enriching the blood and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

The high-school girl condemns the phrase "tumble to the racket" as vile slang. She says "precipitate in the direction of the clamor" is a more elegant expression.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Golden Medical Discovery"

has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night-sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

In a Cincinnati store a piano is marked "Achern, 1761." And the music banged from some pianos sound like that evolved from a churn of the 1761 pattern.—*Norristown Herald.*

Huntsville, Ala.—Dr. J. T. Ridley says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetizer and merits attention from sufferers."

It is not right to make game of a man out of season.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

Ely's Cream Balm is doing wonders. I advise sufferers from Catarrh to lay other remedies aside. I believe it is the only remedy that will cure this terrible disease, from which I have suffered twenty years. Charles Garrabrant, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, 865 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

The coins paid for beer are the bar-nickels of society.—*Marathon Independent.*

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

The anti-vivisectionists argue that it hurts an oyster to open its shell with a knife. Humanity and good taste suggest that the oyster should be roasted in its shell.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Ely's Cream Balm cured me of Catarrh of many years' standing—restored my sense of smell. For colds in the head it works like magic. E. H. Sherwood, National State Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

Rule for church fair oyster suppers—Twice one is stew.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. John D. Park & Sons, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. Crittenton, New York.

A good brick will absorb about a quart of water, but "a regular brick" isn't that kind of a fellow.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

The best cure for diseases of the nerves, brain and muscles, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Writing a wrong is the forger's work.—*New York Express.*

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, September 28, 1883.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@	3 00
Choice butchers	4 00	@	4 25
HOGS—Common	4 00	@	4 75
Good packers	4 30	@	5 15
SHEEP	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 09	@	
No. 2 red	1 06	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@	
Rye—No. 2	57	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 50	@	
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 50	@	11 75
Lard—Current make	7¾	@	
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@	18
Prime Creamery	20	@	23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@	1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@	3 85
Good to choice	4 40	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 17	@	
No. 2 red	1 10¾	@	1 11¾
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	61½	@	61¾
Oats—mixed	32½	@	36
PORK—Mess	13 50	@	13 75
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 03	@	
Corn—No. 2	49½	@	
Oats—No. 2	27¼	@	
Rye	56½	@	
PORK—Mess	10 25	@	7 87½
LARD—Steam	7-85	@	
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08½	@	1 08¾
Corn—mixed	60½	@	
Oats—mixed	34	@	36
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@	
Lard—Refined	10¾	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 25	@	4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 01	@	
Corn—mixed	51	@	
Oats—mixed	30	@	
PORK—MESS	12 00	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 04	@	
CORN—mixed	49	@	
OATS—mixed	27¾	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On The Chickahominy.

Under date of May 8, 1883, Col. S. F. Tibbitts, of Dover, N. H., sends us the following: "While on duty in the army of the Potomac in the swamps of the Chickahominy I contracted a complication of diseases that culminated in spinal trouble, paralysis on one side, and severe disease of the kidneys and bladder, and great urinal weakness. For a long time I was under the treatment of the best physicians, and tried many of the so-called remedies, but received no permanent benefit. When I was in the drug business in Boston I heard favorable accounts of the efficacy of Hunt's Remedy for diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and having decided to give it a trial, I purchased some at Wingate's drug store, Dover, N. H., and have received great relief from using it. The severe pains in my back are removed, and I am able to sleep soundly and obtain rest at night—which for so long a time I could not do, and the weakness in the urinary organs has been relieved, and I greatly regret that I did not test the great merits of Hunt's Remedy when I was first taken sick, as I am confident it would have saved me from several years of suffering; and I am more strongly convinced of this after hearing of the most remarkable cures effected by Hunt's Remedy in a case of Bright's Disease here in our midst in Dover, after the patient had been pronounced incurable by celebrated physicians."

Mr. Tibbits is a retired druggist, formerly located in Boston, and is a thoroughly reliable citizen.—Cor. Ed.

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE.

H. S. Whitney, assistant postmaster, Putnam, Conn., writes May 8, 1883: "I have used Hunt's Remedy with the best results. I have suffered untold agony for eighteen months with kidney and liver complaint; my water was very bad, at times I actually passed blood. This was followed by general prostration. My business requiring me to be on my feet most of the time made my case worse. I was advised to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had been cured by it, and can truly say that it has benefited me more than all the other medicines I have used. I consider it the best medicine for kidney and liver troubles, and cheerfully recommend it to all."

Why don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.

Look Out for Frauds! The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Rats"), and has laughing face of a man on labels. 15c and 25c bottles.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Is a reliable means of eradicating local diseases of the skin. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Redding's Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of Skin disease. Try it.

Stinging, Irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
[1]
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM
ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CURES COLD IN HEAD ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY'S CREAM BALM CO OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
HAY-FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has been found a potent safeguard even to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

WILKINSON RUBBER TARGET GUN.
Graves' Patent. The genuine and best. Shoots arrows, bullets and shot. Sends bullets 1,000 feet. Don't kick. Shoots straight. Ammunition, with 5 steel pointed arrows, shot and bullet attachment, delivered free on receipt of one dollar. Send for price list of Scroll Saws, Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Hammocks, &c. THE JOHN WILKINSON CO., 78, 80 and 82 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in twenty minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."
SAW MILLS, ENGINES THRESHERS, Horse Powers,
(For all sections and purposes.) Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

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Takes like wild fire. Any one can work it. Standard Journal FREE. Address STANDARD LIFE ASSOCIATION, Fort Wayne, Ind., or Grand Rapids, Mich.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per mo. made selling our fine Books & Bibles. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each County. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE Co., 197 Pearl St., NEW YORK.

MUSIC Over 700 different kinds best sheet music 5c. copy by mail. Catalogue free. Ad. MOORE & SMITH, Watertown, N. Y.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co. Augusta, Me.

Answer This.

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

My little sickly, puny baby, was changed into a great bouncing boy and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time. A Young Mother.

No use to worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible.

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters. They cured me in a short time.
T. R. Atty.

Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters if taken in time.

Ludington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1879.—I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and all diseases incident to this malarial climate.
H. T. Alexander.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.—Sirs: I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder, it has done for me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. Carter.

Gents—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. Stoetzel, 658 Fulton st., Chicago, Ill.

$60 5-TON JONES
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warrante 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

PORTABLE & STATIONARY
Steam Engines
and STEAM BOILERS, smaller sizes adapted to
Farm and Plantation Use!
$200 We make six sizes, capacity from 3 to 50,000 ft. per day, with one saw. Our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill. LANE & BODLEY CO., John and Water Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. Send for catalogue free.

CANCER INSTITUTE, AURORA
Established, 1872; Incorporated, 1880. For the Cure of Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula and SKIN DISEASES, without the use of knife or Loss of Blood, and little pain. For INFORMATION, CIRCULARS AND REFERENCES, address DR. F. L. POND, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

Grocers and Dealers
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TEA AND COFFEE.
Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 100

Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Window Shades.
Complete assortment of the newest, richest and most beautiful Carpets produced by the best manufacturers in America. Correspondence solicited. Samples and prices by mail. T. M. SNOWDON & CO., 107 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

Sure Cure Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE BY RETURN MAIL.—Full description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting MOODY & CO. Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book. $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Reasons Why You Feel Badly.

Because your stomach is not doing its work properly.
Because your liver is out of order, and wants righting.
Because your blood is thin, and needs iron in it.
Because you are troubled with nervous aches and pains
Because you are vexed with languor and debility,
All these Reasons Can be Set Aside by the Use of Brown's Iron Bitters, which will
Tone up your enfeebled stomach, and help it to digest.
Refresh your wearied liver and put it in splendid order.
Enrich your watery blood, and give it a rich red color.
Calm your worried nerves, and give them restful peace.
Strengthen your whole system and drive debility and languor out.

Considering that any man who has a dollar may buy of the nearest druggist a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, there is no reason why people should continue to feel badly, just for the fun of it. 4

AN OPEN SECRET
AMONG THE LADIES
The brilliant, fascinating tints of Complexion for which ladies strive are chiefly artificial, and all who will take the trouble may secure them. These roseate, bewitching hues follow the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm—a delicate, harmless and always reliable article. Sold by all druggists.
The Magnolia Balm conceals every blemish, removes Sallowness, Tan, Redness, Eruptions, all evidences of excitement and every imperfection.
Its effects are immediate and so natural that no human being can detect its application.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!
DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE Lungs.
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

CHICAGO SCALE CO.
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2-Ton Wagon scale, $40; 4-Ton $60

EDUCATIONAL.
Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

A. N. K.—E. 943

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1883. NUMBER 50.

A WARMED-UP MEMORY.

'Tis ever thus, that when the summer sun
Swings high in heaven, remembrance brings
me back
To other summer days, when Love was young
And I was young in love—just on the track.

I mind me of that time when I had spent
A long vacation on my uncle's farm,
And found, on leaving, that behind I left
My heart a victim to a cousin's charm.

And this I knew not till about to go,
I lingered with her there beside the gate;
When all at once my heart went throbbing so,
My eyes were opened, and I saw my fate.

I gazed into her eyes with meaning vast,
But could not speak, however hard I'd try.
I took one little hand—and would had both,
But that the other held a piece of pie.

I fain believe I would have kissed her, too—
Her lips were of the ripest, reddest dye;
Inviting, tempting—and I know I could,
Had not her mouth been full of that same
pie.

And so we parted. I went back to town,
Soon to forget my love; but till I die
I'll ne'er forget how quickly love cools down
When "frozen out" by stronger love of pie.
—*Lowell Citizen.*

FRANCES HALLIDAY.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his heart at my foolish little feet! I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one else said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left in the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of property that wins our admiration and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a fortune of $25,000—that is, I was to have it if I remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or if I married previously with my uncle's approval.

Now uncle did not approve of Norman—in fact uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question. Stephen was the great man and the good man of our small town. To have insinuated that Stephen was not worthy of a saint, a beauty and an heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to state that I never regarded my engagement with Stephen seriously; it was a part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. And as Stephen fully coincided in it, I do not expect censure from any one else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to me that I frankly told him that I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked me why, and I said: "All my life long, Stephen, I have been such a crushed, unhappy girl, I have been afraid to speak, or laugh, or sing, and no one but Norman Strong ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked, bluntly.

So I answered: "Yes, I love him, and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank he wanted to marry me, but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my $25,000.

"So you have $25,000?"

"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it up to me. He will never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: "You are a good girl to be honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up your little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change, apparently, between Stephen and I. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave. He sent aunt presents from his hot-houses, and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He spent the evenings at Uncle Miles' house, and sometimes we were left alone together, and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to see us occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think she thought if I married the banker it might not be a bad thing for my cousin Malvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and, this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing. Never before in our little town had there been such dozens of elegantly-trimmed undergarments, such lingerie, such hosiery, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such wonderful boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little receptions every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best bedroom for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to uncle: "I understand Frances has $25,000. I wish to have it so settled on herself, and for her absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add $10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the land excellent, and, then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as the railway is finished it will be worth double. What do you say?"

"I think your offer extremely generous, Mr. Barker, and, of course, for such a purpose, I am willing to hand over to you at once Frances' fortune. The interest has been applied to her own use always. Will you look at the accounts?"

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Miles?"

So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicably effected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever. I must state here that I opposed, as strongly as I thought right, Stephen's gift of $10,000, and his subsequent outlay of $1,000 on furniture, but both uncle and aunt said that the settlement was small enough for a man of his means, and that it would be affectation to oppose it. And really Stephen managed the whole affair with such fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bear to oppose it.

At length the wedding-day drew near. It had been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. This showed in Jose a very Christian spirit, seeing that he once looked on me and my $25,000 with affection, and I had not appreciated the honor. However, he forgave me at this interesting epoch, and came benignly to bless my venture. He brought me as a present a black onyx seal ring, on which was set a cross in seed pearls. He had offered me it once before, with his affection and his manse, and I had then refused it. I took it this time.

It helped to swell the list of my presents, and they certainly made a goodly show. First, there was the Stamford estate from my father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for $1,000 worth of new furniture, which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable. Uncle gave me a set of silver and aunt some fine china, both of which gifts I took care to send to Stamford before my wedding day. My cousins and aunts and friends gave me all sorts of jewelry and pretty personal knickknacks, and these I carefully packed in the half-dozen trunks which were already corded and directed two days before the marriage day.

For Stephen had proposed to send off my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left, in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival. I opposed this plan at first, but aunt said "it was eminently proper and thoughtful." So all my wardrobe except my wedding dress and traveling suit arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the last day of my maiden life.

Norman Strong called that night and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavior charming—so unselfish—and I was also very satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about eight o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, as I bade her good-night. "The hair-dresser comes at 8:30."

I said, "Very well, aunt," and went to my room. The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small a compass as possible, and then put on my traveling costume. This done, I sat down in the dark. About one o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly down stairs, unlocked the back door and went out. Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds. There a buggy waited, and we drove rapidly to the main line about three miles off. Here we caught the two-o'clock express, and were safe in New York, and very respectably married at ten o'clock. My trunks, which had arrived the day before, were then redirected to Washington, and after a delicious little wedding breakfast—all by ourselves—we left for that city.

In the meantime there was trouble in Milford. Our flight was not discovered until nearly eight o'clock, and then Uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker. My aunt and cousin's chagrin and disappointment were very great; in fact, when I considered the amount of confidence and gossip they would have to endure, I felt that for all the slights and scorns of my unloved girlhood I could cry quits. And I had got my fortune also, and Norman and I were so completely happy! We had not a care, for Stephen had given him a $500 bill and a month's holiday, and told us to get all the pleasure we could out of it. We obeyed him implicitly.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it. We returned very quietly after dark one night, very much like children who have played truant all day and creep home at nightfall with as little ostentation as possible.

But at Stamford Hall everything had been prepared for my comfort—the fires blazing, the gas lighted, and an excellent supper waiting. The next morning Norman went back to his desk, and Stephen took no more notice of his return than if he had never left it. People who had been speculating about his losing that position knew in five minutes that there would be no change. And everyone took his tone from Stephen. We were treated very much like two children who had been forgiven, and whose fault was not to be thrown up to them.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them all credit for the very kindest of motives, I made them all welcome. I told them about my wedding trip, and showed them my new things, and I dare say the men talked over everything with them afterward.

But what most puzzled everybody was that Stephen Barker came so often to see us, and was so friendly with Norman. Some thought it very mean-spirited in him, and others remembered that when he was very young he had loved my mother dearly. Even those who spoke kindly of him did not give him credit for half the noble unselfishness he had shown; for he would not let me tell any one that it was he himself who had planned everything about my property and my wedding.

"Just let them say you jilted me, Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until Uncle Miles comes around."

Aunt and uncle both came around sooner than was expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much of his time with us, Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought familiarly in contact with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and give me the kiss of reconciliation.

But as far as catching Stephen's heart "in the rebound" was concerned, she was just a little too late. Norman's sister, who was a teacher in one of the public schools of New York, came to spend her vacation with us, and Stephen fell in love with her in a way which convinced me that his love for Frances Halliday had only been the shadow of the love he had for the mother. Why, Norman himself never behaved more foolishly about me than Stephen about this little, plain Ruth, for she is plain—everyone must allow that.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself: Dear me! I think love must often laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do, indeed.

That is all I have to say about my marriage. I think it was rather peculiar. Some women will doubtless say they don't believe such men as Stephen exist. But let a girl, when she discovers she does not like a man, tell him so, and ask his advice and help, and ten to one she will find another Stephen. How can men be chivalrous and self-denying if women don't give them opportunities? I think that is wrong, and I intend always to give Norman every chance to cultivate such noble qualities.

The Baby That Was Not.

There was a tired-looking woman came into the Michigan Central depot the other day and sat down to wait for a train. Two small children clung to her skirts and in her arms she carried an infant, closely wrapped up, and with an old veil tied in a double fold across its small face. The mother had a satchel and some boxes, which she managed to carry at the same time, and she settled the children on each side of her and prepared for a long sitting, for the train was late.

The children were quiet little things, and amused themselves; the mother sat and held the baby in a tight clasp and looked far off with eyes that seemed to be watching over a grave. Tears fell softly now and then, sometimes on one of the bright-haired children, again on the dress of the baby in her arms, and these the little ones would brush softly away. It was evident that they had seen their mother weep often.

But the other passengers who waited got nervous over it. A good woman with a kind face offered seed-cake to the children, but they shrunk from her. People came and went, and something in the woman's face made them stop and look at her, but she did not see them. A white, drawn, quivering mouth and tearful eyes attested some deep sorrow.

At last a little fussy man, who had been jumping up and down and rubbing his hands and crying: "Bless me!" under his breath, went up to the stricken woman and executed a sort of war dance in front of her.

"Bless, me, ma'am,' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands till they were ablaze with the friction; "but you'll smoth that baby."

The woman looked at him as if she didn't comprehend what he meant.

"It can't possibly breathe, ma'am, with a double veil over its face; I sa y-o-u'll sm-other that ch-il-d."

He thought her either deaf or craze and the rest of the passengers had th same fears. The woman laid her limp burden in her lap and began with trembling hands to undo the veil. "My baby is dead," she said, in a low voice, but which all heard.

"Good gracious, ma'am"—began th little man.

"These are her clothes," she continued, in a broken voice; "I carried her in my arms and next to my heart for two years, and now my heart and my arms are both empty; but I don't miss her so much when I have these, and the children forget she is dead and buried away from us all."

She picked up her senseless burden and rocked herself to and fro, but kind hands led her away and kind voices whispered words of hope to her, and at last the poor half-crazed mother consented to lay aside the empty garments and take instead to her arms and heart the little ones she had well-nigh forgotten.

"Who called thee strong as Love, oh, death,
Stronger thou wast and art."

—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

What a Good Havana Was Sacrificed To.

There were two of them in the car. They sat together. One of the maidens carried in her lap about five pounds of live sausage with the hair on in the shape of a sick poodle. On the front platform near the open door was a gentleman who, in violation of the company's rules, was pulling a good cigar, the smoke of which now and then rolled around the ladies just mentioned. Said the one with the dog to the other, who was dogless: "Oh, how I hate vile tobacco smoke. I wouldn't marry a man who used tobacco in any form if he was as rich as Jay Gould and as handsome as Oscar Wilde. I would rather die an old maid (she looked to be about fifty). I can't see how a man can use it and be received in society as respectable; but dear me the world is so strange. Mr. Conductor," she continued, "will you please request that man to stop smoking, or close that door? It is an outrage to permit such conduct on a car. It is very disagreeable to me and hurts my dog's eyes." The conductor did as he was requested and the gentleman, throwing away his cigar, came inside, and this is what he heard and what he saw. Said the girlish thing, whose lover was a dog, addressing the poodle whose eyes were red with epizoot and whose nose was in need of a plumber: "Did on dit dat nassy ole bakky moke in ou dear itsy bitsy eyes? Let on Missy rub him out for on," and with this loving language she fished up a clean looking handkerchief and mopped the darling's ocular machinery. He acknowledged the kindness by kissing her two or three times on her tasteless lips, then frisking around, marking her white dress with dirty feet, cuddled up in her arms, and blinked at the gentleman across the way who had sacrificed a good Havana that a worthless dog might not be annoyed.—*Washington Capital.*

Our Young Folks.

CITY OR COUNTRY.

When I'm a little city girl,
Each day in pleasant weather,
I dress myself all in my best—
My big white hat and feather.

My pretty Mother-Hubbard cloak,
And boots and gloves all neat,
And with my silken parasol
Go walking down the street.

I fold my hands together, so,
And turn my toes quite out;
Mamma says little girls should not
Be gazing all about.

And if I run or jump, you know,
My hair gets out of curl;
So quietly I take my walk,
When I'm a city girl.

When I'm a little country girl,
Up almost with the sun,
I take my old straw hat, and out
Into the grass I run.

No gloves, no parasol, no hat
(It comes right off, you know),
And no one near to see how fast
Across the fields I go.

No need to think about my dress,
Or care for crimp or curl,
I run and play the live-long day
When I'm a country girl.

Oh, yes, the city suits mamma,
And sister and the rest,
But tell me, tell me truly, which
You think *I* like the best.
—*Youth's Companion.*

SOAP-BUBBLE SECRETS.

Probably there is not a reader of *Young People* who has not at some time amused himself with a pipe and a bowl of soap-suds. Few, however, know all that a bubble can afford in the way of amusement at a slight outlay. Does my reader know how to make a giant bubble? has he learned how to employ soap-bubbles as magic-lantern slides? did he ever see them used as parlor ornaments? or is a soap-bubble in harness an every-day thing with him? If not, he will find these uses of the bubble described in the present article, and I would add that the experiments will prove interesting and beautiful to old as well as young.

We must first learn how to make the giant bubble. This is the king of bubbles, the largest, the longest-lived, and the most beautiful. If you can imagine a bubble two or even three feet in diameter, with an existence measured by hours instead of seconds, glowing with colors five times as gorgeous as those of the ordinary bubble, you have just such a one in your mind's eye as you can make for yourself by carefully following directions.

Procure two ounces of palm-oil or Castile soap: the former is preferable. Cut it in pieces the size of a pea, and place them in a bottle of clear glass with a pint of rain-water. Shake violently until the water has taken up as much soap as it will hold. You have now what is called a saturated solution of soap. Place it aside, and leave it from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, until it has settled, either perfectly clear or of a very light pearl-color. If, after thirty-six hours, the solution still remains clouded, pour off a little of the water and add more. This time it will scarcely fail to settle as desired. Carefully pour off, straining through flannel, add half a pint of pure glycerine, and when the two have had time to mingle thoroughly, you are ready to blow a giant bubble.

To blow the very largest bubbles it is necessary to have a larger pipe than the clay pipe commonly used, though such a pipe will produce large bubbles. A glass funnel, two or three inches in diameter, fitted with a piece of rubber tubing, produces enormous bubbles. There is a very ingenious apparatus used, which admits of putting the finger within the pipe itself. By this means fresh-soap solution may be smeared within the pipe, affording renewed nourishment to the bubble, and enabling the experimenter to blow it to an incredible size.

These bubbles are distinguished not only for their size but for their beauty and durability. I have known bubbles made by this method to last two or three hours in the open air, and from twenty-four to thirty-six under glass, precaution being taken that the air of the room be pure, and that no rough touch destroy their fragile lives. But now let us find out how we may examine the bubble with the greatest ease and to the best advantage.

Procure a piece of pine board about three inches square. In the middle of this fix a piece of iron wire, free from rust, twenty inches in length. At about six inches' distance from the board bend the wire into a circle, the plane of which is parallel with that of the board, and with a diameter of five inches. Blow a bubble of six or seven inches diameter, and gently place it in the ring; it will not break, and by tilting the pipe you may free it from the bubble. Thus placed the bubble shows off the colors to great advantage; for, as has been said, the glycerine bubble will last for hours, unlike the ordinary one, as fragile as it is lovely. Three or four bubbles of various sizes, placed under glass on such standards, form a beautiful object for a drawing-room, especially if their colors are seen against a background of some black material.

Next as to employing soap-bubbles, or, more correctly, soap films, as magic-lantern slides. Those who do not possess a magic lantern may try the experiment, though to less advantage, in the following way: Dip the mouth of a tumbler lightly in the soap solution, raise it gently, and a soap film will remain stretched across the mouth. Hold the tumbler horizontally, and the same beautiful effects of color may be seen on the film as are thrown on the wall when the magic lantern is used. For a magic lantern, go to work as follows:

Take a slip of card-board, the same size of one of your slides, and in it cut a circular hole, proportional in diameter to the width of the slide. Pour some of the solution into a shallow dish, and dip the slide into it. Raise it gently, and a film will be left in the hole. Slip the slide with care into the lantern, and await results. For a moment, the circle of light on the wall remains clear, but soon, at the bottom, a faint tinge of color appears, growing stronger and stronger, and moving upward. It settles into a band of color at last, still moving steadily upward, and succeeded by another band of another tint, which follows it, and so on, until the great circle on the wall is gorgeous with the same beautiful hues as appear on the bubble, but not stirring uneasily together as these seem, but in regular bands ever moving upward. Now jar the slide gently, and presto!—the bands break and whirl together in an astonishing maze of color, wonderful in beauty. This is really one of the most beautiful experiments imaginable, and will never fail to call forth hearty admiration.

Now for an exceedingly amusing experiment—the harnessed soap-bubble. Take a piece of the thinnest writing-paper you can find, and from it cut a circular piece a little less than a dime in size. To one end of this attach a thread by the aid of a tiny drop of sealing-wax—the less the better. Blow the bubble to an ordinary size, and then touch the round piece to it gently. The bubble will adhere to it, and by gently tipping the pipe you may leave the bubble suspended by the string.

A bubble blown from the mouth sinks, but if the pipe is attached by a piece of rubber tubing to a gas fixture, the bubble then blown being filled with a gas lighter than air will be carried upward as far as the string will allow. Thus you have a veritable balloon, and if just sufficient string is allowed to keep it balanced midway between floor and ceiling, it will perform very curious antics. Those currents of air which exist in every room, unfelt by the inmates, are strong draughts to the fragile and delicate bubble. It will follow these currents, now visiting the ceiling, now running along the floor, and escaping as if by a miracle the obstacles in its path. If there is a lamp or gas jet in the room it will be gradually attracted toward it, and, carried by the upward current of hot air, will dash toward the ceiling, as if bent on committing suicide. But bounding on the cushion of dead air, which always lies on the surface of every solid object, it bends at right angles, and darts off, escaping as if by some inward power the fate into which it was apparently plunging headlong, and again circles round the room, till drawn a second time into the current of hot air.

The ingenious reader will be able to work up the hints above given into a variety of amusing and beautiful experiments. The last described will perhaps afford most amusement in various ways, which will readily occur to his mind while using the novel toy. The true secret of success in these experiments, as in everything, is carefulness. If the soap solution is prepared with care, there is no reason why the reader should not be entirely successful in the experiments that follow.

Bubbles are most curious and lovely things. There is neither time nor space to go into their connection with science, and the deep natural truths which they are used to prove. The reader can at least admire their gorgeous coloring and airy grace, and find a moral in their short but lovely lives.—*Rev. C. G. Child, in Harper's Young People.*

Artesian Wells in the Far West.

The people of Montana are fully alive to the value of artesian wells. They have great tracts of land that can be made to "blossom as the rose" if artesian water can be obtained. From the configuration of the country, they feel quite confident that artesian wells will prove successful in nearly all the places where there is now a lack of water on the surface of the ground. They have set about boring test wells. These experiments are being made by companies. If they prove successful they will be a safe guide for individuals and small communities of men of limited means. At Billings is the Montana Artesian Well Company, and at Helena the Helena Artesian Well Company.

In regard to this last-named company the Helena *Herald* says: "They have received their engine, steam-power tools and rigging, and have them on the ground ready for operation. The place selected for the Helena well is on East Broadway, near the reservoir, beyond Dry Gulch, where the derrick will soon be raised and the machinery put to work. The company has secured the services of two experienced drillers from Bradford, Pa., and one of them, Mr. Clarke, has full charge. It has been claimed that anywhere upon the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, flowing water would be found at a depth of less than 500 feet. From the many successful wells lately constructed in Colorado, we have no doubt that a Helena well will prove the truth of our expectation. The location is perhaps as good as could be found within the city limits, and we will soon have the satisfaction of seeing flowing water from the top of the first artesian well in Helena, very much to the joy of our neighbors on East Broadway and throughout the city."

—The Helena folks seem to be going at the work in good earnest and in good shape, as regards their plant. The result will be of much interest to the people of Nevada, Utah, Idaho and other States and Territories, as well as to the Montana folks.

In Nevada an experiment of the same kind is being made at White Plains, and it is likely to prove successful. The White Plains well is being sunk in a salt field. The first water found was quite salt, and was tubed out, but at the depth of over 1,400 feet pure fresh water has been found. As yet it does not rise to the surface, but the boring will be continued, and no doubt a flowing well will finally be obtained. Where this well is sunk is probably as unfavorable ground as could be found in the State.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

—Two holes were found in the plate of the Riverdale's exploded boiler when taken from the river. "One," says the expert, as a witness, "was there at the time and the other was probably punched, through with a pen-knife since." This and the inside patch put on because the body of the boiler hadn't substance enough to hold the outside patch may give the public a bit of an inside idea of the possible tinkering still going on in steam-boilerdom.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The statement is made by a well-informed religious paper that in London thirteen times as much money is spent for tobacco as is given by all the churches of that city put together for foreign missions.

Religious.

"GO WORK TO-DAY."

"Go work *to-day!*" the Master saith,
Waste not thy time repining!
Fill every hour with earnest deeds,
While bright the sun is shining.

What though ye do not see the fruit,
Yet still continue sowing:
For night and day—asleep, awake—
The grain is ever growing.

To-morrow's work may not be yours,
Nor yours the joy of reaping;
"Go work *to-day,*" and leave the seed
Safe in the Master's keeping.

That seed shall to the harvest come,
Though you in death are sleeping.
Others shall reap what you have sown.
Work on, and cease thy weeping!
—*J. H. Hoadley, in N. Y. Independent.*

GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN.

The power of the Gospel is in its revelation of God's love for man. Only as we understand this can we really understand the Gospel. Only as we believe and appreciate this can we appreciate or believe the glad tidings ourselves, or explain them to the minds and hearts of others.

And yet there is widely prevalent a half unconscious skepticism in regard to what the Bible seems to teach concerning God's love for man. Not that the *fact* of such love is questioned. Every one sees that with no appropriateness whatever could God be called our Father if He did not bear some measure of parental love toward His human children. But when the depth and strength and tenderness of His affection for us are portrayed; when Gethsemane and Calvary are interpreted and shown to have been the fruit and expression of a love toward us which no conception of ours can grasp, then, though there may be no expressed unbelief, yet too often is the language deemed more or less exaggerated and untrue. It seems almost incredible that such an infinite being as God should really cherish toward such puny and unworthy creatures as we such feelings of personal interest and personal affection. This globe on which we live, that seems to us so vast, is but the merest atom in the universe of suns and systems. And can it be that that Infinite One who upholds immensity as in the hollow of His hand—can it be that He feels such a tender interest, such a fathomless love, such a personal sympathy for the human animalcule that inhabit this terraqueous drop that we call our globe?

This has long been one of the most plausible arguments of infidelity against the whole system of Christianity. Daniel Webster said that this objection did more than all others to shake his faith in the Gospel. That Gospel, we are told, assigns to man a most preposterous importance. It represents him as receiving from the Most High a degree of attention and regard which his actual insignificance in the universe pronounces absurdly incredible.

Now there are different ways of meeting such pernicious unbelief in regard to God's love for man. We may direct the doubter's attention to the familiar fact that love is not wont to determine its amount or expression by the merit of its object. Does a mother love her child only because it deserves her love? Does she give it only so much regard and affection as its evident importance in the universe justly claims for it? Or are the fact and the strength of her love determined by her own maternal heart? We all know that it is not her child, but herself, that gives to her love its depth and fervor; not the babe's deserts or importance, but the affectionateness of the mother's own nature. The love of the human parent is the shadow and type of that which our Heavenly Father bears toward His children. He loves us as He does, not because we are worthy of His love, but because He Himself is so infinitely loving; not according to our importance in the universe, but according to the infinite tenderness and affectionateness of His own parental nature.

Or we may point the doubter to what God himself has told us concerning His love for man. These wonderful facts and declarations of Scripture in which this love is revealed may indeed seem almost or, to the skeptic, even absolutely incredible. But it is only because we have such a low and inadequate conception of the real character of God. "O righteous Father," said the Savior, "the world hath not known Thee!" It was sadly true then, and it is sadly true still. Even God's own forgiven and loyal children have but little comprehension of His real character. If we did know Him; if we could see what God really is in the infinite glory and beauty of His character, we should see nothing incredible, nothing even at all wonderful, in what are now the most startling revelations of Scripture concerning His love for man. They would seem perfectly natural, perfectly appropriate. We should recognize them at once as just what ought to be, just what might reasonably have been expected of such a being as God is. Yes, it is one of the grandest facts with which Christianity has enriched our race that just in proportion as we come to know God's real character just in the same proportion will all incredibleness and even all the wonderfulness of the incarnation and crucifixion disappear, for we shall see that it is *just like God*, just what might have been expected of Him, that He should thus come to suffer and die in shame and agony for the eternal welfare and bliss of His enemies.

But whether or not we can see the appropriateness of the Scripture revelations concerning God's love for man, those revelations are here. They shine down upon us like stars in the spiritual firmament. They are golden tints of the infinite brightness and glory of our eternal future. Reason as well as Scripture commands us to accept them with grateful joy; to feast upon them as upon "angel's food;" to make them serve as a spiritual stairway on which, with ever-increasing confidence and love, we may rise to a truer and richer acquaintance with our Father in Heaven.—*Chicago Advance.*

Have Sympathy.

The man who would accomplish most in this world must have sympathy with his fellow-men. He must be quick to feel another's woes. He must make men feel that his sympathy in them and for them is real and deep. If he succeeds here, the avenues of the heart open to him, and through it he can mightily affect the intellect.

The successful teacher takes a real vital interest in his pupils. And as they come to see that that interest is not affected they give him their confidence and regard. He has now a key to the heart and the life. The workings of young minds are fully disclosed and many a knotty problem solved. Hidden forces and tendencies in character, habits and life come to light, and upon these the skillful teacher may play as the musician upon the keys of a piano. It now lies in the teacher's power to develop this tendency and repress that; to change habits still in the gristle and mould character. In this way many an aimless life receives a mighty purpose, many a dullard passes up into a life of intense activity and high scholarship, and many an ill-balanced, misdirected life is set right.

The lawyer with this gift takes a deeper interest in his client, and makes court and jury feel that the latter's cause is his own. He finds his way to the heart till the waves of sympathy run mountain-high, and his case is won. So, too, the good physician, when he enters the sick room, brings life and hope. He gains his patient's sympathy and inspires fresh courage. He does not carry a cold, sour visage, or curt words for anxious friends. He does not take advantage of his position. But with cheering words and looks and tones uplifts the whole household. There is as much tonic in his presence as in his medicines.

So the orator feels the pulse of his audience and acts accordingly. He places himself in full sympathy with the people that later he may lead them whithersoever he will. And, yielding to his influence and sympathy, they applaud, perchance, the very sentiments they have most loudly condemned. In this way reforms are inaugurated, great measures of State policy carried, patriotism incited or political heresies exploded. Without sympathy and the power to excite sympathy how seldom would the orator succeed in his most important efforts.

And right here the power of not a few successful clergymen appears. It is not that they are more spiritually minded or more learned, but they have this faculty—a faculty which all may cultivate to a degree—of entering into the hearts of their hearers. After listening to a discourse which fails to bind the preacher to his audience, how pleasant to listen to another in which the warm throbbing heart of the speaker touches responsive chords in the hearts of all his hearers. Such sympathy opens their hearts to the reception of truth. It rouses them to action. They forget themselves. The burning truth has set their souls on fire. They have been fed. And now they are ready to do something for Christ. When this is the spirit manifest in a church it will begin to grow. Christians will receive a new baptism. Souls will be born into the Kingdom. And a glorious day that will be for any church. Do you wish for such a revival in your church? Then let the pastor preach out of a full heart, full of love to God and sympathy for his brethren. And let every hearer hold up his pastor's hands and help him.—*Golden Rule.*

Choice Extracts.

—Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it; and the further on we go the more we have to come back.—*Barrow.*

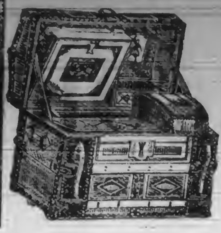
—Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Carlyle.*

—Waking or sleeping, God is true to His promises. It is not simply throwing off your troubles, but throwing them on Him, that lightens the burdens and opens the heart. God's shoulder is always under a good man's burden, and His hand is ready for a dead lift all the way.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—Mere negative preaching does not feed the soul. To find fault with one doctrine and make vague, misty statements respecting another, is like telling hungry people that bread of fine flour will give them dyspepsia, that oaten cakes are not suitable food for men, and yet offer them nothing to satisfy their wants. The soul needs truth to nourish it. It is not what men doubt, but what they positively believe, that builds up character, that fortifies them against temptation and makes them strong to endure in maintaining what is right.—*Christian Secretary.*

—God is the center of all systems of religious truths, as He is the object of all systems of affections and conduct. There is a continual attempt to belittle religion into a general term meaning service of any deity, or weaker yet, a mere high sense of moral obligation. The word itself means a binding back to its source, or an inter-linking with the Creator. True, the word has come to have a significance that would leave God out of it, but that is not its legitimate force. God, as the Author and Creator, must be the great anchorage to which all must be bound back who are religious.—*Golden Rule.*

—How truly is the Bible the book for busy people! We do not mean that one is not to study it, spending, if possible, long hours over it. But in the pressure and hurry of our modern life these hours of quiet study are difficult to secure. We are not referring to what ought to be, but what is. As a matter of fact, the business man, the mother in her household, finds very limited time for the study of the Divine Word. But no life is so busy that time can not be found in it for setting in the memory some single verse day by day. Such a gem of truth turned over and over in the mind in those intervals that do come even in the busiest life will flash its light into the soul. Feeding even upon such Divine morsels the soul need not perish with hunger. The study of the fragments will lead to desire for larger acquaintance, and the man of God will become perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—*Baptist Weekly.*



TRUNKS
VALISES,
AND SATCHELS.

We offer to our patrons a stock of over 200 Trunks and as many Satchels, Companions and Valises. We offer Trunks from 75c to $8 each; Satchels and Valises from the cheapest Goods up to extra Leather, price all the way from 60c to $5.

No. Z. C.—Barrel top, tray with bonnet box raised box and lid, partition in top, full length strips with clamps, iron center band broad iron bands at each end, hasp lock and patent fastenings, wrought iron rollers, stitched handles. A good trund.

28 inch	4 50	34 inch	5 00	30 inch	5 00
26 inch	6 50	32 inch	5 50		

LADIES' BLACK RUBBER SATCHELS.
Top, frame, top lock, outside pocket, square

9 inch	60	12 inch	75	10 inch	65
11 inch	80	14 inch	85		

Better Grade, Ladies' Black Rubber Satchel.

9 inch	75	12 inch	90	16 inch	80
13 inch	1 00	11 inch	85		

BLACK GRAIN LEATHER LADY'S SATCHEL.
Top, frame nickle top lock, centennial lining outside pocket, square ends, nickle name plate, full nickle trimmed.

9 inch	1 40	12 inch	2 15
10 inch	1 65	13 inch	2 40
11 inch	1 90	14 inch	2 65

GENT'S RUBBER VALISES.
Full imitation leather, strong lock, two catches on ends, lined, with partition, name plate, and eight buttons on bottom.

14 inch	[illegible]	20 inch	1 10	16 inch	90
		22 inch	1 25	18 inch	1 00

Black Leather Valise, Soft bag with strap all double jail frame, good lock, linen lined. From $1 75 to $2 50. We have many other kinds, but have not space to describe them.

Good substantial Wood Trunks with strong locks, two straps, strong riveted holds on each end, cast iron rollers, full tray and best back stays:

22 inch	75	30 inch	1 75
24 inch	1 00	32 inch	2 00
26 inch	1 25	34 inch	2 25
28 inch	1 50	36 inch	2 50

LADIES' round top, iron bound, long hard wood strips, spring lock, patent fastening wrought iron rollers, iron stay, deep setup tray, reaching to the top, with bonnet box

28 inch	1 85	32 inch	2 35
30 inch	2 10	34 inch	2 60

ZINC—Barrel top, wide iron band at each end, iron stay, wrought iron rollers, long strips with clamps, tray with bonnet box and lid, fall-in top, hasp lock and patent fastening, jap ends.

28 inch	3 50	32 inch	4 30
30 inch	3 90	34 inch	4 70

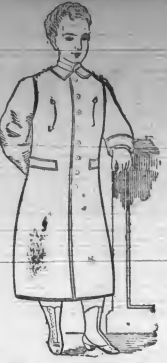
Above picture of Trunks is same as foregoing, only in wood, at 75c less than the zinc, making 28 inch at $2 75, and so on.

ZINC—Raised top, set-up tray, with covered till at each end, wide iron bands, jap ends long strips with clamps, wrought iron rollers, spring lock, patent fastening, and iron stay.

28 inch	2 75	32 inch	3 35
30 inch	3 05	34 inch	3 66

Boots and Shoes

Every person buying Boots and Shoes should
SEE OUR STOCK
Before parting with their money, as we claim that we can sell the Best and Solidest goods for the
LEAST MONEY.
As we don't have to depend on Boots and Shoes alone for our support, and can naturally sell Solid Boots and Shoes at Less Money than regular Shoe dealers, especially when
BUYING A BILL OF OTHER
goods. In order to
Sell Farmers Their Entire Bill of Goods
We frequently put in their Boots and Shoes at about
WHOLESALE PRICE.

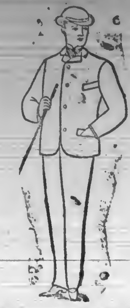


No. 202.
BOYS' & CHILDREN'S Overcoats
Style of the above cut, of Dark Gray Overcoating, fully four-fifths wool, for age 4 to 8, at $2 50 each; for age 9 to 12, $3 each; for age 13 to 17, $3 50 each; men's at $4 each.

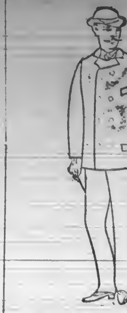
Boys' Suits of same material, age 4 to 8, just Pants and Coat, at $2 75; age 9 to 12, long Pants, Coat & Vest, at $3 75; age 13 to 17, at $4 75.

We have a full line of Boys', Children's and Youths' Suits, from the best material down to the cheapest material made.

Parties buying Clothing of us will be told precisely what kind of goods they are buying, as we regard it to our interest to do so



No. 175.
The above cut, No. 175, represents the style and pattern of our
Business Suits,
In various grades and materials, ranging in price from $6 50 to $8 per Suit. Also have same style and cut in our Fine English Worsted Suits, at $11 to $13. We are
Turning Out Thousands of Full Suits.
And making every effort to get goods that will
Suit Our Customers in both PTICE AND MATERIAL.



No. 174.
The above, No. 174, is our Elegant
DOUBLE-BREASTED
SUIT,
In Black Worsted, with Elegant Binding and Spring Bottom Pants, equal to any Custom Tailor Work, and fine Farmer's Satin Lining Sewed and stiched with silk. It has been an excellent seller, and no custom-made suit will make any
Better Appearance
And none are of better workmanship.
Price, $14.
Having over Three Thousand Full Suits in our stock, at Any Price and Grade up to $22 a Suit.

No. 196.
This cut (No. 196) represents our
REVERSIBLE OVERCOATS,
That we challenge the world to beat. It is a lot of sixty-three coats that we purchased of a Rochester, New York Clothing manufacturer at just 65 cts. on the dollar. This is a Brown-mix Cassimere on one side, and a Fancy Plaid on the other. It would be cheap at $10, but, as a rule, in order to increase our trade, we have put the price on this coat at $6. And we have the same cut, and style Reversible Coat at $8 and up to $15. We offer one lot of Chinchilla Overcoats at $4; next lot, better garde, at $5, which
Beats any Price Ever Named on Overcoats.
We have over One Thousand Overcoats, ranging in price from $3 25 up to $16.

Just received 10 bales, over 200 bolts of Standard Sheeting, Special Bargains. Heavy Sheeting, at 8c by the bolt, 1-2c. less. One bale fine Sheeting at 6 1-4c, actually worth 8 cents. One lot of coarse Sheeting at 6c. Lighter Muslin in same proportion.

Parties buying Fall Goods can not fail to visit our Mammoth stock of all kinds of goods. We have a house of over 16,000 Square Feet of Floor, packed and jammed with all kinds and grades of Goods, from the finest to the ordinary. See future Price and Adver't

COLTER'S Mammoth Cheap Cash Store, Rising Sun, Ind.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. OCT. 10 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1	½ "	40
1	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
¼ "	½ "	10
¼ "	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.
Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

MEMPHIS had a $200,000 fire last Sunday.

THE Cincinnati Exposition closed Saturday.

NEXT Friday is the day set for the execution of Ellis Craft.

LATE tobacco was materially benefited by the late rains.

THE Queen of the turf, Maud S., has been sent back to Cincinnati.

BUTLER claims his election in Massachusetts by 40,000 majority.

THE total attendance at the Cincinnati Exposition this year was 314,438.

THE burning of the Pittsburg exposition entailed a heavy loss upon its exhibitors.

IT has been a long time since this county has received such a shaking up by a grand jury.

THE Kentucky New Era published a very neat and spicy daily during the Hopkinsville Fair.

THEY are making a big fuss about a water supply for Lexington. Wonder how their mint crop is holding out up there.

THERE will be an effort made in the next General Assembly to have the number of days in a school month reduced to twenty.

IT turns out that William Rogers, killed in Robertson county, was the attorney known to the members of the bar at this place.

IT is claimed that a telephone has been invented that will record a conversation, and will reproduce the words at any future time.

Col. Thomas L. Jones, of Newport, sailed for Europe a few days ago to join his wife and son, who have been spending several months abroad.

Ellis Craft hangs on the 12th of this month.—Ex.

A mistake—he is to hang on a gallows.

IT may be comforting to our farmers who are busily engaged in sowing wheat to remind them of the old saying that "a good season for small grain follows a drouth."

IN Ohio the Democrats have been claiming thirty thousand majority, while the Republicans set their figures at forty thousand, only a difference of 70,000 votes in the matter of majorities.

THE Wheeling Register says: Iowa temperance ladies will sing, pray, and dispense sandwiches at the polls on election day. The men will eat the sandwiches and vote for something to wash them down

WITHIN the last year the women of the United States have given the sum of $600,000 for the spread of the gospel to the heathen lands. Of this amount the Presbyterians gave nearly $200,000, the Baptists $156,000, the Congregationalists $130,000, the Northern Methodist $108,000, and the women of Methodist Church South $26,110.

THE Trustees of the Frankfort Public School, through their attorney, have filed suit against the Auditor for a mandamus to require him to pay to the School Fund of the State $300,000, which they allege to be due the School Fund from the tax collected from railroads since the year 1878. This is a very important suit, and if successful will add more money to the common schools of the State.

THE Railroad Commissioners have completed the assessments of the railroads in Kentucky, which are taxed as real estate. The aggregate value of the roads is $31,478,381 for 1883, a reduction of $968,934 in value since 1882. The following is the assessed value of some of the roads: Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, $6,027,942; L. & N., Louisville to Lexington, $2,827,840, and L. & N. Cincinnati Branch, $2,052,655.

Thomas Lewis, a boy of eighteen years, who was sent to the State prison from Covington for malicious shooting, and who had served sixteen months of a two years' sentence, hearing that his sister was sick, ran off from a railroad gang a few days ago, and paid her a visit. He came back voluntarily on Thursday, and reported to the Governor, asking him to intercede with the prison authorities to save him any punishment for the escape.—Yeoman.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

TAKING the indictments found by the last grand jury as an evidence, it looks very much like the concealed weapon carrier has about disappeared from the county.

WE go to press before the result of the Ohio election is known, but don't think there is much doubt but that the Democrats are snowed under.

THE New York newspaper war goes on apace and the papers that cut their prices are vociferous in upholding their excellence. The Times people, are heartily sorry for their steps. They have gained nothing by it. The World, Sun and Star have likewise not escaped scot fee, and altogether everybody is dissatisfied. There was some talk that the Harpers proposed reducing the price of their weeklies, but there is no truth in it. On the contrary it looks very much as if a reaction would set in and prices be broughs back to the old figure.

COUNSEL for Sergeant Mason, the soldier who attempted to shoot Guiteau, recently applied to the secretary of war for a copy of the Judge Advocate General's review of the proceedings of the court martial by which Mason was tried. The secretary refused the application on the ground that the document was a confidential communication. It is said, however, by the prisoner's friends that the secretary withholds the report because it was favorable to Mason and contrary to his own view of the case. Counsel will, it is reported apply to the president for the full records.

STATE NEWS.

—The Danville Advocate says that Irish potatoes are being sold there, in car load lots, at 25 cents per bushel.

—They are not as law abiding in Simpson county as they might be. There thirteen persons in the county jail.

—The State Grand Lodge of Masons will meet in the Masonic Temple in Louisville, on Tuesday, the 15th inst.

—A peach tree—of the White Heath variety—in Bourbon county has yielded sixty dollars worth of peaches this year.

—Charles Cunningham, of Mercer county, has fifteen acres of tobacco which will make eighteen hundred pounds to the acre.

William Butler, cut a portion of his Burley tobacco, and he put five plants to the stick, and each stick weighed thirty-five pounds. Some of the leaves measured three feet one-and-a-half inches in length and nineteen in width.—Columbia Spectator.

—A heavy rain fell at Paducah on Monday night, the first of any consequence for two months.

—It is reported in Catlettsburg, that Governor Knott expressen a willingness to Mrs Craft to delay the execution of her son until after the trial of Neal. The Governor has refused to send a company of militia to assist in maintaining order at the time of the execution. He says the people should learn to rely upon the the law and not upon military force for protection.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beaver—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

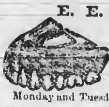
Persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Riley, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come forward and settle their indebtedness at once.
C. T. RICE, Admr.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Persons having claims against the estate of Erastus Garrison, decd., are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned proven as by law required. Persons indebted to the estate are requested to come foward and settle their indebtedness at once.
C. T. RICE, Admr.

FOR SALE.

A full blooded Alderney cow—will be fresh in the spring. She is very gentle and a good milker.
CY RIDDELL,
Hebron, Ky.



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Resident Dentist,
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CARPENTER & BUILDER,
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EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
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And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing,
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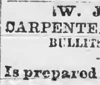

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A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

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Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
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DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck. Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.
WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.
FEMALE Irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.
Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases, and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.
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NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.
Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.
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HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
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One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

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Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold by ...

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral.
No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.
"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.
"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.
"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.
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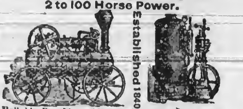

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And all Bilious Complaints
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Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

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AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., ... College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

Beautiful nights.

Wheat sowing is in full blast.

Exit, straw hats and linen coats.

Court will adjourn about Thursday.

Buy your flour and salt of Dudley Rouse.

Dr. Murat, of Constance, is now Coroner of Boone county.

The protracted meeting in progress here is being well attended.

Nearly all the indictments found by the grand jury are for misdemeanors.

The Sims-Setters case developed considerable knowledge on tobacco culture.

Joe Reed returned home Monday after several days absence in the Queen City.

Boys, the game law is in force yet. Better not go hunting for a few days yet.

The late rains and the autumnal sun have restored the verdure of the pastures.

The pure air and good food furnished by Burlington soon rejuvinated Judge Major.

Mr. Dicken commenced a protracted meeting at the Baptist church, this place, Sunday.

Before putting up your stoves examine the flues and see that they are in good repair.

Mr. Geo. Brown and wife, of Constance, started for Nashville, Tenn., Tuesday morning.

In the case of J. B. Thornton vs. J. L. Henderson, the defendant got judgement for his costs.

We were only a week ahead of time in making the appointment for Mr. Dicken's meeting.

Ayer's Ague Cure never fails to cure Fever and Ague, and all malarial disorders. Warranted.

After the first day the attendance at court was rather small, being confined to witness and litigants.

Temp Graves, of the Bullittsburg country, fell from a wagon a few days since and fractured a bone in his leg.

The grand jury condemned the jail, and now the question is, what is the County Court going to do in the premises?

With their new levee and the river at its present stage, the Lawrenceburgers feel securely protected against high water.

Colonel Crisler desires to thank his friends for their favors in the past, and and hopes to have them at his new place of business.

Couldn't the jail be rented to one of the Hotels for an ice-house, this winter? Wouldn't Burlington be putting on airs with a $4,999 ice-house.

Miss Nettie Gardner commenced teaching a school in district No. 51, Monday morning. This is in the Barlow and Crisler neighborhood.

Col. Crisler, of Florence X-Roads desires all those indebted to him to come forward and settle at once, as he will this week move his place of business.

One attorney had the misfortune to be a witness against his client, but he being the only witness the attorney for the Commonwealth would not try.

Samuel Pope has sold his farm, 58 acres of the Porter farm on the Union road near here, to Albert Crigler and son-in-law. We understand the price is $40 per acre.

Since Joe Reed has been in the city, (about two weeks) Cy Crisler has come out in a new suit and plug hat. We thought all along that Cy was joking about Joe's eating.

Commonwealth attorney, DeJarnett, complimented J. Frank Grant as being the best foreman he ever saw on a grand jury. The business was expedited in the most systematic order.

One jury was instructed by the Court that the defendant in the indictment was guilty, but nevertheless the jury hung for about a half a day trying to agree on the amount of the fine.

Col. Calilus, Col. Landram, C. Y. Dyas, Judge Youell, Judge O'Hara, Judge Pryor, A. G. DeJarnett, Col. W. Montfort, A. W. Gaines and O. D. McManama were the visiting legal lights.

Willie Riddell, son of James A, brought to this office the other day two potatoes on both of which there grew a cluster of smaller ones. The two potatoes and their annexes weighed six pounds.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Jno. F. Patmore who was indicted on the 3 inst., for forging the name of Jno. S. Mason, on a note which was given Churchell Clore, decd., was arrested on the 4th, plead guilty and was given two years in the penitentiary on the 5th.

The jury in the Madden-O'Gorman case was delivered of a verdict Monday about noon, giving the widower a verdict against the widow for $100, being $200 less than the one he recoverd last court. The defense was strengthened by a large enstallment of legal lore this term, but Stephens and his hibernian client were victorious.

Report of the Grand Jury.

To the Hon. P. U. Major:

We have been in session 5 days, have had before us 68 witnesses, and presented to the Court 58 Indictments. We have found it very troublesome to get witnesses from some parts of the county, and especially complain of the Constable in the Big Bone precinct, in failing or refusing to use due diligence in summoning witnesses.

We desire to call especial attention to the public water closet in the yard in rear of the jail. The floor is very insecure from the rotteness of the supporting timbers, and there being no drain or other means of emptying the vault, the accumulating mass of filth is very large, so large as to endanger the health of the citizens of the town from the poisonous gasses arising therefrom.

We have been unable to get the witnesses from Walton in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Chas. Morris, a little boy confined in jail for petit larceny. We continue his case with the recommendation to your Honor that the boy Chas. Morris be dismissed from custody upon his own recognizance.

The Grand Jury have carefully examined the public buildings, and report as follows:

The County and Circuit Clerks' Offices are in good repair. The Court-house has a dangerous porch on second story, which should be immediately repaired or torn down; otherwise the building is in moderately good repair. The Poor-house seems to be all right except that one gutter is so damaged as to be injuring the walls of the building and for want of a drain to carry away the water from one of the vertical pipes the foundation walls are being damaged.

The jail is condemned by a vote of 13 to 3 as totally unfit to confine human beings in. There is insufficient ventilation and light; a most foul and sickening oder pervading the building, especially the parts occupied; and the water closet has absolutely no drainage whatever, and no trap or other means of cutting off from the cells the escaping poisonous vapors which constantly arise therefrom. We believe that our jail should be more a place for the confinement of subjected persons, than for the punishment of criminals, and recommend by a unanimous vote that the prisoners confined in the jail at the expiration of this term of the Court, be sent by your Honor's direction to a more comfortable place of confinement.

J. FRANK GRANT, Foreman.

Oct., 1883.

John Daisley the boy who stole $16 in money from Temp Graves, plead guilty and was given one year in the penitentiary.

Mr. Hubert Nead and Miss C. V. Richardson, of Kenton County, were married at the Florence Baptist Church, last Tuesday afternoon, (Oct., 2d last.)—Enquirer.

Mr. Hubert and his fair bride have the best wishes of the RECORDER.

The game in the Petersburg neighborhood is very scarce now. Dr. Ed Terrill, Elihu Alden, Jack Carson and Jas. Loder were preparing to take a hunt the other evening, and the rabbits hearing of their intentions, skipped for Indiana. It took the ferryman some time to cross them over. The boys hearing of their departure postponed the hunt to some future day.

Mr. Ferd Hughes and daughter, of Missouri, have been visiting his father's, E. A. Hughes, near here, since last Wednesday. Ferd says he used to think it was a level country around Burlington, but, after 20 years absence in the western country, it looks to him as though there are two hills now, where there was one then.

Pursuant to the recommendation of the grand jury Chas. Morris, who was lodged in jail for breaking into a house in Walton, was released from custody and the cause continued. Money was contributed by the bar and those attending court, and the little fellow taken to Petersburg by J. Frank Grant, who was to see that he secured passage on the railroad for St. Louis, the home of his widowed mother.

Base-ball.

The Boone Base-ball club visited Batavia, Ohio, Saturday and won a nice victory. The boys were in good trim and played the strongest game of the season. Their opponents were a strong team, and had not been defeated this season. When the Boones get down to earnest work, they are a strong amateur team. Below is the score by

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	T
Boones	0	0	0	0	1	5	1	0	0	—7
Batavia	0	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	0	—5

Ed Maxwell, of Boone county, Ky., aged twenty-one years, was afflicted with consumption, and one week ago appeared at the "Faith Rest," 250 Park avenue, for admission. He was found dead in his bed yesterday at noon. Coroner Muscroft viewed the body, but did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest, as the case was plainly visible.—Enquirer October 2d.

The remains of young Maxwell were interred in the cemetery at this place, last Thursday morning. He is the brother of Mr. Wood and Frank Maxwell, who live near here.

Death of Mrs. Lucinda Tousey. Mrs. Lucinda Tousey died at two o'clock on Tuesday morning, at her residence in Indianapolis, in the eightieth year of her age. She was married in 1813 to Omer Tousey, who died in this city in 1868. She was born at North Bend, Ky. but came to Indiana about sixty years ago, living here until 1861, when she made her home in Indianapolis. She was the daughter of Col. Cave Johnson. Her husband was the uncle of Governor Porter. She had no children. She has been an invalid for many years, and her vitality was something very remarkable. She leaves a considerable estate.—Lawrenceburg Press.

Personal Mentions.

[illegible]

Miss Gussie Kirkpatrick has been visiting friends in Cincinnati, for several days.

Mrs. Geo. W. Hughes, of Paris, Ill., is visiting her parents, at this place, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Winston.

We are informed that Mr. Thomas O. Cowen will hold a position in F. P. Walton's tobacco house during the winter.

Mr. Geo. H. Moore and wife, of Moors Hill, Ind., were visiting his father-in-law, Mr. McFarland, at this place, last week.

Mrs. Campbell left Monday morning for Eagle Station, Ky., where she expects to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Gullion.

Miss Lizzie Allen, of Boone county, is visiting friends here. We notice she has some of cupid's darts with her.—Liberty Station Item, Carrolton Dem.

A petition will be presented to Governor Knott asking him to extend Executive clemency to John Daisley, who was given one year in the penitentiary last week for stealing Temp Grave's money.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

The farmers are rejoicing over the fine shower.

Most of the farmers are through cutting and housing their tobacco, and have commenced cutting up their corn and sowing wheat, of which there will be a large amount sown, in this neighborhood.

James Acra is remodeling his dwelling house.

Mr. Sebree has sold his tobacco to Esq. Baker. We did not learn the price.

Rabbit Hash.

Our little town looks somewhat dilapidated since the fire. Business is dull with all except Wilson & Riddell, who are moving along as lively as ever.

Charlie Wilson and George Duncan witnessed the closing of the Cincinnati Exposition, last Saturday.

Mrs. R. F. Bell is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Lucinda Bethel, of Gallatin county.

John P. Ryle has bought several crops of tobacco.

Dr. L. H. Patl, of Bellevue, was in town last Wednesday.

E. T. Gleason and wife, and Mrs. Mollie Acra, attended the Soldier's Reunion, in Rising Sun, last Wednesday.

Hebron.

We are having fine growing weather, and the pastures present a spring-like appearance. Farmers are in good spirits again.

John Henderson and wife had the misfortune to lose their infant child that was born on the 3d inst.

The sale of the estate of E. Hammond, decd., was well attended, and the property brought good prices. Wheat brought 90c, corn 40 cents, tobacco 8 cents and hogs 4½c.

While coon hunting the other night Jas. Conner got a bad cut on the shin, by an ax.

When going from a party Saturday night Leonard Anderson was thrown from a horse and badly crippled.

Jake Crigler is keeping batch this week.

Huntsville.

A good rain has once more visited us which has greatly revived the downcast farmers. Seeding is the chief employment of the farmers at present.

L. S. Pope is talking of trying the hog market this week, with 32 head of hogs, which we think will average 300 pounds.

The Huntsville band met at the residence of Mr. Alfred Casons, last Saturday, and had a pleasant time.

Among the many visitors at the residence of Mr. Sandford Popes Sunday, were Miss Bettie Acra, Miss Lue Barlow, Miss Lizzie Acra, of Scattersville, Miss Emma and J. P. Jones, of Gunpowder, Miss Tennie Aylor, of Florence X-Roads, Messrs Ed Rice, Johnnie Duncan and Mont Halsly, of near Bullittsburg, Mr. Perry Utz, of Florence, Mr. Milton Acra, of Burlington, Messrs. Thos. Roberts, W. E. Barker and Andrew Acra, of this place.

Health of the neighborhood good.

Florence.

Owing to the attractions of the Cincinnati Exposition and the Judicial Fair at Burlington, last week, our place was nearly depopulated, and your correspondent had come to the conclusion that the space allotted to Florence items, would be a beautiful blank in the next issue of the RECORDER. Of course we had on hand our host of doctors, our old war veterans and those twenty widows, that we keep on hand as a *nucleus*, around which to gather in case of emergency. But litigants, jurors and witnesses were at court, and the lovers of industry and fine-arts at the exposition, and that other class that are of no particular use only to fill up, were *count ounies*. Even the baseballists, who are such an addition to the streets of town, had deserted us.

I was loaesome, and the old adages, "A calm before a storm" or "T'is an ill wind that blows nobody good," were revolving in my mind as to what would be next, when suddenly the noise of vehicles was heard and a procession of hacks and carriages came in view. Heads popped in the windows, women ran across the street, the canines that hadn't committed suicide, barked, and everybody wanted to see. What's the matter? I inquired of a woman (always ask a female if you want the news.) Why, Hubert Nead is married, she replied. And to whom, pray? To Miss Richardson, of Kenton, of course. I sprang to my feet to get a glimpse of the happy couple and grand cortege, for Hubert is a particular favorite of mine and I wanted to take in the whole surroundings. A description of toilet is out of the question, in the hurry, and we could only notice, under a "slick beaver" one of Hubert's broadest smiles, (beat Tom Swetnam's sunflower), and a glance at a small piece of furniture at his side, told us he had a good reason for that smile. The bride is the daughter of Sinclair Richardson, of Kenton, and the groom is the son of Dennis Nead, of Florence. The marriage was solemnized Oct., 24., at the bride's residence, being the 25th anniversary of Hubert's birth.

Court is over and our population is repleted once more. The hotel keepers are jubilant over the prize they drew, and seem to be stimulated to renewed exertions to excel each other in their peculiar modes of business, for the next term, by the way they've started in. The boys say that sheriff Clutterbuck can be at more places at once, and on time, and more polite and pressing in his invitations to attend court, when they have no particular business in that direction, than any man they have met with.

Died—Oct. 6th, at 9 o'clock p. m., after a protracted illness of several years, Mrs. Emma Brown, daughter of Enes Tanner, of Boone county, and wife of Wm. T. Brown, formerly of Virginia.

GAS OMLTER.

Petersburg was well represented at court Monday.

As the boys say, "Big court is on hand," and our readers will please excuse our dearth of local items this week.

Jim Westbay and the rest of the little boys had a big treat Tuesday morning. There was a hand-organ man in town.

The Woolper bridge case was before the court again Monday, and a demurrer to the petition and amendments was sustained, which will also be taken to the higher court.

LADIES and all sufferers from neuralgia hysteria, and kindred complaints will find without a rival Brown's Iron Bitters.

FARMINGTON, ILL.—Dr. M. T. Gamble says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and it gives satisfaction."

FORT STEVENSON, DAKOTAH TER.—Rev James McCarty says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of severe dyspepsia."

FOR SALE.

A good cow and calf—the cow is fresh and a number one milch cow, apply to
C. L. CRISLER, Burlington, Ky.

Grange Meeting

On Saturday the 13th inst., the members of the Mt. Pleasant Grange will hold a meeting. The members of Petersburg and Point Pleasant Granges are especially invited to attend. Speeches and a good dinner will be the order of the day. Bros. N. S. and J. H. Walton, and others will deliver cheering speeches. The object of the meeting is to consolidate the granges mentioned. Our Grange Hall has passed from under another cloud, and will soon bask in the sunshine with a new coat of tea green, with red trimmings. Meeting at 10 a. m.

G. C. GRADDY.

Mother's Spinning Wheel.

Concerning One Article that was Not For Sale, and Another which is Cheap at Any Price.

"No, sir, I wouldn't sell you that for any money; that spinning-wheel was my mother's. It was one day, when she was singing like a lark and making this old wheel hum, that my father, then a young medical student, afterwards a farmer, fell in love with her—some fifty years ago."

So spoke the proprietor of a rough bit of farm land in Ulster county, N. Y., to a relic-hunter, and "mother's" spinning-wheel remained among her children and grandchildren.

"My mother," writes Rev. J. W. Phelps, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Chicago, has used PARKER'S TONIC, and wishes me to say that she has found it more effective than anything she ever used for invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by malaria. She desires me also especially to mention the certainty with which it aids digestion and overcomes exhaustion."

Ever since the first household was established "mother's" opinion has been more potent in this world than that of judge, jurist or physician. Her hand has always cooled the fever and her voice has been filled with hope. With each day's decline, PARKER'S TONIC, is becoming more deservedly popular with the women who guard alike husband and children. It eradicates malarial poison from the blood, from which there is now such widespread suffering.

Please observe: Dr. PARKER'S TONIC is not an intoxicant. It is a combination of several ingredients, of which none singly can produce anything like its effect. For Kidney, Stomach and Liver troubles, it is the standard and unfailing remedy. In two sizes: 50 cents and $1. The latter the cheaper. HISCOX & CO., Chemists, New York

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ½ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2 m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

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Just From New York
WITH A
Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,
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Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
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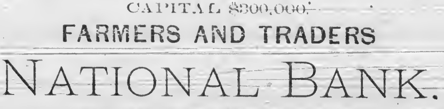

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Love's Devotion.

At a private residence in St. Louis, Wednesday afternoon, the crowning scene of a most romantic and touching story was witnessed by a reporter and a few intimate friends of those directly interested. As gathered by the scribe, the facts in the case bear out the oft-quoted assertion that "truth is stranger than fiction." and are about as follows;

Some years ago there lived in the city of Mobile, Ala., a family named Rives, consisting of a father, mother and three daughters, aged respectively seven, fifteen and seventeen, the girls being remarkable for their beauty, and the two eldest, especially, exceedingly well educated and accomplished and most brilliant pianists. Colonel Rives was largely interested in several plantations, possessed property in the city of Mobile proper, and was regarded as one of the leading citizens. Reverses of fortune came, however, and the once wealthy family were soon reduced to decidedly small means. In addition to other misfortunes, Colonel Rives was one day accidentally killed by the explosion of a steam boiler upon one of his plantations, and his children were thus deprived of their mainstay and support, and thrown upon the charities of a world unfeeling and selfish at the best.

Gathering together the remnants of what was left of her husband's property, Mrs. Rives decided to leave her southern home and come to St. Louis to begin the battle for existence. The money which they had sufficed for some months, but at last their means gave out, and the only alternative was for one of the daughters to obtain some employment by means of which the wolf might be kept from the door. After seeking in vain for some occupation in keeping with her former surroundings, the eldest daughter Eloise, was forced to accept a position as chambermaid in the Hotel Hunt, at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets. The mother and the two youngest girls meanwhile secured accommodations at the residence of a kind-hearted lady named Mrs. A. B. Waterhouse, who lives at 1310 Pine street, and who readily appreciated the hard lot which had fallen to the distressed family. Like a true daughter, Eloise devoted her earnings, small though they were, toward the support of her mother and two younger sisters, and, with the assistance of an aunt, who also came from Mobile, and possessed some resources, life was made comparatively comfortable for them.

The beauty and attractiveness of Eloise proved a strong drawing card for the hotel, and many a festive and innocent "drummer" stopped there in the hope of ultimately gaining favor in her eyes. But she was discreet and kept all admirers at a distance, with the exception of a young man who was employed in a Fourth street business house as a book-keeper, and who fell passionately in love with her. Another adorer, who was connected with a sewing machine company, also evinced a decided preference for her, but she did not appear to receive his advances with favor, and gave her affections to Seid. This regard soon deepened into love, and the two finally became engaged, but after a short time the inevitable lovers' quarrel took place and the engagement was broken. This occurred nearly three months ago. About this time there came to the hotel a German gentleman from Colorado, named R. Stager, a chemist and metallurgist by profession, and who resided in the village of Garfield, a thriving hamlet in the Centennial State. Fortune having been kind to him he had gathered a competency amounting to about $50,000. Upon arriving he immediately fell violently in love with the pretty chambermaid, and Miss Rives was then able to boast of two lovers who both swore they were ready to die for her, with a possibility of the rejected one doing likewise if she so desired. The girl did not receive Stager's attentions with favor, he being more than twice her age, so she kept herself fancy free, for all that the outside world knew. Stager went back to Colorado with the intention of forgetting her, if possible, but found himself unable to do so, and after staying away about one month returned to St. Louis again, stopping at the Hotel Hunt, loving the girl as fondly as ever, but she refused to give him any encouragement. About three weeks ago Miss Rives's eyes became affected, and being seriously ill she was obliged to leave her place in the hotel. Mrs. Waterhouse took her to her own home, where she could be properly cared for, and where a mother's tender hands could ease her daughter's pain.

Then followed a test of Stager's affection and loyalty. By night and by day he thought of nothing but the girl he so fondly loved. Flowers, fruit and every delicacy obtainable he had sent to the house where his love lay sick. Every expense was paid by him, and he used his money solely for her benefit. Her heart could not withstand these proofs of his devotion, however, and against the wishes of her family she consented to become his wife. Yesterday was fixed upon as the wedding day, and at two o'clock in the afternoon Dr. Vineil appeared at the residence of Waterhouse for the purpose of performing the ceremony. The girl soon to be a wife still occupied her bed, unable to be moved. Sweet-smelling flowers graced the room, and in her hand she held a bunch of forget-me-nots. Through the open window the sun shone brightly, throwing slanting sunbeams upon her wasted form. At her side stood her future husband, while around the bed were gathered her mother and sisters, Mrs. Waterhouse, who had helped to nurse her, a few friends of the family, and a *Globe-Democrat* reporter. Solemnly and quietly the two were wedded and joined together for life. During her sickness she had become blind, and while the ceremony was being performed, helplessly extended her arms to her lover, as if to keep him ever near her, and as he placed the wedding-ring upon her finger a bird flew in at the window and perched upon the head of the bed. Though his wife will probably never rise from her bed again, Stager insisted that the coming of the bird was a good omen, and a sure sign that his love would recover. If she does, which is earnestly hoped will be the case, he will have a wife who has been "tried and not found wanting."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The old idea that men do not die from overwork is having a good many rebukes nowadays. The cases of insanity as the effects of excessive brain-work, and the frequent suicides resulting from aberration so produced, should appal men who grind continually at their business afraid that money-making chances may be missed during the weeks of rest brain and body so much need.

Feed Versus Phosphate.

A ton of phosphate costs from $10 to $45. When applied to a crop it may or may not improve it. Its beneficial effect, taking the average of phosphates, does not last more than a year. Now, if this same amount of money should be invested in linseed oil meal, a half a ton costing $14, and the balance in buckwheat bran costing $18 a ton, there would be 3,444 pounds of the latter to mix with the oil meal, which would be a good proportion for feeding any kind of stock for any purpose. My line of experience and philosophy teaches me that it is far better policy for a farmer to buy extra feed and give his stock the benefit of it, than to expend the same amount of money, or any money, in purchasing at exorbitant prices chemical compounds about which he really knows nothing. Two tons of oil meal and bran will make a profit on the stock which may be wintered, by giving them just as much extra growth, without which the feed in the form of fodder is really wasted; except the manure it may make. My point is this: the farmer feeds out a barnful of fodder to a lot of stock which may weigh less, or no more, in the spring than they did in the fall. What gain has he had on his barnful of fodder more than the manure which it has made? This is the condition of thousands of farmers who work hard all summer, that their stock may *live* through the winter. An exception may be made, perhaps, in the case of milch cows who are thus brought through to the period when they may be made profitable.

This period of profit can not begin, as cows are usually fed, until after another period of recuperation has been reached, which varies from a month to two months, and sometimes longer, after they have been out to pasture. My second point comes in right here. Which is the wisest thing to do, to leave the cows in the above condition, with their manure lacking everything except weakness, and to depend upon going into the phosphate lottery to make up its deficiency so that crops may be raised, or to invest the same money, or more, in buying linseed oil meal and bran to improve the condition of the stock, make a profitable growth, and cause the cows to increase in flesh and the flow of milk? There is no lottery in this kind of investment, but in all cases, every time and everywhere, it is a sensible and profitable thing to do. It means more freedom from disease, fewer abortions, less of the abomination of "hollow horn," "tail soak," and other evidences of the want of vitality: less "tailing up" of cows, less tottering frames, with staring coats and hollow eyes. It means glossy coats, bright, full eyes, rounded forms, no sickness, big udders, full pails, fat calves, lots of butter and a large pile of manure, rich in plant food. The sequel is—independence and a home fertilizer which has already paid for itself in milk and flesh, which then costs nothing and which will show its good effects for years.—*Colonel Curtis, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Monstrosities at Dinner.

One by one the ancient curiosities, or monstrosities, of our capitals vanish from the sight of a wondering public to make room for more modern monsters. The most curious of all Paris curiosities will cease to exist when the demolition of the Grand Hotel Leguay, known as "La Table d'Hote des Monstres," is completed. The hotel in itself is like any common provincial hotel, but the guests of its *table d'hote*, as described by the reporter of the *Lanterne*, form an assembly hardly to be met with in any other place. "Dinner being announced," says this privileged guest, "the first couple to enter the dining-hall with an air of perfect propriety are a bearded woman accompanied by a skeleton-like gentleman. She receives his whispers with thoughtful eyes; gently stroking her beard. A dwarf with an enormous nose sits next to them on a high stool; her neighbors are a well-known showman, who now and then turns his face round to the middle of his back—a convenience whenever the waiter is wanted—and a young giantess of sixteen, weighing four hundred pounds. Somnambulists, acrobats and many more of the same school complete the circle, who, after their meal is ended, will sometimes for the benefit of an occasional visitor unite in a dance, fantastic, grotesque and hideous to the last degree.—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

Overdoing Cultivation.

A farmer tried the experiment last year of raking several plots, so that the soil was as fine as possible, and then sowing wheat. The effects of this extra care were not evident in better crop or larger heads. There is such a thing as making a soil too powdery. If it is at all heavy soil it will crust over and bake, after the first hard rain, like cement. We know a farmer who, after getting his corn ground in good order, invariably goes over it two or three times more with the expectation of making it in better condition for the growing of corn. With all his cultivation he never raises a very large crop, no more and frequently not as good as do his neighbors with good but not extra cultivation previous to planting. Enough seems to be sufficient for all practical purposes in such cases, and that there can be too much cultivation of the soil when either wet or dry is evident to most practical farmers. It is, however, not of frequent occurrence, and few err in this direction. The general rule is too little rather than too much.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Bogus Disease.

"Wolf-in-the-tail" usually co-exists with "hollow-horn," and is equally without foundation as a cause of disease. In the tail of a healthy cow the bones, which are quite large at the root, gradually diminish in size until they finally disappear entirely, their place being supplied by a rather soft, flexible gristle. During any serious internal disease the circulation in the tail, as in the other extremities, is lessened, and the part becomes relaxed. Sometimes there is a slight dropsical irritation, which often makes it difficult for one who handles the tail to convince himself that some of the bones are not really wanting. Their absence is then accounted for by supposing that they have been devoured by a hypothetical worm—the "wolf"—but though "cow doctors" have sometimes found this marvel, we have never heard that it has been seen by a trustworthy practitioner. Here, as in hollow-horn, when the real disease is properly treated, the imaginary disease of wolf-in-the-tail disappears.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—This year's crop of Rio coffee is estimated at from 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 bags.

—There is no better food for chickens than skim milk.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE DAIRY.

—It is figured that four acres of land are necessary to the sustenance of one dairy cow.

—The *Dairy* is of the opinion that there is a grand opportunity for some public spirited wealthy man, whose tastes incline to the dairy, to do a helpful thing for thousands of his fellows who have not been so favored by fortune as he has been, by the establishing of a dairy experiment station and school.

—The *Dairy Farmer* has this to say about cows and milkers: The disposition of milkers has much to do with the disposition of cows. In fact, the milker must study the dispositions of the different cows under his care, and learn to accommodate himself to their peculiarities. We have never known a cow to condescend to take off her bonnet and make a bow to any irate, high-tempered milker. If they incline to do anything it is to lay him on the cool, soft ground, and then smash through the yard fence in such a way as to leave three or four panels prostrate.

—The main obstacle in the way of extending dairying in the West is the fact that the raising of dairy stock takes time and the old cows are constantly dropping out. Another is the extensive deaconing of calves, the haste to reap the fruits of dairying causing the killing of the goose that would lay the golden egg. The prevailing tendency is to depend on buying calves in the fall or cows already developed. These two things materially check the growth of the dairy business; and, considering the present low prices of dairy products, perhaps this is a blessing to dairymen, whatever it may be to consumers. It is pretty certain that the creamery men will be large losers this year in the West if prices do not go up in the fall. Thus far the outlook has been very discouraging for them.—*N. E. Farmer.*

What is Rennet?

Once upon a time it was supposed that the action of rennet in making curd (precipitating the caseine in the milk and making it insoluble) was due to the acids contained in the gastric fluid of the stomach. It was very soon discovered, however, that it was not this acid, but a peculiar action of the substance of the stomach itself, which produced the effect. That even after the stomach of the calf had been steeped in brine for months, and had been dried and exposed to the air for a time, it might be again steeped in brine and would furnish a second and even a third supply of rennet. It was found, then, that this property was not confined to the stomach only, but that the membrane of the intestine, or even of the bladder of an animal, would exert the same effect as the stomach; that is, that it would change milk sugar into lactic acid, and would cause sweet milk to form curd. Moreover, by further use of these animal substances it was found that their agency was greatly increased and intensified by the action of the atmosphere, or of its oxygen upon them, and that long-continued exposure to the air strengthened their action. A calf's stomach that had been kept twelve months became possessed of very powerful coagulating properties.

But there are other substances which have the same effect. A solution of malt in water contains a sweet substance called diastase, and this has the power of changing starch into sugar. But when the diastase has been exposed to the air for a length of time it acquires the same property that rennet possesses, viz., that of changing sugar to lactic acid and of producing curd. So that the property of rennet seems to be acquired by the action of oxygen upon the membrane of the stomach, or at least this oxidizing action certainly restores the active property of rennet after it has been exhausted.

But just here arises an evil which occurs in practice more frequently than factorymen suspect. It is this: By this exposure to the atmosphere of insufficiently cured rennets, the putrefactive fermentation sometimes, and indeed often, takes place. The putrescent germs then carry a taint into the cheese, which in course of a short time sets the putrefactive fermentation into action, and the cheese rapidly deteriorates in quality. Such cheese will not keep, and in the very hot weather a very few days will suffice to spoil it. And this fact in regard to rennet should receive the most careful study and consideration of factorymen.—*The Dairy.*

Drying the Cows.

In response to the question, "When should cows go dry?" the *Dairy* says: There is such a thing as burning a candle at both ends. One may easily do this in the dairy, and while the "good, easy man" thinks he is making a good deal of light at the same cost, suddenly his candle may go out. This kind of thing may go on when one milks the cows up to the time of calving, or near it, and even encourages it by feeding for that end. But then it may not. And it is the dairyman's business to know all about it and not take any general rule for his guide. There is no rule without a multitude of exceptions, and these are as numerous as times, places and circumstances; and as circumstances alter cases, so the reply to the question we have put above depends upon circumstances. There are cows that will not go dry, but will milk from calf to calf. Is the dairyman to worry himself and the cow in useless defiance of her natural habit? By no means. He must suit his case to the circumstances, and reduce the milk yield as much as possible by milking once a day perhaps, and compensate the cow for her extra burden by giving her more feed up to a safe limit. What this limit may be depends wholly on the ability of the cow to healthfully digest and dispose of the food. And no one but the intelligent owner can say what this limit may be, for it will vary, as cows vary, and no two cows are precisely alike. As long as the cow is in a thriving condition, not losing flesh or making fat, the limit is reached.

But, as a rule, to be contracted and expanded judiciously and safely. It might be said that a cow should be dried off six weeks before she is due to calve. That up to that time she should be liberally fed in the usual manner; that thenceforth her food should be curtailed, or even changed to dry hay; and if her condition is reduced somewhat, so much the better. It will make it safer for her and the calf. The milking may be done once a day, or not wholly completed, leaving a little in the udder. We have even taken a little milk several times a day from a cow in this condition, with the effect of rapidly drying the udder. But it is a dangerous thing, and one to be avoided, to leave any considerable quantity of milk in a cow's udder at this time.

—Don't spare the butcher and fee the doctor.

A Dangerous Prescription.

"Here's a prescription to be filled," said a lady to Doctor Caldwell at the drug store of the latter in Cleveland this evening. "Can I have it filled at once?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor. "What is it for?"

"It is for a horse," said the lady.

The prescription called for nitric acid, mercury and turpentine. Doctor Caldwell looked at it a moment, and, without recalling the circumstance that the ingredients formed an explosive mixture, proceeded to put up the prescription. He put the mercury into a bottle and then poured in the turpentine. He then poured in the nitric acid from a jar. A tremendous explosion took place, shattering the bottle to atoms, and throwing the pieces of glass and burning acid into the Doctor's face. The Doctor was knocked down by the shock and terribly hurt. Some gentlemen came in and found him putting sweet oil on his face. It was badly burned by the acid, and his eyes were injured so that he could hardly see. He was taken home. It is a serious question whether he does not lose the sight of one, if not both of his eyes. The strange part of the occurrence is that neither the woman nor the prescription could be found after the explosion. The woman, accompanied by a man and a boy, drove hurriedly away from the store after the explosion.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Chickory Farming.

Chickory farming promises to be one of the coming industries of California farming. Chicory was first planted in the State about fifteen years ago, but since that time it has been extensively raised on the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers. Chicory is cultivated on a small scale in some of the Eastern States, and in some places in that section grows wild in abandoned fields and orchards. It grows very luxuriantly on the bottom lands of Louisiana and Texas. The root of the plant, when being prepared for use, is cut by a machine, into small square blocks, then placed in the sun to dry, afterward roasted, and finally ground in a mill. Chicory possesses few elements in common with coffee; and yet it imparts a taste to it greatly fancied by certain coffee drinkers in Europe. In France and Belgium, the common people have been so accustomed to mix chicory with the coffee they drink that they prefer it, so prepared, to the beverage in its pure state. Travelers in those countries, even when they purchase pure coffee for their private consumption, find that the cooks will mix chicory with it, even after having received strict orders to the contrary.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Noah's Ark.

The London *Daily News* gives another version of the story of finding Noah's ark on Mount Ararat. Many years ago, a Mr. Garvy, then in the employ of the Russian Government, ascended the summit of the mount and remained some days on a visit at a monastery which was then there. The monks stated to him that the roof of the apartment assigned to him and some others was composed of the ribs of the ark. Mr. Garvy said that he examined the structure very closely, and that it bore all the appearance of the roof being supported by the ribs of a vessel, and the wood appeared very old. He also said that a few years after his visit the monastery was destroyed by an earthquake, and that he had never heard what became of the alleged ribs of the ark. Mr. Garvy in making his report afterward, expressed the opinion that the monks, having got the story from their predecessors, were honest in telling it.

—A young couple from St. Louis, who have evidently been feasting on yellow-covered literature, got married in the surf at Ocean City, N. J., the other day. They marched into the sea together, standing in water to the depth of the bride's shoulders. The bathers had withdrawn, and the bridal party had the beach to themselves. A few friends stood at the edge of the white sand, when the clergyman stepped in and did his best to tie the knot in Jack Tar style. The sky was bright, the breeze was grateful, and the waves were just frisky enough to lend zest to the occasion. Indeed, one bouncing billow gave the bride a complete ducking.—*Chicago Times.*

—The pall-bearers for the funeral of Mr. Hugh J. Hastings were a notable list and in this connection an interesting fact may be mentioned. A number of years ago Mr. Hastings and Mr. William G. Weed each made up a list of those whom he would choose to act as his pall-bearers. Of all those selected by Mr. Hastings, only Mr. Weed is alive to-day.—*Albany (N. Y.) Times.*

—At a reception tendered General Sherman in San Francisco the other day, he said in his bluff way that when he first knew the city it was the most forbidding, God-forsaken place between Cape Horn and the North Pole, and that he would not have given twenty-five cents for the whole place, or the inhabitants either.

—The telephone is as common in India as in New England.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, October 5, 1883.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	$1 75	@	2 75
Choice butchers	4 00	@	4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@	4 50
Good packers	4 50	@	4 90
SHEEP	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 08¼	@	
No. 2 red	1 05	@	1 06
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51¼	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@	
Rye—No. 2	57¼	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@	11 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 50	@	11 62½
Lard—Current make	7⅝	@	
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@	18
Prime Creamery	20	@	23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@	1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@	3 85
Good to choice	4 40	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 06¾	@	
No. 2 red	1 11½	@	1 12¼
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	60⅜	@	60¾
Oats—mixed	33¼	@	36
PORK—Mess	13 50	@	13 75
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 02¼	@	
Corn—No. 2	47¾	@	
Oats—No. 2	27½	@	
Rye	55¼	@	
PORK—Mess	10 50	@	10 60
LARD Steam	7 85	@	
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 25	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@	1 08¼
Corn—mixed	59	@	59¼
Oats—mixed	34	@	35
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@	
Lard—Refined	10¼	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—A No. 1	$5 00	@	5 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 00	@	1 02
Corn—mixed	49	@	
Oats—mixed	30	@	31
PORK—MESS	12 00	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 03¼	@	
CORN—mixed	47¼	@	
OATS—mixed	27½	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	

An Indianapolis baby was bitten,
In teasing a pet Maltese kitten,
Before a day ended,
St. Jacobs Oil mended,
And with it mothers are smitten.

A hunter who lives at Bear Run,
Hurt his arm by the kick of a gun,
The hunt it did spoil,
But St. Jacobs Oil
Cured him before swelling begun.

A MISER is often surprised at close "quarters."—*N. Y. News.*

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

IS A lost girl a Maid of the Mist?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE only scientific Iron Medicine that does not produce headache, &c., but gives to the system all the benefits of iron without its bad effects, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

AFTER a bill is settled you can enjoy the rest that follows pavin'.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Greatest Discovery Since 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

BILLIARD playing is a sort of green baize ball game.—*N. O. Picayune.*

I HAVE BEEN very much benefited by a 50-cent bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. When I began using it my Catarrh was so bad I had headache the whole time and discharged a *large* amount of filthy matter. That has almost entirely disappeared and I have not had headache since to amount to any thing. Please send me two more bottles. JOHN H. SUMMERS, Stepney, Conn.

ANGER is a passion which may be red in the face.—*Burlington Free Press.*

What's Saved is Gained.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

THE mosquito's auger is an appropriation bill.—*N. Y. News.*

FRONT ROYAL, VA.—Dr. G. H. Hill says: "Brown's Iron Bitters seems to give general satisfaction. I recommend it strongly."

A SHERRY cobbler will never mend your old shoes.—*N. Y. Independent.*

OTTAWA, ILL.—Dr. T. A. Smurr says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give entire satisfaction."

THE women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

I HAVE known and watched the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for over fifty years, and never have known or heard of its failure to cure any case of Blood Poison when properly taken.

H. L. DENNARD, Perry, Ga.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

I HAVE been using Swift's Specific (SSS) and find it to be the best remedy of the kind that I have ever been able to get, and I have tried them all.

JOHN TISCHER, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Affecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly and as safely as possible; to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to indorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter but I feel that I can not be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and indorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them.

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used.

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue.

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

"Respectfully yours,
"R. A. GUNN, M. D.

"Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; Editor of *Medical Tribune;* Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc."

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when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use.

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A YOUNG MAN'S CASE.

MR. F. S. HODGKIN, Jr., of No. 147 Park street, Lewiston, Me., relates the following personal narrative, May 14, 1883: "About fifteen months since I had a severe attack of typhoid fever, was very lame, and confined to my bed for eleven weeks, and when the fever left me I was in a very debilitated condition. My back and loins seemed to have no strength, and I had no vitality or appetite. I tried various kinds of medicine recommended by my friends, but found they did not improve my condition. I was induced to try Hunt's Remedy, which has been used with such great success here in Lewiston that it has a very enviable reputation of being a most reliable medicine. I purchased one bottle, and can date my improved health from the time I commenced using it, and my progress continued very rapidly; I gained in strength, and experienced less pain in my back, my appetite increased, and after using three (3) bottles my pains were all gone, and my health entirely restored, and I can most heartily recommend Hunt's Remedy to any who may need a true remedy for debility, kidney or urinary troubles."

A GOOD MECHANIC.

MR. L. J. JONES, of No. 10 Charles street, Portland, Me., writes us these convincing facts, May 11, 1883: "I have for several years been troubled with liver complaint and indigestion, and have suffered at times terrible distress, and have tried many different cures, so called, that have been recommended from time to time. I one day noticed in one of our papers the testimonial of a person that had used Hunt's Remedy and been cured of diseases similar to mine. I purchased a bottle of one of our drug stores in Portland, and before I had used the first bottle found that I was improving beyond my expectation; have used in all six bottles, and I have no trouble from indigestion, no distress or pain in back as I formerly had; and since I have been cured my wife has used it for kidney trouble, and it has cured her. We can truly say that Hunt's Remedy is a blessing to any that are troubled with kidney or liver diseases, or indigestion. We gladly recommend it to our friends or to any sufferers from liver or kidney diseases, and you can use this letter as you may [illegible]

S.S.S. TRADE MARK

I was suffering from Blood Poison and Mercurial Rheumatism, and had spent $40 for treatment with no benefit, and it seemed that I was doomed to die. Caught at Swift's Specific as a drowning man would at a straw, and it has saved me from a horrible death, and cured me sound and well. It is the greatest medicine in the world. C. H. SMILEY, Quincy, Ill.

HEREDITARY.—Swift's Specific cured me sound and well of a Scrofulous taint inherited from my ancestors. J. A. MAY, Macon, Ga.

I am sure that Swift's Specific saved my life. I was terribly poisoned with Malaria, and was given up to die. Swift's Specific relieved me promptly and entirely. I think it is the greatest medicine of the age. C. G. SPENCER, Supt Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

$1,000 REWARD will be paid to any chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles of S. S. S., one particle of mercury, Iodide potassium, or any poisonous substance.

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THE MINISTER WHO FAILS to interest his congregation and build up his church is generally accused of being a poor preacher, or of not studying hard enough. That is not always where the trouble comes from. Dyspepsia and liver disorders are responsible for many a dull sermon and many a vacant pulpit. When the Dominie's digestive apparatus is working wrong and his nerves are giving him pain, and his brain refuses to do its duty, it is almost impossible to make or to preach a good sermon. Give your suffering minister a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters. You will see its effect on next Sunday's preaching. The Rev. Mr. Zehring, of Codorus, Pa., was paralyzed, and could not walk except with crutches, until Brown's Iron Bitters made a new man of him. The Rev. Mr. White, of Rock Hill, S. C., says: "It restored me to strength and vigor." Brown's Iron Bitters is not only for the minister, but for all people.

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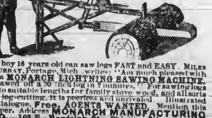
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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

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MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks on them as they come—
On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.
And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,
With a liver-pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;
To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—
Far better be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself; "Would I give all my pelf
To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.
Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,
With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!
Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

Harper's Magazine.

JENNY OF CORNWALL.

"My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

"And grasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
For stripes no less than stars
Lead after Him."

Down among the rocks and sunken reefs of the coast of Cornwall stands a light-house. And its revolving light, as it turns slowly, shows first the terrible waters that lightly cover the dangerous rocks and many half-forgotten graves, and then shows a grand gray castle, that stands securely on the crags, and lifts a weatherbeaten front to sun and storm.

There is a story that connects those two—the light-house and the castle. A story that is very sad, as the stories of many lives would be if they were written.

Twenty-five years ago the heir to Melford Manor was a little, sturdy, straight-limbed boy of five; a child who was always restless, always in mischief. One moment he would be chasing the chickens in the farm-yard, and the next trying experiments on his little brothers under nurse's dignified eyes. When the baby cried, Master Philip was always ordered off in disgrace, to take a prim walk with Jenny. That was always the end of it—Jenny and peace, Jenny and happiness.

But as it is Jenny's story I am going to tell you, let me describe her to you as she stood, one sunny afternoon in March, hand in hand with Philip Wynne down among the Melford rocks. To begin with, she is a nursery-maid, a little girl whom Lady Wynne had chosen out of the village school for her good behavior, and also perhaps for that strange, sad, far away look in her eyes. She was young—"just on fifteen," as she said herself—but she had a way with children that a whole lifetime could not have taught her. She had motherly instincts that were deep-rooted in her heart, and it gave a charm to her in the eyes of children that older people might have overlooked. All children loved her. In that great airy nursery there was a paradise to her. A paradise of little folks, who clustered around her.

"The children want me," she would say, and her whole sad face would change and brighten as she rose to meet them.

So on that March afternoon—a bright, warm day after a week of cold, blustering winds—she took little Philip by the hand and went down among the rocks.

"It is hot!" said Philip, balancing himself on a slippery seaweed. "I can't jump any more. May we get out into the boat, Jenny?"

"Surely," said Jenny. "You're well wrapped, and it's warm."

The boat was some fishermen's boat, tied loosely to a stake, and was bobbing safely afloat on the rising tide. They went down together to the water's edge, and Philip's shrill laugh rang out joyfully as he tumbled into the boat and seized an oar. Jenny came last, pausing for a moment to read the painted name outside, "The Swallow—John Smith."

"Now lie still, Master Philip," she said, "shut your eyes and listen."

The sun was very hot, and the little boat rose and fell monotonously on the sweeping waves. Philip shut his eyes, so that the flickering light upon the water might not dazzle them. Jenny sang softly to herself long after he had fallen asleep, with his chubby face hidden on her knee and his hair limp with the sea air. Then Jenny began to find the sunlight made her eyes ache, too, and the water made her giddy, and she too shut her eyes and laid her head upon the gunwale. When she awoke there was a high wind, and it was growing cold and she was shivering. It was quite light still, but a heavy sea-fog had crept upon them unawares, and everything was gray and misty about them. A little frightened at the sudden stillness, she crept across the sleeping child and found the rope. The boat half turned and then rocked aimlessly from side to side. She drew the rope inch by inch, into the seat beside her, and looked at it with a kind of stupid wonder, too frightened to realize that they two were out alone on the wide waters and the fog was dense about them.

Little Philip lay fast asleep in the bottom of the boat, and though she shouted till she was hoarse, he never stirred. Then when the silence had grown terrible she crouched down beside him and laid her cheek to his. Her heart was beating wildly, but the breathing fell with soft regularity through his baby lips, and it seemed to quiet her to feel his mute companionship. It had grown almost dark when he woke at last querulous and cold.

"We are out in the boat," she told him cheerily; "and the fog makes it dark. But I have some biscuits in my pocket, and we will make believe we're eating supper. We can have our real tea when we get home."

She laid the biscuits on the seat and chattered on while he ate them gladly, until she had made him laugh. Then she drew him up on her knee and sang him songs and hymns, until he fell again into a heavy sleep. It was now quite dark.

"It is night," she said aloud. "And the children will be wanting me."

Little Philip slept as calmly as in his own little bed at home, but Jenny was cold and restless. She sat up in the darkness, after a while, and clasped her hands about her knees to think. She could not see that gray mist any longer, but she felt its chill breath all about her. It seemed like some thin veil that hung between her and the familiar places—a veil behind which the sun had set as usual, and would rise again to-morrow. She was very hungry, but she left the biscuits for little Philip. She was very tired, but too cold to sleep. She could not even think at last, but lay down in the bottom of the boat, half delirious, saying over to herself, softly, aloud:

"The children are calling me, but it is too early yet—too early—and so very cold!"

She never knew when the day broke, for the fog still enveloped them; but the mysterious veil grew lighter, and little Philip woke. Jenny dragged herself into a sitting posture, and gave him the two biscuits, turning her eyes away, so that he might not see their hungry longing. He was as warm and happy as possible after his long night's rest, but Jenny was too cramped and wearied to move much. Her very lips refused to open when she first tried, and when words came they fell feebly from her. But by and by, when the child grew fretful, she had strength left to gather him up into her weary arms, and whisper softly to him until he grew content again.

"Sing, Jenny!" he cried, imperiously.

She turned her eyes vacantly upon him and tried to speak, but she was shivering in the bitter wind, and numb, and no words came. Then she tried to smile, but it seemed as if she had forgotten how. Slowly, one by one, the tears rolled down her cheeks, because, for the first time, this child had wanted her, and she was too weak to answer. Philip thought she was asleep—so fast asleep that he could not awaken her. And then, in a moment, the mist rolled away, and the sunlight flickered upon the waters just as it had done the day before. And they were quite close to land—so close that John Smith, who was rowing along the shore, searching for the Swallow, came out to them with a few quick strokes of his oars. Men had been searching for the missing ones all night, and John Smith's lusty shouts brought them together very swiftly, but they ceased shouting when they stood with little Philip, looking at that still form that the Swallow had brought home. Sir Philip, pale and anxious, came down to the shore, and it was he who took Jenny out and laid her on the sand, covering her with his coat, and forcing brandy between her lips.

"The lassie's deid," the neighbors said solemnly to one another.

But Sir Philip knew better.

"She is not dead," he said. "I will carry her to the house myself—but she is overcome by the cold."

He knew the whole story instinctively when he looked from his little son's flushed face to the still fair whiteness of Jenny's sharpened features. For the moment he was almost tempted to think, with these rough fishermen, that the unspoken question of Jenny's sad eyes had been answered at last. But she awoke at last—delirious.

For seven days she hovered between life and death; but even in delirium her love for little children was strangely visible. Hour after hour Lady Wynne sat patiently beside the bed on which the long straight form left so slight an impression. Sometimes she held the restless brown hands; sometimes she sang nursery rhymes softly. But Jenny never knew her. She would push her hands away, and murmur softly to herself about the waters, and the boat, and the rocks, and the terrible biting wind. But at last the delirium wore itself out, and the great sad eyes looked quietly out from beneath the short tangled locks. Jenny was hardly sensible even now, but she was violent no longer.

"The Swallow will get home soon," she said. "I am cold and tired—tired."

Presently the baby cried in the inner room, and the sound roused her. So they hushed him to sleep and Lady Wynne brought him in herself and laid his little round head close to Jenny's shoulder. She wrapped her arms tenderly about him and laid her cheek to his, and then there was silence in the room for a long time.

"She is sleeping," Lady Wynne said to the Doctor. But the Doctor shook his head.

"It is mere exhaustion, not sleep," he said. "It is possible we may never rouse her again."

So Lady Wynne sat down beside the bed once more and took the baby on her own knee. And she watched, with tears in her eyes, the little life that had been sacrificed to Philip slowly flickering out. By-and-by the children came in from their walk and pattered by the door on tiptoe on their way to the day nursery.

Jenny opened her eyes feebly and her face flushed.

"Let me go!" she cried, stretching out both her arms. "The children want me!"

She threw the coverings aside and tried to rise, but Lady Wynne held her gently back. She struggled feebly for a minute and then lay still—so still that her quick, uneven breathing seemed to fill the room. Then once again her eyes opened—sad no longer, but unutterably happy.

"Don't let the children forget me," she said.

The desire was fulfilled at last. The other life had opened out before her. She had gone where the children "wanted her."

They built a light-house out among the rocks and wrote Jenny's name upon the corner-stone—not because they feared they would forget her, but because her undying memory was as a light to Philip Wynne, far above the storms and tempests of this work-a-day world.—*Geraldine Butt, in Youth's Companion.*

—A test case brought in New York ended in a decision that the baking of bread upon the Sabbath is unlawful.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE DAIRY.

—The *Breeder's Gazette* insists that the material going into the manufacture of skim cheese is worth two or three times as much to feed to calves or pigs.

—Soiling cows is again becoming a large item in the agricultural papers. Whether it will ever pay or not in this country is an open question. Many men claim to have done it, and probably they have in a small way, but we know of no community of dairymen who have abandoned the pasture practice for it, even in the face of the enormous profits that some writers are able to figure out in its favor. We never could see how cows could be induced to eat enough of the rank feed to make the extra labor pay, but the way to prove it is to try it.—*Exchange.*

—Here is a straw that shows which way the wind is blowing: "One of the wonders of the Iowa State Fair last week was the production each day of about fifty pounds of butter from milk furnished by cows on the ground. The milk fresh from the cows was put into the centrifugal milk separator, the cream spun from the milk, and from thence put into a churn and quickly reduced to butter." It is our candid belief that this method of separating the cream from the milk will very soon supersede all other methods. The number of these separators now being purchased by the owners of herds of dairy cows is quite amazing, judging from our own individual knowledge of late purchases. Since these machines have been reduced in size to the working of less than a single horse power, there is no reason why any dairyman with twenty cows or more should be without them.—*The Dairy.*

Old Butter.

It is a live question, just at this time, what success the holders of summer-made butter will meet in disposing of their stock. At present the demand is almost entirely for fresh made goods, and mostly of the kind known among the trade in this city as "extra creameries," extra firsts selling better as a rule than any dairy makes. Owing to the scarcity of these grades, a little of the best grades of butter which has been held for a short time has found purchasers; but the majority of that sold was for speculative purposes. The sales of such held stock may continue for a short time, when the cooler weather will bring a large amount of butterine on the market, which will sell at much lower prices than holders are willing to take for their held dairy and creamery butter, and the result will be that the butterine, being of fine quality and fresh made, will sell in preference to any old butter.

It may not be well known, except among the sellers of butter, but it is nevertheless a fact, that butterine was sold in this city last winter so fine that many consumers could not tell it from creamery butter. Consequently, we may expect a very lively competition between the makers of fine butterine and the holders of old butter during the present fall and winter. That an increased amount of butterine will be made and sold there is no doubt; and that it will take the place of any old-flavored butter that may be sent here to sell, whether dairy or creamery, is beyond question.

Consumers of butter have now become so much opposed to anything not fresh-flavored that they will use largely of a product that is always fresh, though it may not always have the fine, delicate flavors of fresh-made butter. "But," say you, "this is talking up adulterated butter." No; on the contrary, we are merely stating the fact, as all dealers in the commodity well know.

When a man manufactures an article for any particular market it would be common sense to expect him to produce goods which he is sure will find favor in that market. When he goes contrary to this plain business rule he must expect, and surely deserves, failure. So, too, with this question: The amount of butter held this year is probably as large, or larger than ever before, and with the experience of last winter to base a judgement on, very little old butter can be sold at a profit, as it does not suit the consumers, and holders are very likely to fail to see as many dollars for their goods as they invested in them. That the surplus will sell at some price at some time before another season opens there is no doubt. But that butter, held after the first of October (summer-made), will sell for as much as it cost, there is serious reason to doubt. Old-flavored butter will not now, or at any time in the future, be wanted by the great centers of trade distribution, and the quality that always suits, always pleases the market, and is most likely to produce a profit to the maker, is fresh-made extra creamery butter.—*American Dairyman.*

Old Cows.

What shall be done with the old cows? Years ago the farmers used to feed up an old cow, and fatten her on turnips and corn meal, and the beef we used to get in those days was as much better than what we buy from the butcher now as "gilt-edge" is better than Chicago lard. Now we are getting so "uppish" that if the butcher's cart does not come around three times a week, we think things are going crooked, and the old cows are kept along, feeding and milking at a loss, until they can be worked off to some peddler. No cow should be kept in a dairy after she's seven or eight years old, unless she is a good one, and her calves are good too. At that age a cow is just past her prime, and there are fools enough who will pay a good price for such cows rather than rear their own. And a farmer may turn off some excellent beef from a good Ayshire, Dutch, Devon or Durham grade, or any fair kind of a native cow, when she is retired from dairy work at eight years old.—*The Dairy.*

—Crenshaw, a colored preacher in Trousdale County, Tenn., made a boastful and slanderous remark concerning a beautiful young white girl, and a mob lynched him. While he was kicking in mid-air a Sheriff's posse arrived and cut him down.—*Chicago Herald.*

On a Man of War.

During peace activity on board a naval vessel begins at dawn of day The boatswain blows his whistle at daylight and cries: "All hands up all hammocks." Within five minutes the sailors may be seen piling up on deck, each with his hammock neatly rolled and lashed, handing it to the stower in the "netting," the long box-like receptacle along the rail, where it remains until sundown, when it is taken down on the berth-deck again and made ready for occupation. Immediately after the hammocks are stowed the sailors get a pint of coffee and then turn to to "holystone" and wash down decks or, if it is Monday, the sailors are first piped to "wash clothes," and lines may be seen running fore and aft, filled with cleanly washed white and blue clothes, or scrubbed white hammocks. At "seven bells" (7:30 o'clock) the sailors are piped to breakfast, and those, who are to go on watch at "eight bells" (eight o'clock) must be ready at that hour. At eight bells the ensign is hoisted at the peak, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played by the band, if on a flag-ship, or drum and fife on others than flag-ships. At the same time the boatswain's whistle is heard, followed by the bellowing: "All the watch; hold the reel; pump ship, and relieve the wheel." After breakfast the watch is employed in cleaning the brass-work and the guns, coiling ropes, and generally making the ship clean.

The officers not on watch do not generally rise until eight o'clock, and then, after making their toilet, sit down to a cup of coffee and toast or fruit. At "two bells" (nine o'clock) the "assembly" is beat, and for the next two hours the crew are drilled at great guns or in the small arm, or sword manual. At "six bells" (eleven o'clock), the officers have breakfast, a substantial meal. From this time until "four bells" in the evening (six o'clock), the officers not on watch may occupy their leisure as they see fit. They may generally be found poring over their books or working out some problem, when at sea, to avoid being rusty for their next examination. If in port they may stroll on on shore. At "two bells" (six o'clock), is the officers' dinner hour, and an hour afterward they drill the sailors in seamanship, making, reefing, furling, bending, or unbending sails, in boat exercise, or target practice.

Rank and rank etiquette are strictly enforced on board ship. None but the line and staff officers are permitted to walk on the quarter-deck—the officer of the deck having the starboard side and the others the port side, when in harbor, and when at sea the officer of the deck taking the windward, and the others the leeward side. The Captain enjoys the exclusive use of the starboard side of the poop deck, and the other commissioned officers the port side. Forward of the mainmast all the officers have the exclusive right of way on the starboard or the windward side of the deck, while the sailors must keep on the opposite side. In leaving or coming on board ship the same regulation is observed—the line and staff use the starboard companionway, while the warrant officers and crew use the port ladder. Commissioned officers are received on board with the boatswain's pipe as a salute.

The Captain messes alone in the cabin, having his own steward, cook and waiter, and unless he invites some of the officers to dine with him at times (as often happens) he lives in this monotonous way. The line and staff officers, above the grade of ensign, constitute the "wardroom mess," and live in the main saloon of the vessel. The midshipmen and ensigns and other officers of assimilated rank form the "steerage mess," and the warrant officers mess by themselves. The mess expenses of the wardroom will range from thirty to forty-five dollars a month, according to the station; those of the other messes about twenty-five to thirty dollars a month.

The crew live between decks. They are divided into messes of about twelve men each, and, by contributing a small sum out of their monthly pay, are enabled to purchase a few delicacies to add to their Government rations of salt beef or pork, with fresh beef twice a week; potatoes, flour, pilot-bread, salt, pepper, molasses, vinegar, butter, coffee and tea. On Sunday morning the crew are called to "quarters" for general inspection of person and clothing, and those who wish may attend the church services afterward. Saturdays, after the general work is done, are semi-holidays, when the men lounge about, mend their clothing, read, and otherwise pass away the time. The pay of the crew ranges from nine dollars and fifty cents for apprentice boys to twenty-six dollars per month for an "able-bodied seaman. The petty officers receive higher rates of pay. The sailors are permitted to draw monthly money, but a larger proportion of their pay is retained until the expiration of the term of enlistment.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Horace Greeley's Farm.

After the death of Horace Greeley it was intended that his farm at Chappaqua should be sold and the proceeds divided between his daughter, Gabrielle and Ida, the latter of whom was the wife of Colonel Nicholas Smith. For some reason this was not done, and when Mrs. Smith died, more than a year ago, the farm was still unsold. Colonel Smith, who had lived on the farm after Mr. Greeley's death, removed to Shelbyville, Kentucky, with his three children, and the farm was rented in part.

Miss Gabrielle M. Greeley recently brought a friendly suit for the sale of the farm, and it was ordered to be sold. The time of sale was fixed for yesterday noon in front of the post-office on Main street, Chappaqua. The post-office consists of a little shed jutting out on the end of a piazza which runs along the front of a country feed store. It is set with small glass panes bearing the numbers of the letter-boxes, so that a person driving past can see if he has letters without alighting.

At noon about twenty of the villagers, farmers and storekeepers who chanced to be in the neighborhood gathered on the stoop and retailed old stories about Mr. Greeley. A few hundred yards down the road could be seen the gate of the Greeley farm, and immediately in front of the post-office was the swamp on which Mr. Greeley expended so much money in his effort to convert it into good ground. Presently the auctioneer, John A. Haight, appeared. He owns a pickle factory in the town, and is an old resident. He is a small man, with a florid complexion and stiff gray moustache and hair. No one came up on the trains from the city except reporters.

Soon after twelve o'clock Miss Greeley drove up alone in a top buggy, with a spirited bay horse. Miss Greeley was dressed in deep mourning for her sister. Her brown hair was brushed down plainly over her forehead, and the healthful color in her cheeks showed how well her stay for several weeks past had agreed with her. At her feet was a large bunch of brightly colored leaves. She reined up the horse opposite to the auctioneer, and spoke to her lawyer, Mr. Porter.

Auctioneer Haight stood on the highest of the three steps of the stoop and said the sale would begin. A dozen urchins deserted their play and stood near his feet. Mr. Haight read the long legal description of the property, which said that the farm consisted of about seventy-seven acres, orchard, meadow and woodland.

"What am I offered for the property?

Miss Greeley leaned out of the side of the buggy toward the auctioneer, and said in a clear, musical voice: "Ten thousand dollars."

"Thank you," said Mr. Haight.

"That settles it," said half a dozen voices: "no one will bid against her."

No one did bid. The auctioneer pleaded for $500 advance, $200, $100, $50 and $25, but no one made a sign. He dilated on the value of the farm, said it was going dirt cheap, and called on the bystanders by name to bid higher, but there was no response. Then he took a short recess, and again offered the property.

"I will take $10 advance," he said, who will bid $10,100. Wont you, Dr.—?"

The Doctor addressed examined his pockets in a spirit of humor and declined to bid.

"Ten thousand dollars once; fair warning. Ten thousand dollars twice. Ten thousand dollars third and last time. Gone. Sold to Gabrielle M. Greeley for $10,000."

Miss Greeley smiled pleasantly, and said she was glad, as she did not want the old farm to go out of the family. She had no plans regarding it just at present, but would put it in repair and probably move there next year.

There are two houses on the farm, one near the gate and the other on the hill. The latter is unoccupied.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Prodigal.

Yesterday forenoon a way-worn looking man, having a shirt or two tied up in a ragged handkerchief, made his way up Fort street east. Some folks could have seen from his general air that while he knew exactly where he was going, he couldn't tell within forty rods of what his reception would be. He walked like a man who doubted, and he looked around him like one who felt anxious. He finally turned in and mounted the steps of a modest house, and his knock at the door was finally answered. The door was pulled open about an inch, and a shrill voice exclaimed:

"Go away from here."

"I'll never do it!" answered the man.

The door was closed with a bang, but he stood right there and kept his eyes on the knob. After three or four minutes it was opened again and a voice cried out:

"Go away or I'll call the police!"

"I'll never go away from my darling!"

"Who's your darling?

"You are!"

The door banged again. The man was prepared for it, and he maintained his place for full five minutes without becoming discouraged. At last it opened and a voice piped out:

"You have been gone two months!"

"Exactly, my darling."

"And you didn't send me a single cent!"

"How could I when I never struck a job? Darling, I've returned to thee."

"Go away—I've got a divorce!"

"Oh, but I know better! Darling, bid your long-absent husband welcome home."

"Never!" and bang went the door.

This time he coolly sat down and began to whistle. She went to an upper window and looked down upon him, and finally returned to the door and carefully opened it and said:

"You deserted me for two whole months, and I had to take in boarders! Go away! I've no further use for you!"

"Katie, do you mean it?"

"Y-yes."

"Then it only remains for me to die. I'll hang myself with that piece of rope to this tree. Katie, darling, good-bye!"

She banged the door and he proceeded to affix a piece of clothes line to a limb and make ready the fatal noose. He had everything nicely arranged when she suddenly rushed out with:

"And it's more trouble you'd make for your poor, weak wife, is it?" and she fell upon him and flung him over a bush and jammed him into a flower bed and shoved him into the house with the remark:

"The prodigal has returned, but all the fatted calf he gets will be laid on with a club."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The true American poet, who has been looked for so long, has arrived, and her abode—during the fashionable season—is at Newport. She has written many tender and touching things, and one has become extremely popular among the New York dudes. It commences:

Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum,
Always look smiling and never look glum,
Seem to say
Come away,
Kissy, come! come!
N'yum, n'yum, n'yum,
N'yum, n'yum n'yum.

Although the tone is somewhat fleshy, the logic is irresistible, and the poem will go thundering down the ages as one of which the nation may be proud.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A Kitten's Perplexity.

A pet kitten, owned by some children in a house on North Green Street, came to grief yesterday, very much after the manner of the legendary dog, which seeing the reflection of itself and the bone which it carried in a brook, dropped and lost the actual in a greedy effort to secure the possession of an imaginary morsel. It was the proverbial curiosity of the cat added to an unusual belligerence that sealed the downfall of the kitten in question. Its owners had been playing with it, and to elude one of them the kitten jumped up on a dresser, opposite to which was a large mirror. Its own image was reflected, seeing which it manifested great delight at meeting what it doubtless supposed to be an actual member of its own species and not merely a representation. Purring softly, it stood for a moment looking intently at the shadow. Then, as if pleased with the appearance of a new-found brother, and desirous of entering upon more intimate relations, it strutted about, seemingly trying by various maneuvres to attract the greater attention to points upon which in its superlative vanity it considered nearest to feline perfection. Noticing that its supposititious acquaintance conducted itself in a similar manner, the kitten must have come to the conclusion that the desired friendship might be established without difficulty, for at this juncture it advanced with a kind of I-know-I'm-handsome-but-I-can't-help-it way, and tried to rub the side of its head against its comrade. The contact with the glass had instantly a marked effect. The kitten sprang back quickly, arched its back, raised its tail stiffly, extended its claws, and emitted a long-drawn howl expressive of astonishment, fear, wounded vanity, contempt and anger. But after watching the mirror closely it became convinced that its mythical opponent was a timid, unmartial creature, deserving of castigation for conducting itself so cowardly. As confidence in its own prowess increased and its fear diminished, it was not long in making an attack. Hissing savagely, it raised its paw and struck at the head in the glass. Again it showed astonishment. It glared at the mirror and mewed; then gyrated around as if uncertain as to the future. Finally it sprang from the dresser with both front feet extended and mouth open, and struck squarely in the head its reflection in the glass.

This last abortive effort at battle was more than the kitten's spirit could stand, and thoroughly frightened at the strangeness of its reception and hopeless of ultimate success, it hung its head, lowered its tail, and, trembling in every limb, withdrew from the room. Ten minutes later the dainty kitten, for which the softest bed had been scarce soft enough, was found crouching tremulously in the coal bin, its fur ruffled and blackened and its beauty spoiled. When brought into the room containing the mirror, it repeatedly ran out as fast as its legs could carry it, never once looking at the glass, but showing in every motion its extreme terror. It refused to be carressed by the children with whom it formerly played, and exhibited an inclination for repose in the quietude and gloom in cellar corners. Late in the afternoon it timidly walked of its own accord up to the dresser and peered sadly into the glass, then slowly turned and left the room, once again seeking the solitude of the cellar. During the remainder of the day it kept away from the living rooms of the house, and when taken its usual meal of bread and milk it left the dish untasted. The shock to the kitten has had altogether such bad effects that its little playmates manifest much concern lest its queerness be the precursor of its death, and additional testimony thus be given of the plausible proposition that curiosity killed a cat.—*Chicago Times.*

Rag Weed.

Rag-weed is one of the most abundant weeds. It springs up in every stubble field and fallow and covers acres of meadows and roadsides. It is a very bad weed. When it gets into the hay or is eaten by the cattle it makes the milk bitter and spoils the butter. Moreover, it is now said to cause hay fever by its dusty acrid pollen. This, however, does not so much concern farmers because they have not time to have hay fever, at least of this kind, and cannot stop even to sneeze in this busy season. But this weed is no doubt pernicious to cattle and causes disease and death more frequently than is supposed. It is strongly aromatic and very indigestible and astringent. When eaten largely it has the effect of packing the stomach with dry, undigested matter, and of poisoning the blood. The disease thus produced is commonly called dry murrain and is a fatal disorder. It is quite prevalent just now, and always in those places where good herbage is scarce and this and other coarse weeds are abundant, and at the same time water is bad or fails altogether, and cattle suffer from thirst, which is made intense by this dry, woody acrid weed. The remedy is simple to speak of, but unfortunately difficult to put in practice. It is to have no rag-weed; or, indeed, any others in the fields. But while this is impossible to carry into effect at once, it is by no means impossible to begin to do it. And no farmer should need to be instructed how this should be done. It is an annual weed, and if mowed down or plowed under before it seeds there is an end of it so far. If this course is pursued in time there will be an end of it altogether. It is curious that so disagreeable a weed should be called ambrosia, which means "food for the gods," or it may reflect somewhat upon the "gods," whose sometimes disagreeable characters might be accounted for if they had nothing better than rag-weed to feed upon.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The Boston *Star* says: "The bigger a newspaper is, the more bustle there is about it." What it means is, the bigger a bustle is the more newspaper there is about it.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—The affections are like lightning, you can not tell where they will strike till they have fallen.—*Chicago Journal.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The silk manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., declare they will soon be able to rival Lyons in that industry.—*Newark Register.*

—The New York & New England Railroad has a contrivance which successfully uses up the smoke and cinders of the locomotive.—*Boston Post.*

—It is now thoroughly demonstrated that flowing wells, large enough to bring under cultivation thousands of acres of land, can be had at a cost within the reach of all in Salt Lake Valley.—*Denver Tribune.*

—In a paper read before the Academy of Science, at Paris, M. Peyrusson has demonstrated very clearly that germs of typhoid fever, cholera, and other contagious diseases may be preserved and communicated by the slightest crack in china or crockery tableware.

An Albany firm have utilized tin scraps. They make wrought plate dovetails for stove legs, and utilize from six to eight tons of scraps every month for this purpose. The articles made are small pieces of tin of peculiar shape, which are used by stove-menders to make a perfect dovetail on stove bottoms.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—A rose farm is a new Georgia industry. Two gardeners in the vicinity of Savannah planted three acres in rose trees. This year they sold 22,000 trees to parties in the North, and had orders for 50,000 which they could not fill. The trees meet with a ready sale at from $10 to $20 per 100. Over half a million trees are annually imported into this country from France, England and Holland, and the Savannah *News* says it has been demonstrated that Georgia has a better climate for the cultivation of rose trees than that of the South of France.

—A French physician has been making some interesting experiments on the effect of condiments used with food. They show, among other things, that in cooking meat only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat. If more is employed it will do one or two things: it will modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre so as to render it more resistant to the action of the gastric juice, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh.

—Charles R. King, of Hartford, Conn., may be said to be the most multifarious tradesman in the State of Connecticut, having mastered no less than twenty-two distinct trades, and being, what is still more strange, a first-class workman in every one of them. He is not yet seventy years old, and is vigorous and hale and able to do a man's work any day. Here are the vocations he has learned: Blacksmith, house carpenter, cabinet-maker, ship-joiner, ship-carpenter, glass cutting and grinding, shoe-making, harness-making, wheelwright, wood machinist, mathematical instrument making, wood-carving, pattern-making, clock-making, cooper, carriage maker, gardener and florist, molder, patent-office model-maker, plumbing and locksmith.—*New Haven Register.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Official reports state that the British census embraces 17,000,000 women. Who wouldn't be a census.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Is that gentleman a friend of yours," asked a newly-introduced lady of another at a reception. "Oh, no, he's my husband," was the innocent reply.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"Misfortunes never come singly." They couldn't. It would be singular if they could. One misfortune might, but Lindley Murray forbids the plural number from acting that way.—*Golden Days.*

—So many people are dying in all parts of the country just now, at the advanced age of 105 years, that a man under eighty-five feels kind of bashful about going into a barber shop.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Longfellow said: "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.—*Boston Post.*

—Of the rich newspaper men James Gordon Bennett runs two yachts and four-in-hands; Robert Bonner is the owner of one hundred and seventy horses: Charles A. Dana keeps a Pullman parlor-car, while we are putting in a foundation for a barn.—*Marlboro' Times.*

—It was a happy thought on the part of our Government to purchase the Yellowstone country and convert it into a national park. It belongs to all the people of the United States, the poor as well as the rich, and all it costs for a man living inside of civilization to go there and return is a thousand dollars or two—and perhaps his scalp.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Is this train to stop at Neponset?" a passenger asked a conductor of the Old Colony Road the other forenoon. "No, sir," was the reply; "no stops between South Braintree and Boston." "Why, how's that?" said the surprised inquirer; "you used to stop there; you did the last time I came up." The conductor was puzzled. "Guess you are wrong," he said, "but when was that time?" "Well," replied his passenger, "I can't say exactly." And after a moment's thought, he continued: "It was when I built my barn some time during the war."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"James!" he began, as he called the clerk into the private office, "your conduct is such that I can no longer retain you in my employ. You do not hesitate to lie and cheat, and you are drunk at least twice a week." "All right," responded the clerk. "I got news yesterday of a legacy of $75,000, and I guess I wont go to the poor-house." "Seventy-five thousand dollars!" "To a cent." "Cash money?" "All cash." "Then I'll sell you a partnership interest in the business, and we'll make things hum! Ha! Let me congratulate you! Just such a partner as I'd pick among a thousand!"—*Wall Street News.*

TRUNKS VALISES, AND SATCHELS.

We offer to our patrons a stock of over 200 Trunks and as many Satchels, Companions and Valises. We offer Trunks from 75c to $8 each; Satchels and Valises from the cheapest Goods up to extra Leather, price all the way from 60c to $5.

16—ZINC—Barrel top, tray with bonnet box parasol box and lid, partition in top, full length strips with clamps, iron center band broad iron bands at each end, hasp lock and patent fastenings, wrought iron rollers, stitched handles. A good trunk.

28 inch 4 50 · 34 inch 6 00 · 30 inch 5 00
36 inch 6 50 · 32 inch 5 50

LADIES' BLACK RUBBER SATCHELS.

Jap, frame, top lock, outside pocket, square

9 inch 60 · 12 inch 75 · 10 inch 65
11 inch 80 · 13 inch 85

Better Grade, Ladies' Black Rubber Satchel.

9 inch 75 · 12 inch 00 · 10 inch 80
11 inch 1 00 · 13 inch 85

BLACK GRAIN LEATHER LADY'S SATCHEL.

Jap, frame nickle top lock, centennial linning, outside pocket, square ends, nickle name plate, full nickle trimmed.

9 inch	1 40	12 inch	2 15
10 inch	1 65	13 inch	2 40
11 inch	1 90	14 inch	2 65

GENT'S RUBBER VALISES.

Full imitation leather, strong lock, two catches on ends, lined, with partition, name plate, and eight bumpers on bottom.

14 inch 86 · 20 inch 1 10 · 16 inch 00
22 inch 1 20 · 18 inch 1 00

Black Leather Valise, Soft bag with straps all double jad, frame, good lock, linen lined. From a $1 75 to $2 50. ☞ We have many other kinds, but have not space to describe them.

Good substantial Wood Trunks with strong locks, two straps, strong hand holds on each end, cast iron rollers, full tray and [illegible] back stays:

22 inch	75	30 inch	1 75
24 inch	1 00	32 inch	2 00
26 inch	1 25	34 inch	2 25
28 inch	1 50	36 inch	2 50

LADIES' round top, iron bound, long hard wood strips, spring lock, patent fastening wrought iron rollers, iron stay, deep setup tray, reaching to the top, with bonnet box.

28 inch	1 85	32 inch	2 35
30 inch	2 10	34 inch	2 60

ZINC—Barrel top, wide iron band at each end, iron stay, wrought iron rollers, long strips with clamps, tray with bonnet box and lid, fall-in top, hasp lock and patent fastening, jap ends.

28 inch	3 50	32 inch	4 30
32 inch	3 90	34 inch	4 70

Above picture of Trunks is same as foregoing, only in wood, at 75c less than the zinc, making 28 inch at $2 75, and so on.

ZINC—Raised top, set-up tray, with covered till at each end, wide iron bands, jap ends, long strips with clamps, wrought iron rollers, spring lock, patent fastening, and iron stay,

28 inch	2 75	32 inch	3 35
30 inch	3 05	34 inch	3 66

Boots and Shoes

Every person buying Boots and Shoes should

SEE OUR STOCK

Before parting with their money, as we claim that we can sell the Best and Solidest goods for the

LEAST MONEY.

As we don't have to depend on Boots and Shoes alone for our support, and can naturally sell Solid Boots and Shoes at Less Money than regular Shoe dealers, especially when

BUYING A BILL OF OTHER goods. In order to

Sell Farmers Their Entire Bill of Goods

We frequently put in their Boots and Shoes at about

WHOLESALE PRICE.

No. 202.

BOYS' & CHILDREN'S Overcoats

Style of the above cut, of Dark Gray Overcoating, fully four-fifths wool, for age 4 to 8, at $2 50 each; for age 9 to 12, $3 each; for age 13 to 17, $3 50 each; men's at $4 each.

Boys' Suits of same material, age 4 to 8, just Pants and Coat, at $2 75; age 9 to 12, long Pants, Coat & Vest, at $3 75; age 13 to 17, at $4 75.

We have a full line of Boys', Children's and Youths' Suits, from the best material down to the cheapest material made.

Parties buying Clothing of us will be told precisely what kind of goods they are buying, as we regard it to our interest to do so

No. 175.

The above cut, No. 175, represents the style and pattern of our

Business Suits,

In various grades and materials, ranging in price from $6 50 to $8 per Suit. Also have same style and cut in our Fine English Worsted Suits, at $11 to $13 We are

Turning Out Thousands of Full Suits.

And making every effort to get goods that will

Suit Our Customers in both PTICE AND MATERIAL.

No. 174.

The above, No. 174, is our Elegant

DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT,

In Black Worsted, with Elegant Binding and Spring Bottom Pants, equal to any Custom Tailor Work, and fine Farmer's Satin Lining Sewed and stiched with silk. It has been an excellent seller, and no custom-made suit will make any

Better Appearance

And none are of better workmanship.

Price, $14.

Having over Three Thousand Full Suits in our stock, at Any Price and Grade up to $22 a Suit.

No. 196.

This cut (No. 196) represents our

REVERSIBLE OVERCOATS,

That we challenge the world to beat, It is a lot of sixty-three coats that we purchased of a Rochester, New York Clothing manufacturer at just 65 cts. on the dollar. This is a Brown-mix Cassimere on one side, and a Fancy Plaid on the other. It would be cheap at $10, but, as a rule, in order to increase our trade, we have put the price on this cut at $6. And we have the same cut and style Reversible Coat at $8 and up to $15. We offer one lot of Chinsilla Overcoats at $4; next lot, better garde, at $5, which Beats any Pice Ever Named on Oercoats.

We have over One Thousand Overcoats, ranging in price from $3 25 up to $16.

Just received 10 bales, over 200 bolts of Standard Sheeting, Special Bargains. Heavy Sheeting; at 8c by the bolt, 1-2c. less. One bale fine Sheeting at 6 1-4c, actually worth 8 cents. One lot of coarse Sheeting at 6c. Lighter Muslin in same proportion.

Parties buying Fall Goods can not fail to visit our Mammoth stock of all kinds of goods. We have a house of over 16,000 Square Feet of Floor, packed and jammed with all kinds and grades of Goods, from the finest to the ordinary. See future Price and Adver't

COLTER'S Mammoth Cheap Cash Store, Rising Sun, Ind.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. OCT. 17 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
1 "	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
½ "	½ "	10
½ "	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

IT begins to look as though there are a few Democrats in Ohio.

THERE are now several empty barrels in Ohio.

IT is Hoadley's time for a boom for the Presidency.

IT begins look as though the Democrats are approaching the White House, and they must be careful to make no skip or breaks.

WE give it up. Ohio deceived us along with thousands of others, and will only be too glad to have her do the same thing again next fall.

THE Enquirer is boasting about being vindicated by the result of the election in Hamilton county, while the News Journal boasts of the rebuke given it by the same election. Those two journals extract consolation from the same result. There's nothing like being able to make the best of results.

THE American Bankers Association in session in Louisville last week resolved that the interest of the country demands the speedy enactment by Congress of some regulation of commerce among the States, equivalent to a National Bankrupt law, equitable in its provisions for both debtor and creditor in all parts of the country. The association also demanded the suspension of the coining of the silver dollar.

CRAFT was hung at Grayson, Carter county, last Friday. A day or two before the execution he was baptized by immersion in the little Sandy river in the pesence of several hundred people. While at the water's edge he declared that he was innocent of the awful crime with which he was charged The execution was witnessed by an immense crowd, and the condemned man died protesting his innocence.

Mrs. Mary Lizzie Ryle, daughter of John J. Ryle, and wife of Wade H. Ryle, died at the family residence in this county, October 10, 1883. Sister Ryle was a kind and congenial companion, a gentle and loving mother, a good neighbor and a noble christian woman. She was 39 years of age, and had been a church member about 16 years. Her death was rather sudden and was heard with sadness by a large circle of friends. She left a father, husband, four children and many other relatives and friends to lament their loss: but their loss is her eternal gain. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her. Let her friends all emulate her virtues, copy her christian zeal, and strive to meet her in heaven where parting will be no more. E. N. D.

MISSOURI LETTER.

BUTLER, Mo., October 10, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

Pursuant to promise made to a number of friends left in old Boone, I will give a few items gathered by the way on our trip here, as well as speak of the present prospects of this part of the mundane sphere.

We left Lawrenceburg on the 8:20 train. Our first halt of any length was at Holden, Missouri, where we were entertained over night by Mr. Murray, son-in-law of Mrs. R. M. Johnson, who accompanied us that far, Holden being her home.

Aunt America Scott, who accompanied us to Holden, stood the trip remarkably well for one of her age. She intends making her home with her daughter, Mrs. Johnson.

In Holden we met Zack Baker and Tom I. Jonson.

We arrived in Butler on Thursday, and are stopping there for the present. Now, as to the present prospects of Bates county. In my short tours through the county since my arrival I find the agricultural production simply immense. The county has an enormous crop of corn, while the meadows are as spotted as a young fawn, with great stacks and ricks of hay, all of which leads us to the conclusion that the outlook for those who desire engaging in the live stock business is extremely flattering and entirely satisfactory. As to the future prospects of Bates county, we refer you to the Bates County Democrat of the 11th, inst., in which appears a notice of "Butler's Boom." You can read the article and draw your own inference. I have subscribed for the Democrat and ordered it to your address, so you may know what progress we are making in the next twelve months.

We are all well, and the health of the community is good.

WILLIAM WALTON.

[We are under many obligations to our friend for his kindness, and upon examination of the Democrat, we return the following verdict: The people of Bates county are an enterprising people; that the county is necessarily very prosperous, and the natural advantages claimed by the Democrat are very great, and will be fully developed at an early day.—EDS.]

THE last issue of the Rising Sun Recorder contains an article under the head of "Boone County," which starts out by saying:

"The citizens of Boone county are in a mild state of indignation in regard to the condition of the road funds applicable to this year's work."

It then proceeds to pay its respects to the collector. as well as the late grand jury, which it said showed a disposition to discipline the road supervisors till it found the fault was none of theirs, when the investigation was abandoned.

The writer says: "In regard to minor offenses against law and order the average grand juror displays a wonderful aptitude for investigation; but when it comes to official delinquencies like defalcation or other official crimes or misdemeanors, his evident admiration of such acts blots out their every appearance of evil."

The author is very much disatisfied with the results of the late grand jury, and according to his statements he is in possession of facts with which that body should have been acquainted. If offenses of which he complains have been committed, he should have gone before the grand jury and made his complaint.

A SALE of Kentucky mules amounting to $14,000 was made in Louisville a few days since. These animals were to be shipped to Central America, and will be the first mules ever seen there.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

Doctors and Doctrines.

Whatever Cruel Creeds May Say, Truth is Always Orthodox.

"You know the old saying, Doctor, Ubi tres mediei, duo athei,—where there are three doctors there are two atheists," laughed Rev. Apollo Creamcheese, the other day, to his friend, Dr. Senna, who had dropped in for a bit of a talk.

"Yes, I've heard it, and I'll bet a box of pills against your dry inkstand that some priest said it. They always pattered bad Latin when they had a bigger lie than common to get rid of," answered the Doctor, lighting his pipe. "I tell you, Dominie you're 'way off when you think our profession isn't doing as good work in this world as yours is. They've both been more'n half barbarous for centuries, but we're several lengths ahead of you on the home-stretch."

"But, Doctor, said Rev. Mr. Creamcheese, "don't you think your fraternity shows a tendency to materialistic——?"

"Bah!" interrupted Dr. Senna, "we show a tendency to human charity and common sense. The fences are all down. Why, within the past week I've had a letter from my old friend, Dr. W. V. Haddox, of Pine Hill, Alabama, saying that he is using, with great success, PARKER'S TONIC, in his practice, and finds it the best thing for Coughs Lung, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and so on, he ever struck; and another friend of mine, Dr. J. J. Oatman, of carrolltown, Pa., says substantially the same thing. He's a big specialist, too, in chronic diseases, and knows what he is talking about every time."

Dr. Senna's statement as to PARKER'S TONIC, are supported by genuine testimonials from Drs. Haddox and Oatman, who write to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York—the proprietors—in terms of the highest commendation concerning this great restorative remedy; and letters from the profession generally confirm the opinion of these physicians. Price, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. B. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beaver—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers & Traders National Bank AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, October 2d, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$579,247 75
Overdrafts		969 39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 4 per cent		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		48,991 83
Due from other National banks	3,584 33	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,459 97	6,044 30
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,994 80
Premiums paid		8,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,432 60
Bills of other Banks		10,135 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		56 54
Specie		12,015 00
Legal tender notes		22,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$761,806 12

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		2,500 00
Undivided profits		21,367 99
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	368,774 66	
Due to other National Banks	14,722 25	
Due to State Banks and bankers	9,441 29	392,938 13
Total		$761,806 12

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Oct., 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

E. J. HICKEY,
J. H. MERSMAN,
L. C. STEPHENS, } Directors.

E. E. IGOE, Resident Dentist, Rising Sun, Ind. WITH J. P. Ulrey. Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun. Ind

W. J. RICE, CARPENTER & BUILDER, BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS On Short Notice, And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LOOK HERE! when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on

Winegardner

He has a large assortment of

Wall Paper!

And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.

Inks, Pens and Stationar constantly on hand.

Headquaters in Lotton House.

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co., Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-tf

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.

CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, No. 920 LOCUST ST.

CHAS. L. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge. NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to

CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.

BLOOD IMPURITIES, Inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.

DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.

WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.

FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

(The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.)

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY. TRADE MARK

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS. 306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

INJECTION SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation Fairmount Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold by W. F. McKim,

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

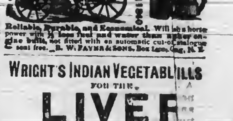
No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

Paynes' AUTOMATIC Engines. 2 to 100 Horse Power



Reliable, Durable, and Economical. Will [illegible] a horse power with [illegible] less fuel and water than any other engine built, not fitted with an automatic cut-off. Catalogue sent free. B. W. PAYNE & SONS. Box [illegible], Corning, N. Y.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS FOR THE LIVER And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

FREE RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

NEVER-FAIL

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agents.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern BATTLES. New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. J. C. McCURDY & CO., 130 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., [illegible] College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Local News.

The rains revived the saw mills.

Now is the time to go hickorynutting.

The wheat sown this fall is looking nice.

Buy your flour and salt of Dudley Rouse.

Read the new advertisement of the Petersbuag Drug Store.

Robert Clore returned Saturday from the Germantown Fair.

It will pay you to go miles to trade at the Petersburg Drug Store.

It takes the prince of liars to go to a man's house and lie him out of a bed.

Dame Rumor is on the *qui vive* in anticipation of a wedding in Burlington.

Henceforth the effusions of our Plattsburg reporter will receive an additional amount of spice.

The wire fence put up about W. E. Piper's yard by G. C. Graddy attracts much attention.

We welcome Colonel Crisler to our town. We are always glad to have such men locate here.

The feather renovating fraud is the latest, and has been very successfully practiced in Boone.

John W. Rice, of Bellevue, has contracted the western fever. He wants a Kansas or Nebraska farm.

Burlington Lodge No. 264, F. & A. M. is represented at the Grand Lodge in Louisville, this week, by Everett Walton.

So far as we know all the public schools in the county are in progress, and the fall has been very good for the little ones to attend.

Mr. Michael Clore was in town the other day, conveying to the Bellevue Christian Church the lot on which the church edifice is erected.

Those having claims against the estate of John A. Kendall can receive 28 per cent thereof by calling on the undersigned. W. L. Riddell.

We hear the following land trades mentioned in the Bellevue neighborhood: Solon Rice sells out to Michael Clore, and buys Jno. W. Rice's farm.

W. R. Terrill's nag that he drives took a kicking spree last Saturday, and made things lively for a little while, breaking a pair of shafts and bruising its legs some.

Mex Cleveland, of Kenton county, and Miss Nichols, of Georgetown, are to be married to day at Georgetown. Mex, here is to you and your good lady, may you live long and prosper.

The attendance at Mr. Gallagher's school increases each week, and he has provided his school room with comfortable and well arranged desks much to the delight of the scholars and to the credit of the professor.

Another excursion of Burlington hogs visited that garden of ours the other night. The excursionists had a royal time, till assailed with brick-bats and clubs, when they decamped, leaving the garden wearing a forlorn look.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall, of Hebron, is their agent.

Henry Clore, Wm. Clore, Jessie Kelley, Samuel Pope and Joshua Rice each are minus a feather bed on the feather renovating fraud, and it would be the next thing to suicide for a fellow to go into that neighborhood now to solicit feathers to renovate.

A boy about 16 or 17 years old arrived in town last Thursday evening. His mental faculties are impaired and his tongue resteth not. He says his parents live near Ravenwood, West Va. He was kept in jail a day or two after which he was sent to the Poor-house.

Wib Rice was one of the judges at Mabley's big pumpkin show last Saturday. The heaviest pumpkin weighed 120 pounds, and the largest measured 74½ inches in circumference. Three hundred pumpkins were on exhibition and all the prizes went to Ohio and Indiana.

A. W. Smith will, in a few days check his baggage for Florida. This is the best season, the year to visit that country as the cooler weather will have a tendency to lessen the annoyance of the ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, gallinippers, gnats, jumping spiders, rattle snakes, lizards, centipedes, &c., &c.

Mr. S. P. Brady and wife returned, last Thursday evening, after an extended and very pleasant bridal tour through Illinois, Canada, and the eastern states and large cities. They will become citizens of our town in a few days occupying the house purchased of the estate of John P. Scott, deceased.

A letter from Wm. Walton and family last week, announced their safe arrival at Butler, Mo., where they have taken up their residence for the present being unable to get possession of the residence on their farm. Paulie has a position in a business house in that town, and much pleased with his situation.

J. Frank Grant leaves for Stanford, Ky., via Louisville and Lebanon Friday, the 19th inst., to attend the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows which assembles in Stanford, Tuesday, Oct., 23d. J. Frank is a promising candidate for Grand Master of Ky., with excellent prospects of election. He has our best wishes for success.

Mr. Wm. Walton, from Boone county, Ky., paid the Democrat a visit on Monday and subscribed for two papers to send back to Ky. He likes Bates so well that he has purchased the John Steele farm southeast of Butler, containing 645 acres. He intends to settle here and farm on a large scale. Mr. Walton is a business man, just the kind we want to fill up the county.—Bates county, (Mo.) Democrat.

When Jack Frost made his unexpected visit in September, the anticipation of an early winter created quite a commotion among the farming community and here it is now the middle of October, and everything has the appearance of the early summer. The pastures, which a few weeks since looked crisped and parched, are growing nicely and are again affording a reasonable amount of food for stock, which has relieved the anxiety so prevalent among the farmers but a few short weeks since.

It is our pleasure this week to record the marriage of our worthy Plattsburg correspondent, Mr. James Tolin, and Miss Mollie Sullivan. The event that united the two hearts that beat as but one, was celebrated at the residence of Elder Stephens, last Wednesday, in the presence of quite a number of friends who accompanied them thither. We have known the groom for, lo, these many years, and always believed that it would fall to his lot to make some good lady happy, and now we join the host of friends in wishing him and his bride all the happiness this life affords.

Pass this Around.

The county along the East Bend road was canvassed during Circuit Court by two men with large wagons, they representing to the unsuspecting people that they had rented a house in Burlington, and were engaged renovating old feathers. They would agree to take a bed and renovate it for 25c, payable when the bed was returned, and in this way succeeded in capturing quite a number of beds which they loaded into their wagons and drove off with. The day for delivering the beds has returned but neither the beds nor the renovaters have put in their appearance. These frauds stopped in Burlington and bargained for a house but never took possession of it, the renting only being a scheme to more perfectly conceal their rascality and afford them more time in which to escape. We learn that the Hebron neighborhood was also visited by the same scamps who took several beds to renovate.

Just as they were commencing the song before the close of the services at the Baptist church Sunday night, the floor in the northeast corner of the church gave away, going down with a crash that sent visions of a falling building flitting across the minds of many of those in the large congregation that crowded the house. Windows were thrown up and some made their exit through them, but the body of the crowd pressed toward the door through which excitement and a general demoralization made the passage very difficult, but fortunately no one was trampled down and hurt, and before the crowd could pass out the cause of the alarm was discovered to be rather insignificant, and the excitement at once subsided. Several persons in the congregation were aware that that portion of the floor was weak and liable to go down, and they were prepared to account for the crash, which, in a great measure, prevented a much greater and general alarm among those present.

Look Before You Leap.

The colored folks at this place and vicinity are associating themselves together for the purpose of opening a grocery and general supply store in Burlington. The company has been incorporated by the County court. The articles of incorporation limit the capital stock to $5,000, being divided into 1,000 shares at $5 each, which is to be paid before one can become a member. A colored man representing that he hails from Covington is at the head of the move, and collected several dollars from the darkies when here last, at which time he left an appointment for another visit in a few days, when he is to make another collection of funds. He has secured the confidence of the negroes and they are making great calculations on the benefits to be derived from their anticipated store. Our advice to our colored citizens is to know exactly where they are going to light before they leap, and be careful that they make no bad investment of their hard earned money.

Kentucky at St. Louis Fair.

The following Kentuckians took premiums at the St. Louis Fair, the list having been carefully compiled for the Kentuckians. W. S. Talbott says the Kentuckians were treated loyally:

Atkins & Adams, Lexington, $75 on saddle stallion and $100 on park horse.

John T. Hughes, Fayette, took $75 on saddle mare, $40 on saddle gelding, $200 on pair geldings or mares for carriage, $100 on pair geldings or mares for coach purposes, $25 on model mare or gelding.

Russell Railey, Woodford, $40 on saddle stallion, $50 on model horse. $50 on stallion 4 years, $75 on park horse.

J. C. Graves, Woodford, $100 on gelding 5 years, $50 on road horse.

W. W. Adams, Lexington, $50 on jack, $25 on jennet.

W. H. Wilson, Cynthiana, $100 Lady DeJarnett as best roadster, $150 on same as best 5-year-old, $50 on same as best light buggy mare.

Riddell & Norris, of Petersburg, $10 for roadster in harness.

Spencer Bros., Pine Grove, $75 on carriage horses, $25 on horses for all work, $50 on roadster mare 4 years, $25 on gelding 5 years.

N. H. Bayless, Paris, $50 on mares 4 years.

J. B. Curran, Mercer, $200 on mare 5 years, $25 on light buggy horse.

A. J. Coleman, Harrodsburg, $30 on mare 4 years.

Frank Vanness, Lexington, $250 on stallion 5 years, $500 on trotting stallion $100 on stallion that has never taken a premium.

T. D. Martin, Eminence, $100 on saddle gelding.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Everett Walton's family are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rouse.

Mr. Price, of Colorado, is visiting his brother-in-law, Jno. W. Rice, of Bellevue.

Mr. Maley Green and family, of Cincinnati, are visiting their relatives near here.

W. T. Hogan and family, of Florence spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Smith.

Miss Alice Souther, of Florence X-Roads, will make Burlington her home for the furture, living with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rouse.

Circuit Court.

In the case of T. M. Sims vs. L. J. Setters, Sims got a judgment for $85.

Wood Sullivan vs J. W. Gaines, judgment in favor of Sullivan for $40.

The suit of W. E. Anderson vs J. S. Anderson, &c., for $5,000 for injuries received while working at the saw mill, was continued.

W. C. Maxley vs W. L. Norman, judgment for plaintiff for $50.

The Grant-Gaines slander suit attracted considerable attention and kept a large array of witnesses on hand for 4 days, was continued, the pleadings not being made up.

The petit jurors were on duty 9 days and tried a great many cases, making a verdict in every instance except one.

Three $5,000 damage suits were continued till next term.

Judge Major adjourned court last Friday morning about 6 o'clock.

Sheriff Clutterbuck and deputy sheriff German escorted Boone's two delegates to Frankfort, last Saturday, where they registered John Daisley one year for grand larceny, and John F. Patmore two years for forgery.

Read the Petersburg Drug Store's new advertisement.

Our Beaver Lick communication was to late for this issue.

Court has come and gone and the town has relapsed into its usual quietude.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Rabbit Hash.

Ben Wilson is having an addition built to his store house.

E. T. Gleason will leave for the Sunny South in a week or ten days.

John L. Acra's wife is very sick at this writing.

Charles Riggs and others left Saturday night for New Orleans, on Daily & McConnells potatoe boat.

Mrs. John Clore, of Bellevue, and Mrs. Murray Ryle, of East Bend, were visiting at John P. Ryles, Sunday.

Scattersville.

We are having fine growing weather at present and everything looks as fresh as spring time.

The farmers are through sowing their wheat, and are now busy clearing up their farms, getting ready for another crop.

Tobacco in this part of the neighborhood is curing up very nice at present.

John Rue is about 15 inches taller, it is a fine boy.

Jas. Horton has been very sick, but, is better at this writing.

Mrs. Jury, of Scott county, is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. P. Conner.

Bullittsville.

A walk through the autumnal forest presents to the lover of nature a panoramic beauty unexcelled by that of the work of man.

J. L. Riley has added another industry to our quiet hamlet, a steam grist mill.

Crit Gerdon is teaching in our neighboring city, Franciaville.

The Christians had a basket meeting last Sunday. We understand they will continue services all this week.

Temp Graves has sufficiently recovered to be able to haul hay again.

Fletcher Clore made a visit to Saline county, Mo. He says our friends who lately left here, seem perfectly at home there.

Temp Gaines and wife were well pleased with their trip to Louisville. They report that Steve Gaines is sick with fever.

Tobacco is reported as having been house burned.

W. P. Cropper has sold his entire crop of tobacco at $17 per hundred.

Miss Belle Kendall, of Louisville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alice Watts.

Milton Gaines is quite sick with malaria.

The Grangers had a big meeting last Saturday, and will hold another on the 4th Saturday at 10 o'clock a. m.

Quillersville.

It has been some time since I have seen anything from our town in the way of news which at present is very scarce.

Everybody is done housing tobacco, and some are now planting their winter crop, and one follow has already got out seven acres, while some others are setting. This winter crop commenced early. The right way to commence is to wait till the warm days of spring, and then go to the sunny side of some nice woods and clear you a piece of ground. Be sure and leave all the nice shade trees and large bushes. Plow your ground well, mark off wide, making all point rows run towards shade tree or house. Then sow in grass or rent to somebody who will tend it. The nicest way to get tobacco from the field to the barn is to pile five or six sticks together and loop a chain around the pile and drag them in. It does not hurt more than four or five bottom sticks.

Crops generally good. Wheat mostly sown and is coming up nicely.

With the exception of some slight attacks of scarlet fever health is generally good.

Born—To J. G. Crisler and wife, a boy. To F. Underhill and wife, a girl. To H. Baker and wife, a son. To J. J. Hudson and wife a son. To Harris, and wife a son. To Geo. W. Sleet and wife, a BOY. Well, this was a dry year anyhow.

Florence X-Roads.

A few days since A. F. Crigler lost a horse from the effects of a snag. He has a very sick mule at this time.

Sam Crutchar and Joe Souther have shaken the dust of the town from their No. 10's. Sam has gone to Cincinnati and Joe to Danville, Ky.

George Clare says he has a fine boy at his house.

Monday afternoon the hands at the saw mill were on a strike. Cause—a dance that night at the proprietor's house.

Our suspension bridge has been repaired and is in use again.

Jerry Delph and family were visiting his father-in-law, in Indiana, last week.

The serenaders hald a called meeting the other night to seranade a young man near here, but rumor misled them. Look out for them this week.

Martin L. Aylor fell through the ediging frame at the saw mill last week, and a rail near ¾ of an inch long caught in the flesh of his leg, making an ugly wound which was attended to by Dr. Furnish.

Abram Anderson has made his appearance in this country again, and is building foundation walls.

Florence.

The Florence jail is now a fixed fact. By the importunities of the good citizens and the urgent necessity for such a building, the town council have at last negotiated for a lot and specifications have been drawn for the work. We would recommend that the committee, before building, visit the Burlington jail so as to get the advantage of the architecture of same and be better prepared to do a good job. When once completed, woe unto ye sabbath breakers, drunkards and tiger-fighters.

Dr. Guerrant, Presbyterian evangelist for Ky., will hold a series of meetings, beginning Tuesday evening, Oct., 16th, at the Florence church, preaching morning and evening. The Dr. is an eloquent and earnest worker, and richly deserves a liberal attendance.

The funeral sermon of Mrs. Brown whose death was announced in last weeks issue, was preached at the Florence Baptist church, Sunday, Octr, 14th, by Rev. Potts, pastor of the church, to a crowded house of friends and relatives of deceased. The text was from Heb. 2-10 latter clause—"Made perfect through suffering." The sermon was delivered in a pathetic style, and was full of instruction and consolation.

Mr. Geo. Hamilton, brother of Milton, paid our town a brief visit last week to see his sister, and also the spot made dear to him by his boyhood association. I don't know when we have been so pleasantly entertained as during his short stay. George has fine conversational powers and was in one of his talking moods. The fact of his being upon the play ground of his youthful days seemed to electrify him and his words burned as he spoke. He is an expert in book-keeping and has served in many first-class positions. He told us all. He descanted upon the banking system through all its intricacies, took up the mercantile buisness, gave the grounds for success and the cause of failure, compared telegraphic and telephonic science with the old mud-bespattered mail coaches of former years. He rode on the railroads all over the land, attended all the fairs and expositions, gave the population and square miles of every state and city in the Union. He devoured the poets both ancient and modern, quoted from Virgil, Dante, Milton, Homer, Chauncer, Sheakspeare, Byron, Long Fellow, Tennyson, Mrs. Herman, &c. The gong struck for dinner, he heeded it not. Uncle Joe Sullivan kept company while the rest dined When we returned Joe's pulse registered 120. Our friend next discoursed upon elocution, repeated the hymn, "Am I a soldier of the Cross," as it should be, several other pieces from the second reader, took up the scriptures, and gave the history of the cleansing of Naaman, the Leper, by the prophet Elisha. His thoughts next turned to the site of the old school-house on the border of town, which had been the scene of so many happy hours in his earlier days. He spoke of his games of marbles, townball and soldier, compared with the present base-ball, croquet, &c., and when he recalled his old school mates and how they were nearly all gone, we noticed memory's tear start, when the cry, "ho for Erlanger," broke the spell. He told us good bye as he started for Princeton, Ky., where he takes the position as cashier of the Farmers Bank.

Gas Ometer.

10

Rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Huntsville, Ala.—Dr. J. C. Spotswood says; "I highly recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, rheumatism, and general debility."

Fairfield, Iowa.—Dr. J. L. Meyers says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. Sutton, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2-m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. Mrs. Oscar Crisler.

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire

INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.

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J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,

—BURLINGTON, KY.—

UNDERTAKERS

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EMBALMERS,

Will furnish nice Hearse any reasonable distance for $10.

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BURLINGTON, KY.

Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,

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LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,

—TEACHER OF—

PIANO & ORGAN.

Lessons given at my residence,

Burlington, - - Ky.

L. C. NORMAN. H. J. STEPHENS.

NORMAN and STEPHENS,

ATTORNEYS at LAW,

UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Aurora, Indiana.

(*Office Over Postoffice*)

With J P. ULREY.

Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

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LANDRAM & HUGHES,

ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

BURLINGTON, Y

Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.

(Formerly of Covington.)

—Dealers in Fine—

BOOTS AND SHOES,

106 W. 5th Street,

CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

BOONE HOUSE,

BURLINGTON, KY.

C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS, Aurora, Ind

Will have constantly on hand

Marble and Granite Monuments,

Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

We Have

J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S

JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.

THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS

45 Cents.

Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.

COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

Just From New York

WITH A

Full LINE of FALL SUITINGS,

— AND —

OVERCOATS.

The above stock was carefully selected, and consists of all the NEW STYLES of FALL GOODS, and you can not fail to be pleased with the Goods and Prices.

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Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

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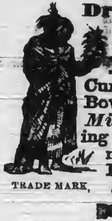

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Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN. *Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.*

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it.

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The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

The civil war and the rapid development of the territory now comprised in the newer of the Western States of the Union bred the material and afforded the opportunity for that class of criminals known as highwaymen. Never before, perhaps, in the history of modern civilization has there been such a conjunction of circumstances calculated to engender and feed that particular phase of lawlessness which found its victims on the highways of Western travel and in the thronged streets of towns and villages. It is, therefore, not strange that the plunderers and roughriders were for a season, both numerous and audacious. Never was the prospect to murderers and robbers more seductive and never was a more ruthless and bloody brood of the enemies of society precipitated on any generation. For twenty years these agents of the road levied their heartless tribute. In all the qualities of unshrinking physical courage, relentless greed, cruel brutality, brought to the greatest perfection in the school of danger, the highwaymen of the Southwest in the past twenty years have never been equaled in any age. But a period of twenty years has served to bring them all to the dust. The James brothers, one in his grave and the other in a prison cell, illustrate the fate of those who have dared to ply their once apparently prosperous vocations of robbery and murder. The doom of the younger, who fell by the hand of an assassin trained by himself, was horrible, but was to any dispassionate judgment less to be dreaded than that of his elder now struggling to escape ignominious death by the hangman's halter. These were the princes of their clans with chances a hundred-fold more favorable than others on account of the inability or indisposition of hundreds who knew them as border partisans to draw a line between the point where internecine strife ended and war on society began. The penalty which the justice of mankind has adjudged to be due to those who take booty at the expense of blood is death. And death or worse than death has overtaken almost the last of the one-time gay and reckless riders who turned their hands against society. Such remnants of the defiant gangs as dyed their hands in blood and steeped their souls in murder rather than return to ways of peace and honesty now supplicate for the privilege to be allowed to earn their bread by the labor they lately despised. In the prime of manhood they find themselves broken in health, poor in purse, their lives hanging by threads so slender that a breath might land them in felons' graves. Such is the lesson of an era of lawlessness which afforded more opportunities to those whose evil propensities led them into its sinister paths than were ever elsewhere opened up before weak and wicked men. The truth of those terrible words was never more fearfully vindicated, "that the way of the transgressor is hard." The lesson loses much of its force and value because the hideous careers and the particular phase of crime from which it is drawn may now be regarded as of the past.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Dog Oil and Cats' Skins.

"We skins the horses and the dogs. Sometimes we skins the cats. Then we bile 'em all up together and make that and these here out of 'em." The speaker was bloody from neck to boots, and the "that and these here" were two piles of black stuff, the odor from which was somewhat off color. The place was one of the four or five carrion-rendering establishments which dot the river banks a quarter of a mile below Bridesburg. The cats and dogs referred to were the twenty or thirty barrels of these animals received each week from the city dog-pound and the "cat home" on Lombard street, below Thirteenth. Here also are taken all the dead carrion which can be begged or purchased in the city. In the darkest hours of night great covered wagons make their mysterious way through the byways of Philadelphia. These lumbering vehicles are large enough to carry two dead horses, and no matter how long the carrion they may find has been dead, if it will hold together it is gathered up and the wagons' march resumed until their rounds have been completed, and they dump their repulsive loads at the establishments on the river bank.

"Sometimes," said the man in charge, "we gets a big supply in the way of a fire. After the Knickerbocker Ice Company's fire we had all we could do for some time. In the ordinary run we gets here about thirty horses and mules and twenty barrels of dead cats and dogs every week. What do we do with 'em? Well, you see, they goes three or four ways. We cuts 'em up, bones and all, and tosses 'em into that big biler over yonder. When that has biled away for twenty-four or more hours we get out the bones and they go to the boneyard to make phosphate. We press the oil out on the balance, and that goes mostly to make lubrication [lubricating] oil or to soap-makers. The other stuff is put in the sun and dried, and we make phosphate out of it ourselves."

The skins, the men said, were sold to the tanners. In the winter and early summer the cats are skinned and the hide is used in the lining of winter circulars for ladies. Two curious uses are, however, frequently made of the dogs. Their fat is carefully taken off and manufactured into "dog oil," which among superstitious persons, especially the colored people, possesses almost miraculous virtue in the cure of various diseases, but chiefly of rheumatism. In all localities where the colored population is large this oil is for sale, and always sells for a good price. It is also in demand for consumptives. Very frequently people who have been pronounced incurable go to the establishment and beg the people there to sell them some of the oil obtained from the dog fat. Occasionally persons will bring dogs which they have killed themselves and have the oil manufactured from them.

Some of the rendering establishments along the river do an enormous business, receiving their supplies not only from the city but from abroad by the car load. Some of them use the intestines and refuse matter from the slaughter-house and abattoirs.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Mrs. Alice A. Flavell, of New York City, brings unique reasons for a divorce from her husband. He compelled her to bake pies, and to get up in the dead of night to play on the piano and sing for the entertainment of his maudlin friends. The pie business would indicate insanity on the [illegible] part.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

—The proboscis of the bee must be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is now held by scientific men that a dead branch exhausts the vitality of the tree as much as though alive. The dead canes on raspberry bushes would appear to affect them in like manner. Bushes not cleared of old canes produce small, defective, crumbling specimens.

—The longest-lived tree is to be obtained by planting seeds where the tree is to grow and grafting it there without ever removing it, but it will be too long coming into bearing; this with apples and pears, but with the peach it is the way to insure the greatest possible hardiness with any given variety.—*Ohio Farmer.*

—Beans are not eaten whole by any kind of stock excepting sheep. But, by grinding and mixing with corn or oatmeal, beans unfit for sale may be profitably fed to cattle, horses and pigs. They are very strong food, and as stock become used to them the proportion of bean-meal may be increased.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Candied Fruits. Boil peaches, plums, pears, apricots, or almost any fruit, dressed in a thick syrup, made with a tea-cupful of water to each pound of sugar, until tender—no longer. Let them remain two days in the sirup; then take them out, drain them, and sprinkle sugar over each separately. Dry them slowly in the sun, or in an oven not too warm.—*N. Y. Times.*

—It is a common thing for farmers to burn a pile of brush spring and fall. Instead of burning suppose you try it as a mulch for fruit trees. It would benefit any kind of tree, but would not be ornamental on a lawn. Spread it in a ring extending from within two feet of the trunk to several feet beyond the most outspreading branches. In a dry season it retains moisture, and as it rots fertilizes the ground.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Hon. Rufus Prince, President of the Main State Agricultural Society, writes the Maine *Farmer*: "I am no horse doctor, but I will give you a very simple but effective cure for 'scratches' given me by one that had had the care of horses for a long time and which has never failed with him. It is this: Wind a woolen rag around the horse's ankle and fasten it on and let it be until it wears off. No matter if you drive your horse in the mud, do not take off the rag, and before you think of it the scratches will be cured."

—A favorite way to cook potatoes now is to boil them in their jackets until they are tender, and then dry them off in a hot oven. Sweet potatoes are excellent also cooked in this way. Of course care must be taken to remove the potatoes from the boiling water as soon as they are tender. There is no vegetable that gains more by being prepared with due attention than the potato, and the difference between a soggy, water-soaked potato and one that is properly cooked is greater than many women seem to know.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Potato Rot.

The rotting of the potatoes is caused by a microscopic fungus, *Peronospora infestans*, which infests the potato plant. By fungus is understood a plant of a very low order, the more familiar members of which are the toadstools, mushrooms, mildews, and moulds. Some of the fungi live only on decaying organic matter, and are comparatively harmless; in fact, are often helpful in hastening decay and preparing substances for future usefulness. Other species of fungi are parasitic, growing upon living things. The bread mould is a familiar illustration of a small fungus which feeds upon dead matter, while the potato rot fungus is an equally striking example of one thriving upon a living plant. The mildew of the grape, which has caused great damage in many vineyards, is a close relative of the potato rot. They both belong to the same genus (*Peronospora*), a genus which contains a large number of species, and all are destructive to the host plants.

The potato rot fungus consists of long filaments or threads, which grow through the substance of the potato plant, and rob it of juices and induce a rapid decay. The fungus usually makes its first appearance upon the under side of the leaves as frost-like patches, soon causing the foliage to curl and turn brown. This frost-like appearance is due to a multitude of spores which have formed upon the ends of fungus threads protruding from the breathing pores of the leaf. There are many thousand stomata or breathing pores to the square inch, and a dozen or more threads may come out at each opening. Each of these threads forms branches, and each branch bears a spore. This helps to give an idea of the vast number of spores formed upon a single affected leaf. These spores germinate quickly and in a peculiar manner—each spore giving rise to several smaller spores provided with hair-like appendages (*cilia*) by means of which they move quickly around. This is a most admirable provision for the rapid and perfect spreading of the disease when it has once "struck" a potato field.

After the foliage has become affected the disease passes into the stems and down to the tubers, when the most destructive work is done. The farmer should be on the watch for this fatal pest of his potato field. Like most fungi this Peronospora thrives best in warm, rainy or "muggy" weather. In one of the recent press reports it was stated that the decay was caused by the wet weather which has prevailed in many parts of the country. The weather was only a favoring condition for the rot plant, as much so as the rains are aids to the profitable development of the various field crops.

It has been shown that disease is first seen upon the leaves. When the foliage begins to curl and turn brown, the potatoes should be dug at once, and in this way prevent the fungus from reaching the tubers. The potatoes should then be placed in a cool dry place—the conditions least favorable for the further growth of the fungus should it be present. All affected tubers should be thrown out and gathered with the vines and burned. This destroys multitudes of spores which might otherwise live through the winter and be ready to propagate the rot the following season.

There has been a great deal said about "rot-proof" varieties of potatoes, but they do not exist. Some sorts are more susceptible than others, probably from constitutional weakness. Many prizes have been offered in England for the finding of the best sorts to withstand the attacks of the rot fungus, but without any satisfactory results. Knowing that this disease is caused by a parasitic fungus, the rapid developement of which is favored by moist, warm weather, there is little hope of finding a variety of potatoes so abnormal as to be "rot-proof."—*Scientific American.*

Substitute for Gutta-percha.

A perfect substitute for gutta-percha, which claims to be far cheaper than that useful material, has been patented by a German chemist. The process of manufacture may be briefly described as follows: Powdered gum-copal and sulphur are mixed with about double their bulk of oil of turpentine or petroleum, and are well heated and thoroughly stirred. After being allowed to cool to a certain temperature, the mass has added to it casein in weak ammonia. Once more it is heated to its former temperature, and is then boiled in a solution of nut-gall or catechu. After some hours' boiling, the product is cooled, washed in cold water, kneaded in hot water, rolled out, and finally dried. If, as stated, the manufactured article cannot be detected from real gutta-percha, and will answer the same purposes, it will have wide application, if only for the insulation of electric wires and cables, and for the making of golf balls.—*Chambers Journal.*

The Champion Kicker.

The mule, which has so long held the palm as the champion kicker of the world, will soon have to take a back seat. The ostrich is now coming to the front as the champion at a 2:10 gait, and is liable to make a record which will not be beaten by mule or ant. As it is necessary when plucking an ostrich to keep a covering over the head of the bird in order to blind him, a doctor, who had charge of an ostrich farm at Anaheim, Cal., tried to perform the work with a stocking, and was getting along finely when he happened to move the aforesaid stocking from the bird's eyes. He saw his blunder and went head first out of the pen, leaving the plume to be carried off by some other knight-errant. As he tumbled over the fence the coming kicker let fly a kick, but instead of hitting the fortunate doctor, struck a fence-board, making tooth-picks of a valuable panel length.

The Monotonous Roar.

She had a little boy with her as she sat down in the street car beside a lady acquaintance, and drawled out:

"Oh, you don't know how glad I am to get home again. We were away seven weeks."

"So long as that!"

"Yes, indeed. You don't know how monotonous the roar of the sea becomes after a week or two."

"I've heard so."

"Ma, what sea are you talking about?" suddenly put in the boy.

"Hush, child."

"But Uncle George lives up in the woods in Isabella County, and it was all woods and mosquitoes and snakes, and such old beds and poor living that you cried to come home. Is that the kind of a roar you heard?"

The other lady was awful good. She looked out of the car window and began to talk about the weather.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Long Time Between Smokes.

Nearly forty years ago, E. D. Baker, a New York State editor, with a company of friends, spent a day on an island in Lake George, in fishing and other sports. After they had satisfied their appetite for fishing they indulged in a song and story, ending with a smoke. The newspaper man, before retiring for the night, laid his pipe in the hollow of a tree near the ground, and forgetting about the circumstance, came away the next morning without his faithful friend. About ten years ago, as the editor was passing the spot on a boat, the incident above related flashed on his memory, and he said to a companion: "I'll go ashore and get my pipe." The pipe was found in the same identical place where he had left it twenty years before. He filled his pipe, took a smoke, and returned it again to its resting place. The other day the place was again visited and the pipe found in good order.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—Birmingham, Ala., known as the Magic City, has had a growth not less remarkable than that of some of the famous Western towns. In 1873 it was a ragged village of 2,500 inhabitants. In that year it was nearly depopulated by a cholera epidemic. An era of railroad building set in the State, and the intersection of two lines there brought Birmingham's population up to 4,000 in 1880. A census just completed gives the city in 1883 11,348 inhabitants. The assessed value of property has increased in three years from $3,000,000 to 8,300,000. The growth of the town is due to the development of the iron mines in the vicinity.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Mr. Moody's niece is as apt at Scripture illustration as her famous uncle. The little tot has an older sister who has a very fine doll, which is not for general use in the nursery. On one occasion the little one secured it and was busily teaching it geography, when, hearing steps on the stairs, she fled to the bed and, standing in the center, hugged closely the prize and shouted out to the incomer: "If God be for me, who can be against me?"—*Chicago News.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, October 12, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$1 75	@ 2 75
Choice butchers	4 00	@ 4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@ 4 50
Good packers	4 50	@ 4 90
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 07	@
No. 2 red	1 04	@ 1 05
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	29½	@ 30
Rye—No. 2	56½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@ 11 75
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 25	@ 11 50
Lard—Current make	7.40	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@ 18
Prime Creamery	20	@ 23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 35	@ 3 65
Good to choice	4 40	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 02½	@
No. 2 red	1 08½	@ 1 09
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	59	@
Oats—mixed	32	@ 35
PORK—Mess	11 62	@ 11 65
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 00½	@
Corn—No. 2	48½	@
Oats—No. 2	27½	@ 27¾
Rye	51	@
PORK—Mess	10 75	@ 11 00
LARD—Steam	7-85	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 05¼	@ 1 05⅜
Corn—mixed	58½	@
Oats—mixed	34½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 00	@
Lard—Refined	10½	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 00	@
Corn—mixed	49	@
Oats—mixed	29	@ 30
PORK—MESS	12 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 01	@
CORN—mixed	47½	@
OATS—mixed	27	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	3 75	@
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

A Miraculous Plant.

The discovery of a plant of great therapeutic virtue is said to have been made at Tonquin. The bark of this plant, it appears, is even "more medicinal than that moly that Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave," as it not only cures hydrophobia, but leprosy and the bite of reptiles. Wherever it has been applied in cases of the above mentioned diseases, the cure has been almost immediate, but, on the other hand, it has proved a violent poison in cases where it was not applicable. The healing virtues of the Hoanghan, as the plant is called in the Anamite language, were until a short time ago only known to a single native family. But after they were converted to Christianity the secret was communicated to the French. The plant and its miraculous qualities are described at length in a work by M. Lesserteur, formerly a missionary in Tonquin, and now Director of Foreign Missions at Paris.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—In Boston: "Ma, I really think I shall marry Mr. Perkins." "Well, my dear, if you must, you must, I suppose." "I can't see, ma, why you should object. Mr. Perkins is rich, he is actually a narobert, ma." "A what, my dear?" "A narobert, ma; you wouldn't have me make use of that vulgar word nabob, would you, ma?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Rescued From Agonizing Death.

NEW YORK.—Mr. James White, 1552 Broadway, formerly chief instructor in Dickel's Riding School, in this city, said to a newspaper reporter: "I broke my shoulder, arm and elbow, splitting the socket in four parts. Rheumatism set in and I employed the best physician. He tried everything, but I grew worse, and at last he said: 'I have one more thing to try and if that fails nothing can give you relief, and that is St. Jacobs Oil.' I used this great pain-reliever, and am able to use my arm, free from all rheumatic trouble. I have also recommended the remedy to a number of people, and in every case they have been speedily and effectually cured."

KEELY says his motor can not make its trial trip this winter because of a miscalculation in the "chromatic scales of the vibrator."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOME-BOUND—The bed-ridden patient.—*N. Y. News.*

ONLY TWO BOTTLES.—Messrs. Johnston, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both the officers and the wife of a well-known U. S. A. General had been cured of catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm.

A STRING BAND—A lynching party.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The Weaker Sex

Are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

A TENOR singer can always secure a hell easier than a basso, because he can go higher.

YOUNG and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WAGON tracks are the royal road, for are they not prints of tire?—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE.

Seth Green's Ideas About the Finny Tribe and Some of His Varied Experiences.

[Turf, Field and Farm.]

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent. of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia, where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the State Fish Hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year, and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish, and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. It has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermilion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great, and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the man of news watched the countenance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Secrates, and covered with a white, silky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that State and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease, was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to-day and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States Medical College of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more: How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 43 ponds, which are divided up as follows: Twenty-two ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of Carp. Then we have what we call the Centennial pond or 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of the fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world, all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

AN invaluable strengthener for the nerves, muscles and digestive organs, producing strength and appetite, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

HALF a loaf is, no doubt, better than none, but a newspaper man never gets a chance to loaf at all.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

FLORENCE, GA.—Dr. W. B. Prather says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has given satisfaction in every instance I have known it used."

THE prominent man in the city is the street sweeper. He fills the public eye.—*The Judge.*

REV. W. B. SMITH, Grafton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for a low state of blood."

THE dude proper parts his hair, his watch-chain and his name in the middle.—*Philadelphia News.*

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

REDDING'S Russia Salve, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25cts.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) has cured me of hereditary Scrofula of the worst type. The medicine is more than you claim for it, and I hope any who doubt will write to me. E. C. HAWES, JR., Clarksville, Ga.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

I USED Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for a bad case of Blood Poison from Malaria, and am satisfied that it saved my life, as I was given up to die. C. G. SPENCER, Sup't Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

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STRAIGHTEN old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

FOR burns, scalds, bruises, chapped hands, sores or piles, use St. Patrick's Salve.

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(1)

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Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica

Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

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when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use.

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$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

A WOMAN'S AFFAIR.

MRS. N. H. SMALL, the wife of the popular Deputy Sheriff and Assessor of Topsham, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883: "That she had been severely afflicted during several years with kidney and liver disease, accompanied with severe pains and backache. Having tried many so-called cures, and medicines, and doctor's prescriptions, without receiving any benefit, and while seeking for a cure, she noticed the advertisement of Hunt's Remedy and decided to try it. Having bought a bottle at Mr. Johnson's drug store, commenced using it with such flattering results that she continued its use, and after using only five bottles the improvement in her health is so marked that she wishes all who are afflicted in like manner to know of this most valuable and reliable medicine; and she most cheerfully recommends Hunt's Remedy to all, and especially to females who are troubled with the complaints peculiar to the sex."

A FAMILY BLESSING.

Under date of May 10, 1883, we have received the following information from Mr. Lorenzo Lombard, of 18 Chase street, Portland, Me. Mr. Lombard says: "For several years past I have been troubled with severe backache and pains in the side, and when I would lie down I could not rest well, as it seemed impossible for me to get into an easy position; and my aches and pains increased constantly to such an extent that I became convinced that I had a disease of the kidneys fastened to me, and after having used doctors' prescriptions and many of the so-called cures without getting any benefit, I was persuaded by a near neighbor, Mr. Jones, to try Hunt's Remedy, as himself and wife had been greatly benefited by its use, and many others of our acquaintances spoke of its merits in the highest terms. I decided to try it, and purchased a bottle at Nichol's drug store, and as soon as I had taken a few doses of it the pains in my back were relieved, and after taking three bottles my sideache and lame back are cured, and I can truly testify that Hunt's Remedy is an article of great merit, and will do all that is claimed for it, and I know of many other people in Portland who have found a cure in Hunt's Remedy after all others failed to do any good, and I recommend it to all who have kidney or liver disease, hoping that this may be the means of relieving some sufferer who does not know of its merits of Hunt's Remedy."

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In chronic dyspepsia and liver complaint, and in chronic constipation and other obstinate diseases Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken. As a means of restoring the strength and vital energy of persons who are sinking under the debilitating effects of painful disorders, this standard vegetable invigorant is confessedly unequaled. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

$60 5-TON

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Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!"

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Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

"Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver disease or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

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"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

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From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism,

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

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Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

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INHERITED IT.—My family all have Scrofula—some mildly, but my case was of the worst type, and resisted all treatment until I used Swift's Specific, which cured me sound and well by forcing all the poison out through the pores of the skin. It is the greatest medicine in the world, and I hope any who doubt will write me here.

E. C. HAWES, JR., Clarksville, Ga.

After suffering twenty-five years with a painful Dry Tetter, and trying many physicians, I was at last relieved by the use of Swift's Specific, and I cheerfully commend it to all similarly afflicted.

REV. L. B. BRANHAM, Macon, Ga.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Point the Third.—BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is made by the Brown Chemical Company of Baltimore, a long-established house, whose reputation is well-known to the business world and the general community. There is no risk in buying such a medicine. 6

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New Illustrated Catalogue, (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883-4, including many new styles; best assortment of the best and most attractive organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, $22 to $600, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.

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A. N. K.—E. 947

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME VIII. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1883. NUMBER 52.

CONSTANCY.

HE SAID:

And leaned as he spoke on the pasture bars,
That he vowed by the heavens blue—
By the silvery moon and the shining stars—
To ever prove teal and true.

"Men change, 'tis true," he said, "but oh!
Believe me, my own true love,
Affection like mine, as time will show,
Has a strength that no power can move."

SHE SAID:

"No fear or doubts, beloved, have I,
For deep in this heart of mine
Is a love that will never dim or die,
But will last for aye—like thine!"

He gave her a ring and a fond caress,
While her tears like a torrent fell;
As with falt'ring words and in sore distress,
He bade her a long farewell.

But the man in the moon, who had oft viewed
Such tender scenes, I ween,
Winked knowingly then, as the lovers stoo
Beneath, in the silvery sheen.

* * * * * * *

Two summers with blossom and bug w gone,
Two winters with frost and snow;
And again the man in the moon looked do
On the whirling world below.

And what did he see? Why, the lover had w
A widow with wealth galore,
While the maiden had wedded, that v morn,
The clerk of a dry-goods store.

Quoth the man in the moon: "It's exa now
As it was when the world began,
No weaker thing than a woman's vow,
Excepting the vows of a man."

These things have given the man in the m
Such cynical views of life
That this is the reason he lives alone,
And never has taken a wife.

—*P. H. Converse, in Philadelphia Ca*

THE MOQUI SNAKE DANCE.

A Legend and Solemn Religious Ceremo of the Moqui Indians of Arizona.

THE LEGEND.

In the country of Tusayan, an anci province of Northern Arizona, th lived a people—the remote ancestors the present Moquis. An enterpris youth of this people, desiring to cover the sources of rain, constructe raft and ascended a great river u the banks and cliffs seemed to ro the heavens. The youth was kin received by the people of that regi and he married a wife and remai there several years. After this he turned to his own country, accompan by his wife. His own people were joiced to see him and gave his wi most flattering reception and kin treatment. This kindness aroused jealousy of the Moqui maidens caused her to be an object of envy persecution among them. The kept her troubles to herself, but, the course of time, gave birth t great serpent which made war on tribe as enemies of his mother, drove them into another region country, where he met another ser which killed him. The victorious pent welcomed the fugitive peopl his own country and bade them ren in it. They did so and that is present country and people know the Moqui-Pueblos, and this leg gave rise to

THE SNAKE DANCE.

This dance was instituted and is potuated in honor of the serpent teotor of the tribe, and to insu supply of rain. At first the s dance was solemnized every This caused too much rain, and country was inundated with fl Afterwards the dance was solem once in seven years. The co was then afflicted with drought famine. The rule now is to per the snake dance once in two y This is supposed to induce the pr amount of rain. Among these pe the snake is looked upon as the sacred object in existence, and, o account must a snake of any so killed or injured.

Some ten years ago Major J Powell, of the Colorado exploring pedition spent a winter at Wolpi of the principal Moqui towns, bu had no opportunity to witness snake dance, though he made language and religion of the p special subjects of study. And thought that not more than ten dozen white men now living have nessed this dangerous and solemn mony.

The last biennial snake dance o Moquis took place in the town of W during the month of July the pr summer, and was witnessed by eight white men, among whom Professor W. B. Powell, broth Major J. W. Powell, who made a of ninety miles and return, on back, in order to witness this d interesting ceremony. During Powell's visit in Junction City week we listened to a verbal descri of the dance, and the tradition o objects and origin, which are sub tially as here stated.

Eight days prior to the dance spent in preparations, collecting s and in secret ceremonies in the " fas," or lodge rooms. Two days to the dance were spent in strict fa by the dancers. When the day ar there had been collected about one dred and fifty snakes. About t fourths of them were rattlesnakes. snakes were kept in a "snake sha a place of confinement adjoining dance ground, shaded from the The door of the snake shade was c with a long curtain, the lower en which rested upon the ground. T were about fifty-six dancers, men boys. When the ceremonies menced the dancers made five ro dancing to the time of a solemn c while the priests and their assis sprinkled them with sacred and holy water. At the of the first series of rounds dancers divided into two compa The company which was to form the active and dangerous consisted of twenty-eight men, ra in the form of fourteen couples. dance was then resumed by these teen couples only, while the other pany stood in an assigned positi After a given number of rounds, to the same monotonous chant, great solemnity pictured on every the left hand man of one pair o dancers disappeared behind the cu into the snake shade. When he eme he had a snake crosswise in his m with the tail toward the left and head toward the right hand man. dance was, all this time, kept up in most continuous, solemn and ca manner; and it was the business of

ght hand man, with a small wand in the right hand and his left hand resting on the neck of his partner, by close attention and quick motions and gesticulations to engage the attention of the snake, and prevent it from doing injury. Then the left hand man of another couple disappeared into the snake shade, and in due time emerged as his predecessor had done, with a snake in his mouth as above described. This process was kept up until the left hand men of the entire fourteen couples were dancing around the circle with one snake each in their mouths. Then the left hand man of the first couple again disappeared into the snake shade and emerged as before; but this time he had two snakes in his mouth, and this process was continued until the left hand men of the entire fourteen couples were dancing around the circle with two snakes each in their mouths. There was now some danger of snakes being dropped and escaping. This was closely watched and the fallen snakes, if any, were immediately captured by the priests and assistants and restored to the men who dropped them, or to one of the dancers in the company that was standing idle. When the left hand men had each acquired two snakes, then the disappearance into the snake shade began again and was continued as before until each left hand man of the fourteen couples had acquired a third snake. Then the excitement and solemnity was intense and earnest, and the dropping of snakes more frequent. The snakes were then unloaded into a consecrated circle drawn on the ground. The space of this circle was divided into four quarters by two marks drawn across it through the center at right angles to each other, and this circle was carefully sprinkled with sacred meal and holy water. The same processes of dancing, disappearances, reappearances, etc., were continued until all the snakes were removed from the snake shade and deposited in the consecrated circle. The snakes were then all gathered up by the dancers and the priests and their assistants, and carefully, but in great haste, carried down the declivity of the mesa into the surrounding valleys, and deposited unharmed in their former homes. The dancers then hurried back into the village and retired into the estufas, or lodge rooms, where they were caused to vomit and were anointed by the priests in the most solemn manner. This done, waiters and assistants appeared with soups, and afterward with other food, and the snake dance ended with a feast. Many of the dancers had been bitten, some of them dangerously, but death seldom occurs. The Moquis claim that, to them, the snake is holy and not poisonous, but two years ago one death resulted from the bites.

We have in the *Tribune* office a large photo of the village of Wolpi, taken by the J. W. Powell exploring party some years ago. It shows the east side of the town and mesa, with the sheep and goat corrals near the top of the declivity, and the flat dancing floor on the summit of the broad, flat rock on which the village stands. In this photo Prof. Powell is able to distinguish the tall standing rock around which the dance occurred, and from this he is able to locate the position of the snake shade, the spectators and other points of interest. We think this short, imperfect sketch may prove intelligible, and, perhaps, interesting to our readers, and we will add that we have succeeded in obtaining a promise from Prof. Powell, that, when he reaches home and procures from his trunk the copious notes taken by him on the occasion, he will prepare for one of the monthly magazines a full and detailed account of this dangerous and solemn snake dance of the Rattlesnake Moquis. This dance is properly reckoned the most thrilling and wonderful aboriginal ceremony which is now known to be practiced. After making all due allowances for the skill in management by hands that have been accustomed to snake training and snake handling for twenty generations or more, for the soothing, stupefying and healing qualities which, probably, are possessed by the secret (sacred?) ointments, meal and water which are freely used on the dancers and the snakes, the fact still remains that to the Moqui snake dance attaches an interest and wonderful mystery seldom equaled among the religious ceremonies of men. As a single example of the power of skill and judgment, we understand that a skilled snake handler will never touch a rattlesnake when coiled up. The coil is the striking and biting position. With a stick, or otherwise, quietly and gently straighten out the snake, and it then may be grasped with impunity. Other points of management well known to experienced men are, doubtless, equally important; yet, after all allowances are made, this wonderful, dangerous ceremony is capable of staggering the credulity of most men who have not witnessed it, and exciting the profoundest wonder in the minds of those who have.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The Moquis are a tribe of Pueblo, or town building Indians, whose manners and customs remain unchanged, or nearly so, by contact with Europeans. It is supposed that they were visited by the Spaniards about the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and in this way they probably acquired donkeys, sheep and goats; or, these animals may have been acquired subsequently through the Zunis and other Indians who were visited by the Spaniards. But the Moquis appear to have been so inaccessible on the remote and elevated mesas, and so poor that they did not tempt the cupidity of the conquering Spaniards; and they now, probably, exhibit very fair examples of aboriginal life and character which reaches back into the ages prior to the discovery of America. At one time the Franciscan monks attempted to establish missions among them, but in 1680 the Moquis killed or expelled the missionaries. In 1748 another attempt was made by the Franciscans to establish missions, but with only local and temporary success. In 1723 the Viceroy of Mexico attempted to conquer the Moquis, but failed. At times they have suffered much from the attacks of the Apaches and Navajos. They are formed into a number of small tribes or families, with one supreme chief. They are strictly an agricultural people, raising grain, vegetables, fruits and cotton. They also have donkeys, sheep, and goats. They live in seven towns, located on mesas, or bluffs, from two hundred to seven hundred feet above the adjacent valleys. Their houses are of adobe brick or stone laid in mortar, several stories high, in terraces. The roofs are of poles, rushes and clay. The floors are of earth, sometimes covered with rushes. The Moquis knit, weave and spin their native wools and cotton and trade a portion of the products with other tribes. The men wear blankets with leggings of dressed skins. The women wear shawls and other garments made of cotton and wool.

When the country first passed into the jurisdiction of the United States the Moquis numbered about 8,000 persons; but, in 1855-6 they were almost destroyed by small-pox. Their total number now is about 1,600, distributed in seven villages. Three villages were represented in the snake dance witnessed by Prof. Powell. These villages were, probably, all that contained families of the Rattlesnake tribe. Other tribes are known as Deer, Water, Sand, Prairie Wolf, Tobacco and other names; but all are under one chief. The Moquis resemble the Zunis in many respects.—*Junction City Tribune.*

Settled by Wire.

A lady entered the office of a law firm on Montague street and consulted Mr. P., the junior partner, as to how she should act in a difficulty. She had rented part of her house to Mr. W., who had cleared out, owing her $200 for rent. He had removed with the intention of going to Bridgeport, and his furniture was on the way to the boat, which was to leave shortly for the Connecticut town. Mr. P. immediately prepared the necessary papers and got an attachment. A clerk was dispatched to New York with directions to put the attachment in the hands of the Sheriff at once and to search the river front for the furniture. The lady departed, and Mr. P. awaited developments. An hour later Mr. W. entered the lawyer's office. He wore a nonchalant air. He carried his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth.

"I understand," said he to Mr. P., "that you are trying to seize my property."

"You are the man, I suppose," Mr. P. answered, "who hired Mrs. Blank's house and quitted without paying the rent, and are removing your furniture to Connecticut?"

"That's about the size of it," Mr. W. said, "and I thought I would just step in and ask whether you had got my property yet?" Then he laughed gaily, as one who had made a pleasant joke. At that moment there came a ring at the telephone. Mr. P. jumped up and responded with the usual "Hello."

"Who's that?" came back. "I—P.," was the answer, Mr. P. recognizing the voice of his clerk who had gone over the river with the attachment.

"We've hunted everywhere," came through the telephone, "and can't find the furniture."

Mr. P. turned to Mr. W. and said: "What are you going to do about it?"

"In the first place," Mr. W. replied, "I want to know whether you've got my furniture—ha, ha!"

"Tell the Sheriff," said Mr. P., with his lips to the telephone, "to take the furniture off the boat and put it in a storehouse."

"Hold, there," Mr. W. exclaimed, his tone of jubilant banter changed to one of genuine alarm; "I don't want the furniture taken off the boat."

"Well, what shall we do?" Mr. P. said; "you hear my orders?"

The telephone bell rang violently. Mr. P. put his ear to the funnel and heard these words delivered with great distinctness and emphasis: "I-tell-you-we-haven't-got-the-furniture-we-can't-find-it."

"I don't care if the sheriff's fees are $50," Mr. P. shouted in return through the instrument; "the defendant has to foot the bill. Store the furniture at once."

"Look here, Mr. P.," the defendant said in a tone of supplication, "what's the best I can do?"

The bell rang again furiously. Mr. P. put his ear to the tube and the speaker said in tones which Mr. P. recognized as those of a clerk in the sheriff's office: "Blank, blank you, what do you mean? Are you crazy? Don't you hear? We haven't got the bank, blank furniture, and we don't know where it is."

"Just so," replied Mr. P. "Do the best you can, and damage it as little as possible. The defendant will have to stand the expenses."

"Now don't be severe," Mr. W. said, almost in despair; "tell me what you demand."

"Pay the full amount due," replied Mr. P., "and we'll throw off the costs and expenses."

The bell rang again with louder tones than before. Mr. P. listened. The voice that last answered said: "I'll be blank blanked if I ever came across such stupidity. Hold on and I'll spell it out to you."

And then carefully, letter by letter, the voice spelled out: "We haven't been able to find the furniture."

The defendant by this time had got out his pocket book and was counting out the bills. When he had paid the $200 Mr. P. went to the telephone and called up the sheriff's office once more.

"Now then, stupid, what's the matter?" was the reply. "Give the sheriff directions to let the furniture go," Mr. P. said.

Then he sat down and wrote a receipt. The bell went off again like mad. Mr. P. cooly placed his mouth to the telephone and said: "Say, tell the sheriff to let the furniture go and send on his bill for his fees."

Then Mr. P., with a smile on his face, listened for a reply. "Blank blank you, you thick-headed ass," came over the wires into Mr. P.'s ear "we haven't got the property."

Then Mr. W. quitted the office. Mr. P. rang up the sheriff's, and received a complimentary reply. Then it was Mr. P.'s turn. "While you were bellowing over the wires," he said, "the defendant was by my side, and I had to make the proper answers to bring him to terms. Anything stupid or like an ass in that? Send over your bill, the suit's settled."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Religious.

HE CARETH.

"Oh! ye of little faith!"
Dear Lord, I know it: little faith have I—
Thy lilies of the field are clothed with care
In garments of a far more glorious dye
Than even kingly Solomon might wear.
"Consider these, my lilies,"
My Lord has said to me,
"Though they take no thought for clothing,
They are clothed most royally."

"Oh! ye of little faith!"
Dear Lord, I know it; shalt not Thou, *my King,*
Thou who hast clothed Thy lilies, care for me?
If one small flower hath need of no good thing,
What can Thy children ask too great for Thee?
Thou clothest well Thy lilies—
Thou hast laid Thy glory down,
To lead me to Thy Kingdom—
To win for me a crown.

"Oh! ye of little faith!"
Dear Lord, I know it; trembling faith and small,
Though frail they are, and worthless to our mind,
Thou feed'st Thy little sparrows when they call;
They never doubt or count Thee as unkind.
"Behold these little sparrows!"
My Lord has said to me,
"Though they have no barn or storehouse,
They are fed abundantly."

"Oh! ye of little faith!"
Dear Lord, I know it; shalt not Thou, my God—
Thou who dost feed Thy sparrows, give me food?
If one small bird may range the world abroad,
Wilt Thou deny me any needful good?
Thou feedest well Thy sparrows—
Thou hast left Thy Father's side
That I might share Thy glory,
And my soul be purified.

"Oh! ye of little faith!"
Dear Lord, I know it; if with royal hand
Thine Heavenly Father feedeth such as these,
He knoweth surely all *our* needs, who stand
And wait upon His bounty with our pleas.
Our Heavenly Father knoweth
Our longings and our care,
And His ear is ever ready
To hear the weakest prayer.

"Oh! ye of little faith!"
Dear Saviour, if the Father spared not Thee,
But gave Thee freely for the life of all
His well-beloved—shall not this love-gift be
A covenant for all things great and small?
If Thou hast given, oh! Father—
The greatest Gift and best—
Shall we not like little children
Trust Thee wholly for the rest?

—*N. Y. Observer.*

Was Thaddeus Stevens a Skeptic.

The following incidents will show that the claim of Thadeus Stevens as a skeptic is of very doubtful propriety. In the year 1829 the Pennsylvania Bible Society, through her auxiliaries, resolved to explore and supply the destitute families of the State with copies of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Stevens at that time resided in Gettysburg. Meeting a student one day in the street, he said to him: "Young man, are you a student?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what are you going to do during vacation?" "I don't know; perhaps will visit York, my old home." "Would you like to have a job whereby you could earn something?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, I have a job for you." "What is it?" "Why, the Bible Society has resolved to have this county visited and have all the destitute families supplied with Bibles, and I have promised to have one township explored and supplied, and if you will undertake it I will furnish you a horse and pay you a dollar a day." "Well," I replied, "I will." So in a day or two I got Stevens' horse and borrowed a pair of saddle-bags and started out on my mission. When I was about to start Stevens gave me five dollars as a donation to begin with. I explored the township west of the college and Stevens footed the bill.

Some months previous to Mr. Stevens' death it was reported that he was very sick, likely to die. Rev. I. H. Torrence, being in Washington City, took occasion to call at the residence of Mr. Stevens on a Sunday afternoon. The housekeeper informed him that Mr. Stevens could not be seen, but, sending his card with a request to see Mr. Stevens if agreeable, he heard the voice of the old Commoner distinctly say: "Admit him; tell him to come up." On entering the room, after passing the courtesies of the day and remarking that it had been announced that Mr. Stevens was dead, he replied: "Yes; and I have no doubt but some people would be very glad if it were true; but I yet live." Mr. Torrence then remarked: "It is no idle-curiosity that has led me to make this call. I desire to communicate with you on the subject of religion. Anything you may say will be considered strictly confidential, if you desire it;" to which he replied: "I have nothing to conceal on that subject." I then asked him: "Should this sickness result in your decease, what shall we say about your belief in the Bible?" He raised himself up in bed, drew his mantle around him, adjusted his cap, and said: "The Bible? Take that away and there is nothing left." I then said: "What about the atonement?" To which he replied: "I don't know what effect the death of a man eighteen hundred years ago could have on me to-day." To which I replied: "Nor do I understand the mystery of redemption. But suppose it could be made out that redemption through Christ is a fact, what then?" He answered: "I should be compelled to believe it." "I propose, Mr. Stevens, to give you the opinion of a friend of yours, a member of your profession, a lawyer who, I think you will admit, was well circumstanced to understand the facts in the case." "To whom do you refer?" said Mr. Stevens. I replied: "St. Paul." "Ah," said he, "that's very ingenious. What does he say?" I referred him to the tenth chapter of Hebrews and tenth verse: "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." "This proves that the atonement is God's plan for saving the world. Whether we accept it or reject it, it is for us to determine." Mr. Stevens replied that if he were to say that he was a Christian he would consider himself an arrogant hypocrite, but remarked with a great deal of feeling, subdued tone and softened eye: "My old Baptist mother had it, and I believe in my mother." The interview was continued at considerable length as to what constituted a genuine Christian life and faith. Mr. Torrence placed his finger on the marble stand by the bedside and said: "This is a sensation which we call cold, which is the absence of heat. This is proven through the medium of the senses and may be considered a physical fact demonstrative through the nervous system, but there are other facts which do not partake of the nature of physical form that are equally true." Mr. Stevens replied: "What are they?" To which Mr. Torrence answered: "Twice two is four. This is purely intellectual and yet a veritable fact; so likewise is Christian faith. The fact of the atonement being settled, its acceptance becomes a matter of faith and therefore a truth." Butler's "Analogy of Religion" was referred to, the evidences of the truth and genuineness of the disciples as given by legal writers, to all which Mr. Stevens gave a ready assent to the force of the arguments. Mr. Stevens did not die from that attack of serious illness, but lived for months afterwards, and these incidents are given now illustrative of his general character.—*Irvin H. Torrence, in Philadelphia Times.*

Two Christians.

In no place, perhaps, do the small defects and virtues of men and women come to the light more distinctly than in the hotels and boarding-houses which are places of summer resort. The guests have left home to gain health, or to enjoy pleasure, and with this fixed purpose in view they are apt to show a selfishness and ill-manner which would be impossible to them in their own homes. On the contrary, nowhere are the gentleness, courtesy and sympathy of a religious man or woman more effective than in this mixed society of strangers. An example of this was offered last season in a summering-house on the Allegheny Mountains. A middle-aged, unmarried lady arrived one evening, who was reputed to be "Miss Blank, Home Missionary." Unasked, she said grace in a loud tone at the public table, and the same evening entered the parlor where some young people were arranging charades, and talked loudly against their "criminal folly," proposing a prayer-meeting instead. As she failed to touch or interest the girls, they giggled and behaved irreverently during the prayers that followed.

The next day she lectured the fishermen on their "cruelty," and whenever she could she took every prettily-dressed woman to task for her "wicked vanity," even denouncing the crochet-work with which two or three old ladies amused themselves, as a "sinful waste of time."

Of course Miss Blank became the bugbear of the whole house, and much of the ridicule which her grim face, and limp, untidy gown called forth fell on the Bible which she professd to love, and the hymns which she sang unceasingly in a loud key.

"If that is religion, Heaven forbid that I should ever accept it!" said a gay, pretty woman to whom she had talked for two hours.

A day or two later, a gentle, gray-haired old man came to the house without any introduction He was quiet and unobtrusive. There was no mistaking the simplicity and fine courtesy of a thoroughbred gentleman, but the distinguished trait in him was his quick sympathy with others. Before a week had passed the old people had confided their ailments to him, the girls consulted him as to the details of a picnic, the boys discovered him to be an authority on kites, boats and home-made telephones. Wherever he went the children and babies crowded about him.

When Sunday came, and the guests of the hotel repaired to the parlor to hear a sermon, what was their surprise to find that the quiet old man, whom they had already learned to love, was the famous Dr. ——, from New York, whose eloquence has not won so many souls to his Master's service as has his pure and noble life. If ever a sermon was listened to attentively, that sermon was. Its simply told and impressive truths will be remembered, and must always be associated with the genial, kindly man, who seemed to be the very embodiment of its spirit of "good-will" to men.

It is not enough that the light which God has given us should shine; it should *so* shine that it should guide the feet of others to Him—not drive them away.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gems of Thought.

—Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.—*Bradford.*

—Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe.*

—If We Only Knew.—

"And so, through this weary world we go,
Bearing a burden of needless woe,
Carrying hearts that are heavy and slow
Under their load of care;
When, O! if we only, only knew,
That God is tender, and strong, and true,
And that He loves us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air!"

—As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth, and is hailed of all; so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire; and, like the sun, you will be loved.—*Epictetus.*

—Cloudy days are many; bright days are few. We must catch each ray of sunlight as it comes. The clouds gather, and as they roll they hide the distant shores from our sight. The clouds that hide our future never lift. Blessed shadow! Who would wish to see one step along the way? An unseen Hand will guide us safely to the other side if we take firm hold and cast our care on Him. It is better to trust than to see. —*Exchange.*

—In every land of earth and in every age of the world, every man who has become unfolded into pre-eminent manhood has passed through the noble ordeal of self-sacrifice. He has renounced his own individual preferences in the interest of universal principles. He has been just in reverence for justice, true for truth's sake, and manly for the sake of that magnificent manhood which is so royal in its full grandeur as to seem to partake of the very majesty of God. In short, the way up into that eminent domain of character where in eternal principles rule is a way of self-surrender for infinite good.—*A. M. Weeks.*

Our Young Folks.

A CATASTROPHE.

Once seven ancient ladies sat, serenely taking tea,
Each with cap and kerchief white, knitting on her knee;
Each with cup and saucer quaint, sipping with a smile,
Chatting, chatting, busily, cozily, the while.

To complete the picture, in front of each a cat,
Purring, drowsily content, plump and peaceful, sat.
Hark! a tiny, scratching noise! Each cat cocks her ear;
Each dame drops her teacup—holds her breath to hear.

Tempted by the silence, forth timid mousie stole
Softly out; but wished herself back within her hole.
Seven beasts with glaring eyes, tails erect in air!
Seven dames that, screaming, hop each upon her chair!

Spell-bound at the dreadful sight, trembling mousie stands;
Ancient ladies weep and moan, wringing of their hands;
Peaceful tabbies turn and flee, overcome with fear.
Of them all, which do you think was frightened most my dear?—*Golden Days.*

A LECTURE ON MANNERS.

When the audience in Barn Hall had taken their seats, Superintendent Dick arose and asked them to kindly excuse Lecturer John Spicer for lateness, as he was waiting to hear his cousin Nell describe one other kind of bad manners. Superintendent Dick said he believed that Lecturer Spicer had heard of either five or six kinds of bad manners, he was not sure which; and while the audience were waiting, he himself would tell them something he had heard his grandmother say about manners. His grandmother said that when her mother was a little girl, children in the country who were out-doors playing or walking, used to make bows and courtesies to people who were riding past. The boys made bows and the girls made courtesies. and doing this was called "making their manners." Superintendent Dick said that if the girls present did not know how to make a courtesy, he would show them; and then he bobbed down and up in a very funny way.

He then asked the audience to rise and make their manners, upon which they rose with much noise and quickness, and the boys made each one his own kind of a bow, and the girls each one her own kind of a courtesy, and the whole effect was so funny that Superintendent Dick could not help laughing, and neither could the boys and girls themselves. In the midst of the merriment Lecturer Spicer entered, and the audience seated themselves as quietly as they were able to. Lecturer Spicer then took his stand in front, and after making *his* manners, which is to say, his bow, he began as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, manner means way, and a manner is a way, and manners mean ways. The ways you do things are your manners. The ways you look, the ways you speak, the ways you act, the ways you move, the ways you eat, are your manners. What you do with your hat is a part of your manners. I do not mean hanging it up. I mean taking it off or keeping it on. Everybody has to have some kind of manners, because everybody has to have some kind of ways to do things. There are two kinds of manners; I will mention them. Good ones and bad ones. Your face looks better when you are having good manners than it looks when you are having bad ones. I have heard of six kinds of bad manners, and one more. I will mention them. Pig manners, one; Bear manners, two; Donkey manners, three; Post manners, four; Cock-a-doodle-doo manners, five; Cow-in-the-parlor manners, six.

First. Pig manners; and if you want to know what they are, go look in the pigs' pen when their dinner is being put into their trough. Every piggy hurries to get the most, and get the best. Every piggy looks out for itself, and does not care about the other ones. Children that have pig manners are the kind that want to be helped first at meal times, and want the best things for themselves, and the biggest pieces. They look out for themselves and do not care about other people getting anything good.

Second. Bear manners. Children that have bear manners are the kind that are gruff, and glum, and growly. They have cross-looking faces and sometimes stick their lips out, and snarl, and growl, and are most always a-grumbling and a-growling about something they want to do or they don't want to do. They talk in this way: "Find my hat!" "I want to go out!" "Open the door!" "I want something to eat!" and never think of a *please* or a *thank you,* and they get cross very often, and look cross.

Third. Donkey manners. Children that have donkey manners are the kind that want to do just what they want to and nothing else, no matter how much you may ask them and coax them. If you ask them to move, they stay still. If you ask them to stay still, they move. If you ask them to keep quiet, they make a noise. If you ask them to make a noise, they keep quiet. If you ask them to go of an errand, they say: "Don't want to!" or, "I ain't a-going to!" and the worst kind say: "I will!" and "I won't!" When they are playing, they never will do what the others want to, but only what they themselves want to.

Fourth. Post manners. Children that have post manners are the kind that do not answer when they are spoken to, any more than a post would. If a visitor says: "How do you do?" or; "Do you like to play tag?" or; "Do you like pictures?" or butterflies, or anything, they stand still as a post and do not speak; but may be if you should ask them if they liked candy, they would speak one word, and I guess it would be yes.

Fifth. Cock-a-doodle-doo manners. The children that have cock-a-doodle-doo manners are the kind that feel big and act so. When a rooster struts round among hens he acts as if he felt so big he did not know what to do, and sometimes he seems to feel so big that he has to get up on a fence and clap his wings, and crow, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Sometimes there'll be a lot of fellows playing, and a cock-a-doodle-doo fellow will come there, and he'll act as if he thought he knew more than all the rest, and thought he knew the right way to do everything better than everybody, and he'll give them the rules, and he'll strut round like a rooster, and in his house he does the same way to his mother and the other grown up ones, and ones that are not grown up. That kind of a fellow ought to stand up on the fence and clap his wings—no, I mean, his elbows—and crow, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! I know better than you!"

Sixth. Cow-in-the-parlor manners. Children that have Cow-in-the-parlor manners are the kind that are always getting in somebody's way, or pushing themselves in between people, or going in front of people, or stepping on somebody's feet, or on bottoms of ladies' clothes, or leaning against people, or tipping their own chairs over, or knocking down a vase, or a work-basket, or a tumbler of water. They are as clumsy as a cow in the parlor, and do not mind what they are about any more than a cow in the parlor would what she is about.

Besides these kinds there is another kind I heard of, called the Interrupters. Interrupters are the kind that begin to talk while other people are speaking; no matter who may be speaking; no matter if 'tis their father, or their mother, or company, the Interrupters do not wait for anybody to stop talking, but break right in and say what they want to.

I suppose that a boy or a girl or any other person might have two kinds of bad manners both at once. Some of the people at my house talked about this. My cousin said that if a boy should have pig manners and bear manners both he would be bad to live with and so would a girl if she should. My big brother said that if a boy should have three, pig manners, and bear manners, and donkey manners, he would want to keep him in a room by himself, and so he would a girl if she should have them; and said that if a boy and a girl should have pig manners, and bear manners, and donkey manners, and post manners, and cock-a-doodle-doo manners, all five, he would want to chain them up in cages: and said that if they should have all six kinds, pig manners, and bear manners, and donkey manners, and post manners, and cock-a-doodle-doo manners, and cow-in-the parlor manners, and be Interrupters besides, he would want to put each of them under a barrel and stop up the bungholes. I do not believe he would stop up the bungholes, for then they could not get air to breathe. My mother does not believe anybody could have so many kinds of bad manners and be alive. Once my mother went somewhere to stay and she had to come away because the children had such manners she could not stay. They had bear manners and some of the other kinds. I think it is very hard to have good manners all the time until you get used to having them.—*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

The Wonderful Gopher.

Four business men sat in a Third avenue car on their way down town yesterday. Looking up from his newspaper, one of them said:

"Here's an item that says gopher holes make horseback riding dangerous on the plains. Now, I would like to know what a gopher is, anyway," looking around inquiringly.

"A gopher is a striped squirrel," said a tall man, in a tone of quiet assurance.

"You're mistaken, sir," said his neighbor. "A gopher is a land turtle that burrows."

"I shall have to differ from you, gentlemen, interposed the fourth man. "A gopher is neither a striped squirrel nor a turtle. It is a kind of a rat."

A man on the opposite seat, who had listened to the conversation with evident interest, said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but you are all mistaken. A gopher is a snake. I've killed lots of 'em, and I know what I'm talking about."

"Are you willing to back your opinion?" asked the gopher-squirrel man, taking a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Certainly, sir. Here's five that says a gopher is a snake."

The money was put into the hands of the gentleman who started the discussion. He accepted it under protest, saying he was positive that a gopher was a gray burrowing squirrel. He had often seen them. A heated discussion followed, in which the words gopher, snake, squirrel, rat and turtle figured prominently. The money in the stakeholder's hand soon amounted to twenty-five dollars. It was agreed that Webster should settle the dispute. The gentleman alighted from the car, went into a hotel, and a copy of the "Unabridged" was procured.

"Gol-gop-p-p-gopher—here it is, said the stakeholder, as he ran his finger down the page:

Gopher—An animal of several different species. The name was originally given by French settlers to many burrowing animals from their honeycombing the earth. In Canada and Illinois the name was given to a gray burrowing squirrel; west of the Mississippi and in Wisconsin to a striped squirrel. In Missouri, a common species is a pouched rat of a reddish or chestnut brown color, with broad, mole-like fore feet. In Georgia a snake is called by the same name, and in Florida a turtle.

As the stakeholder refunded the money, he said: "Gentlemen, it appears that we are all right and all wrong. But we have, at least, learned something."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Modern Fable.

A dog, on a warm summer day, lay down in the shade, and soon fell asleep. He was awakened by the noise of a huge bull approaching his shady resting-place.

"Get up," said the bull, "and let me lie down there!"

"No," replied the dog, "you have no right to the place; I was here first."

"Well," said the bull, looking innocently at the dog, but with a ferocious twinkle in his left eye, which made the dogs spinal column run cold and his lower jaw give way, "let us toss up for it."

"Thank you," said the dog, politely, "I never gamble," and he walked away.

Moral—Virtue has its own reward.—*Life.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. OCT 24. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	½ "	40
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One year	$1 50
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Three months	40

WITH this issue of the RECORDER closes the eighth year of its existence. While its patronage during that time has not been sufficient to make the editor a millionaire, the paper has been self sustaining, and during the past eight months the subscription list has had a steady and healthy growth, which induces us to believe that our efforts are appreciated by the people.

To those who have furnished us news from their respective neighborhoods, we are under many and lasting obligations, and trust that they may never tire in their well-doing.

There are very many persons who are and have been for a long time, constant readers of the RECORDER, but never have subscribed for it. We submit that in justice to themselves and the paper in particular that they should stand off no longer, but come bravely forward and hand in a year's subscription and see what peace of mind they will enjoy for the next twelve months. You can do us good and we will do you good. The benefits arising from the patronizing of your county paper are reciprocal.

The RECORDER is the best medium through which to reach the people of Boone county, and those wanting to lay their business before the county should avail themselves of the use of these columns.

In conclusion we say to all those whose names we have not but ought to have on our list, to come in and subscribe without further delay, and you will be doing only that which your county pride has repeatedly indicated to you is your duty.

CHOLERA has reappeared in Egypt.

OHIO Democrats have been jolifying ever since the election over there.

GOLD has been discovered in Dakota, and great excitement prevails there.

CRAPS is a very good game for getting up killings among worthless negroes.

THE salary of the Superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce is $5,000 a year.

IT is said that Little Phil Thompson will be a candidate for reelection to Congress in his district.

GEN. JAMES B. STEEDMAN, the soldier, editor and politician, died in Toledo, Ohio, last Thursday.

THE town marshal of Sadieville was shot and killed the other night by a ruffian he was trying to quiet.

THE vote for the Reform Democrat ticket in Hamilton county did not reach two thousand, except for one candidate.

THE colored people in some places are holding indignation meetings because of the recent decision in regard to the Civil Rights law.

THE jurors summoned here on last Thursday in the Tafferty-Geisler trial were mostly men of few smiles on that particular day. They were not disposed to lose the day.

THREE of the finest colts that ever left the State were sold by Mr. Harper, of Woodford county, to Morris & Patton, of St. Louis, Mo., for $18,000. They were all yearlings.

THE colored citizens of Louisville held an indignation meeting, last Saturday night, as they say "for the purpose of denouncing the most infamous decision affecting the rights of American citizens yet made."

ADVANCE sheets of Dr. Gale's annual report of the Central Kentucky Lunatic Asylum shows that during the year ending September 30th, 180 patients have been admitted and 110 discharged as cured.

THE officers in Lexington claim that since Governor Knott's inauguration there are not many pistols carried in that town. The Governor's reference in his inaugural address to the practice of carrying concealed weapons had a good effect in Lexington, at least.

THE prominent colored Republicans are somewhat indignant at the Supreme Court for deciding that the Civil Rights Law is unconstitutional. They say that the decision will have a very bad effect on the progress their race has been making for the past few years, and seem to consider that the anchor of their hope has been destroyed.

GOV. KNOTT'S refusal to send the state guards to Grayson to see Ellis Craft executed meets with hearty approval from all sections of the state. He understands that civil authorities have some power in this land, and that it is their duty to exercise it when necessary and not call upon the military on all occasions, before attempting to assert itself.

AMONG the legatees in Mrs. Lucinda Tousey's will are Owen Kirtley, $1,000; Betsy Leathers and Kate Kirtley, $1,500 each; Almeda Dollins and Carrie Gaines, $500 each; John Kirtley, $3,000; Southeastern Indiana Conference M. E. Church $2,000 for superanuated ministers and indigent children of deceased ministers; O. T. Porter, library and books.

THE Louisville courts are fining the gamblers of that city heavily, and thus far Gov. Knott has not interfered with his remissions, and the knights of the green cloth are feeling very uncomfortable under the circumstances. During Blackburn's administration the Louisville gamblers paid no attention to the courts, but now they will probably have to pay a few fines.

THE Lexington Transcript says: "If Neal can get a *venue* to this city he will, by the time of his trial so create a sympathy for him through the medium of tender-hearted jailors and reporters, his fellow-prisoners, and many of the State Guards who were with him through his trial, that it will be almost impossible to find a jury here who will hang him, though they may send him to the penitentiary for life.

IN Owen County John M. Palmer and Ben Crutchlon were neighbors until last Thursday, when they met, and Palmer accused Crutchlon of stealing his corn. Palmer was armed with a shot gun and Crutchlon unarmed, gathered a large stone. Palmer fired and Crutchlon threw the stone. Crutchlon is dead and Palmer has a very dangerous fracture of the skull, the rock hitting him in the top of the head.

TWO Morman preachers have made their appearance in Franklin county, Indiana, where two of the same faith were tarred and feathered, and say they came for the purpose of taking away with them twenty of the best looking young ladies in that section, and who have been partially converted to their faith. They wanted to stay over night with a gentleman who refused them, and upon their persisting he brought to his assistance a corn-knife, and rather than be made mince-meat of, they departed.

ONE of Ellis Craft's brothers relates the following dream he had a few nights since: "I dreamt I saw my brother in the heavenly world. He was a central figure of a group, and clad in white raiment. Around him stood men whom he accused in this life of swearing his life away, with the addition of the son of a certain rich man, and he stood with bloody garments just before brother Ellis, who was pointing his finger at him." Mr. Craft says he is still convinced that his brother was an innocent man.

AN exchange makes the following good suggestion:

"The season of the year is fast approaching when fires are generally the most numerous. Careful investigation has proven that a large number of the fires are due to the carelessness or negligence of the owners of the property. From one year to another, in many instances, no attention is paid to the condition of chimneys and of the building, and, consequently, no protection is placed against the destructive element. It is not enough to know that the building was secure when it was built, or even a few years ago, but the question, is it secure? should present itself to every property owner."

"Then many are carless in the storeing of combustibles, and in many instances the prudent housewife thoughtlessly empties the ash bucket in a barrel or box, which is situated in close proximity to the house, and the chances are that that little act of carelessness will cost a home. Many other acts which are practiced every day by hundreds of people are of this same character, and certainly endangers property."

"A little attention paid to this subject may be the means of saving your home or your building. A little wise forethought will overbalance a vast amount of after-thought."

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat of recent date says: They had a highly interesting contest in Philadelphia a few days ago between two negroes, who, with their hands tied behind their backs, butted eachother's heads for half an hour, until one cried "enough." Why can't editors Halstead and McLean, of Cincinnati, settle their difference in that manly way? It is true that McLean, being a Democrat, would naturally have an advantage in hardness of head, but Halstead could butt with that part of his head with which he supported the Greeley ticket in 1872. Our friend Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, would act as umpire.

THE October corn report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the general average condition is seventy-five, a falling off of nine per cent. since September 1. The product of the year will be close to sixteen hundred million bushels, with more soft corn than last year, mostly in a region that consume their entire crop. The wheat will exceed four hundred million bushels and may reach four hundred and twenty million. The yield of oats is a full average and the quality average ninety-eight. The crop will aggregate five hundred million bushels. Barley will average between one and two bushels per acre more than last year. Potatoes are in better condition than any year since 1875. The tobacco yield will be below the average.

THE St. Louis Republican sums up the situation thusly: The last two years has made wide and ragged gaps in the Republican lines. Of the thirty-eight States in the Union only twelve have Republican Governors—Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampsire, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin; and last Thursday's work will take Ohio out of the little group and reduce it to eleven. Eleven Republican States only out of thirty-eight! And these Republican States have altogether only 95 votes out of 401. It is a hopeless looking prospect, certainly; and it is even probably more desperate than it looks, for the Republicans are more likely to lose some of the eleven States than they are to gain any of the twenty-seven.

THE politics of Virginia are growing very interesting. In the present contest Mahon's weight in the next Republican convention will be determined. If he is successful in the next Virginia election, his influence will be courted by the numerous candidates for the Republican nomination. But if he should lose his grip on the politics of his State, he will be regarded as a small potato in the national convention, and he understands the situation. In Virginia there are several new elements, the effects of which can not as yet be estimated with any certainty. The capitation tax has been abolished, which will create a very large number of new votes, which the Democrats consider will be to their advantage. The Democrats have accepted the decision of the Supreme Court sustaining the Riddleberger bill, which renders the State debt question no longer an issue in the politics of the State. Both parties have rolled out their bar'ls, and money is plentiful in the Old Dominion now.

CINCINNATI has been thronged, this fall, with the light-fingered and oily-tongued gentry. Scarcely a day has passed that they have not duped some unsuspecting country fellow. In some instances the scamps have been arrested, but seldom, if ever, has any one of them been successfully prosecuted. Indeed such feeble assistance has been tendered those imposed upon by the thieves and confidence men in that city, that some persons firmly believe that officers whose duty it is to ferret out and arrest rogues and other doubtful characters, are in sympathy with them and profit by their thieving depredations. The business men of Cincinnati will not be benefitted by the treatment given the unfortunate country man by their officials when he has fallen a prey to one of the army of sharpers that a lax enforcement of their laws allows to infest their city. The honest country farmer will not go where he is constantly in danger of being robbed, and then made sport of by the officials when informed of his misfortune. Thieves frequent cities where their work meets the least opposition, and the fact that Cincinnati has been overrun by them for months is a strong proof that they are not dilligently persued, and properly punished when captured. A few arrests and vigorous prosecutions would start the thieves out of Cincinnati like rats leaving a burning barn.

Wheat has a downward tendency.

HOADLEY'S 12,500 majority for Governor of Ohio, is being played as the card with which to win him the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in '84.

THE Courier-Journal has cast its political eye over the field, and selects McDonald, of Indiana, as the man for the Democrats to nominate for the presidency in 1884.

THE jury in the trial of Hooker Stivers for the murder of Burt Scully, at Paris, some time since, found Stivers guilty of voluntary manslaughter, and fixed his punishment at ten years confinement in the penitentiary. The defense sent to the clerk of the Circuit Court of this county and obtained a copy of the instructions of the court given the jury for the defense in the Terrell case.

AN old hunter and trapper in Indiana gives the following reasons for believing this winter is going to be a mild one:

When the sun crossed the line the wind blew mild from the southeast; the shucks are thin this year; the ground-hog hasn't yet carried a leaf or a twig to his hole; the 'coons have not began to gnaw the corn and the woodpeckers have not yet commenced to drum and make holes in the trees for storing nuts for winter use.

About Newspapers.

The Chicago Herald editorial and reportorial force consists of twenty-five persons; the Inter-Ocean has twenty-nine; the News thirty-two; the Times, twenty-nine; and the Tribune forty-seven, and six hundred special correspondents. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has thirty-seven editorial writers and reporters and 642 correspondents and employes 102 men; the Republican has twenty-six writers and about four hundred correspondents; the Post-Dispatch has twenty-nine writers, and the Chronicle, fourteen. The Louisville Courier-Journal employes twenty-seven writers; the New Orleans Picayune, twenty-five; the Baltimore Herald, twenty-five, and the Boston Globe, thirty-four.

News Notes.

There were 303,678 pensioners on the rolls at the end of the fiscal year.

A train of cars was blown from the tract last week by a Texas cyclone.

An Ironton, Ohio, bank cashier is missing, and so are $17,000 of the bank's money.

Fitch, the Warren, Ohio, defaulting bank cashier has been apprehended and lodged in jail.

Gov. Crittenden testified before the St. Louis grand jury last week in the police and gambling cases.

An English syndicate is negotiating for a large body of land in the coal regions in the eastern part of this State.

The whole number of post-offices in the United States, at the end of June last, was 47,863; increase during the year, 1,632.

At Dayton, Ohio, a man was entombed alive by the caving in of a well, fifty-feet deep, and 24 hours afterwards taken out alive.

Wm. Bracken and Jas. Holmes, alleged Irish-Americans, have been arrested at Halifax. Large quantities of dynamite were discovered in their room.

On the 3d of October Attata, Mexico, was swept by a cyclone, and a greater part of the town damaged. The deaths from yellow fever have averaged twenty a day.

Mrs. McMichael, whose husband, conductor McMichael, was killed in in the frightful explosion at Winchester a short while since, has sued the Cheaspeake and Ohio and the Kentucky Central railroads for $40,000.

At Joilet, Ill., October, 18, masked men entered the house of Edward McLaughlin and tortured the farmer and his wife until they disclosed the hiding place of $1,000 in gold and departed, leaving the victims very nearly dead.

James Mumfert, cold., in jail at Owenton, Ky., charged with stealing attempted suicide by strangling himself with his hankerchief. When found by the jailer he was lying on the floor unconscious, and it required the vigorous efforts of a physician to resuscitate him. A few minutes more would have ended him.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

11

SHOULD you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

TOCCOA CITY, GA.—Dr. J. P. Newman says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular, and their use always results satisfactorily."

BALTIMORE, MD.—Rev. W. H. Chapman says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill-health."

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $4 75@5 00; fair to good packers, at $4 40@4 80; fair to good light, $4 50@4 85; common, $3 85@4 35; culls, $3 00@3 80; stock hogs, $3 50@4 50.

STATE NEWS.

—Three hundred convicts have been put to work on the Kentucky Union railroad at Hedges.

—The Times reports the wheat crop in Barren county as seriously damaged by grasshoppers.

—The old jail at Mt. Sterling is being converted into a public library, city hall and engine house.

—As a result of wearing a tight boot Geo. Thompson, of Paducah, has suffened amputation of a foot.

—Fifty-five murders have occurred in Logan county in eighteen years, 8 of them within the las ten months.

—An old gentleman living in Logan county claims that he has read the New Testament through 160 times since 1862.

—In Henry county, Charlie Doroney is reported to have killed thirty-one snakes of the spread-head viper species, within a radius of thirty feet. They were not in his boots.

Doctors and Doctrines.

Whatever Cruel Creeds May Say, Truth is Always Orthodox.

"You know the old saying, Doctor, Ubi tres medici, duo athei,—where there are three doctors there are two atheists," laughed Rev. Apollo Creamcheese, the other day, to his friend, Dr. Senna, who had dropped in for a bit of a talk.

"Yes, I've heard it, and I'll bet a box of pills against your dry inkstand that some priest said it. They always pattered bad Latin when they had a bigger lie than common to get rid of," answered the Doctor, lighting his pipe. "I tell you, Dominie you're 'way off when you think our profession isn't doing as good work in this world as yours is. They've both been more'n half barbarous for centuries, but we're several lengths ahead of you on the home-stretch."

"But, Doctor, said Rev. Mr. Creamcheese, "don't you think your fraternity shows a tendency to materialistic——?"

"Bah!" interrupted Dr. Senna, "we show a tendency to human charity and common sense. The fences are all down. Why, within the past week I've had a letter from my old friend, Dr. W. V. Haddox, of Pine Hill, Alabama, saying that he is using, with great success, PARKER'S TONIC, in his practice, and finds it the best thing for Coughs Lung, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and so on, he ever struck; and another friend of mine, Dr. J. J. Oatman, of Carrolltown, Pa., says substantially the same thing. He's a big specialist, too, in chronic diseases, and knows what he is talking about every time."

Dr. Senna's statement as to PARKER'S TONIC, are supported by genuine testimonials from Drs. Haddox and Oatman, who write to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York—the proprietors—in terms of the highest commendation concerning this great restorative remedy; and letters from the profession generally confirm the opinion of these physicians. Price, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, October 2d, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$579,247 75
Overdrafts		969 39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 4 per cent		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		43,991 83
Due from other National banks	3,584 33	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,459 97	—6,044 30
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,994 80
Premiums paid		8,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,432 60
Bills of other Banks		10,135 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		56 54
Specie		12 015 00
Legal tender notes		22,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$761,806 12

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		2,500 00
Undivided profits		—21,367 99
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	368,774 08	
Due to other National Banks	14,722 85	
Due to State Banks and bankers	9,441 20	—392,938 13
Total		$761,806 12

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Oct., 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
J. H. MERSMAN,
L. C. STEPHENS, } Directors.

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire

INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.
LEOBAN GAINES, JEFF UTZ,
JNO. M. MOODY.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern **BATTLES.** New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., 180 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; **Books & Bibles** low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October. P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. K. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Fitch, Deputy Sheriff.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

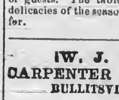
Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after 3rd Monday, and L. A. Lodor fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and



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Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

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BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
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when you go to Lawrenceburg, call on
Winegardner
He has a large assortment of
Wall Paper!
And is daily receiving additions to his stock. Call and examine before purchasing.
Inks, Pens and Stationar
constantly on hand.
Headquaters in Lotton House.

LUMBER.
Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.
We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.
—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale!
35 acres of good rolling bottom land. 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ½ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2 m

Farm for Sale.
I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55½ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Billous Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

NEVER FAILS
FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., N. York.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
res Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic out, General Debility, Catarrh, and all orders caused by a thin and impoverished, corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling blood-poisons from the system, enriching l renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalng power.
During a long period of unparalleled usefuls, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its fect adaptation to the cure of all diseases ginating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. a highly concentrated extract of Sarsalla and other blood-purifying roots, bined with Iodide of Potassium and n, and is the safest, most reliable, and most omical blood-purifier and blood-food that be used.
Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.
AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the mmatory Rheumatism, with which I have red for many years. W. H. MOORE." rham, Ia., March 2, 1882.
ight years ago I had an attack of Rheumaso severe that I could not move from the bed, ess, without help. I tried several remedies out much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARILLA, by the use of two bottles of I was completely cured. I have not been ed with the Rheumatism since. Have sold quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it tains its wonderful popularity. The many e cures it has effected in this vicinity conme that it is the best blood medicine ever d to the public. E. F. HARRIS." r St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.
at March I was so weak from general dethat I could not walk without help. Fol the advice of a friend, I commenced taking 's SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. been at work now for two months, and your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood e in the world. JAMES MAYNARD." West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.
's SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and rofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Ecs Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, rs, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears d of all impurities, aids digestion, stimue action of the bowels, and thus restores y and strengthens the whole system.
PREPARED BY
. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles, $5.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.
CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL NSTITUTE
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
CCESSORS TO TS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, No. 920 LOCUST ST.
. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge. LSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.
Institute has ample facilities and an exced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large which has been established for years, it n to extend its medical and surgical pracfiving skillful and scientific treatment to
ONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passleart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumae Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.
D IMPURITIES, Inherited or caused by impure associaerofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.
RMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.
KNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of illo-urinary organs.
ALE Irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.
nal interviews with patients are always fed. Those unable to visit the Institute will ished with blank lists of questions that will in making a full statement of their cases not requiring a surgical operation they can cessfully treated by correspondence, and es sent by mail or express. To enable us proper list of questions applicants should brief statement of their trouble.
Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to lisher of this or any other newspaper in the States or Canadas regarding responsibility.
ation at Office or by mail free and Invited

UTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, ORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
these sources arise three-fourths of eases of the human race. These ms indicate their existence: Loss of ite, Bowels costive, Sick Headdullness after eating, aversion to on of body or mind, Eructation d, Irritability of temper, Low , A feeling of having neglected duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Dots before the eyes, highly colUrine, CONSTIPATION, and dee use of a remedy that acts directly Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S have no equal. Their action on the and Skin is also prompt; removing urities through these three "scavof the system," producing append digestion, regular stools, a clear a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS no nausea or griping nor interfere ly work and are a perfect
ADOTE TO MALARIA.
ywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TT'S HAIR DYE.
HAIR OR WHISKERS changed into a GLOSSY BLACK by a single apn of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, by express on receipt of $1. Co, 44 Murray Street, New York.
MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

ROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR US DEBILITY
TESTED FOR 5 YEARS
by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation whilst numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back, buoyant energy of the brain and muscular power renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength rapidly.
US DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too indulgence, and over brain work. Temporise while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, does not interfere with your attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience. A Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical can be restored to perfect manhood, and the duties of life, same as if never effected. to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the
HS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

PARKER'S AIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

ORESTON OLOGNE
the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, ing. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESogne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every and 75 cts. at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

INJECTION ANTINELI.
Recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary organs in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent, by express on receipt of price secure from observation. Fairmount Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. A. Sold by W. F. McKim.

SON'S INDELIBLE INK Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mr. John H. Sebree's brother, of Salt Lake City, was visiting him last week.

Mrs. Tousey and daughter, Miss Julia of Visalia, Kenton county, are visiting friends at this place.

Everett Walton and family leave today (Wednesday) to join his father and family at Butler, Missouri.

Miss Maud Kirkpatrick is assisting Pro. Gallagher with his school, which now has a very large attendance.

W. J. Rice has commenced building James Smith a fine residence on the Petersburg pike near Viola Park.

John Hall and Col. O'Neal's son of Covington, were out here, Sunday, on a rabbit and quail hunting expedition.

H. B. Riddell and a Mr. DeKamp, of Cincinnati, came out Monday, and are taking in some of the Boone county game.

Herman Carpenter and Miss Sallie Carpenter, of Sparta, Gallatin county, were married at the Crawford House in Cincinnati last Thursday.

Sunday was a sombre day.

The richest thing in type—Gold.

The early boy gets the hickory nut.

New Sorghum molasses at Dudley Rouses'.

Happy Jack is out on the current of life again.

The town hogs have become experts at opening gates.

Read the new advertisement of the Petersbuag Drug Store.

We received several communications to late for use last week.

It will pay you to go miles to trade at the Petersburg Drug Store.

The time of year for punctuating grates has put in its appearance.

The man that has not got the finest tobacco he ever saw is hard to find.

The water courses have resumed business, after their summer's vacation.

Florence is going to have a jail, and it is said that Burlington needs one.

W. F. McKim has employed a fine druggist. He commenced Tuesday.

Rabbits and quails are abundant, and the roar of the huntsmen's artillery is heard.

So far as we have heard of tobacco being sold this fall, good prices have prevailed.

Oyster suppers have taken the place of festivals. Each season has its delicacies.

Tobacco buyers are being inquired for by the farmers, who have tobacco for sale.

Several of our citizens were bathing in the Ohio last Friday. They had a sein with them.

Headache, Costiveness, and Piles are easily and thoroughly cured by a judicious use of Ayer's Pills.

The case of Christian Schittenheim's admrx. vs. the L. & N. R. R. was affirmed by the Court of Appeals last week.

A good crowd attended the sale of the personal property of Benjamin Craven, deceased, last Saturday. Things sold well.

The floor in the Baptist chruch was taken out last week, when the joist and sleepers were found to be very badly decayed.

J. W. Kirkpatrick & Son have added a new hearse to their undertaking outfit, and will conduct funerals in as good style as any firm in the city.

M. S. Rice and J. W. Duncan were engaged, one day last week, setting off dower to Mrs. Erastus Garrison, under an order off the County Court.

Those having claims against the estate of John A. Kendall can receive 28 per cent thereof by calling on the undersigned. W. L. Riddell.

Richard Gordon, the handsome and gentlemanly manager of the Boones, was off on a visit last week to the Southern Exposition and the Mammoth Cave.

It's not ever time you can get rid of a sack of cats by emptying the sack on your neighbor's premises. For a full explanation of this call on Field Crisler.

The report of the Trustee of Jury Fund shows that it took $120 to pay the grand jurors and $416 to pay the the petit jurors at the last term of the Circuit Court.

Attorney Tolin was called to Rabbit Hash a few days since to prosecute two young fellows charged with highway robbery. The accused proved an alibi and were discharged.

Quite a number of the young folks of town gathered at the residence of Mr. S. A. Palmer, last Thursday evening, and passed off the hours very pleasantly with instrumental and chin music.

The lumber for putting a new floor in the Baptist church has arrived, and the brethren will soon have their building in repair again. A strong force of the brethren is engaged putting in a floor.

The Burlington and Florence turnpike road company has had bad luck with its bridges the past year. One was built new and the other two large ones were repaired at a considerable expense.

Leonard Clore has purchased of the heirs of J. H. Aikin. decd., the 20 acres of land owned by Akin at the time of his death. The land is located just below Bellevue, on the river, and was sold for $2,300.

Our druggist, W. F. McKim, advertised in one of the Cincinnati daily papers, last week, for a clerk, and received 120 letters in answer to the advertisement. Out of 120 he surely ought to get a good one.

The Bullittsville and Covington 'bus passed through Burlington Sunday morning with a cargo of colored base-ball material, en route for Bellevue, where a game was to be played with another colored club.

F. P. Walton desiring a portable fence different from any he had seen, put his ingenuity to work and invented a fence that is simple in construction, and can be built at a cost not to exceed that of an ordinary plank fence.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

We don't think that Burlington has a young lady simple enough to have her hair cut in the Langtry style, which is having the hair clipped from the forehead to the crown of the head, the remainder of the hair being long.

Mr. A. G. Winston is having a large pond made in his field near town. If that pond were on other premises as near the town, we would suggest that this would be an interesting place for the coroner to spend the summer.

W. E. Piper and Everett Walton took in the big Exp. at Louisville last week. They consider it a show of the first magnitude, and are glad that they are living in an age capable of getting up such wonderful displays of art, &c.

The Tafferty-Geisler case was called for trial by the County Court in special session last Thursday, when it was continued for the defendant till the 8th day of next month. This case has now had two trials and two continuances.

H.C.Botts, of Bellevue, passed through town, Monday, on his way home from Bourbon county, where he was engaged for about three months superintending the prizing of a large purchase of tobacco belonging to a Cincinnati firm.

W. T. Smith returned from his visit to Virginia, last Thursday, where he again trod the soil on which his youthful feet did duty. He visited a subtaranean cavern while there, and traversed it two and a half miles, viewing numerous interesting scenes.

When hunters are about where stock is kept, they should exercise great care, lest they bring trouble upon themselves by shooting and wounding domestic animals. Careless and reckless use of fire-arms on the part of sportsmen is the sole cause of many of the farmers' prejudice against them.

The dogs are getting in their murderous work on the sheep, and in the last few days have killed several in the Union district, and down on Gunpowder Creek. Next County Court day the sheep raisers will hold a meeting for the purpose of devising means for the better protection of their sheep.

The protracted silence of our Plattsburg correspondent was growing painful, but remembering that he has been having his first experience putting down carpets, placing furniture, adjusting stove pipes and chopping and carrying in stove wood, we excuse him, and especially when he makes as good showing as he has this week.

Colonel Crisler has gotten his shop furniture moved to town, and we notice that he has a fine lot of good looking material for making wagons and other farming implements, in which he has acquired a reputation. No doubt he will build up a good trade in his line of business, and the farmers herabout will give him their patronage.

The Steamer Little Queen that plied the Ohio between Lawrenceburg and Rising Sun, Ind., and owned by Capt. B. B. Bradley, of Petersburg, burned to the waters edge while at the wharf at the latter place, last Tuesday morning. The boat was valued at $2,500, and Mr. B. had just put about $800 worth of new machinery on it. Cause of the fire is not known.

County Attorney Tolin was called to Walton last Wednesday to prosecute one negro for shooting another. The shootist was acquitted on the ground of self defense. The negro who was shot was proven to be a desperate fellow. The ball entered his right breast near the nipple, passing through the lung and lodging in the back near the surface. The physician D. M. Bagby thinks the wounded man will recover.

Base-ball.

Last Saturday the Batavia, Ohio, ball tossers came down to Bullittsville and played a return game. The weather was too cool for playing ball, but both teams did good playing. The Boones turned themselves loose at the bats, and surprised both themselves and the spectators, while their work in the field was remarkable good. Fowler's throwing was fine, while Quick's catching and throwing to second was almost perfection. The basemen clamped everything that was sent them, and base running had to be done on safe hits. The Buckeye boys proved themselves a strong club, but the Boones secured the victory the first time they went to the bats. On account of the cool weather, only five innings were played, and the score stood 18 to 4 in favor of the Boones. Esquire Whitlock umpired the game.

A. W. Smith is now on his way to Florida. When he left he was undecided as to whether he would invest in Florida land or spend his time while there, with dog and gun, exploring the swamps, exterminating the festive alligators, and feasting on the delicious meats of such wild game as he may be able to take. We hope Webb will have a pleasant trip, and should he buy real estate, that he may make a profitable investment.

Died—At her home in Union, Ky., after a long and painful illness, on Saturday, September 29th, 1883, Mrs. S. Ella Blanton in the 41st year of her age.

To offer an appropriate tribute to the memory of one possessing so many noble traits of character, so useful in her sphere, so dear to her family and friends and so true to her God, is a task no more easily accomplished than to use words of consolation to ease the crushed and broken hearts of her desolated home where she was loved and appreciated by a truly devoted husband, respectful loving sons and a tender hearted daughter. Her life, although unassuming, and marked by the becoming modesty of a true woman, was prominent for her intelligence and her congenial, friendly, warm-hearted associations, which were always extended to her hosts of warm friends in the wide circle of her acquaintance, and those who knew her best, her frank, open character, her unfaltering devotion to the objects of her affections, her true regard for the highest principles of human dignity, bounteous benevolence, strict and untiring attention to the sick and afflicted, can best know the loss sustained by society and the members of her refined hospitable home. Her last sad, painful illness, borne with so much patience and fortitude, touched the tenderest heart-strings of her anxious friends, who ministered to her every want as she had often been wont to do when some worn and weary soul most needed a cheering word and a tender care. Her pillow was smoothed by willing hands, each hour gladly checked off time by burdened hearts that the next might bring more hope, but, when sunshine only could break through the clouded house, it grew darker to all but her, and when called upon, scarcely before her sun had begun its descent, when her family was most endearing and her home most pleasant, though with the regrets of a constant wife and sweet mother, there was the willingness and submission of a faithful christian who never knew a reproach Conscious to the last, grateful for every attention, at peace with God, she calmly and sweetly slept, as the sleeping flower, to gain new life, closes its petals to the starry heavens to reappear on the morrow in renewed grandeur. Yes, she lives again, exalted and beautiful as Sharon's rose is beautiful. • • •

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

Hunting rabbits and hickory nuts is the order of the day with us ruralists.

Prof. Bell and wife are boarding at O. P. Conner's. Mrs. Bell will teach Owen's children at home this winter.

E. H. Baker bought John and Ferdinand Rue's tobacco at $12 50 per hundred all around.

J. M. Conner was in our town the other day driving a double team, a bay and Dr. J. M. Grant. Jim walked and drove the team, which, at times, was very nearly unmanagable, occasionally attempting to leave the road with the buggy. Conner gave up the drive for a bad job, borrowed a good and true horse from a friend, took the doctor in the buggy and started home, leading the other member of the team behind his buggy.

Waterloo.

The recent rains have improved the appearances in this vicinity. Everything looks as green as in the spring of the year.

Farmers are about done seeding and cutting corn in this neighborhood.

Mr. Joseph Satchel and wife, of Carroll county, were visiting Mr. Samuel H. Marshall and wife, of this place, last week.

Miss Turley and Miss Ringo, of Gallatin county were visiting Mr. Waller Marshall and wife last week.

A. J. Barker and family will move to his father-in-law's, Wade Ryles this week, where he expects to make his future home.

Robbie Kelley, son of Mrs. Jimmie Kelley, died October 18th after several days illness. His remains were interred in the family burying ground near this place. The family has the sympathy of the community.

Hebron.

Notwithstanding the dry weather our crop of saur kraut will be large.

James Utz has contracted for stone and gravel for building a pike from the drugstore to the church.

Mike Clore and wife are visiting Mrs. Clore's father's at Jeffersonville, Ind.

Since the 19th inst., there have been 6,000 bushels of Irish potatoes hauled through this place to the city.

A drove of 284 head of cattle went through this place, the other day, enroute for Petersburg.

Within the last ten days, about 200 tons of hay have been taken from this section to market.

Married, October 17th, 1883, by the Rev. E. Stephens, John Tanner to Miss Ella Quick, of this place. We congratulate them and wish them all the joys of life.

Miss Sudie Young, of Jackson county, Indiana, is visiting Miss Ada Wilhoit.

James M. Utz has been selling his fine thinrine pigs at $10 each.

Petersburg.

Frank Cox, formerly of this place, but now salesman in the large dry goods and grocery house of Robt. Mabin, of Aurora, was visiting his friends here last Sunday.

Robt. Hubble, of Carroll county, Mo., who has been here for several days shaking hands with old acquaintances, left for home last Tuesday evening.

A. M. Snyder, government store keeper, is assigned at the distillery here for the this and next month.

The distillery, at this place, began operation last Friday week. Hence many idle men at work.

E. Y. Chapin has moved into his new building, corner Tanner and First streets.

Dr. W. H. Torrill and wife were visiting friends in Indiana, a few days last week.

B. R. Gaines was here last week paying all the cost which had accrued against him in his case which has been in court for sometime.

An infant child of Capt. H. B. Fenton, was buried last Thursday.

The distillery received about 800 head of cattle, which are to be fed on slop this season.

Mr. Friberg, one of the proprietors of the distillery, made a flying visit here last Wednesday.

Randall and Cave are stripping their tobacco, and say it is plenty dry.

Roosters were only worth 60 cents a dozen a few days since, all on account of the election in Ohio—that is the roosters on the Enquirer.

James Bronson, our tonsorial artist, has located here permanently.

J. C. Stott, of Aurora, spent Sunday here.

Major Anderson, of Rising Sun, passed through town last Tuesday. Maj. is a good checker player—so said.

Rev. Moore, of Newport, delivered a lecture on temperance to quite a large audience on last Tuesday evening, at this place.

The Grand Lodge of Sons of Temperance met here last week and elected the following officers: F A Stine, of Newport, W. P.; Mr. Richardson, of Newport, W. A.; Mr. Maginnis, G. S.; W. R. Gorden, of Petersburg, Grand Conductor.

Florence.

The series of meetings held by Dr. Guerrant, of the Presbyterian Church, concluded last Sunday night with a large and appreciative audience, and three confessions. The meetings, which at the first, were rather sparely attended, owing to the inclement weather and the non-publicity of the coming of the Dr.; but as they progressed the interest increased, and the news of the eloquent speaker was heraled to the adjoining counties, which brought in a throng of anxious and attentive listeners eager to hear the Words of Life as they fell from the lips of the earnest speaker. The Dr. stood high as an officer and soldier in the confederate services, and the few men here who stood by him on the tented field, sat close to him as he spoke of Jesus. The same men that had faced death unflinchingly amid the thundering artillery, the roar of musketry, and the carnage of battle, we thought we could see waver as he told the simple story of the Cross. The sacrament of the supper was administered at the morning service on Sunday, and when meeting closed at night the different representatives of the churches united in extending their congratulations to the Dr. with a hearty good bye, so suggestive of his own charitable nature.

Bro. Froh, of the Methodist church, held his first meeting since conference on Saturday night, and Sunday night he was assisted by Elder Taylor, of Newport, and a good meeting was the result.

Found dead—Sunday morning the 21st. Johnny Hunt, of Hunt's Hotel, Florence, went into the stable at the rear of the house, and found what he supposed to be a man asleep. Upon a closer examination he was horrified to find the man dead. It proved to be Wm. Carey, above sixty years of age, son of Capt. Carey, deceased, an old soldier and well known in this county. The Coroner not being convenient, Esq. Wagstaff empaneled a jury and had an investigation of the case. Mr. Carey, as is supposed, had contracted disease by his intemperate habits, which resulted in death under these sad circumstances. The Coroner's jury returned the following verdict: "Came to his death from general debility." The body was conveyed to Union by friends, who will attend to the interment.

Plattsburg

Fall pastures are fine.

Messrs. Editor your Florence ink slinger is a good one.

A little child of Lister Smith, died of flux week before last.

James Foster, of Sagamon county, Ill., was here several days ago, visiting relatives and friends.

Mont Balsly raised 2,000 bushels of potatoes off 12 acres of ground.

John Smith fell and broke his wrist one day last week, while roofing a barn.

Mr. John Terrill, who was in bad health some time ago, has entirely recovered and is looking hale and hearty.

Your scribe now occupies the house lately occupied by Samuel Hensley, Mr. Hensley having moved to Ludlow.

Dr. J. E. Terrill, of Petersburg, one of the cleverest men in the county, made our town a very pleasant call not long since.

Gov. Stith has sold his crop of tobacco to Capt. Geo, Terrill for $12 all around.

Bessie G., J. Frank Grant's fast trotter, is now at home in his stable at Petersburg.

Frank Cason, of Bromley, has rented John Rucker's farm and will take charge of it in the spring. John goes to the Wilson Harper farm on the river hill.

While digging a cistern the other day Geo. Voshell found an old pistol marked 1812. It was about 3 feet under ground. Geo. is talking of starting a museum.

The few remaining members of the old bacholors' association held a meeting last Wednesday night, and elected the following officers: W H Sebree, President; S W Tolin, Vice-President; O Snyder, Secretary. Henry Jarrell being on hand so long was given the bounce, he being over 50.

Some time since our Waterloo man said he would like to see us name the corporate limits of our burg. The limits of our town extend to the village of Waterloo and beyond if there is any news for us to gather in that direction.

The Comets defeated the Garrisons by score of 9 to 6, last Saturday on Piatt's bar.

The dogs made a raid on John E. Botts' sheep one night last week, and killed 23 and crippled 6 more so that they died.

The crossing at the Woolper bridge is dangerous, and it is not safe for any lady to start in this direction alone. Some one will get hurt if travel is continued and the crossing left in this condition.

Sidney Gaines has a very interesting school at the Terrill school-house. Miss Ada Hensley is teaching at Ashbyfork.

Fred Pfalzgraf lost a valuable alderney cow one day last week, valued at $100.

We are making preparations for gardening on a large scale next season, and will come to your town in a few days and view that garden of yours and patern after it, as you had such good luck this season. Probably you didn't put enough sugar in your sweet potatoe hills to give them the right flavor.—[Our tater hills had too much hog nose in them.—Ed.]

On Tuesday, the 13th of next month, Rev. S. P. Carlton, Universalist, will commence a series of meetings at this place, and which will be continued over Sunday.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,

—BURLINGTON, KY.—

UNDERTAKERS

We have purchased a nice new hearse, and are prepared to attend funerals in regular city style, at the lowest prices.

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Attorney at Law.

OFFICE AT - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,

ATTORNEY at LAW

BURLINGTON, KY.

Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,

Attorney and Counselor at-Law,

LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

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W. E. VEST,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

FANNIE G. RICE,

—TEACHER OF—

PIANO & ORGAN.

Lessons given at my residence,

Burlington, - - Ky.

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NORMAN and STEPHENS,

ATTORNEYS at LAW,

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Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Aurora, Indiana.

(Office Over Postoffice)

With J P. ULREY.

Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

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J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.

LANDRAM & HUGHES,

ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

BURLINGTON, - - Y

Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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H. KASSEN & CO.

(Formerly of Covington.)

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BOOTS AND SHOES,

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CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

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AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS,

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Will have constantly on hand

Marble and Granite Monuments,

Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

We Have

J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S

JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.

THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS

45 Cents.

Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.

COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

FALL FALL FALL AND Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.

H. F. Blase,

540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY.

Stop! Don't Read This.

S. C BUCHANAN takes this method of notifying his patrons that he has enlarged his room and now has the best and most complete stock of Drugs in the county, consisting of Drugs and Medicines, Standard Patent Medicines, &c.

Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit.

When in need of anything give us a call, at the Petersburg Duru Store, and be convinced that our Prices are as Low or Lower than can be found.

Don't Read Any Further.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

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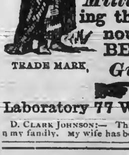
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.



TRADE MARK.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it

D. Clark Johnson:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used n my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCamc, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '83

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK.

Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne,	M. C. Motch,	Sam Hind,	E. J. Hickey,	E. J. Greer,
J. S. Matson,	J. H. Mersman,	J. L. Sandford,	L. H Dills,	[illegible]
		L. C. Stephens.		

The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

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City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of

Burial Cases and Caske

And having just received a beautiful

NEW HEA

Which can be had at a reasonable pri

PRICES GUARANTEED LESS TH

DAVIS BROS.,

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

Malaria.

The prevalent disease of the age is malaria, developed from microscopic germs bred in swampy portions of the earth's surface. Some of the most picturesque countries in the world are rendered uninhabitable by it. Malaria is a terrible foe to human health and happiness, and assumes a great variety of forms in different individuals. It is, however, well established that it does not prevail in towns that are well sewered and paved, nor in a country where the swamps are drained and the soil highly cultivated. For many generations, the Campagna in the neighborhood of Rome, Italy, has been the home of malarial poisons. To sleep over night in the tainted atmosphere was certain to bring on an attack of a dangerous fever. But the long line of Popes never interfered with the reign of the malaria fiend. It was known that a colony of Benedictine monks, who cultivated their ground, were exempt from the fevers and agues of the Campagna, but the hint was not acted upon until the new Italian government took the matter in hand. It was noticed that where the population was sparse in Rome, malarial disease was frequent, while in the crowded Jewish Ghetto it was unknown. The government thereupon notified the great land-owners that they must either cultivate their malarial soils or surrender them. Hence there is now a prospect that the Campagna, famous through ages for its disease-producing atmosphere, will again become as healthy as it was when tilled by the ancient Roman and Volscian peasants. The work of regeneration is actively going on, and before the close of the century it is promised that the environs of Rome will be as wholesome as the suburbs of Paris or London. The depopulation of Ireland which is now going on, and the conversion of old farms into cattle ranges, will, it is believed, create the conditions which made the Campagna so dangerous to health and life. Thorough cultivation of the soil, deep plowing, and draining will free any country in time from the horrors of malaria.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A New Telephone.

A new telephone has been invented by Mr. Arthur St. George, an Englishman, who has received a patent upon it before Mr. Edison could get in his work. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in describing it, says that supplementary to the telephone itself is a contrivance which will not only record every description of conversation carried on through the instrument, but will produce the words at any future time. A circular plate of glass is coated with collodion and made sensitive as a photographic plate. This is placed in a dark box, in which is a slit to admit a ray of light. In front of the glass is the telephone diaphragm, which, by its vibrations, opens and closes a small shutter, through which a beam of light is constantly passing and imprinting a dark line on the glass. Vibrations of the shutter cause the dark line to vary in thickness according to the tones of the voice. The glass plate revolves by clock-work, and the conversation, as it leaves the telephone, is recorded on the sensitive plate, the words spoken being fixed as is done in photography. The plate can be brought forward afterward, and when replaced in the machine and connected with a distant telephone will, when set in motion, give back the original conversation.

The Asiatic Floating Gardens.

Among the most remarkable illustrations of human energy are certainly the floating gardens of Kashmir in Eastern Asia, the more so that they are the work of an essentially indolent population. For their creation an expanse of water about nine miles in circumference has been utilized, on which masses of weeds, grasses and aquatic plants grow and become intertwined and entangled. These form the soil, as it were, on which cultivation is carried on. Divisions are made in them, they are cut level with the surface of the water and then banked over with river mud. Properly prepared for the purpose this soil is sown with melons and cucumber plants, and a crop is raised which is unequaled in any country in quantity and quality. These melons and cucumbers are sold in a good season at the rate of ten or twenty for two cents; in dear seasons they bring two cents apiece. Floating gardens in Mexico are upon much the same plan, but are usually devoted to the culture of flowers.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

—A beautiful blonde heiress of Brooklyn, Susannah Bash met Louis Hirsch, and after a well-conducted courtship of three weeks, married him. The other night he went home late, thought he would frighten his bride, and clambering in at the parlor window went to the piano and commenced a vigorous and sudden attack on that unoffending instrument. The bride of three weeks appeared on the scene, lectured Mr. Hirsch, and began to smite him with the piano stool. Then Mr. Hirsch got mad and left the house, saying as he went something about his intent on to drink the East River before he returned, and after twenty-four hours, as he had not quaffed the stream alluded to Mrs. Hirsch took her fine furniture home to her father's, Wednesday, and Mr. Hirsch is henceforth to her as if he was not.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—It happened at Philadelphia that a little boy, in a mirthful spirit, struck Richard Carmine on the neck with a piece of custard pie. Dick grabbed the boy, but Mrs. Carmine, mere, interfered to prevent violence. At that juncture a man, William McGonagh by name, began kicking Carmine from the rear. One kick struck in the abdomen, producing a fit. He was taken to the hospital, and there showed symptoms of insanity, necessitating his removal to a more secluded place. The moral of this is that little boys should not throw custard pies at people.—*Philadelphia Press.*

[illegible] old sea Captain is preparing to [illegible] a fortune by running into South [illegible] with an ice-making machine that [illegible] out four tons of congealed [illegible] will locate in East Lon[illegible] [illegible]orted ice sells for sixty-[illegible] [illegible] a pound, and will refer[illegible] that attended the p[illegible] of a man weapons[illegible] parched [illegible]ador, son, at lea[illegible]

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The free night schools of Paris are attended by 14,000 pupils.

—A ball was recently bowled against a young English cricketer's forehead, killing him instantly.

—It is estimated that 120,000 deaths occur annually in England because of the defective sewage system in the cities.

—San Clemente, an island near Venice, has a lunatic asylum containing 1,000 women, the majority of whom were brought there by unhappy love.

—The ancient custom of ringing the curfew bell has been resumed at Stratford-on-Avon. It may interest Shakespearean admirers to know that the curfew is rung upon the bell that was tolled at the poet's funeral

—The third wedding in St. Paul's Church, London, since 1758 took place recently, a daughter of Lord Mayor Knight being united to Mr. Aitkin. The great bell was rung for the first time for a marriage. Three hundred guests were present at the wedding breakfast.

—An impulsive youth was fined twenty shillings or ten days' hard labor, in a London court, the other day, for kissing a young woman against her will. Being all out of sovereigns, he decided to go to prison. His offense was bad enough, but how shall his excuse be characterized? "I was under the influence of liquor," he said, "or I should not have dreamed of doing it."

—The Princess Dolgoronki is still in deep mourning for her lover, the late Czar of Russia. They threw her out of St. Petersburg, and her royal gripsack after her, but they couldn't deprive her of her loyalty to the memory of the stern old monarch she loved. History may accord her a prominence, but the romance of the future may more than do the unfortunate creature justice.

—In the City of Jerusalem three Sundays are observed every week. The Mohammedans observe Friday, not by closing their shops and resting, but by going to the mosque at certain hours and reciting prayers. The Jews observe Saturday, being very strict as to their conformity to ancient custom and ordinance. They close their shops and are not often on the streets until after noon. Then they appear in their best clothes. Sunday is observed by the Christians of various denominations. On that day the flags fly from the Consulates of the Christian nations.

—The Tartars of the Crimea have their own peculiar ways of doing things. When two of them want to fight a duel they measure off eight paces, bend their heads forward and at the word fire, or its equivalent, rush at each other like two billy goats. They then continue until one is knocked out. Neither hands nor feet are allowed to take part in the battle. In a fight recently witnessed by some travelers the blood streamed from the foreheads of both the semi-savages; nevertheless they continued butting at each other with ferocious passion, until at length one of them fell exhausted to the earth. He gathered up all his remaining strength to draw his knife from his girdle, and with one determined stroke he then cut a wide gash across his throat.

Hagar's Well.

The London *Lancet* contains a letter from Dr. E. Frankland, the well-known English expert in water analysis, giving an account of the results of his examination of specimens from Hagar's well in Mecca, the water of which is regarded as especially holy, large quantities being annually sent to all Mussulman countries. The following is an extract:

"The water is slightly turbid and has a saline taste; 10,000 parts of it contain in solution the very large proportion of 828.24 parts of solid matter, of which a considerable amount is organic and of animal origin. The water also contains an enormous quantity of nitrate—the usual product of the decomposition of animal excreta. The previous animal contamination calculated from the proportion of nitrogen as nitrates and nitrites shows that the liquid supplying this well contains in a given volume nearly six times as much animal matter as is found in the same volume of strong London sewage. This conclusion is confirmed by the presence of a very large proportion of common salt, one of the chief constituents of urine. The suspended matter in the water consists chiefly of dead bacteria.

"In answer to my inquiries as to the surroundings of the well, and the authenticity of the sample, Mr. Zohrab writes me as follows: 'In reply to your note regarding the water from Hagar's well brought home by me, I beg to state it is authentic. It was brought to me last January from Mecca by a Mohammedan gentleman in whose good faith I have implicit confidence. I may also state that several Mussulmans at Jeddah, who had frequently tasted the water at the well itself, and to whom I showed what I had, assured me it was genuine. There is no difficulty whatever for a person at Jeddah to get any quantity of the water, as the well at Mecca is free to all, and any one may carry away as much as he pleases.' I am not at all surprised at the water being heavily charged with excrementitious matter, and the reason, as I will now show, is evident. The City of Mecca, lying in a basin, contains a permanent population of about 40,000 souls, and annually during the Hadji (pilgrimage) from 100,000 to 150,000 pilgrims, who become residents for periods varying from one week to three months, crowd into it. This vast influx of strangers finds accommodation where it can; the well-to-do rent rooms, the poor live in the streets. The houses in Mecca are generally built in flats to accommodate pilgrims; each flat is provided with one or two badly-constructed latrines, and there are from six to twelve of these in each house. The latrines empty themselves into pits dug outside the houses. When these get filled they are emptied into other pits, which are made in the streets or any other convenient spot, and then covered over with earth. For the poor, latrines on the same principle are made in and outside the town, and the same method of emptying them is employed. This system of burying foul matter in every direction has been pursued for centuries; it is not, therefore, surprising that the ground in and around Mecca is surcharged with excrementitious matter, which rains (these are frequent in Mecca) carry by filtration into the wells. Hagar's well is not a spring, but its water is supplied by filtration—that is, by rainwater passing down through the underlying mass of foul matter. But there is yet another cause for the pollution of Hagar's well; this is the thousands of pilgrims, diseased or sound, who daily wash beside it, the water they use naturally finding its way back into the well.

"Such being the surroundings of this holy well and the composition of its water, there can be no doubt that here is a most potent source of cholera poison, for the evidence is most conclusive that cholera is propagated by a specific poison contained in the alvine discharge of persons suffering from the disease. Hagar's well therefore must, according to Mr. Zohrab's description, constitute an efficient collector of the poison, and it would scarcely be possible to devise a more effective means for the diffusion of this poison throughout Mohammedan countries.

"I presume that it would be quite impossible to get this well closed; but in the interests of the health of Europe and Asia efforts ought to be made to guard the water from this abominable and dangerous pollution. In the whole course of my experience I have never met with a sample of drinking water making even a distant approach to the degree of pollution exhibited by the water of Hagar's well."

Courtship.

Governor Tom Reynolds, of Missouri, married two sisters, who died, and asked the father for permission to address the third, which was granted, the old man remarking: "Yes, Reynolds, I suppose you can have her, but don't for God's sake, when I'm dead and gone, come after the old woman!" He was nearly as bad as the Scotch clergyman who one day drove five young women to church. After the service he courted and married one of his fair companions. She died, and as fortune had it, when in search of a second wife he alighted on another who had favored him with her company that day. And so fortune moved until all five became, sooner or later, his wives. William Drummond, the poet, wooed and won Miss Cunningham, who died on the wedding day. This melancholy event so overwhelmed the poet that daily he wept at her grave. Life often seemed to him "a nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams." He was a bachelor until forty-seven, when he married a Miss Lyon, because he thought she looked like his first betrothed. Rev. Joseph Gilbert was so charmed with the writings of Miss Ann Taylor and the eulogium of her merits by those who knew her that, without wishing to see her, he addressed her a letter asking if any peremptory reason existed which might lead him to conclude that a journey undertaken with a purpose of soliciting her heart and hand could not possibly be successful. They married.

The celebrated George Whitfield had a queer way of courting. When he was in America, in charge of the Orphan's Home in Savannah, he wanted a helpmate, and had in his mind a young lady whom he had seen in England. He wrote her parents, saying he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family: "This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relatives, to know whether your daughter, Miss E——, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking, and, if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; please God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." He also wrote the young lady, but the parents were not overly anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure, so the Reverend George did not succeed, but later he wooed and won a widow.

Another divine, Rev. Richard Hooker, when he had been ordained, went to preach at St. Paul's Cross. He arrived, wet and damp, and was taken to the house of a Mrs. Cunningham, who, by good nursing cured him of his distemper and cold so that he got through his services in admirable style. "You are a tender young man," she said, "and your delicate constitution needs a nurse all the time. You should get married." The clergyman agreed, and the scheming Mrs. Cunningham, in looking for a wife for him, began at home, and recommended her daughter Joan. They married, or rather the old woman fixed it up; but it was a sorry wife she made him; for he soon discovered that "she was shrewish and sharp, and had a tongue that was conveniently hung in the middle; from morning till night it rung." Sir Hugh Smithson was rejected by a famous belle of private rank and modest fortune. The only daughter and heiress of Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset, heard of it, and publicly said "that the disdainful beauty was a fool, and no other woman in England would be guilty of like folly." The result can be imagined. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy had a business method of courtship. He said to a lady: "I am too busy to make love, but if you can entertain my proposition without further preliminaries let me know at the end of a week."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Sage and the Mourners—A Modern Fable.

A Sage who was on his weary journey to Wisconsin, came upon a crowd one day and observed a general sadness in all faces:

"Why this gloom?" queried the old man, as he laid down his bundle and felt for the front end of his plug of tobacco.

"Oh, Sage, we mourn the death of a good man," was the reply.

"Was he honored?"

"He was."

"Sober, upright, charitable and given to peace?"

"He was."

"Who of you praised and encouraged him in life?" asked the old man, as he looked around him.

A hush fell upon the crowd, and no one replied.

"Praise that comes after death," whispered the sage, "does not even cut down the undertaker's bills. Better squander your time sawing wood for his widow."

MORAL: The widow will be expected to take in plain sewing to support herself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Pennsylvania Judge has recently put a stop to the curious method of evading the Liquor law in the petroleum regions of that State. The sellers have been openly retailing without license, under the sign of "Bottling works," and claiming the right to do so by virtue of a statute that bottlers of ale, porter or beer, not otherwise engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, shall be allowed to sell the same by the bottle, provided it is not drank on the premises. Judge Elwell decides that this law was repealed by a subsequent enactment.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—New Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has a population of 4,000. Situated on an arm of Puget Sound, it possesses a magnificent harbor four miles in width, which is too deep, however, for vessels to anchor in. Town lots sell at fabulous prices, ranging from $40,000 downward. Mount Ranier, plainly discernible sixty-five miles to the southeast, towers to the height of 14,000 feet, and is crowned by perpetual snows, which the foot of man has never trod.—*Chicago Herald.*

A New Electrical Miracle.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition is Gentilli's glossograph, a little instrument by which speech is automatically reproduced as soon as it is uttered. A small apparatus is placed in the mouth of the speaker—in contact with the roof of his mouth, his tongue and lips—and on being connected with an electro-magnetic registrating apparatus the sounds are committed to paper. It is constructed in such a manner as not to cause any inconvenience to the speaker; neither is it necessary that the voice should be raised, as it produces a whisper as exactly as a shout; the only condition is a correct and distinct articulation. According to the inventor's calculation, it will be possible to write four or five times as fast by means of the glossograph as has hitherto been possible even by the quickest writer. At first sight it appears as if this invention was but an improvement upon Edison's photograph; it is, however, of a much older date. It rests, unlike the former, on an acoustic principle, and does not reproduce the sounds in a microscopical form. The chief obstacles to the introduction of the glossograph will be the difficulty in deciphering the characters, but it is not impossible that with the help of a second automatic apparatus the characters produced by the glossograph may be translated into our common type-writing. The orthography would doubtless appear strange, but in these days of phonetic spelling this might not long be a hindrance.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Gold by the Ton.

One of the richest strikes known in the mining history of California was made three miles south of this place last Saturday. A pocket of quartz of almost unparalleled richness was found less than one hundred feet from the surface, in which was contained from $75,000 to $100,000, and about two tons in quantity. Much of this might be termed chunks of gold instead of gold-bearing quartz. Some of these pieces of solid gold were about as heavy as a man could lift from the ground. The largest piece was an oval, sixteen by twenty-two inches, and six or seven inches thick. This gold is almost black and of the same character as the former rich strikes found in the same mine. We have no doubt that this is the richest find of gold ever known in the United States at one time.

During Friday a ton of this gold-weighted metal was taken out. It is not so rich as the gold streak taken out some time ago, but there is vastly more of it. The value of this bonanza is estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. The ledge is five feet wide, and the whole face of it was held together, as it were, by spikes of solid gold. Altogether 3,000 pounds have been taken from this bunch of ore, and the end is not yet. The very rich streak from which this mass of free gold has been taken ranges from an inch or so up to twenty inches in width. The previous seam varied from the thickness of a knife blade to three inches.—*Amador (Cal.) Dispatch.*

—Sixteen shots were fired at a cowboy on the streets of Salt Lake City the other night, but they didn't "wing" him, and he got away. It is supposed that he is a descendant of the only original "Sixteen-String Jack," and that by pulling the strings in the right way he managed to walk off with an unperforated hide.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Two horses bitten by rattlesnakes at Billings, Montana, have been cured by puncturing the skin around the wound enough to make the blood flow, and applying soda liberally, renewing the application from time to time, and alternating it with ammonia.

Advance Step In Dentistry.

HAVANA, CUBA.—The most popular dentist of this city, Dr. D. Francisco Garcia, member of the Royal University, states that in all cases of troublesome neuralgia, arising from the teeth, his patrons are recommended to use St. Jacobs Oil, and the most satisfactory cures have followed. It is a specific for toothache, earache, bodily pains, and proof against household accidents.

FASHION hints to ladies—To make your summer bonnet pass through the fall toss it out of the third story window.—*Boston Post.*

I CHEERFULLY ADD my testimony to the value of Ely's Cream Balm as a specific in the case of one in our family, who has been seriously debilitated with Catarrh for the past eight years, having tried ineffectually other medicines and several specialty doctors in Boston. She improved at once under this discovery, and has gained her health and hearing, which had been considered incurable. ROBERT W. MERRILL, Secretary of the Phoenix Manufacturing Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

TO BE really fashionable the lady who owns a pug dog should wear a pug nose.—*Exchange.*

Epilepsy (Fits)

successfully treated. Pamphlet of particulars one stamp. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

WHEN a poet prepares a long-winded poem, does he measure it by the gas meter? That would be a good way to get in the "words that burn."—*The Judge.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, October 18, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$1 75	@ 2 75
Choice butchers	4 00	@ 4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@ 4 50
Good packers	4 50	@ 4 90
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 25	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 08½	@
No. 2 red	1 04	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30½	@ 30¾
Rye—No. 2	58	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@ 11 75
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 25	@ 11 50
Lard—Current make	7·27½	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@ 18
Prime Creamery	20	@ 23
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 2 75
NEW YORK		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 15	@ 3 65
Good to choice	4 40	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 02½	@
No. 2 red	1 06	@ 1 09
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	58¾	@ 59
Oats—mixed	35	@ 38
PORK—Mess	11 30	@ 12 12
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	99	@ 1 00
Corn—No. 2	47¼	@
Oats—No. 2	27¾	@
Rye	55	@
PORK—Mess	10 25	@ 10 35
LARD—Steam	7·85	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 06¾	@ 1 07
Corn—mixed	58¼	@ 58¼
Oats—mixed	35	@ 36
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 00	@
Lard—Refined	9¾	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02	@
Corn—mixed	53	@
Oats—mixed	30	@ 31
PORK—MESS	13 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 01	@
CORN—mixed	47½	@
OATS—mixed	28	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	3 75	@
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise (with colored plates) sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL A'TION, Buffalo, N.Y.

THE hotel cook should be given a wide range.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

(Buffalo, N. Y., News.)

One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the East, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and, swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. This man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present Superintendent of City Police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper, he said:

"At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain, and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"O, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys and traveling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued, and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same time entirely harmless remedy. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

"So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin, do you?"

"None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"And do you never have any fear of some of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?"

"Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but oftener because they respect an officer who does his duty."

The policemen, firemen, letter-carriers and other public employes in this country have a particularly trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health of all such men is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such men as Superintendent Thomas Curtin, of Buffalo.

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRESSED for time—A mummy.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

IREDELL COUNTY, N. C.—The Ex-Sheriff, Mr. W. F. Wasson, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has improved my digestion and general health."

SOMNAMBULISM is believed to be an unconscious trance-action.—*Somerville Journal.*

AN enricher of the blood and purifier of the system; cures lassitude and lack of energy; such is Brown's Iron Bitters.

NOT what it is cracked up to be—A worm-eaten nut.—*N. Y. Journal.*

KEYSER, W. VA.—Dr. W. D. Ewin says: "Many esteem Brown's Iron Bitters as an excellent tonic."

GOOD town for a bare-headed man—Hatfield, Me.

FOR RELIEVING THROAT TROUBLES AND COUGHS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have a wide reputation. *Sold only in boxes.*

AFTER long Mercury and Potash treatment, I found myself a cripple from Mercurial Rheumatism. Tried Hot Springs two years without relief, and was finally cured sound and well by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)
CHAS. BERG,
Hot Springs, Ark.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain!

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE,
Headache, Toothache,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

SWIFT'S Specific (S. S. S.) has relieved me of an obstinate case of Dry Tetter, which had troubled me for twenty-five years, and had baffled all sorts of treatment.
REV. I. R. BRANHAM, Macon, Ga.

A WIFE'S TROUBLE.

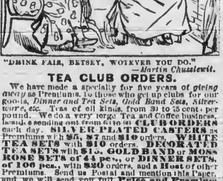
For a number of years my wife has been troubled with chronic rheumatism, it being in some portion of her body constantly (except perhaps in the very warmest weather in summer). Last Christmas she contracted a very severe cold, and a diseased condition of the kidneys became manifest, which subjected her to excessive suffering, as the symptoms of gravel became more prominent, her urine being colored, accompanied by a heavy brick-dust sediment.

After trying several remedies without relief, I procured for her a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, which she commenced taking, and before three days had passed she became much better. She continued using the medicine until she had used six bottles, and now feels entirely cured of both rheumatism and kidney complaint. She believes her present excellent health due solely to the use of Hunt's Remedy.
WILLIAM C. CLEAVELAND.
NORWICH, CONN., May 5, 1883.

GRATIFYING RESULTS

Under date of May 14, Mr. E. A. Thomson, the well-known grocer and provision dealer, of 3 Green street, New Haven, Conn., writes follows: "Several weeks since I was taken very ill with kidney disorders, and an examination of my urine showed a very diseased condition of my kidneys, and I had also symptoms of a diseased state of my liver. The passing of my urine was accompanied with severe pains in the small of my back and loins, followed by a burning sensation, and after having stood awhile in the vessel, the urine showed a very heavy deposit of a sediment similar to ground brick-dust, and, in short, I found that I was in such a diseased condition as to require immediate medical treatment, and as I was anxious to obtain the best and most speedy remedy, I looked and inquired carefully, and became satisfied that Hunt's Remedy was an article of excellent merit, and therefore I concluded to give it a trial, and commenced taking it, and before I had taken one bottle I found such a great improvement that I decided to continue its use; and by taking only two bottles the result has been most gratifying in giving me restored health.

"I have ordered a supply of Hunt's Remedy for my store, and shall hereafter have it for sale, as I consider it an excellent article for diseases of the liver and kidneys."



"DRINK FAIR, BETSEY, WOTEVER YOU DO."
—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

TEA CLUB ORDERS.

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VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1883. NUMBER 1.

THE LITTLE BLACK TEA-POT.

When the sky darkens down on a cold winter's day;
When waiting for the sunshine to come and to stay;
When the angry wind rages, and down from each cloud
Comes the drift that envelops all things in a shroud—
To warm me and cheer me I have something at hand,
In the little black tea-pot that smokes on the stand.

And this tea-pot, though tiny, is handsome and bright,
With its mate, the small creamer, gold-bordered and white;
Then the sugar-dish has on its handle a bird,
And it makes as shrill whistling as boy ever heard,
And "forget-me-not;" this is its golden command,
Both to me and the tea-pot that smokes on the stand.

While a pile of cream crackers suffice for a lunch—
I've no longing for wines—am a stranger to punch;
And I never am called on for bills at the bar,
So my credit is good and my paper at par.
When I thirst I've a beverage ready at hand,
In the little black tea-pot that smokes on the stand.

Let them pile on their silver, their service of plate;
Let them sit at Delmonico's table in state;
Let them quaff at the capital Europe's rich wines,
And wring the life-blood from the foreigner's vines;
I'm content—while I envy no lord in the land—
With the little black tea-pot that smokes on the stand.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

POMPEII.

There can be no place in the world so full of suggestion as that rich plain which stretches inland from the beautiful Bay of Naples, under the slopes of Vesuvius. One does not know which thought to offer first, so thick is the very air with memories. If one approaches from Sorrento, one sees the landscape slowly grow *less* magnificent and luxuriant, but perhaps more fertile—as the gorgeous flowers which give a tropical splendor to the rocky road gradually yield to fields and vineyards, where peasants drive their plow oxen just as Virgil saw them, and irrigate their land by methods as primitive as their plows. On the other side of the bay, just above the Grotto of Pozzuoli, is Virgil's Tomb. Farther away, round the Cape of Posilippo, is Pozzuoli. It was called Puteoli when Saint Paul came unto its little harbor, on board the ship whose sign was Castor and Pollux; and his feet must have trodden the great rough stones which pave the Appian Way. Farther off still are Lake Avernus and the cave of that Cumæan Sibyl, whose dark saying set Augustus to build an altar "to the First-born God." Lastly, there is the Cape of Misenum, where Pliny the Elder lay with his fleet on the day that Pompeii was destroyed.

As we turn inland we pass a few houses—an inn, a church—and become every moment more and more aware of the awful nearness of the Burning Mountain, which now seems to tower threateningly above the fields. The fields rise a little above the road, the grass grows high, and there is a perfect blaze of poppies. When you walk in these fields you are walking on the grave of Pompeii.

As one comes to the excavation parts, and goes down into the narrow streets—where the Roman chariot-wheels have worn deep ruts in the great paving-stones—one realizes the past, and the changing fortunes of empires, and the immortality of human deeds, as one never did before. Down there, in those long-buried streets, it is easy to realize that God shall bring every work to remembrance, when the Books are opened, and the Judgment is set.

In some sort, the books are opened already in Pompeii. Eighteen hundred years ago life there was suddenly stopped. As in the days before the Flood, so here in Pompeii, they were eating and drinking, and knew not until the Flood came. It was a gay city, the Scarborough or Biarritz of Rome—perhaps one might rather call it the Ostend, for it was less genteel than Herculaneum, as is shown by the more meretricious taste of the decorations. Sixteen years before, an earthquake had done so much mischief that the ruin was not yet quite restored; but the mountain had been quiet ever since, and people soon grow used even to a volcano, so transitory a passion is fear. It was a hot August day—a day when the parched fields made all the air dusty and dry, and the beautiful white city of Naples (called Neapolis, the new town), lying all round the head of the bay, looked a dusky yellow through the sultry, heavy air. Most of the people were in the amphitheater, at a wild-beast fight, when they saw a strange cloud rise from Vesuvius. It seemed like a pine-tree; the trunk rose up high into the heavens, and then spread out in branches—some white, some dull and spotted, until, slowly detaching themselves from the parent trunk, they began to darken the whole sky.

Pliny the Elder, over at Misenum, was reading in his study when his sister came in to tell him of this strange cloud. He ordered a light galley to be got ready, and asked his nephew if he would come with him; but young Pliny said he would rather study, especially as his uncle had just given him some writing to do. As the Admiral was coming out, with his tablets in his hand, ready to note down all he saw, the mariners belonging to the galleys at Retina came up to implore of him to go to their help. By the time Pliny got there with his galleys the ashes were falling thick on his decks, hotter and thicker every instant. Then came broken and blackened stones and pummice. Vast fragments were rolling down the mountain, and the sea had suddenly retreated. No wonder the pilot was for putting back! But the undaunted old philosopher-Admiral would not go back. "Fortune," he said, "favors the brave."

Everybody knows something about the rest, and how the poor old gentleman, being weakly and asthmatic, was suffocated by a sudden outburst of flames and sulphur fumes. In that awful darkness, when the sudden rush of flames was the only light which pierced the dense smoke, the fields were full of terrified people, fleeing they knew not whither—from the land to the sea, and back from the sea to the land. In the midst of that fiery rain many imagined that they saw the shadowy forms of the Titans—the Giants of old, whom Jupiter had chained below Mount Etna—looming awfully through the smoke, and thought that they heard the clang of trumpets, announcing the end of the world and the return to chaos.

Thinking of all this, in the warm, clear sunshine, as we wander through the house—where the paintings are yet bright on the walls, and we may walk round their gardens, and see their dried-up fountains—one seems to hear all the Book of Revelation sounding in one's ears, and a voice saying: "Behold, I make all things new!"

In these deserted streets life suddenly stopped eighteen hundred years ago. It is true that the destruction was not instantaneous; and a great number of the inhabitants saved their lives, and even took away a good deal of their treasure. But enough was left to show us every detail of Roman life. The old world is set before us with all its good and its evil, its glories and its shame. We know what manner of men and women they must have been, and what their daily lives were like, almost as well as if we had actually dwelt among them.

These old Pompeiians were very modern. There is nothing new under the sun. They had folding doors and hot-water-urns; they put gratings to their windows and made rockeries in their gardens; their steel-yards are exactly like those your own cheesemonger uses to weigh his Cheddars and Glosters. Their children had toys like ours—bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs, made of clay, and sometimes serving as jugs also. Poor children! poor mothers! How did they fare in those three days of darkness and dismay?

People wrote on walls and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages. In Naples to-day, as you walk along the Chiaja, you may find yourself in the midst of a herd of goats, with bells round their necks, exactly like those in the Museum. They gave tokens at the doors of their places of entertainment—the people in the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terra-cotta. They put lamps inside the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grottos of shells—vulgarity itself is ancient.

They ate sausages, and hung up strings of onions. They had stands for public vehicles, and the schoolmaster used a birch to the dunces. They put stepping stones across the roads, that dainty young patrician gentlemen and the pursy old senators might not soil their gilded sandals. It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst, but they turned their water on and off with taps; and their cook-shops had marble counters. They clapped their offenders into the stocks—two gladiators were kept there eighteen hundred years!

When their crockery broke, they riveted it. At Herculaneum there is a huge wine jar half buried in the earth. It has been badly broken, but is so neatly riveted with many rivets—that it no doubt held the wine as well as ever. Those rivets have lasted eighteen hundred years! It is a strange thing to think about. What would the housewife have said if some one had told her that her cracked pot would outlast the Roman Empire?

The view is very wide from those Pompeiian streets—I do not mean the view seen by the bodily eye—though Vesuvius' and the plain of Stabia can be seen at every turn—but the view of the kingdoms of this world, and of the dealings of God with them. That first year of the Emperor Titus is become the year of our Lord 79.

Thinking of all which has happened while Pompeii lay buried, one comes upon the Temple of Isis. Its name carries us back to an antiquity compared to which Rome is of yesterday. Isis—the symbol of the fertile earth, the Bride of the Sun, the Mother of all living—was worshipped beside the mysterious Nile long before Joseph was sold into Egypt, or Abraham went down thither. This temple was one of the buildings which suffered in the great earthquake of A. D. 63. Numerius Popidius rebuilt it in the name of his little son Selsinus, then but six years old, as appears from the inscription above the temple door, where his name stands recorded among the decurions, in gratitude for this munificence. Did little Selsinus escape, or are his bones among the skeletons found in the House of Diomede?

This temple of Isis had a money-box at the door for the offerings of the faithful. And in one of the rooms attached to the building there was found the skeleton of a priest, trying to break through the wall with an ax. Think of it—how he found he was buried alive and seized the ax and hewed away for dear life, till the sulphurous fumes overpowered him—1,800 years ago!

In the Museum there are some impressions of skeletons. One can see their dying agony so plain that, after eighteen hundred years, one can not bear to look on them. There is a poor dog among them—he was chained up with a handsome chain and collar. The poor beast was choked, and died in a convulsion—it is terrible to see even now.

But Death came for the most part then, as he comes now—in slower, gentler fashion.

Just outside the Herculaneum Gate begins the Street of Tombs. A few people had villas there, but the street was chiefly inhabited by the dead. Some of the inscriptions yet remain—there is one of a father to his son. The son was a popular magistrate, who had a public funeral voted him by the decurions. There is a child's tomb—two women are shown performing the last rites. And Nævoleia Tyche, freedwoman of Julia Tyche, erected a monument for her own freedmen and freedwomen and those of Caius Munatius Faustus. Who was he? And what was the relationship between him and Nævoleia? We do not know—all that the inscriptions tell us is, that Munatius was decreed the *bisellium*, with the consent of the people (here sounds the last echo of the Roman Republic!) and a ship with rowers carved on the tomb perhaps hints that he did his business in the great waters of the Mediterranean—unless the sails just being furled and the ship coming into harbor mean only that the voyage of life was over.

Very near here is that House of Diomede, of which we have all read, and which is as familiar to us as though we had ourselves called there on poor Julia, when Pompeii was in her glory.

There is a tomb erected by a grateful freedman to his master—he used to give a funeral banquet here on the anniversary of his dear master's death. And a wife whose name was Servilia, in her epitaph to her husband, calls him "the friend of her soul."

With these ancient echoes of human love ringing in our ears, let us come up out of the grave of Pompeii into the nineteenth century.—*Sunday at Home.*

The Elephant Seal.

Almost the first voyagers who sailed into the then unknown seas surrounding the south pole took back to Europe stories about a gigantic seal much larger than the elephant, and, like that animal, furnished with a trunk. But the people had begun to doubt the stories of travelers, and consequently not much reliance was placed on those various accounts.

When the real Robinson Crusoe, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, was found on his island of Juan Fernandez and taken home to England, he also told about the giant seal, and gave such minute particulars concerning it that its existence was no longer doubted. Still, it was not until a century later, when the report of Captain Cook's voyages was published, that any real interest was manifested in the sea elephant, or elephant seal. This report said that the oil and skin furnished by the animal were valuable, and that statement was hint enough for one or two enterprising merchants. Without more ado they fitted out a few whaling ships, and sent them to the southern seas to procure the oil and skins of the hapless creatures.

Among these ships the trimmest and swiftest was the "Mary Ann."

How many elephant-seals were slaughtered by the crew of the "Mary Ann" is not known; but it is recorded that, within twenty-five years of her visit to Georgia Island, there were killed on that island alone over one million two hundred thousand animals, or about one thousand every day during the season. How many millions were killed altogether can never be known, but it is certain that the killing did not cease until the elephant-seal was almost exterminated. It will interest you to know that two young elephant-seals are now to be seen in the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia.

The young sea-elephant is as big as a small man when it is born, and in eight days it will grow four feet longer and one hundred pounds heavier. That is pretty quick growth; but to reach a circumference of eighteen feet and a length of thirty feet in three years, it has need to grow quickly.

Penrose, in his account of the elephant-seal, says that his sailors used to mount upon the backs of the animals as they were in the water, and race with each other, making the animals swim by spurring them with their knives. This story is not precisely doubted, but it is not believed either. The elephant-seal always comes ashore, if possible, when about to die, which seems somewhat odd, when the water is the element in which it is most at home. There it is surprisingly swift and agile, and, indeed, it is so comfortable there that it sleeps on the rocking waves as quietly as on shore.—*John R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas.*

Quaint Auction Scenes in Bremen.

Although the free Hanseatic City of Bremen has gradually done away with many of her traditional prerogatives, yet does she cling to some of them to this day. The Senators no longer wear Spanish cloaks or wigs, but the so-called Council messengers still appear on solemn occasions in flaming red coats, knee-breeches, white stockings, and side-swords. The gates are no longer closed at night, nor are the bells rung on the outbreak of a fire; but the "Rathskeller" is punctually closed at 10:30 p. m., and nobody is allowed to enter the sacred precincts after that hour. With remarkable tenacity, however, the good Bremeners adhere to the ancient custom of the so-called "burning candle," by the light of which all peremptory sales of real estate take place to this day, as may be seen every Friday in a hall over the old Exchange. At one end of a long table is seated a Judge and scribe, at the other stands the City Crier, and by his side a Council messenger in flaming red dress, holding a stable lantern. In his hand he has a box filled with ends of small candles that can burn but a few minutes, and of which he has to light one after the other until no other bid is made before the candle goes out, in which case the last and of course highest bidder becomes the owner of the estate. As late as the beginning of this century every person who overbid another while the candle was still burning, thereby putting up the price, received a gratification of a so-called "fine third," equal to about two marks. Frequently some porters or errand-men would come in and bid in order to turn an honest penny by going for the "fine third," although they ran the risk of some weeks' imprisonment, if by chance the candle went out and they thus remained the last bidders without being able to pay for the property knocked down to them on account. It is a comical sight to enter the hall just at the moment when one bidder has silenced a competitor. All eyes turn to the bit of candle in the lantern, which grows smaller and smaller; hardly a breath is drawn; the company looks as if they were petrified. Suddenly there comes another bid, another candle is lighted, and the comedy is repeated until finally the extinction of a candle has fastened the sale upon the last bidder. This custom of the "burning candle" may be justly termed one of the traditional peculiarities of Bremen, there being but few, if any, other German cities or towns in which this ancient custom still obtains.—*Paris American Register.*

—The story is told in the White Mountains that Mr. Vanderbilt went into one of the big hotels one day last summer and, instead of being shown to the elaborate table prepared for him, was ushered to an obscure seat by the head waiter, who didn't recognize him. The guest quietly partook of a bowl of crackers and milk, gave the sub-waiter a five-dollar tip, and went out. And that head waiter has felt like kicking himself ever since.—*N. Y. Times.*

Religious.

CONSOLATION.

"Suffer the little ones to come to me!"
O mother, bending o'er the silent form,
Remember that from toil and sin 'tis free,
Free from earth's gold, and sorrow's blighting storm.

And yet it is so hard to put away
The golden hair, the eyes so full of light,
And long to see them every passing day,
And weary grow from this ere comes the night;

Yet all the while, where God's fair kingdom is,
The sunny hair grows brighter, and the eyes
Grow wiser, deeper, than they could in this,
Our earthly life, with light of Paradise;

And all the while, a little angel hand
You may not see or feel is very near,
And a bright presence by your side doth stand,
And whispers dim-heard words of love and cheer.

God is a loving Father; He will hold,
At its true worth, this treasure you have given;
Brighter and purer will He make the gold
Of love that waits you at the gate of Heaven.

So while your tears the cold, still face baptize,
Remember, death but leads us up to Him
Whose care is boundless, and whose loving eyes
No pain or trouble can make cold or dim.

Fold the white hands upon the silent breast,
And on the little mouth press earth's last kiss,
And think, while doing so, from death's short rest
The sinless soul will waken to God's bliss.

Take the last look at the bright, sunny hair,
And the closed eyes that were so full of love,
But think Heaven's glory will make both more fair,
And no mad crime a blight to them can prove.

O mother-love, so tender and so true,
While you are waiting here, some radiant soul,
Whose child now shares this restless life with you,
Holds your lost darling in her fond control.

I do not bid you sorrow not, nor weep—
All vain such words when death's stern visits come!
But think that God will your great treasure keep
Within His mansions, till you, too, "come home."

Think of the tenderness of Him who said:
"Suffer the little ones to come to me."
And know your darling is not cold and dead,
But "gone before," your messenger to be.
—*Thomas S. Collier, in Youth's Companion.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 28—Saul Chosen King	1 Sam. 10:17-27
Nov. 4—Samuel's Farewell Address	1 Sam. 12:13-25
Nov. 11—Saul Rejected	1 Sam. 15:12-26
Nov. 18—David Anointed	1 Sam. 16: 1-13
Nov. 25—David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2—David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9—David's Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30—Review.	

Christian Example.

A holy life is an example of what Christianity can do for men which sufficiently proves its Divinity. There is an inherent and silent power for good over others in a godly example which not only convinces them of the truth of Christianity, but is more potent than anything else, save the omnipotent Spirit, in leading them to Christ. So great is this power that many a man has been won to Christ by simply "seeing the good works" of one who has never spoken a word to him. Often, where oral preaching of the Gospel and personal entreaty, rebuke and exhortation have failed, Christians have been instrumental in reclaiming men by living the Gospel, by the subtle, silent, attractive influence of a holy example. Because of the inherent power of example, Christ said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works," not hear your good words merely, and "glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

* * * *

No class of men are more closely watched, or more exposed to public scrutiny, than professing Christians. They are known and read of all men. They are as a city set upon a hill, which can not be hid. They are the representatives of Christ on earth. Their conduct, and not their professions, shape irreligious men's opinions of the Christian religion. It is their high calling to show by their example the excellence, the divinity, the saving power of Christianity. As representatives of Christ, they must be Christlike; must have the mind, the spirit that was in Him. It is the character of Christ in Christians that is to evangelize the world. This is the meaning of His declaration: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." It is "Christ in you, the hope of glory," purifying the heart and the life, and shining out in a godly example, that attracts men to Him. Without this all other agencies for the world's redemption are inefficient. Every man by his example exerts an influence for the weal or woe of his fellow-men. This influence may be unconsciously exerted, yet it is none the less real and efficient. It does not cease with the life of the one who originates it, nor is it limited to his immediate circle of friends, but is as wide as humanity, and continues to be a factor among the moral forces of the world long after his name is forgotten. If these things are so; if the influence of example is so wide and enduring; and if Christian example is so important, that upon it depends the salvation of men, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" We are in daily contact with people whose eternal destiny, whether of happiness or misery, may be determined by our example; for the influence of a bad example is as powerful and lasting as that of a good one. They may be of our own household whose eternal future may be less blessed or positively miserable in consequence of an evil example. How great, then, is our responsibility! The apochryphal Gospel of St. Bartholomew contains this text: "If the neighbor of an elect person sin, half the guilt of the sin belongs to the elect person, for if he had displayed before him the beauty of holiness he would not have sinned." "If," says a commentator on this text, "we could but thoroughly reflect the purity and excellence that belongs to the Christian character, we should be as suns in the sky of moral night. The light of Christ's life in us would then so shine forth that all men, seeing it, would be led to glorify God."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Without God and Without Hope.

Doubt and unbelief make sad havoc with the prospects and hopes of those who come under their influence. The ruinous results of skepticism are everywhere manifest in the wicked and godless lives of men, who having rid themselves of all faith in religion, have cast off all restraint and surrendered themselves to the freest indulgence of every form of folly and sin.

There are many who are controlled by moral and religious influences even while they refuse to acknowledge the source of the power that holds them in check. The early education and social surroundings of many keep them up to habits of life against which they would otherwise revolt, and not a few who scoff at religion are indebted to its silent influences for their good principles and their advantageous positions.

In the case of the great mass of irreligious people, however, these restraints are not felt, and their demoralization is almost without mitigation. Reared in an atmosphere of doubt, and without the helps of religious privileges and association, they are wholly given up to selfish gratification, and are found living "without God and without hope in the world;" knowing and caring for nothing beyond the present. To them religion is only a myth, they know no God, they have no faith in a hereafter, and they feel no care except for the things that are "seen and temporal."

"Ah! but they say now there is no God!" was the sad remark made by a shop-woman of Rome to the Rev. Dr. Taylor, who, upon leaving her store, said: "The peace of God be with this house." And in every case where this fearful denial of God takes possession of the heart the benediction of His peace becomes only a solemn mockery.—*Baptist Weekly.*

Fretful Christians.

Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet, even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. How much more will God clothe you. Therefore, take no thought of the morrow, but seek the kingdom, and these things shall be added. That is, go along placidly in the performance of your duties, and do not fret yourself about the future; and this is consummate practical wisdom and philosophy. But the precept extends beyond the material to the spiritual future. The lily does not trouble itself for fear that it may not reach its pearly perfections. It drinks the rain and the dew and the sunshine and takes its rest by night, and God attends to its development. But what a lot of fretful and yearning and self-distressing Christians there are. I am not so perfect as I ought to be. I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand, a crown upon my forehead, and a harp within my hand. I yearn for more gifts and graces. Well, what good does all this do you? The child would like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. You will not be an angel by wishing to be one, and you will not stand in the angelic ranks till you are sent for. Take no thought for the morrow. God clothed the lilies, and shall he not much more clothe you? If you will go along performing your duties of all kinds to the best of your ability you will have no time for whipping yourself with these useless dissatisfactions and longings. When duties are done for the day you will feel like resting, thanking God and going to sleep. Never mind about the raiment. The robe of righteousness is all ready, and will be girded round you when the work is all done, and you are washed up and ready to wear it. Fret not thyself.—*Chicago Interior.*

Wise Sayings.

—Never leave your way to seek a cross, nor go out of your way to avoid one; appointed crosses are real blessings.—*Young Christian's Pocket-Book.*

—Lead Me!—

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with a troubled sea.

—God can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—Man needs the certainties and not the uncertainties of Christian belief. He injures the cause who tells the people what he is not clear about. There are truths enough about which he is certain, and the world will find all the opportunities to doubt that are needful.—*Golden Rule.*

—The *Sunday-School Teacher* thinks that "Christians ought not to meet in elegant places of worship, occupy comfortable seats, keep Sunday-schools for a select few, and virtually say: 'I thank God I am not as other men,' and leave the world around lying in wickedness, with little or no effort to save it. 'Who hath made thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou hast not received?'"

—The New York *Sun* reports some remarks made by Felix Adler at the funeral of one of the members of his "Society for Ethical Culture." What can be more dreary and hopeless than this: "In what words of comfort shall I speak to you? I can not speak to you concerning the meeting in another world. That problem is too much surrounded with difficulties. The mystery that envelops human existence is too dense and deep for mortal eye to penetrate."

—Promises and threatenings, cursings and blessings go together. There is no act but carries its fruit with it. The young should be taught that God's law is strict and curses and blesses. It is God's law in Nature as well as Revelation. One who eats proper food is nourished; one who eats poison must die. Human law protects those who obey it and sets the alternative of punishment before those who disobey. It will not do to resist the threatenings. They are for our good. They can not be escaped except by obedience. In that way they can be escaped, and in that way is the only true liberty and happiness.—*Exchange.*

Our Young Folks.

TRY AGAIN.

Margy with the flaxen hair
Sat the picture of despair.
"Five times six and eight times seven,
Add results, and by eleven
Multiply—or divide—
And I don't know what beside.
Oh, this horrid, horrid sum!
Right I cannot make it come."
So said Margy, with a sigh,
Crying: "'Tis no use to try."

Gray-haired grandma, sitting near,
Heard the sigh and saw the tear.
"Margy darling, hither come;
Let me see thy 'horrid sum.'"
Scanning all the work she saw
Here a slip and there a flaw.
"Ah, my Margy, plain to see
Why the figures don't agree.
Little maid, thy sore distress
Is the fruit of heedlessness."

"Oh, but grandma, I have tried
Just as hard!" poor Margy cried;
"But the naughty figures go
Somehow always wrong, you know."
Then, to her supreme dismay,
Grandma sponged the work away,
And, for Margy's eyes to read,
Wrote in letters large and plain:
"*If at first you don't succeed,*
Try, and try, and try again."

When the wise old saw she read,
"Thank you, grandma dear," she said.
Then with bright and cheerful air
Worked the sum with double care,
And the answer—happy sight!—
Came at last exactly right.
"Now," the little maiden cried,
Laughing, in her girlish pride,
"When my naughty sums go wrong,
'*Try again*' shall be my song."
—*Harper's Young People.*

ANDY'S WISH.

Andy was in disgrace, and in a very bad humor as well. Ordinarily he was such a pleasant, bright-faced boy that one would hardly believe that the little, cross-looking chap with the deep scowl over his eyes could be he.

When mamma went off to the sea-shore for a few weeks of change and quiet rest, her only trouble had been about Andy. Susie and the baby, nurse could take care of, she knew; but Andy, since he had grown up to the dignity of a school-boy, was not as tractable in the nursery as he once was, and nurse had more patience with babies and little girls than she had for a noisy, restless school-boy of eleven. However, the doctor said mamma must go, and leave them all at home. So papa had carried her off, almost against her will.

Andy made so many promises to be good and mind nurse that she was persuaded that he meant to keep his word. And so he did. But nurse was unreasonable, and no boy likes to be called off from making a kite to run errands. Such "confounded" long ones, too (the adjective is Andy's own—*I* should have said *very* long). Then, upon his return, when he was only making paste for the beloved kite, to have it snatched away from him!

True, he was mixing it in a *cut-glass goblet:* but what matter? One glass was as good as another; indeed, if it had been handy, he would have preferred a tin cup.

Altogether he was a much-abused boy! If it were not for mamma he would have serious thoughts of running away. What a lark it would be to have old nursey flying around, with her cap-strings floating in the air, drumming up neighbors to hunt for Master Andy!

"I wish I was not a boy. Boys have the hardest time of anything in creation! I don't want to be a miniry, pimiry, fol-de-rol of a girl either! I wish I were a bird; they don't have to mind. Yes, I'd even like to be a hornet! Look at that chap, hunting flies over there! He has no nurse, and I'll bet does just as he has a mind to."

These words, uttered aloud, were scarcely out of the little boy's mouth, when, wonderful to relate, the very hornet he had been envying flew up to him and said:

"Would you really like to be one of us? Remember a hornet's life is not one of idleness. He must work hard for his living, like all the rest of the Master's creatures. Think before you decide."

"Do you have nurses?"

"No."

"Then I'll be a hornet!"

How strange! At once he felt himself growing smaller and smaller. Now—yes, he could fly. It was a delightful sensation to feel himself floating through the air.

"Buzz! buzz!" went the other hornet. So it would have sounded the day before. Now Andy knew he said: "Come with me, and I'll introduce you to the other hornets."

So, off they went, further down toward the peach orchard. There the family had built themselves a very curious house. It served as a temporary lodging-house for themselves, and was the place where eggs were deposited, whence the hornets of the future sprang into life.

Andy remembered looking at this house, from a distance, only a day or two before. Now, to fly right into it was very funny! All the hornets came to look at him. All buzzed and talked so fast that he could scarcely understand a word they said.

He was offered a blue-bottle fly for refreshment, and as he shrank from the proffered dainty, they all buzzed louder than ever.

Later his friend took him to a peach-tree, and they regaled themselves on a ripe peach, which was much more to Andy's taste.

That night he slept on a limb of the same tree—it seemed so stuffy in the hornet house.

The next day all assembled in their house, and each received orders from the head of the colony. Each had to kill so many flies and bring them home, to be stored up for the next generation of hornets. Some remained at home, to put the finishing layer to their house.

Andy was put among the latter, to learn their trade. Hard work, too, it was. Beginning at early dawn to chew up paper, moisten it with glue, and smooth it on the outside of the hornet-house, was no joke. All day long he worked. No rest, except two or three short visits to the peach-tree, to refresh himself.

Then to see all the other hornets come home, each laden with a fly, sometimes only half dead, still struggling in the grasp of its captor, was to Andy disgusting in the extreme.

Three or four days dragged wearily on, and he was beginning to wish that he could be a boy again, and run errands when one morning Andy was sent out with the others, to catch flies.

He flew with his old friend a little way, and then they separated. Andy saw a large fly on a window, and made after it. The fly took refuge in the house, and he flew in also.

How familiar that room looked! It was the nursery—yes, to-be-sure it was! There was the baby in the crib. Just then Susie said:

"Oh, nurse! a horrid hornet!"

Nurse was after him. Oh, dear! he should be killed right in his own home!

"Buzz! Buzz!" Would they never understand?

"Get out of this, you rascal!" cried nurse.

"I'll catch him, nurse, in my apron, and then kill him."

"He'll sting you, Susie!"

"Buzz! Buzz!" No, he wouldn't. He'd rather die than sting his own sister.

Just then, nurse made a dab with her apron.

He screamed:

"Don't you know me?" and awoke to find nurse really standing over him, under the peach tree.

"Why, Master Andy, did you ever go to sleep on the grass? I'm afraid you've caught your death of cold. Come with me, and let me give you something hot."

"Why, nurse," Andy tries to explain, "I've been a hornet. I've been down in the orchard, sleeping in a tree over their nest."

Nurse tells him that she has been hunting for him for hours, and was in despair when he was discovered in the peach orchard.

Andy goes slowly home, too relieved to be a boy again to argue the matter with nurse.

"To-be-sure," he adds to himself, "boys do have a *hard* time, but hornets have a *harder*."

And he believes he would not change places with any other of God's creatures, but stay on a boy till time changes him into a man.—*Golden Days.*

The Boy and the Man.

Many years ago a poor shepherd-boy, clad in an old plaid mantle, went into a book-store in Edinburgh and asked for a second-hand Greek Testament, being unable to buy a new one. The bookseller having handed him one, the boy asked the price.

"For whom do you want it?" asked the bookseller.

"For myself," answered the boy.

"Can you read Greek?"

"Yes, sir," modestly replied the boy.

"Then," said the bookseller, "if you will read and translate a few sentences I will give you the book."

The boy, highly pleased with the proposal, read the Greek text and then translated it into English.

"Take the book, my boy," said the bookseller; "you are welcome to it."

The boy thanked him, clapped the book under his arm and walked off in triumph to the pasture to attend the sheep.

Many years afterward that same boy (ah! he had become a man now) stepped into the same book-store, entered into conversation with the bookseller and asked him if he remembered giving a second-hand Greek Testament to a poor shepherd-boy one morning.

"Yes, I remember it well," said the bookseller, "and I should like to know what became of that boy, for I am certain he has risen to eminence in some profession or other."

"Sir," said the man, "you see him before you."

Now, who do you think he was? Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, one of the most eminent authors and commentators of the Scriptures the world has ever produced.

It is a well-known fact that the children of parents in humble circumstances often succeed better than the children of the rich; and their greater success must arise from their being stimulated by their scanty means to improve to the utmost the talents which God has given them.

To the sons of the poor man, then, I say, in the words of Solomon: "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute." Be industrious, be frugal and attentive to every duty. To the sons of the rich I would say: "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; and seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Carrier-Pigeon vs. Pony.

When at its ordinary speed a carrier-pigeon is supposed to fly somewhat faster than an express train. The experiment which was tried some time ago of a race from Dover to London between a pigeon and the Continental Mail resulted triumphantly for the bird by somewhere about half an hour; but then it must be remembered that a pigeon can take a perfectly straight line across country from one point t another, thus effecting a considerabl shortening of distances as compare with the curves and deviations in rail roads and ordinary highways. To rac a pony against a pigeon would, o course, be a foregone conclusion in favo of the latter; but it has just been shown by a race which has taken place at Bed worth, that a pigeon can fly rathe more than double as fast as a pony While the four-footed creature was en gaged in galloping half a mile, th pigeon completed a mile with eight yards to spare. It will be generall thought that the pony should have mad better time; but, of course, it is difficu to organize a race of this sort so as t call forth all the speed possessed by th animal, who never runs so quickly whe there is nothing in sight to compet with. It was the pace at which the fly, as well as their small size, whic commended pigeons to the Frenc during the siege of Paris, as a means taking messages out of the city into th provinces; and at the present moment regular "arm" of the German milita establishment is a service of train pigeons, kept in readiness at all t great Teutonic fortresses. The pige has, in fact, solved the great proble of flying in a given direction in a state of the wind, a secret which utterly beyond the reach of balloon and inventors of aerial machines.—*L don Telegraph.*

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OHIO is giving to the world a few bloody murders this month.

THE Democrat says that ten school districts in Carroll county have voted a property tax for school purposes.

THE deaths from cholera in Alexandria are averaging eight to ten a day, and the fatal cases occur chiefly among the Europeans.

THE record indicates that Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court has now been on both sides of the civil rights bill.

IT is presumed that the President in his next message to congress will recommend the abolition of the Internal Revenue tax.

THE President has appointed the 29th inst., as a day for thanksgiving and turkey dinners. We are ready to receive bids, either sealed or open.

THE Republican State Central Committee in Ohio is calling for contributions with which to settle up the expense of this fall's campaign, about $8,000.

DURING last week there were 13,905 head of stock received at the Covington Stockyards, as follow: Hogs, 9,977; sheep, 2,422; cattle, 1,384; horses and mules, 188.

THE Butler boom has struck California, and it is said that six hundred shoemakers of San Francisco have organized a Democratic club to work for his nomination for President.

THE Franklin county grand jury says, "The jail is a stench in the nostrils of christianity." This is a worse charge than the Boone county grand jury brought in against the Boone county jail.

IN next month State elections will be held in Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Connecticut, Mississippi and Virginia will elect members of the Legislature.

THE Norvell-Cecil suit has been withdrawn, but the public knows that there is a willful lie out about what took place in regard to the Register's office at the Louisville Convention, and the proof shows pretty plainly who lied.

THE Ohio Republican State Central Committee has resolved that the result in the late election in that State fully justifies the belief that upon the purely National issues Ohio still remains as ever securely Republican.

A REPORT comes from Kansas that a sealed tin can containing $30,000 in gold, silver and greenbacks has been discovered on the farm where the Benders formerly lived. The owner of the farm wants to keep the money, but his claim will be contested by the friends of several of the victims of the Bender family.

THERE is a good deal of open talk about gambling houses in Louisville, but the true reason for the cleaning up of such places may be found in the fact that Proctor Knott is Governor of Kentucky.—Yeoman.

Certainly the Yeoman does not intend to reflect on Blackburn's administration, does it?

THE Huntington Journal says: An old criminal once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered: "The first step was cheating a printer out of two years subscription—when I had done that the devil got such a grip on me that I could never shake him off."

FINE FARR, Governor Crittenden's Private Secretary, has brought suit in the St. Louis Circuit Court against the Globe-Democrat for $50,000 damages for an article recently published in that paper connecting him with certain disreputable criminal acts being investigated by the grand jury.

THE salary of the County Judge and County Attorney for the past year was estimated by the board of Magistrates, Monday, to be worth $225 each. This is $105 in advance of last year, and there is no doubt but what they earned and deserved it.—Warsaw Independent.

ST. LOUIS is in a fever of excitement over Governor Crittenden's refusal to remove the Police Commissioner and Coal Oil Inspector. It is charged that he has reasons other than those he has given for not acceding to the demands of the indignant people. Governor Crittenden it is considered has been too intimate with the gamblers of that city.

SENATOR BECK does not consider that the result in Ohio makes it a Democratic State, and thinks that it will be a great mistake to base calculations on its electoral vote. But he considers that Ohio is transferred from the list of reliable Republican States to the doubtful column. He says Ohio will be an October State next year.

THE District of Columbia Commissioners have been asked by Secretary Chandler if they see any objection to adopting, on and after the 18th of next month, the time of the 75th meridian as the local time of Washington, making the time eight minutes and twelve seconds faster. Reckon the saloons in Washington are too slow about opening of a morning to suit the Secretary.

KENTUCKY justice is sometimes almost as swift as the New Jersey article. Judge Perkins opened Court in Bracken county Friday morning, heard the Smith murder trial, sentenced the defendant to the Penitentiary for life, heard arguments for a new trial in the Brockman case, overruled the motion, confirmed the severe sentence, previously pronounced, and adjourned Court in time for an early dinner. In Frankfort two colored men were placed on trial at 2 p. m. for housebreaking. At 4 o'clock they were being put at work in the penitentiary.—Ex.

A COMMITTEE has been revising the school law, and when the legislature meets some very important changes in that law will be submitted for consideration. The committee will favor amending the present law so that the amount of public money received by a district will be determined by the number of pupils that attend the public school and not by the number of pupils reported by the district census. This change contemplates a more liberal attendance at school, making it to the interest of the trustees and teachers to encourage a class who are now receiving no benefit of the public schools, to attend.

NEW YORK LETTER.

But two weeks more separate us from election day in this State, and that the Democrats will make good use of their time is to be presumed from the excellence of their choice for the County and Senatorial offices, and the harmonious manner in which all the factions work toward securing the common aim. The New York County Democratic ticket according to the estimate of men well informed is good for at least 50,000 majority, while that of the State ticket will probably exceed it by 10,000. The Republican State Committee feeling no doubt that it is useless to fight such odds, is devoting itself exclusively almost to the interior of the State. But even if the inward counties carry the Republican ticket, the solid Democratic majority that will meet them at the Harlem Bridge will overthrow them.

Such demoralization as one meets generally in Republican ranks is remarkable A well known New Yorker expressed the reason for this very happily. Said he: "We are too far removed from the civil war that the Republicans can make a live issue of it, and they have neither the sense nor skill, nor the political honesty to get up anything practical with which to go before the country."

Said I to a prominent Massachusetts Democrat: "They say that Butler will be beaten, because the Democratic ticket is all head and no tail." He replied: "I defy any one comparing the two tickets to show in what way our candidates are less worthy of public confidence than the Republicans. So far as Governor Butler is concerned he has knocked the cold supercilious pretentions of the blue blood into a cocked hat, and they stand before the people hollow, selfish pretenders, bedraggled with the soap suds of ridicule. I tell you, the people are thoroughly disgusted with these would-be aristocrats who would 'educate' the people. Why what are all? Washburn is nothing but a pail maker, Rice a paper maker, Claflin a tanner, Talbot who started in life as a poor Irish boy and so on. All honor to them for the industry with which they have advanced themselves, but because they have been successful, they should not look down upon others who have failed in the battle of life."

The Republicans of New York are raking up Leon Abbott's legislative record with a fine tooth comb to bring up evidence in support of their statments that he has always been in favor of the railroads as against the people at large. But so far whatever alleged facts they have secured have fallen to the ground when confronted with the man against whom they have been made.

A cyclone in Burbon county, Ky., Sunday evening, did $50,000 worth of damage in and about Paris.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $4 60@4 80; fair to good packers, at $4 40@4 50; fair to good light, $4 45@4 75; common, $3 85@4 35; culls, $3 00@3 80: stock hogs, $3 50@4 25.

JUDGE HOLMAN says that he has no Presidential bee buzzing in his hat, and thinks if Tilden concludes to accept that he and Hendricks will be the Democratic Presidential ticket, and that there will be no doubt of their election.

A newsboy on the Southern road fell off the train at Walton Monday morning, and the train ran over his head crushing it, death resulting instantly. In the afternoon at the Shortline depot in Walton a man tried to get on a train when it was moving, and fell, the train mashing his hip and pulverizing one of his ankles.

The 1883 Tobacco Crop.

Despite the general fears felt, frost has not occurred in October, though the temperature the past few days, in this region, has not been far removed from the freezing point. This fact has contributed to improve crop prospects, though there is little in the fields now to be affected, the remnant in the fields having been cut in the past two weeks, whether ripe or not.

But still the avoidance of frost is fortunate, as the great quantities of green tobacco held in the barns would be almost as susceptible inside as outside to its influence.

With the curing now depends all further improvements. There is hardly a doubt, though, that the general crop will be considerable short, while one or two varieties, as Seed Leaf and Burley, may turn out more abundant than the other varieties. "Brights" will undoubtedly be very scarce. while export. both stripping and manufacturing, will not be much better.

High prices are prevailing all over a sure indication that there is virtue in the claim s of planters regarding the short crop.—[Western Tobacco Journal.

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12

THE best cure for diseases of the nerves, brain, and muscles is Brown's Iron Bitters.

MARION, MASS.—Dr. N. S. Ruggles says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valued tonic for enriching the blood and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

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School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch and W. T. German, Deputy Sheriffs.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Walter Ryle, Cornstable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,	J C Jenkins,
J E Duncan,	Oscar Gaines,
G C Gaddy,	Ben Clore,
Noah Craven,	Wm. Clore,
C S Balsly,	A S Gaines,
George Gaines,	C S Gaines.

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

Doctors and Doctrines.

Whatever Cruel Creeds May Say, Truth is Always Orthodox.

"You know the old saying, Doctor, Ubi tres medici, duo athei,—where there are three doctors there are two atheists," laughed Rev. Apollo Creamcheese, the other day, to his friend, Dr. Senna, who had dropped in for a bit of a talk.

"Yes, I've heard it, and I'll bet a box of pills against your dry inkstand that some priest said it. They always pattered bad Latin when they had a bigger lie than common to get rid of," answered the Doctor, lighting his pipe. "I tell you, Dominie you're 'way off when you think our profession isn't doing as good work in this world as yours is. They've both been more'n half barbarous for centuries, but we're several lengths ahead of you on the home-stretch."

"But, Doctor, said Rev. Mr. Creamcheese, "don't you think your fraternity shows a tendency to materialistic——?"

"Bah!" interrupted Dr. Senna, "we show a tendency to human charity and common sense. The fences are all down. Why, within the past week I've had a letter from my old friend, Dr. W. V. Haddox, of Pine Hill, Alabama, saying that he is using, with great success, PARKER'S TONIC, in his practice, and finds it the best thing for Coughs Lung, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and so on, he ever struck; and another friend of mine, Dr. J. J. Oatman, of carrolltown, Pa., says substantially the same thing. He's a hig specialist, too, in chronic diseases, and knows what he is talking about every time."

Dr. Senna's statement as to PARKER'S TONIC, are supported by genuine testimonials from Drs. Haddox and Oatman, who write to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York—the proprietors—in terms of the highest commendation concerning this great restorative remedy; and letters from the profession generally confirm the opinion of these physicians. Price, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, October 2d, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$579,247 75
Overdrafts		969 39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 4 per cent		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		43,991 83
Due from other National banks	3,584 33	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,459 97	—6,044 30
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 91
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,994 80
Premiums paid		8,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,432 60
Bills of other Banks		10,135 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		56 54
Specie		12,015 00
Legal tender notes		22,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$761,806 12

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		2,500 00
Undivided profits		—21,367 99
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	368,774 08	
Due to other National Banks	14,722 85	
Due to State Banks and bankers	9,441 20	—392,938 13
Total		$761,806 12

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Oct., 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
J. H. MERSMAN,
L. C. STEPHENS,
Directors.

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

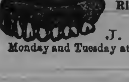
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

E. E. IGOE,



Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including **Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery,** and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED.

All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 8½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2-m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 8 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvements are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Bilious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

NAVAL Agents Wanted for Ancient & Modern **BATTLES.** New and graphic Pictorial History of the great Sea fights of the World. By Medical Director SHIPPEN, U. S. N. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., 102 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; **Books & Bibles** low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Wm. Garretson & Co., 30 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.

CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY.
OFFICE & ROOMS, NO. 920 LOCUST ST.
CHAS. L. LaBARJE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to **CHRONIC DISEASES** of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. **BLOOD IMPURITIES,** inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. **DEFORMITIES** of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. **WEAKNESS** and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. **FEMALE** irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

(The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.)

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

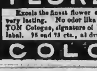
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM



A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

INJECTION SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. McKim.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any *clean* pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial **MEDAL & Diploma.** Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

NEVER FAILS

FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

Local News.

Wheat looks well.

The rains descend and the winds blow

Flowers have gone into winter quarters.

New Sorghum molasses at Dudley Rouse's.

A maltese squash is on exhibition at Rouse's store.

The Baptist Church building is again ready for use.

Next Monday the court of claims holds its fall session.

Schofield Blankets at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., at $5 a pair.

Straw hats, linen coats and low shoes have been called in again.

Schofield's Jeans at 40c. per yard at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Joe Rusche has sold the five mile house on the Lexington pike.

A fine lot of rain fell Monday, and the water courses all got high.

Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to get a nice Cloak or Dolman.

Berry S. Hardin, a prominent citizen of Covington, died Sunday.

A fine Union Casemere Overcoat for $1 50, at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

The magestic gobbler is getting nervous as thanksgiving day approaches.

Irwin Balsly, of North Bend, raised an immense crop of Irish potatoes this year.

Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Shawls, etc. in great variety at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Indiana.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind., is the boss place to trade, as they deal fair and square.

The rains the past week have just come in time to take the produce boats out of the Ohio.

The baptizing appointed for last Sunday by the Universalist church at this place was postponed.

Saturday morning John Mitchell caught a very large fox after an exciting chase of three hours.

Many of the hickory nuts are worthless after being dried, the kernel shrinking and becoming tasteless.

G. M. Riley is loading a boat with potatoes at his landing. He intends shipping direct to New Orleans.

Its unfailing power entitles Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be considered the only sure specific for blood disorders.

A postal received from Web Smith announces his arrival in Jacksonville, Florida, after a very pleasant trip.

The large Maple tree in the southeast corner of the Court-house yard has all the delicate tints the fall of the year can bestow.

The Postoffice Department has advertised for bids for carrying two mails a day on the Erlanger and Burlington mail route.

Capt. Felix Moses passed through town the other day with a large manifest of rags, bought of the clever grangers in this locality.

Mrs. Sarah A. Rice, daughter of Noah Surface, was adjudged a lunatic one day last week, and taken to the asylum at Anchorage.

A thunder storm visited this locality Sunday morning, and in the afternoon a wind storm paid its respects to this section of the country.

The farmers say that the sap in the corn disappears very slowly this fall, and many who commenced gathering before this time last fall have not began yet.

The abundance of small game has thronged the country with hunters, and the farmers say they never heard such a constant roar of small arms in time of peace.

We noticed a cargo of fine cabbage being unloaded at the Boone House the other day. Guess Joe Reed is going to make up a lot of saur kraut according to his recipe.

On the night of the 7th inst., a ball will be given in the Hebron Hall by William Rouse, Mart Farrell, George Moore and George Knap. A nice time is anticipated.

Monday J. F. Blythe shot and crippled a bird that is evidently a stranger in this land. It had a very long, slender bill, long, gray, thick feathers and a small head.

Monday morning two males and one female tramp passed through town, the males propelling hand-carts which appeared pretty well loaded. They said they were bound for Lexington.

J. L. Johnson, of Hamilton, was in town the other day, and having a wound on one of his hands from a dog bite, had O. P. Tanner to apply his mad stone, which refused to adhere.

D. M. Ferry is evidently of the opinion that the gardening season has ended in this section, and last week his young man was around settling up with the boys and taking in the sheckles.

Capt. Bef. Bradley has put another boat in the Rising Sun and Cincinnati trade. The boat is called the Mountain Boy, and is considerably larger than the one recently burned at Rising Sun.

Mr. A. Blythe had a valuable milch cow to die the other day after several days illness. A post mortem developed the food she had taken previous to her taking sick, in an undigested condition.

WANTED.—At this office two copies of the RECORDER of the 17th of October. We will consider it a favor on the part of any friend sending us a copy of that date.

Mr. William Rouse brought us a peculiar looking and a very fine tasting cabbage, the other day. It is particularly adapted to making slaw. Its name is—is—we knew we would forget it.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

After the next letting of the mails Union will have a daily mail receiving it from Florence. The Gunpowder office will come in for an increase of service, which will be of great benefit to that part of the country.

George Hughes knows how hickory nuts look to a man up a tree, as he climbed several shell-bark trees one day last week. We know of no one that envied George the pleasant sensation sure to follow such exercise.

Esq. Baker has been looking at considerable of the new crop of tobacco this fall, and pronounces it the finest crop raised in the county since the burley tobacco was introduced, and what it lacks in pounds is amply made up in quality.

The Woolper Turnpike bridge across Asbyfork cost the company $317. It is a wooden bridge, with a span over sixty feet long between the piers. It was built by W. J. Rice. That road will soon be in shape to commence collecting toll again.

On the 6th of next month, all the personal property belonging to the estate of Mrs. Nancy Snyder, deceased, consisting of horses, hogs, cows, corn, wheat and household and kitchen furniture, will be sold publicly at the late residence of the deceased.

A hat was found somewhere in the Florence X-Roads neighborhood, the other day, and the report reached town that one of the citizens out there had also come up missing, but before our messenger arrived in the neighborhood he learned it was a hoax.

Sheriff Clutterbuck has had notices of the time he or one of his deputies will be in the respective districts, for collecting taxes, printed, and will post them at various places in each district, so the best thing you can do when he comes to your district is to waltz up and pay your taxes like a man and avoid the penalties which the law imposes on the derelict.

Mr. L. J. Setters, accompanied by another gentleman, was in our office last Friday and had with them a sample of very long and nicely colored tobacco. Mr. S. has about 50,000 pounds of tobacco on his farm, all nicely cured and for which he will evidently realize the top of the market. He is one of the most extensive tobacco growers in the county.

The Kentucky Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows in session at Standford, last week, elected our esteemed friend J. Frank Grant, of Petersburg, Grand Master for the present year. It is a high compliment well bestowed. Next Friday evening Morning Star Lodge of which Frank is a member, will give him a reception in honor of the position now held by him.

H. C. Botts, of Grant, Ky., as foreman, assisted by James Herron, Mike Handrall, Ralph Creekbaum and Harris Lindenberne have prised 240 hogsheads of tobacco here since August 6th, and shipped it to the Planters' warehouse in Cincinnati. They are a genteel, well behaved set of young men, and our people wish them success.—Kentuckian North Middleton, Item.

A fine sow belonging to John. G. Gaines and the mother of a litter of small pigs was shot and killed by a negro boy who was out hunting one day last week. As an excuse for the killing the negro says the sow was after his dog. Mr. Gaines has not been able to be out of his house for several days, and it is said when he gets well he will make it rather interesting for the negro who did the shooting.

Real Estate Conveyances.

John Snyder to Mary E. Snyder, his interest in Nancy Snyder's estate.

Martin Staley to Susan Williamson, 1 a and 29 poles near the mouth of Middle Creek—$118.

V Finnell to Mattie Griffith, 35 a 3 r 2 p near Verona.

Sallie Akin, &c, to Leonard Clore, 20 acres near Bellevue—$2,300.

C C Talbott &c, to L M Rouse, 81 p near Union—$200.

George Giblin to D C Alcorn, lot in Petersburg—$500.

Ezekiel Rice to Scott Rice, all his interest in 100 acres just above Bellevue, —$1 and other considerations.

James T Grubbs to W B Grubbs, 295 acres less 10 and the house near Taylorport—$1 and love and affection.

Scott Rice to John E Walton, lots 6 and 7 in division of E T Green's land—$320.

J M Conner to R S Crisler, house and lot in Burlington—$750.

J C Jenkins to O T Porter, small parcel of land near Petersburg—$35 25.

Paschal Rucker to James T Gaines, 203½ acres near Bullittsburg church—$8,000 love and affection.

Matthias Floyd to L E Rouse, 87½ a near Union—$3,000.

Charles E White to Mary E White, 44 acres near Burlington—$1 and other consideration.

E W Rice to John T Londen, 7 a 1 r 8p on Middle Creek—$175.

W H Stamper to Henrietta Huey a small parcel of land on Gunpoder—$50.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Constable Sandford was on the sick list last week.

Judge Riddell is being entertained by the rheumatism this fall.

Mrs. Webber, of Cincinnati, is visiting Mrs. Nicholas Carpenter.

Mr. Alfred Cason was visiting relatives in Harrison county last week.

Capt. Mote Christy, of Petersburg, rounded-to in Burlington Saturday.

John A. Parks, attorney, of Aurora, Ind., was in town on legal business last week.

Mr. Hendrix and sister, of Kansas, are the guests of Hon. J. A. Gaines and family.

Dr. Luther Terrill, of Hebron, was in town the other day chaproning Harry Pease, the dramatist.

Harry Monroe Pfeiffer, one of the "lightning jerkers," at Erlanger, made Burlington a flying visit last Friday.

J. A. Davis of the firm of Davis Bros. of Hebron, was in town Monday, and reports business in his town as being brisk.

Mrs. John S. Huey and daughter, Miss Belle, of Bellevue, spent the day in town last Friday, the guests of Mrs. Huey's sister.

Mr. S. S. Westbay and wife, of Brinkley, Ark., and Mr. J. G. McGarvey and family, of Cincinnati, Ohio, were visiting their brother and sister at this place Sunday and Monday.

R. H. Sandford's cow died Monday, of Texas fever supposed.

Len Sandford's horse got its leg broken by a kick from one of Wood Sullivan's horses, and had to be killed.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

Mike Clore was very well pleased with his new clerk.

Married, Oct., 18th, by Elder E. Stephen, E. W. Rouse and Miss Martha Hood. We wish them all the joys of life.

Rev. Shafer, of Springfield, Ohio, will preach at this place next Sunday morning and night.

Hebron has a hat renovating shop now.

John Dollahi has moved to Covington.

Farmers are not done digging potatoes.

Rabbit Hash.

People of this vicinity are enjoying good health.

W. H. Nelson and family will move to Rising Sun in a few days.

E. S. Acra is in the neighborhood, staying with his brother, helping him to finish his house.

Willard Gleeson will leave next week for the Sunny South with his father on a potato boat.

Miss Belle Holbert was the guest of her cousin Mollie Acra, last week.

An oyster supper was given the young folks, last Thursday evening, by Mr. and Mrs Ben Wilson, but Cal don't like oysters.

Uncle Billy Steele is able to be out again.

Mr. Mock has commenced to rebuild his store house again.

Petersburg.

J. C. Jenkins shipped a fine lot of hogs to market last week.

Joseph Ferris spent last Wednesday in Cincinnati, in the interest of the stock market.

W. H. Torrill, who has been sick with malaria, is somewhat improved at this writing.

J. F. Grant and J. W Berkshire are each loading a cellar with potatoes at 30 and 35 cents a bushel. As pilots are scarce for running such loads, we suppose they will have to keep them here for come consumption.

Mr. Ezekiel Workum, Jr., member of the the firm of Freiburg & Workum, was here on business last Wednesday.

James Thomason is as good as a herd book. He has the pedigrees of all kinds of stock in his head, and don't you forget it.

Fred Appleton and family, of Texas, are visiting friends here.

Chas. Kien has the typhoid fever and is quite sick.

Mrs. Chas. House is quite sick with the rheumatism,

John W. Berkshire purchased a fine horse in Carroll county last week.

Mr. Butcher, we will take a little pork and sausage, if you please, at this season of the year.

Dr. Ed Terrill had a canary bird shipped him from Germany, last week. It is what they call a Hartz Mountain.

Maj. Stott has the name of being the most liberal man in town. He says he intends to divide his patronage between the Minnie and Mountain Boy. Opposition is the life of trade.

It you want steam boat wind come to Pete.

Will Snyder and Lon Yerkes have returned from the south.

Joseph Weindel has the typhoid fever.

Mrs. T. H, Green has gone to live with her daughter, Mrs. Carpenter, of near Burlington.

Thos. Cox has moved in the house lately occupied by Mrs. T. H. Geeen.

Judge Shepherd is talking of moving to Lawrenceburg, Ind., or Louisville, Ky.

Union.

Miss Alice Buckner, the very handsome and elegant daughter of Hub Buckner, of Kenton county, has just been the guest of Miss Sallie Blanton.

Phillip Taliaferro, our genial druggist, has returned home from Winchester, where he has been visiting a sick sister. In the mean time the handsome and obliging William T. held the drug fort as efficient clerk and kept the fort full of smoke from the proprietors finest Havana's, and full of pretty girls chewing gum, and himself, being the chief attractions.

Mrs. L. B. Stephens has just returned from the Louisville Exposition and from visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Shouse, of Henry county, Kentucky.

Cattle of Henry county, are dying from the poisoning of the Green river tick.

Mrs. Laura Harter, of South Carolina, is the guest of Miss Lallie Norman.

Quails and Rabbits have been duly slaughtered since the 20th inst., by J. L. Frazier and other nimrods of Union. Lynn is conceded to be the Bogardus of the boys.

Miss Florence Clements has a new organ and is making fine progress under the instruction of Miss Lillie Rouse.

Mr. Everett Bannister, of Elliston, Ky., was the guest of his parents Sunday last. Everett has made thorough progress in merchandising and telegraphy and has thus rendered himself indispensable to his employer,

T. A. Huey will enter the grocery business in Covington in partnership with his father-in-law, Jim Miller.

The infant son of Mrs. Sallie Meyers died suddenly Monday morning, the 22d.

H. P. Stephens is convalescent from an attack of pleurisy and rheumatism.

Miss Fannie Respass has sold her farm of 40 acres to Wm. Clore, at $50 per acre

We are having much rain, too much frosty weather and a general demand for overcoats and doctors.

Miss Kate Huey, of Missouri, is visiting relatives here.

Fisher & Johnson will soon begin prizing tobacco here. They are liberal buyers and worthy men, and farmers would do well to call on them.

Geo. Stevenson, sr., now of Lexington, says he will turn his attention to buying hogs this winter. He made an offer of $2 50 per hundred for a lot driven through Union the other day. No sale.

Florence.

Mr. Benj. Aydelotte has the beet that can't be beat by any beet on his beat, blood or sugar beet, by any live or dead-beat. Weight—10 lbs. Circumference, 29 inches, turnip variety and X L N T quality.

The difficult problem as to where the snow-birds go to in summer, has been solved by Uncle Noah Clore. His theory is that they do not amigrate, but only change their wintry garb when spring approaches, for a light brown summer dress, and become sparrows. Now, we never thought to ask Pap Clore whether this transition is sudden or gradual, or whether he ever saw them in the act of disrobing. In our school boy-days we used to trap snow-birds in the winter, and, occasionally, we would catch a sparrow. According to Pap's theory these must have been some of the few that don't believe in putting on style, wearing a plain suit of same color all the time. Now, if Uncle Noah is correct, the birds are free agents, and can do their own changing, because a change by nature would be entire and complete. We are afraid that Pap's bird doctrine is antagonistic to his predestination. He must explain this fully and all about the happy little snow-birds, where they rear their brood, &c., as this is an important item in ornithological science.

Florence has just opened a new hotel. It is styled the Hay Loft House. We have long felt the necessity for such an accommodation and are now supplied. The building is admirably adapted to the wants of night boarders. All that is necessary to make this a success, is to have in connection with the hotel, a soup house and red-hot baths. The regulations are strictly of a temperance nature, no intoxicating liquors being sold upon the premises. The hygenic arrangements are superb. Already 9 boarders have registered and ample room for more. The guests ascend to the sleeping apartments (second floor) by means of a new patent elevator. We are pained to learn that the usher (a young man) was severely injured while managing the elevator for the boarders to ascend, one of whom lost his balance, and falling astride the usher's neck, dislocated his shoulder. The beauty of this establishment is that it is self sustaining. The income from the hayseeds which are brushed from the backs of the boarders and sold is sufficient to meet all expenses. If the new house continues to monopolize the business as it ha done since opening, the balance will have to adjourn for the want of a quorum.

A phrenologist and fortune-teller struck our town Friday afternoon, and was very anxious to display his skill in the above sciences. He professed to be master of his occupation, which he said afforded him a livelihood, his charges for an examination being $1 50. Not meeting with success in this line (as few persons care to have their weak points exposed or hard fortunes made public) he next proposed to enter the prize ring with any man we could produce, and knock him out of time in one round. This business being more congenial to the feelings of the boys, his offer was soon accepted, and in less time than it takes to relate this narrative, the boys had him "over the rope," whether by "fair or fouls," we are not prepared to state, and with an accumulation of "bumps" upon his cranium, which will be a surprise to the phrenological text book.

GAS OMETER.

To the memory of Mrs. Dr. Blanton. A tribute of respect payed her memory by the Baptist Sunday-school, at Union, Kentucky.

The following resolutions were passed unanimously by the Baptist Sunday-school at Union, Ky.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in the wise dispensation of his providence, to remove from our midst by death our beloved sister, Mrs. Dr. Blanton, and

WHEREAS, Our deceased sister was an active and energetic worker and teacher in the Sabbath-school, which position she filled with much credit until death forced her to resign, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our sister the Sabbath-school has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the church one of its most zealous members, the husband a loving wife, her children, a devoted mother.

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the loss of our much esteemed sister, and that we express our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family, bidding them look up through this affliction, recognizing in it the hand of God, and to rely upon him for strength and comfort. Seldom has death in our community occasioned a more solemn sensation, and one that has been more deeply lamented by numerous friends and relatives. Sister Blanton was highly esteemed in life and deeply lamented in death; and we confidently trust she is gone to rest from all her toils and labor in the paradise of God. Her husband survived her to feel and mourn the absence of a dear companion. May God sustain him in his bereavement, and cheer him in his lonely hours.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to His will; that we emulate the virtues of our departed sister, and cherish her memory as one true to her God, her church and her friends; and that we indulge the hope that when life's toils and trials are over, that we may meet her in that temple above, which is eternal and in the heavens.

Her funeral was largely attended at the Chapel in this place, where a sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Kirtley from 1st John, 3d Chapter, 2d verse, after which her remains were laid to repose in the burying ground at Union.

"Take all the joys of all the spheres,
And multiply them together, one by one
Through endless years,
Yet, one moment of Heaven is worth
them all."

C. T. RICE,
T. A. HUEY,
H. P. STEPHENS,
Committee.

County Attorney Tolin and County Clerk Garnett took in the Queen City Saturday.

Uncle Gus Weaver made our office a brief call last Saturday. We are glad to see Uncle Gus going about again over the country.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—

UNDERTAKERS

We have purchased a nice new hearse, and are prepared to attend funerals in regular city style, at the lowest prices.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW:
BURLINGTON, KY.
☞ Office over Dudley Rouse's Store. ☜

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

L. C. NORMAN. H. P. STEPHENS.
NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.
Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.
Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.
LANDRAM & HUGHES.
ATTORNEYS at LAW.
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S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - - Y
Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
☞ Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

We Have
J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S
JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.
THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS
45 Cents.
Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.
COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

FALL FALL FALL
—AND—
Winter Clothi'g
Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the lat styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at low prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods other places. Call and be assured.
A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.
H. F Blase,
540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY

Stop! Don't Read This.
S. C BUCHANAN takes this method of notifying his patrons that he has enlarged his room and now has the best and most complete stock of Drugs in the county, consisting of Drugs and Medicines, Standard Patent Medicines, &c.
Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.
Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit.
When in need of anything give us a call, at the Petersburg Duru Store, and be convinced that our Prices are as Low or LOWER than can be found.
Don't Read Any Further.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEAD.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK. *Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.*
☞ AGENTS WANTED. ☜
Laboratory 77 W. 3d St, New York City. Druggists sell it.
D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. MCCANC, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '1

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
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FARMERS AND TRADERS
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Covington, Kentucky.
DIRECTORS.
James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green.
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The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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UNDERTAKING.
We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
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BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

The Falls of the Rhine.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *American* describes in glowing terms the effects produced by the illumination of the falls of the Rhine at Schauffhausen, and the excitement incident to passing under the rapids in a row-boat—a feat which has already cost lives enough to give it a double spice of enjoyment to rash people. He writes from the Schweetzerhof, and says: "After table d'hote, which ends about half-past eight o'clock at night, every one goes on the grand terrace or piazzas of the hotel to witness the illumination of the falls. After a few signal rockets, the old castle on the ledge above the falls is lighted up by colored lights. Then suddenly the falls are one blaze of many-colored lights. All down the cliffs, on either side, up and down the sides of the great island rock, in the very center of the falls, red, green, blue and pink lights flash forth. The electric wire has touched all simultaneously, and the water is one boiling, seething, pluttering, foaming mass of flames. The various lights shade into each other with the delicacy of a rainbow. The people at the hotel sit in silence, and while the illumination lasts only admire it. Then, as suddenly as it began, the lights go out and all is darkness. Only the roar of the waters is heard. I have seen Niagara illuminated, but this is grander, for here the whole falls are ablaze.

"The falls are nearly one hundred feet high, and the rapids below rush with terrible force; yet a boatman is always ready to ferry the daring up through those rapids to the very bottom of the falls and land him on the great rock—all for five francs, or one dollar. I went. The boat is a long, flat-bottomed canoe, while the two boatmen use flat oars. When I went one of the boatmen was away, and so a small boy sat in the bow and rowed, while an old man guided and helped the youth with his oar in the stern. It was fair rowing for a while, until the boat came within the regions of the spray. Then the boatman enveloped me in a big rubber coat, and dashed into the rapids. A wave struck the boat. It rolled, but on we went, the rocking becoming greater and greater. When in the very worst part of the stream, and the waves were whirling rapidly by, and the spray from the falls was drenching me, I noticed that the strength of the boy seemed to be giving out. The boat turned sideways. A great wave struck it full, and away it went careening over until the water came pouring over the side in a great stream. Another wave broke over the boat and gave me the full benefit from head to foot. I sat upright and held on to the little seat. Soon we righted again, and the old man turned our bow toward the rock, and on we went. Only once more did we ship water, but not as much as the first time. Arriving at the rock and looking up, the falls seemed several hundred feet high, while innumerable rainbows played around my head. The ascent to the rock, where a small iron pavilion stands, is made by several flights of stone steps, slippery and dangerous, of course. The shooting of the rapids is exciting, and our homeward trip was accomplished in a few seconds, so it seemed, but in reality was two or three minutes."

A Fiery Beauty.

Local scientists are already turning their attention to the wonderful comet which is booming along through space in the general direction of the earth, but which will not reveal its gorgeousness to the naked eye for several months to come. When it does come it will stay a year or more, and will be a grand event in astronomy. Concerning the fiery beauty the following, taken from the Albany *Argus*, which seems to have gotten into a dispute with itself on points of statistics, is very interesting:

The most recent calculations made at the Dudley Observatory relative to the orbit of the new comet, result in figures quite different from those reported in our issue of Sunday last. Yet for the short period embraced by the time since discovery, the two calculations place the comet in very nearly the same apparent positions as seen from the earth. About once in fifteen or twenty years a comet comes along, which, like this, gives the computers a great deal of trouble.

It now appears probable, say the astronomers of Dudley Observatory, that the comet is from three or four times as far from both the earth and the sun as the sun is from us. This distance is almost unprecedented at discovery. In fact no case is remembered in which distance was nearly so great. It appears probable that the comet will not come to perihelion until about June 1st of next year, and that it will remain in telescopic view for a year or more. The plane of its orbit seems to be nearly perpendicular to that of the earth's course about the sun. The perihelion point is indicated by the calculations to be at a distance from the sun not much greater than the earth's average distance.

For some time all calculations relative to the true course of this seemingly very erratic body must be regarded as quite approximate. The slightest variation in the observed places of a body so distant as this one probably is, throws the resulting elements of the orbit way off. The case might be well illustrated by the results of shooting at a mark 200 yards off with a pistol having a barrel less than an inch long—supposing it would carry so far. With a reasonably good marksman the balls would all take about the same course for the first few feet after leaving the barrel; but their subsequent course would be entirely a matter of conjecture. Yet it would be easier to hit an eight-inch bull's eye at 200 yards with a pistol whose barrel is one inch long, than it now is to say from observation and calculation where the Brooks comet will be (within 10,000,000 miles) at the end of three months. Give us a barrel three inches long and we will give you a dead center, say the astronomers of the observatory.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—A huge octupus, or devil-fish, recently made its appearance in the harbor of Port Royal, S. C. Some one fired a musket-load of slugs into the fish, which infuriated rather than maimed it. Seizing upon one of the piles of the pier, it lashed its great suction-cupped arms about the timber and wrenched it from its place. The fish was finally killed by pistol shots and harpoons and drawn up upon the beach, where, at low tide, it was exposed to full view.—*Detroit Post.*

—A marriage notice in a Meadville (Pa.) paper is as follows: "Miss Mary Pease of North street, surprised her parents by bringing home a nice young husband. The old folks have surmised for some time that a wedding was in view."

HOME AND FARM.

—A celery worm has made its appearance near Philadelphia.

—A little linseed meal mixed with the feed is good for scours in sheep.

—Tepid water is produced by combining two-thirds cold and one-third boiling water.

—Sow orchard grass early or wait until spring. It must get a good start or it will be uprooted by the frost.

—"J. S." asks: "What is a whipped syllabub?" It is one pint of sweet cream, half a cup of powdered sugar, with a large spoonful of vanilla or other flavoring extract. Mix the ingredients, and then beat to a stiff froth. Serve in glasses.

—Surface manuring says *Colman*, is especially effective on sandy soils, and a light dressing yearly is far more beneficial than heavy coatings once in three or four years. But the best results on sandy soils is when they are dressed with a compost of manure and clayey muck.

—It is quite plain that it does not pay to plant either sprouts or potatoes from which large sprouts have been taken. To be sure, the potatoes will sprout again, but the new growth has little vitality. Of course, this single experiment is not conclusive, but it points pretty directly that way.—*Nebraska College Notes.*

—Select the land that you are going to plant to potatoes the next year. If it is in grass, top dress with manure and let it lie until spring. Stubble should receive an application of manure, and then be turned under. If the ground is wet and you can not afford to underdrain it, put it to some other use, but do not risk potatoes on it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Brown bread, which may also be served as a pudding, is made by taking one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cup of boiling water; stir this in the molasses until it is thoroughly mixed with it; then add three parts of graham flour to one of corn meal in sufficient quantity to make a batter; to this add a tablespoonful of melted lard. Steam this four hours. If you wish to eat it while hot in place of bread, dry it in the oven for fifteen minutes; if for pudding, serve it fresh from the steamer, with a sour sauce.—*Boston Transcript.*

—W. F. Brown, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "I find more profit in a cow that comes in fresh in the fall than from those that are fresh in the spring. Not only does butter bring a better price, but I think the cows give more milk in the year under this management, for just when they come to the time when they would naturally begin to shrink largely in their milk they go on fresh pasture and increase the flow, while a cow that is fresh in the spring begins to shrink just at the season of failing pasture, and the transition from green to dry feed, and a great falling off of milk is unavoidable."

Market Weight for Pigs.

The style of market pig has undergone a great change within a few years. The large 400 to 500-pound hog is now seldom found. The overgrown hog is no longer sought after, and pig-feeding has been more carefully studied of late years. Shrewd feeders have found that the older the hog, the more its carcass costs per pound. It is also found that the flesh of the large hog is coarser and stronger, and not as sweet and fine-flavored, as a ten to twelve months pig. It is true, the older and overfattened hog yields more lard, but this does not carry profit with it, as lard often brings no higher price than the side pork. The inducement, therefore, to grow these large hogs no longer exists and the 300-pound pig has displaced the 500-pound hog.

The time was when pigs were raised by a slow growth, to be fattened afterward. Farmers often kept a lot of shoats over winter, without expecting them to increase in weight much, so that he might have them ready to fatten the following fall. These were pastured and given house slops through the summer, making a growth during the eight to ten months of forty to sixty pounds. This was what was called a healthy growth! It was healthy for the pig. It was very unhealthy for the farmer's pocket, as the amount of gain was not one-half the cost of keep.

But the farmer did not then figure the cost of keep as closely as he does now; in fact, he probably never took an accurate account of the cost of wintering a pig without any material gain in weight. But when he examines the question he finds that the store pig has often cost more than he need to have cost, to have weighed 300 pounds, by a proper system of feeding. He finds that to keep the balance on the right side of the ledger the pig must always be kept gaining, for it is only out of gain in weight that he gets pay for his feed, and when the pig stops gaining then the loss begins.

"But," says one, "why not let the pig keep on gaining till he is two years old, when he will weigh 500 or more pounds, and bring a price worth having?" This is just the question that should be asked and answered, and every feeder should fully comprehend the answer. The answer is, that it takes less food to put a pound growth upon a fifteen or twenty pound pig, four weeks old, than upon a fifty pound pig, two months old, and less to put a pound on a fifty pound pig than on a 100-pound pig; or, in other words, the younger the animal, the less it costs in food to add a pound to its weight. As a general proposition, it takes more and more food to add a pound, live weight, to an animal, the older it becomes, until it reaches maturity. It takes from thirty to forty per cent. more food to full-feed a pig the second year than the first, and the gain is only about two-thirds as much as the first year. This shows clearly that it costs double to grow 100 pounds of pork on the pig the second year that it does the first—a pretty good reason why the pig should be sold at the end of the year. Besides, the market, as a general rule, offers no inducement for keeping beyond the first year. A well-fed pig, that weighs 300 pounds, will bring as good a price per pound as when kept longer, so there is nothing to be gained in price but much, if not all, the profit is lost by keeping the second year. The market has fixed upon 300 pounds as a profitable weight, and the farmer's interest wholly agrees with this.

Ten months' good feeding will often reach that weight. Skillful feeding consists in growing the largest amount of meat at a given cost, and such a feeder is not afraid of throwing away food by giving pigs all they will eat with a good appetite. He thoroughly understands the element of time in the feeding problem, and that, when he can shorten the time for the pig to reach 300 pounds, he has increased the profit. Our system of pig-feeding is *not forcing*, but judiciously giving the pig what it can digest and yet keep a good appetite.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Cheap Education in Switzerland.

Education, as most people know, is a strong point in Switzerland. The Swiss spend more public money on the schooling of their children than on the military forces of the Confederation, for primary education is not only compulsory but gratuitous, and secondary education is organized, and in a great measure provided, by the State. The system may be theoretically wrong, and perhaps open to the charge of socialism, but the Swiss have convinced themselves that in a democratic community like theirs, the people must be educated, and that the only means of securing that end is to promote free primary schools, and offer every possible encouragement to superior instruction. At the College of Geneva, for instance, an establishment founded by Calvin, and supported by the State, and which, as an educational institution, may rank with the best of English public schools, the fees are only 16s. 8d a year. At the secondary and superior girls' schools they are the same, and the charges at the gymnasium and the university are on a scale relatively quite as moderate. As foreigners are admitted to these establishments on the same footing as natives, Geneva offers to families to whom economy in education is an object, perhaps greater advantages than any other Continental city, and the existence of these facilities doubtless accounts in some measure for the cosmopolitan character of its population.—*London Globe.*

A Curious Tomb.

In the ancient burying-ground at East Boxford, in this State, there is a curious tomb, which is visited by many people in the course of a year. This is the tomb of Gen. Solomon Low, who was buried here in 1861, and who died at the age of seventy-nine years. It was designed by himself, and has on either side of the entrance two handsome white marble gravestones, erected to the memory of his three wives, who are also interred here. On each stone are carved pictures of two of his wives. The first two are represented with their children around them and infants in their arms. They are sitting in antique chairs with straight backs. The two wives represented on the second stone are sitting in modern rocking chairs, beside a center-table on which are books. The fourth wife is still living. When the adjacent ground was used for a muster-field, the tomb was always opened for one day, and the General's regimentals were exhibited there, in accordance with directions in his will.—*Boston Journal.*

Black Babies in Central Africa.

One word for the black babies. They are endowed with plentiful crops of hair which is finer in quality and less curly than that of their parents. They squall terribly and often, I fear, from pure "cussedness." When a mother can stand it no longer, she takes the child, and giving it a preliminary shake, demands to know if it is going to be good. This is the first time of asking, and no infant with spirit would yield so soon, so its reply is generally defiant. Then it is again taken and shaken well, but now its strangled sobs and agitation prevent an intelligible reply to the repeated question. A terrific up-and-down shaking follows, and the apoplectic babe can only give an inarticulate gurgle to its indignant mother's thrice-repeated inquiry. Whereupon it is solemnly and soundly smacked, to the satisfaction and ultimate tranquility of the lookers-on. Baby-nature and the methods of matenal education are much the same all the world over.—*Cor. London Telegraph.*

Taking Advantage of Native Prejudices.

A native writes in the Madras *Mail*: "Yesterday, just a little before dark, a small bier, carried on the shoulders of two lads, apparently of the pariah caste, was paraded all over the Kothaval Chowady Bazaar square, the carriers stopping at each shop and compelling the shop-keepers to throw them a copper. The contribution was eagerly made, as the sight of death was freezing to the shop-keepers. A passer-by, who also shared in the unpleasant feelings, discovered that, though the body on the bier was shrouded in the native fashion with a cloth dyed in saffron, and adorned with a profusion of flowers, the pariah carriers had come by a dead monkey and were cleverly passing off the carcass for the corpse of a young child."

—The Ogdensburg (N. Y.) *Journal* gives this modification of one of Colonel Mulberry Sellers' jokes: "At Brockville on one of the cool nights the clerk at a popular hotel lighted a lantern and placed it within a coal stove in the reading-room. One by one the citizens and guests strolled in, walked up to the stove, rubbed their hands with satisfaction, turned slowly around so as to warm their shivering backs, noticed a broad grin, took in the situation, and sat down to enjoy the discomfiture of the next victim."

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, October 26, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$1 75	@	2 75
Choice butchers	4 00	@	4 75
HOGS—Common	4 00	@	4 50
Good packers	4 50	@	4 90
SHEEP	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@	5 60
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 08	@	
No. 2 red	1 03	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@	
Rye—No. 2	57½	@	58
HAY—Timothy No. 1	11 00	@	11 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 25	@	11 50
Lard—Current make	7-35	@	
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@	25
Prime Creamery	24	@	27
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@	1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@	2 75

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@	3 55
Good to choice	4 40	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 03½	@	
No. 2 red	1 06	@	1 06½
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	55½	@	56½
Oats—mixed	31	@	35
PORK—Mess	11 50	@	11 80

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	97¼	@	98
Corn—No. 2	48¼	@	
Oats—No. 2	27½	@	27½
Rye	55	@	
PORK—Mess	10 65	@	10 75
LARD—Steam	7 80	@	7 85

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 04¼	@	1 04½
Corn—mixed	57¼	@	57½
Oats—mixed	35	@	38
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75	@	
Lard—Refined	9¼	@	

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—A No1	$ 4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 01	@	1 02
Corn—mixed	51½	@	53
Oats—mixed	30½	@	
PORK—MESS	11 50	@	12 00

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2. red, new	99	@	
CORN—mixed	47¼	@	48½
OATS—mixed	28½	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	

—The true newspaper reporter is not moved by fear or favor, and his notice, or more properly his notices, are bestowed impartially upon rich and poor, upon the humble citizen as well as the prominent statesman. The above just observation is called out through reading in the society column of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* the pleasing intelligence that "Grasshopper Jane," a Seminole Indian, is visiting friends in that city.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A man at Paterson, N. J., has been running a yacht with a boiler made of a beer barrel, and it blew up the other day and knocked boiler and boat into kindling wood.—*Newark Register.*

—A cheese weighing 2,245 pounds was made recently at a cheese factory in Whitesboro, N. Y., and was shipped to New Haven, Conn.

Canadian Bazaar.

Mr. John Osborne, Musical Bazaar, Toronto, Canada, writes that his wife was cured of rheumatism by the great pain-banisher, St. Jacobs Oil; that he has found it an invaluable remedy for many ailments.

"ISN'T it singular," said a visitor gazing at Niagara Falls, "that the little moisture that arises from that vast cataract should be mist?"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Get the Original.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

THE man who was kicked out of a seaside resort was caught by the under toe.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Total Eclipse

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivaled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

A NOD thing in bonnets—A dozing woman in church.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A TRUE assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

"JULIUS, seize her!" said Sambo, as Julius was contemplating a fat pullet by moonlight.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

YOUNG men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

A LAND-SLIDE is a portion of land sliding down a mountain. A land scape is some that got away.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

OWENTON, Ky.—Rev. J. W. Waldrop says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

MATCHES are now low, but it seems a pity to strike them when they are down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

I CAN SAFELY recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time. HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

NEVER judge by appearances. A shabby old coat may contain an editor.—*Philadelphia Call.*

COCHRAN, GA.—Dr. A. J. Lamb says: "I never met with a remedy that gave more satisfaction in cases of debility and prostration than Brown's Iron Bitters."

OUT West when a bear gets into a hog-pen there is trouble bruin for the pigs.—*Chicago Herald.*

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

$10,000 WOULD not purchase from me what Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has effected in my case. It has cured me of Malarial Rheumatism. ARCHIE THOMAS, Springfield, Tenn.

REDDING'S Russia Salve, best family salve in the world, and excellent for stable use. 25cts.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

IN a letter from HON. MRS. PERY, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are thus referred to: "Having brought your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few." For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have no equal. *Sold only in boxes.*

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

I HAVE taken Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) for Rheumatism, and found perfect relief. It is the best tonic and Blood Remedy known to science. D. P. HILL, Attorney at Law, Atlanta, Ga.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

For sore feet, swollen joints, sprains, corns or bunions, use St. Patrick's Salve.

TELEGRAPH ITEM.

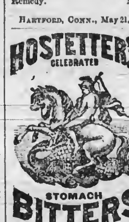
UTICA, June 2, 1883.

FRANK W. HOFFMAN, clerk of the American District Telegraph Co., says, "Having had occasion to use a medicine for kidney trouble with a lame back, I was recommended by one of our Utica druggists to use Hunt's Remedy, as he had sold a good deal of it to many of our leading families here with great success for kidney, liver and urinary troubles. I purchased some, and have only used three bottles. It has cured me, and I can truly recommend Hunt's Remedy to any one in need of the best medicine for these complaints."

In compliance with your request I send you a statement of my case. I will write you with a double purpose, first to thank you for the great amount of good your medicine, "Hunt's Remedy," has done me, and secondly, with the hope that my recovery will induce some sufferer to do as I did, "use the great specific and be cured." For nearly a whole year I was an invalid, unable to go out of the house, and a great part of the time confined to my bed, a living, powerless subject of the most dreadful of all diseases, "kidney complaint." From the long suffering I became weak from the loss of strength, with a lack of vitality, and very much reduced in flesh. All this time I was taking various medicines, and under the care of our family doctor, and not receiving a particle of help. I had almost despaired of getting well when my attention was called to Hunt's Remedy by a boarder in my family. I commenced taking it (unknown to the doctor) with but little hopes of relief. This non-belief was soon dispelled, however, as I daily began to improve. I continued the use of Hunt's Remedy, (and to make a long story short), used eight bottles, dispensed with the doctor, and to the surprise of all who knew me, and my own great satisfaction, became as well as ever. All pains and aches vanished, appetite returned, gained strength and flesh, and to-day consider myself as well as ever, and only too glad to place my testimony with that of many others.

That your medicine, "Hunt's Remedy," brought me from a sick bed I well know, and many people who know of my condition pronounce my cure almost miraculous. I am happy to say I am enjoying excellent health, thanks to your valuable medicine, Hunt's Remedy. MRS. L. W. CLARK, 109 Main Street.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 21, 1883.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

In chronic dyspepsia and liver complaint, and in chronic constipation and other obstinate diseases Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken. As a means of restoring the strength and vital energy of persons who are sinking under the debilitating effects of painful disorders, this standard vegetable invigorant is confessedly unequaled. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

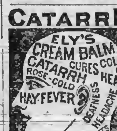
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica

Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.



CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM HAY-FEVER

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State Street, Chicago.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for three live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Also furnished in large cans, for breeders' use, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

Shall We Let the Child Die?

A hard-hearted political economist, looking at a pale and puny child feebly gasping as it lies upon a pillow, says that the child might as well die. It is so weak and poor that its life will never be worth much anyhow. There are already a good many people in the world who are of not much account anyhow. And what's the use of adding to their number another weakling, who has but slender chance of ever amounting to anything?

Now ask that child's mother what she thinks about letting the child die. About this time the hard political economist had better get out of the way. *"Let my child die? No! No! As long as there is a remedy to be found that will save that child, the child shall not die! I'll spend my last dollar to save the child!"* Well, try a bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS on that child. See the poor little fellow pick up strength. He revives. He will live. Hosts of other children have been brought almost from death to healthy life by Brown's Iron Bitters. Your druggist sells it. 8

AN OPEN SECRET AMONG THE LADIES

The brilliant, fascinating tints of Complexion for which ladies strive are chiefly artificial, and all who will take the trouble may secure them. These roseate, bewitching hues follow the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm—a delicate, harmless and always reliable article, Sold by all druggists.

The Magnolia Balm conceals every blemish, removes Sallowness, Tan, Redness, Eruptions, all evidences of excitement and every imperfection.

Its effects are immediate and so natural that no human being can detect its application.

Mason & Hamlin Organs.

New Illustrated Catalogue, (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883-4, including many new styles; best assortment of the best and most attractive organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, $22 to $600, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO CO.

Boston, 154 Tremont St.; New York, 46 East 14th St.; Chicago, 149 Wabash Ave.

Sure Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2814 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co. Augusta, Me.

AGENTS Coin Money by selling Dr. Chase's Family Physician and Second Receipt Book, $2. Address A. W. HAMILTON & CO., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per mo. made selling our fine Books & Bibles. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Young Men learn Telegraphy here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

PULMONIC SYRUP,

SEA WEED TONIC,

AND

MANDRAKE PILLS.

Go and see any one whose name is mentioned here, and convince yourself that

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

A full history of these and many other cases is given in

DR. SCHENCK'S BOOK ON CONSUMPTION,

which we will send you free, post-paid, on application. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. This book also gives a full description of Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, in all their various forms. It is published in English and German. State which you want.

Hon. DANIEL F. BEATY, of Washington, N. J., writes, June 3, 1882:

"Mr. Joseph Foddie, a gentleman in my employ, was afflicted with what was supposed to be Consumption. I got him to use your Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, and I can now state that he has been able to return to his office duties, and that his health is better than it has been for years."

J. C. ELLIOTT, of Binghamton, N. Y., says:

"I was told by my physician that I had Consumption, and I believe myself that I had, and that the use of your Medicines cured me."

Miss Annie W. RITTENHOUSE, of 941 Kurtz Street, Philadelphia, writes, July 16th, 1882:

"I believe your treatment and Medicines saved my life. I was told by several physicians of this city that I had Consumption."

A. SHELLY, of the firm of Smith & Shelly, Dry Goods Merchants, Grass Lake, Mich.,

Is now in perfect health, and in active business. Several years ago he was considered as incurable, with Consumption, by his physicians. He says, in a letter to Dr. Schenck, Oct. 27th, 1881: "I had all the symptoms of Consumption—cough, night sweats, and severe pain in my lungs. I have advised many others to use your Medicines, and can tell of some wonderful cures to those who may be interested. I believe that your Medicines will cure Consumption, even in its advanced stages."

REV. HENRY MORGAN

Was cured of Consumption, in its worst form, by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, over twenty years ago. His statement is published in Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption. Referring to which, in a letter to Dr. Schenck, dated Feb. 6th, 1880, he says: "The foregoing letter was written to Dr. Schenck many years ago. I can only say that my lungs were then perfectly cured; I have had no return of hemorrhage or lung difficulty from that day to this."

A. FOSTER, of Putnam, Conn.,

Writes April 18th, 1881, that his son was cured of Consumption by the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines.

Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup cured me of a cough with which I was afflicted for over three months.

JULIUS WERHELM, Bay City, Mich.

Rev. JOSEPH S. LAME, Pastor of Eighteenth Street M. E. Church, Phila., says:

"I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, Bronchial affections, and Pulmonary trouble, and was so sick that I thought I should be compelled to give up preaching. Dr. Schenck's remedies restored me to perfect health."

A. W. WHITE, Proprietor of the "White House," Pekin, Ill., writes, Nov. 21, '79:

"In 1872 I was told by three prominent doctors that my wife had Consumption, and that she could not live until spring. Soon after, a friend, who lived in Dayton, Ohio, insisted on her giving your Medicines a fair trial. She did so, and, thank God, by their use her life was saved. She is now entirely well."

During the years 1880 and 1881, FREDERICK TRULL, of Hudson, Mass.,

Lost his mother and brother by Consumption, and shortly after was attacked with the disease himself. He supposed that there was no hope, as he had always been told by physicians that Consumption was incurable. As he grew worse, having all the symptoms of a confirmed case, he was induced to try Dr. Schenck's remedies. They saved his life, and he is now well and hearty. See record of his case page 15 Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption.

GEO. C. REDDEN, Agent of the "White Line Transportation Co.," at Albany, N. Y.,

Writes that his daughter was given up as incurable by three of the best physicians of that city. She was restored to perfect health by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, although the disease is hereditary in her mother's family.

Ex-Lieut.-Gov. BENJAMIN DOUGLASS, of Middletown, Conn.,

Writes, Nov. 6th, 1882: "I have used Dr. Schenck's Medicines in my family for many years. I know of those who have been cured of very serious lung disease by their use."

MRS. SOPHIA M. LAWSON,

Who lives at No. 59 Ann Street, Newburg, N. Y., was sick with Consumption for over two years. She was cured by Dr. Schenck's Medicines in 1873, and has had good health ever since.

In 1876

Mr. H. P. Nelson, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, was attacked with severe bleeding from the lungs. He was cured by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, and has never had any return of bleeding or weakness of the lungs.

THOMAS DRAPER, Proprietor of the Brooklyn House, on 6th Ave., between 28th and 29th Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

After using many remedies, and spending some time in the South for his health, was cured of a pronounced case of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's Medicines. See his letter to Dr. Schenck on page 9 of Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption. This book is sent free to all applicants.

MRS. CHARLES W. PLUMMER, of No. 274 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.,

Was afflicted with Consumption. Symptoms—loss of appetite, great weakness, dry hacking cough, night sweats, and bleeding from the lungs. She was pronounced incurable by many doctors. She says: "In one week after I began to use Dr. Schenck's Medicines my night sweats stopped, and my appetite began to improve. I commenced to use the Medicines in March; in July I was quite strong, and in two months more I was well, and I have had good health ever since." Go and see her, if possible. See a full account of her case in Dr. Schenck's book, page 18.

MRS. J. D. GOODWIN, of Canaseraga, Allegheny Co., N. Y.,

Writes Nov. 6th, 1881, that she has been cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's Medicines. See her letter on page 9 of Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption.

The REV. STEPHEN ROESE, Missionary for American Baptist Publication Society at Maiden Rock, Wis.,

Says that his wife was entirely cured by the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicine. He has also used the Pulmonic Syrup himself with great benefit for hoarseness or ministers' sore throat. For further information address him at Maiden Rock, Wis.

W. D. DUYCKINCK, Esq., whose place of business is at No. 707 Broadway, New York City,

Says: "Twelve years ago my physician left my wife to die, but thanks to your great medicines, she lives to-day a monument to their efficacy."

W. W. VAN ANTWERP, Editor of the "Daily Patriot," Jackson, Mich.,

Reports that his son was cured of Congestion of the Lungs, after the family physician had given him up, by the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines.

HARLEY P. HOPKINS, of Providence, R. I.,

Writes to Dr. Schenck, May 19th, 1881: "I have been cured of what three of the best physicians of this city told me was Consumption of the Lungs, by the use of your medicines." Mr. Hopkins' case is a very interesting one, and we ask you to read his full statement in Dr. Schenck's Book, page 24. Mr. Hopkins resides at No. 3 Howell Street.

Mr. H. I. Leith, Druggist, No. 283 Main St., Providence, says, referring to Mr. Hopkins' case: "He was considered a consumptive in the last stages of the disease by his physicians and friends, and I believe that his recovery is entirely due to the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines."

When the Draft was made at Connersville, Ind., Mr. Sanford Caldwell was drafted. The examining physician rejected him, saying that one of his lungs was partially gone with Consumption. Mr. Caldwell was soon after this advised to use Dr. Schenck's Medicines, by John S. Benson, who now lives in Indianapolis, Ind. From their use he entirely recovered his health. Mr. L. Rawls, druggist, at Connersville, says: "I know of the above case, and can certify to the truth of the foregoing."

J. McGONIGAL, of the Empire House, Akron, O.,

Says: "My mother was saved from a Consumptive's grave by the use of Dr. Schenck's Medicines."

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:

MANDRAKE PILLS,

SEAWEED TONIC,

and PULMONIC SYRUP

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

SAW MILLS, ENGINES THRESHERS, Horse Powers, (For all sections and purposes.) Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines; no capital required. STANDARD CURE CO., 197 Pearl St., New York.

PATENTS NO PATENT, NO PAY! R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Full instructions and Hand-Book of Patents sent free.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to write the beginning of an article, in an elegant, interesting manner,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

"Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness

"And ability

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY OF UTICA, N. Y.

50 Years.

I have known and watched the use of Swift's Specific for over fifty years, and have never known or heard of a failure to cure Blood Poison when properly taken. In all my life I have never known a remedy that would so fully accomplish what it is recommended to do. H. L. DENNARD, Perry, Ga.

We have sold Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) with most astonishing results. One gentleman who used half a dozen bottles says that it has done him more good than treatment which cost him $1,000. Another who has used it for a scrofulous affection reports a permanent cure from its use. VAN SHAACK, STEVENSON & CO., Chicago.

$1,000 REWARD!

Will be paid to any Chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles S.S.S., one particle of Mercury, Iodide Potassium, or any mineral substance. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Our treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE Lungs.

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY

STEAM ENGINES

and STEAM BOILERS, smaller sizes adapted to

Farm and Plantation Use.

$200 FOR ONE NO. 1 PLANTATION SAW MILL. WE MAKE SIX SIZES, CAPACITY FROM 3 TO 50,000 FT. PER DAY, WITH ONE MAN. Lane Bodley Co., John and Water Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. (Illustrated catalogue free.)

$60. 5-TON

Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam, JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warranted 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC BELT

Cures Nervousness, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Kidney, Spine and Liver diseases, Gout, Asthma, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Impotency, Prolapsus Uteri, &c. Only Scientific Belt that sends the Electricity and Magnetism through the body, and can be recharged in an instant by the patient. Send for Circular. Dr. W. J. HORNE, Inventor, 191 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

$15 VALUE FOR $1.50

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1883. NUMBER 2.

BEST, AS DAMSELS GO.

Eugenie? Why, she's just as nice
As Monopole right off the ice.
Pretty? Well, I should rather say
She was afflicted some that way.
She has the blackest, brightest eyes
You ever saw, of wondrous size;
Complexion rivaling the peach:
Upon the bough you can't quite reach;
Figure quite dainty and petite,
But plump, well rounded, very neat;
And then, she wears so small a shoe
That, if I named its size to you,
You'd not believe I told the truth.
But, oh, her beauty and her youth
Are not her sole or strongest charms.
She's sweet and gentle; never harms
A living thing. Though witty, bright
And jolly, she's religious, quite;
Not in a stupid way, you see,
But as a nice girl ought to be.
In fact, of all the girls I know,
She's quite the best, as damsels go.
I quite adore the little witch!
I'd marry her—if she were rich.

—*Boston Post.*

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS IN SHANTYVILLE.

The astonishment of the men in Shantyville when the announcement was made that a school-mistress was coming to the place would have been comic had it not been so perfectly uncalled for.

The movement which resulted in the building of the school-house was caused much by a chance remark of "Shorty" Davis as by anything else. Shorty, on returning from a visit to the neighboring camp of Buster Gulch, said to the assembled crowd in Higgins's saloon: "I'll 'low ez how that place kinder lays over this yere. The men hez a respect fo' knowlidje, an' they hez the finest schule-house you ever see."

The rivalry between Shantyville and Buster Gulch was bitter in the extreme, and men said that when a stranger from Virginia City like Shorty Davis could make such remarks, it was time to move.

It must be confessed that the raw material for schools was not abundant in Shantyville. Of children there were but three in all; one belonging to the underground boss of the "Star of the West"—a great quartz mine—and two were the pride and glory of the Widow Black. Still, though there were not many children to be taught, it could not be denied that they needed teaching; and then, too, there was that disagreeable fact of the school in Buster Gulch.

It being clearly impossible to do anything in such a matter without a public meeting, and it being as clearly a movement with which it was a respectable thing to be connected, the meeting in question was called by no less a person than Squire Hatton—a gentleman about whom I could write at great length, had he any earthly thing to do with my story. As he has not, it must suffice that I say, he was in Shantyville the representative of respectability. Under such auspices the meeting went off beautifully, and as there was absolutely no opposition, it was resolved to build the school-house and start the school.

The house being built, the committee—of which Squire Hatton was chairman—sent to Virginia City for a teacher, and Miss Mary Kennedy arrived in time, duly certified to as being competent. And now you can see the unreason of the astonishment. There had been no secret about the thing; the very men who expressed the greatest amazement had been foremost in the movement. Yet the feeling was there, and it was thoroughly genuine. It gave rise, in time, to another feeling very much more curious—that the school-mistress was not so much a school-mistress as she was a public officer, in whose career all the tax-payers had a personal interest.

As I have said, Miss Mary Kennedy arrived in Shantyville and went to live at the Widow Black's place. This arrangement was felt by all to be thoroughly right, for in view of the fact that the widow was not well off, and her husband, Sam Black, had been one of the most popular men in the camp, a part of the money subscribed by the camp could not be better bestowed than upon her. It suited Miss Mary very well, because the place was convenient and clean, the food was good, although plain, and the widow herself was one of the cheeriest, nicest little bodies any one ever saw. Miss Mary, having arrived, took possession of her school-house, and the opening of the school was naturally made the subject of a celebration. The house was large, much larger than was required, having been built with an eye to its future use as a place for public meetings, and was at the opening comfortably well filled. The contrast between the three pupils and the crowd of visitors was somewhat amusing, but still the incongruity of the thing did not seem to strike any one. The Committee of Arrangements, probably with the idea of convincing all present that there were some children to be taught, placed the three prominently upon the platform, where they sat in high seats, their legs dangling down and exceedingly uncomfortable, "the observed of all observers. The opening of the new school passed off beautifully, and Squire Hatton received the congratulations of every man in camp.

But this story of mine is not so much about the Shantyville school as it is about the Shantyville school-mistress. As there would not have been any school-mistress had there been no school, it was necessary perhaps to account for Miss Mary's presence in Shantyville, but this having been done, I will go on to the story itself. And perhaps it is unnecessary to state that Miss Mary was very pretty. She was small, rather dark, with large brown eyes and brown hair, and charming. In the latter all men in the camp were agreed, and none were more thoroughly convinced of the fact than Jake Slocum commonly called Rhody, and his partner, Tom Freeman. These two men were, respectively, superintendent and assayer of the "Rattlesnake," a great quartz mine lying to the north of the "Star of the West." They lived together in one cabin, they shared what they made, and they had been "pards" for a very long time; in fact, long before they had arrived in Shantyville. It had become a bye-word in the camp, "as fast friends as Tom and Rhody." Of the two, Rhody was elder, being about forty, while Tom could not claim more than twenty-five; but in spite of the difference in age they were thoroughly suited to each other Of the two, Tom was perhaps the more enthusiastic, the more prone to take up a thing strongly, while Rhody was apt to talk somewhat cynically about Tom's new schemes. When it came to doing, however, there was not much to choose between them. Of course, Tom had been foremost in the school-house scheme, and equally as a matter of course, Rhody had laughed at it at first, but supported it strongly afterward. When Miss Mary arrived she had met the two men, and—well, it will clear up matters a good deal, and enable me to tell this story better, if I say they both fell in love with her straightway. As might have been expected, they manifested their passion in very different ways. Tom called constantly upon her, went out walking or riding with her, and hung upon her words as though, like those of the girl in the old fairy tale, they were pearls. Rhody, when with the girl, became rather more cynical than ever, and delighted in making caustic remarks about her sayings and doings. It was this perhaps which hid his passion from Tom, for the latter never imagined for a moment that his pard cared anything about the girl. In fact Rhody's age, suddenly recollected by the younger man, made Tom think him wholly out of the race. It must not be supposed that Tom imagined his love as patent to every one in the camp as I have good naturedly made it to you. Nor was it. Despite the fact that lovers, being something like ostriches, think no one can see them if their heads be covered, Tom's admiration, although very open, had not proceeded to such lengths as to attract general notice. This was owing as much to Miss Mary's prudence, care, modesty—call it what you will—as to anything else, for she shrank instinctively from publicity in the matter. That she personally knew that Tom worshipped the ground she trod on I myself thoroughly believe. Surely, she would have been no woman else!

One evening Tom and Rhody were sitting over their fire, smoking, after supper There had been silence in the room for some time, when Tom, stirring uneasily, broke it.

"Rhody, ol' man!" he said.

"What air up, Tom?" was the reply.

"Thar's somethin' I—that is, I thought—you mout like to know—I mean ef you're interested, that is."

"In course, Tom, I'm interested. What's up?"

"I kinder 'sposed you knew."

"Knew what? Anything the matter with the assays, lad?"

"Blame the assays! No!"

"Wa'al, lad, don't take my head off. What's up? Grease the slides an' let it flicker!" and Rhody looked at Tom with a smile.

"I—er—the fact air—that ar—I'm in love!"

"In love, lad? who with—the widder? She'll make a good wife, Tom."

"The widder? No. Aint ther' no other 'sides the widder livin' at th' foot o' th' hill?"

Rhody started, and his face grew dark.

"You don't mean the school-marm, do ye?" he asked, in a strangely altered voice.

"I means just her! I love her, Rhody, better'n my life. Why, what's the matter?" he continued, glancing up at his partner's face.

Rhody got up from his seat and walked out of the cabin without speaking. As he passed swiftly down the path, taking by habit the turn toward the widow's house, his breast was full of conflicting feelings. A man of strong passions, and one who was not apt to let others take from him that which he claimed, his first feeling was one of bitter anger. The information he had just received was a shock to him; he had never thought of anything of the kind. It was little wonder that he should at first determine that this thing should not be. The thought flashed across his mind that he could drive Tom from the camp the next day if he discharged him, because, as superintendent, he had supreme power. And with this idea came another—that if Mary was separated from Tom she might forget him. I think myself he was wrong in this: still he believed it. He exclaimed against the injustice of this thing. He thought of his loneliness, of Tom's popularity with all men, and his own lack of it. He felt as though his partner was taking from him the only thing he cared for, and he fought against it—fought fiercely.

By and by softer feelings began to find a place. He recollected how close Tom had been to him; how he had nursed Tom through the fever; and how dear the lad had grown during those long hours. He thought of his nobleness and his courage, his truth and kindness. The hours passed swiftly by as Rhody walked, taking little heed of the time. A bitter struggle was fought out that night in that man's breast, but in the end his better nature conquered, he returned to the cabin exhausted mentally and bodily, but with his mind made up. When he came in Tom was asleep, and he stood there watching his face by the flickering firelight. In his sleep Tom murmured two names, "Rhody" and "Mary," and his partner's face softened as he listened.

The next morning he said:

"Tom, I've bin thinkin' over what you told me last night, an' I dunno but what 'twould be a good thing. At any rate, lad, I'll help you."

"What made you leave so sudden like, ol' man?"

"Oh, nothing. I kinder thought I'd like to go over the thing by myself," was the answer, made lightly enough.

Tom did not know then nor afterwards what his partner had done for him.

Having Rhody's consent, or, rather, good-will, Tom had a talk with Mary. It was in the afternoon, when school was ended for the day, and the two were strolling along through the little valley just beyond the camp. What he said to her and what she said to him is of little or no consequence here, because it would be, in the first place, stupid if repeated, interesting as it was to them—and, in the second place, it has nothing to do with the yarn. Besides, I do not know what was said, as I was not there. It is enough that Mary allowed Tom to understand that she was willing to marry him. This much was proved by the announcement of the engagement, which was speedily made. But just at this point arose the queerest difficulty. As I have said, the men in the camp looked upon the school-mistress as being one in whose career they all had a personal interest, and they objected strongly to the proposed match. At first Tom and Mary were both rather disposed to laugh at the idea, but they found in time it was no laughing matter. The question was taken up warmly and debated with the utmost acrimony on each side, while Tom found that the number of those opposed was decidedly greater than those in his favor. Threats of tar and feathers finally became common, and things began to assume a most disagreeable aspect. In this condition of affairs Rhody came nobly to the front. He had been one of the strongest advocates of the lovers during the whole thing, but Tom had noticed that he was strangely busy with letters. One day when there were a large number of the men opposed to the match collected in front of the store discussing the affair, Rhody came down the street, and pausing in front of the crowd, said:

"Boys, I want to speak to ye. Thar's none on ye ez doesn't know ez how Tom, my pardner, wants to marry the school-marm. Thar's many on ye ez is agin any such 'rangement, most 'cause they thinks the gal mout do better. I gin ye all credit fur this feelin', an' I'm glad fur to do so. I dunno as I've thought myself that the gal wer' doin' the best she could in marryin' Tom." (Murmurs of applause from the crowd.) "So I've wrote to the Company, an' wrote agin an' agin, an' now I'm glad fur to tell ye all that my pard, Tom Freeman, air the superintendent of the Rattlesnake, wi' six thousand a year salary. I hez resigned myself—"

"I won't have it, pard," broke in Tom. "I ain't half as fit as you fur the place, an' won't have it."

"Yes, you will, lad," said Rhody. "Why shouldn't ye? 'Sides you aint a goin' fur to make me out a liar," and the man's stern face lit up with a smile.

Tom's protestations were drowned in the cheers which went up from the crowd. Turned completely around by the generosity of Rhody, they were now as eager for the wedding as they had before been opposed, and before many weeks, Rhody stood up and gave the school-marm away, an admiring crowd filling the school-house to overflowing.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Story of Chambord.

When I wrote respecting the Count de Chambord and his doings, I little thought that Paris still contained an interesting and curious relic of his purposed kingship, or rather a group of relics, in the shape of the royal carriages ordered for the triumphal entry of the King into Paris. Twelve of these vehicles were ordered, but only six of them were finished when the refusal of the Prince to accept the tri-colored flag put an extinguisher on the hopes of his adherents. These six magnificent carriages have ever since been stored away awaiting the hour of the restoration of the monarchy. The whole half dozen were executed in six weeks, so great was the hurry of the Royalists, and so certain was the advent of the King considered. The largest and handsomest, that intended for Henry V. himself, is of great size and magnificence. The four lanterns alone cost $7,000. It is lined throughout with white satin, and the arms of France are emblazoned on the ceiling in the center of a golden sun. The seven large windows of plate-glass render the interior almost as visible as is that of an open carriage All the metal work is in repousse silver, and the hammer-cloth is fringed with gold. The panels are painted with fleur-de-lis on a background, and are highly varnished. Access is obtained to this truly royal vehicle by a series of four steps covered with pale blue velvet worked with fleurs-de-lis in gold thread. The other carriages are upholstered with pale blue satin figured with fleurs-de-lis in the same color. These six carriages cost $200,000. They were ordered by the Count de Damas, who still pays the annual bill for their storage. They were to have been paid for by a committee of enthusiastic Legitimist noblemen; but on the final dispersion of all hopes of restoration the Count de Chambord very generously insisted on settling the bill himself. I wonder what ever became of the eight snow-white steeds that were to have drawn the royal carriage? They were purchased, and were being trained to assume the high-stepping, solemn gait appropriate to horses that have so important a mission to perform, when the final catastrophe came that swept the embryo royality into the dust. I remember hearing about the controversy that took place between two highly-born Legitimists who were charged with the purchase, respecting the color of the animals. Eight perfectly-matched and very superb horses of a pale-cream color, with silken, silvery tails and manes, were offered. Nobleman No. 1 preferred the cream-colored horses, while No. 2 would hear of nothing but white ones. Finally, the dispute was settled by a third party. "Good heavens, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "if you select cream-colored horses to draw the King's carriage, every street boy in Paris, on seeing it approach, will cry, 'Here comes the the hippodrome!'" and so the white ones were chosen. Where are they now? Some years ago the carriage of a certain fair Parisienne was pointed out to me as being drawn by two of these favored animals. Certainly I never saw such beautiful white horses in my life. They were white as snow, without a single hair or shading of another color in their perfectly-groomed coats, their nostrils being tinged with a pale pink, and their full flowing manes and tails shining like flossilk. If they were not the chosen steeds of royalty they certainly looked it.—*Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

—The London *Medical News* reports the death of a leading anti-vaccine agitator in England. Last summer the small-pox broke out in his family and carried off his wife and his three children. The loss preyed upon his mind, and he completed the extinction of his family by self destruction.

—A man in Bethel, Conn., gave a party on the one hundred and second anniversary of his birth, and died the next day.—*Boston Post.*

Our Young Folks.

ALL THE GOOD WE CAN.

If the sunshine never crept
Into hovels dark and sad,
If its glories never shone
Save where everything was glad,
If it scattered not its beams
Over hearts by sorrow chilled,
Would the sunshine do His will?
Would its mission be fulfilled?

If the roses never bloomed
Save for gladsome eyes alone,
If their beauty and their grace
For the weary never shone,
If they never brought a smile
To the wayside passer-by,
Would the roses do their task
While the hours of summer fly?

If the birdies sang their songs
Far from every listening ear,
If they poured them not abroad
All the earth to glad and cheer,
Would the birdies' work be done
Ere the autumn breezes call?
Ere the gold and crimson leaves
O'er the grave of summer fall?

If the sunshine of our smiles
We have scattered not afar,
If our roses—kindly deeds—
Bloom not where the lowly are,
If our words of hope and joy
Never fall to bless and cheer,
Have we done our Maker's will?
Have we wrought our mission here?

—*George Cooper, in Golden Days.*

SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

The town clock had struck two. School was over for the day. After stopping for a few moments in the shawl-room, to put on hats and cloaks, the girls ran out of the house, down the streets leading to their homes.

Maria Rogart, Susie Roberts and two or three other girls went together, along Main street. As usual, they had a great deal to say to one another.

Susie Roberts was telling about her cousin, lately arrived from Europe!—how the steamer had just escaped striking against an iceberg;—how her cousin had brought several trunks, full of beautiful things, and what a time she had getting them through the Custom House!

"She is a grand lady," said Susie. "She knows all about French, and German, and Italian, and she has just the whitest little hands that I ever saw! I do not suppose that she knows how to do a bit of housework. I got up early this morning, so that I could get my room in order, and do my dusting before she came down to breakfast."

"Why, Susie, are you ashamed to have her know that you dust the parlors, and take care of your own room?" asked Maria Rogart, laughing.

"Oh, I would not have her know it, on any account," said Susie. "As it is, I dare say she will think my hands very brown."

"I would not care," cried Ella Redman. "My mother says that beautiful hands are the hands that obey the Bible verse: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' The King who said that was very rich and very great."

Susie tossed her head, and assumed what she considered a grand air.

"I think the servants should do all the housework," said she.

Little Mary Jamison wondered if it really were not "respectable" to sweep and dust a room and wash the breakfast china. She took a peep at her brown hands, and drew on her gloves as quickly as possible. The girls were quiet for the remainder of the walk. Susie's words had set them all to thinking.

That evening, when Edith Grey's mother reminded her that, as Ellen the housemaid was out, it was time for her to set the tea-table, instead of running to do so with her usual willingness, she pouted and muttered something about doing a servant's work.

She handled the pretty china so carelessly that two cups fell and broke into ever so many pieces. They were the first of the set to be broken. It was a set of china, too, that her mother prized very much, because it had come to her from her grandmother.

"I am a horrid, careless girl!" Edith said, bursting into tears, and ready to put the blame on some one else—"it all comes from listening to that foolish Susie Robert's ridiculous notions. My grandmother was a lady, and yet I dare say that she took care of her china, and polished her furniture!"

Meanwhile Susie was having what she thought a very hard time. She was in the sitting-room, with her mother and cousin, when Mrs. Roberts said:

"By the way, Susie, before I forget it, after you have done your dusting, to-morrow, if you have time before school, I would like you to polish the dining-table. You have neglected this a great deal lately. I do not know what your grandmother would say if she could see her old furniture!"

Susie's cheeks flushed. She did not dare to look at her cousin, she could only trust that she had not heard.

Next morning Susie was up very early, determined to get all done before breakfast. With dust-cap and apron on, she was working away very industriously, when, to her dismay, she saw her cousin pass the door, on the way to the library.

"Good-morning, Susie," she said, "let me help you. I shall forget my skill if I do not get to housekeeping soon."

Susie was so much surprised by this remark that she stood for a moment in silence, looking at her cousin.

"You see," continued that bright little lady, "it is quite two years since I made a cup of coffee or a loaf of bread—just think of it! I dare say, Susie, that you know a good deal about housework? When I was a little girl I was delighted to help my mother"—she began to rub the old-fashioned side-board so vigorously that Susie was sure it would outshine the table—"I have a great fancy for women who are good housekeepers," continued the lady, talking and laughing, and using the wax and the brush—all at the same time. "My favorite heroine is that Queen Bertha who lived in Burgundy about nine hundred years ago. She kept house so beautifully that they stamped her likeness on a coin; they represented her as sitting at her spinning-wheel."

Susie could scarcely believe her ears.

"I have heard of persons who are ashamed of work, but I consider them very silly—don't you, Susie? I think that they forget that nice chapter in Proverbs about the industrious woman. There is a very pretty verse in that chapter—I went hunting through it once for a birthday verse—and I was ever so much pleased to find this: 'She looketh well to the ways of her household,' and: 'She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

Kitchen-Garden Games.

We make the following extract from a little girl's letter to her aunt, in the *St. Nicholas*, about the "Kitchen-Garden School," at which, in the same manner as the lessons are sugar-coated with fun, it will be seen that games are but a cloak for instruction:

My Dear Aunt Katie: I've saved the best part to the very last. It's about games. We just have an elegant time when we do games. We have one after every lesson in Kitchen-Garden. We have a skipping game, when we skip all round the room with a rope that has pretty ribbons tied to it, and we keep time when we skip to a nice tune that the teacher plays on the piano. And we have a broom game that is just splendid! We all have nice brooms, with pretty ribbons on them, and we do ever so many things with them, and sing songs all the time we're doing it. And then some of us make an arch with our brooms and the rest of us skip under the brooms all the way through the arch. And we hang up clothes-lines. You'd laugh if you saw all the funny little dolls' clothes hanging on the lines. But it looks real pretty, too, I think. And we play waiting on the door. We have a big round circle of girls, and we skip around and we sing:

"Here comes a crowd of merry little girls
Who've lately come to school."

Then we ring a little bell and we ask: "Is Mrs. Brown at home?" and we say: "Yes, will you please 'low me to show you to the parlor, and I will speak to her." Then we go across the ring (we play that's the hall), and the girls lift up their hands and we go under (we play that's the door), and then we are in the parlor, you know. Then we play we have a card with our name on it, and we put it on a tray, and the girl that opens the door, she brings it to the lady, or else we tell our name.

Sometimes: "Mrs. Brown is not at home," or else: "She's engaged." Then we say: "Will you please to leave a message?"

Then the other girl—the lady, you know—she could leave quite a long message if she could think of one, but she doesn't, very often.

It's a splendid game, Aunt Katie, and so is "Little waiting-girls." We all stand in a ring with trays, and we march and sing:

"We are little waiting-girls
Just little waiting-girls.
We wait on the table
As well as we are able
For little waiting-girls.

"We pass the tray like this, we pass the tray like that,
Try to hold it, always hold it, very, very flat."

It's a real funny game. You just ought to see it, Aunt Katie. And "Jack and Jill," we play that, too, and it's

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

And the chorus is:

"Two should step at the same time—
One should not go faster,
Else they'll surely, surely meet
With Jack and Jill's disaster."

Well, Aunt Katie, you ought to see just everything we do! I know you'd think it was lovely, and you'd be just as glad as we are that Miss Huntington thought about it. It don't seem like going to school at all. It seems like play. But we all learn ever so much there. Mamma says I've learned a good deal about housekeeping already.

Dear Aunt Katie: Mamma says I need not write any more, because your eyes are so bad. I give my love to you, Aunt Katie; and I give my love to Cousin Baby Grace, and to Uncle Howard, too.

This letter is from your dear little niece, MAY STRONG.

Ned's Crow.

Did you ever have a tame crow? It's fun, I can tell you, but sometimes it is more mischief.

I had one. He would follow me everywhere, almost. Of course I couldn't let him go to church nor to school, but he would perch upon a tree just outside and scold like a good fellow. If you judged by the sound and didn't try to make out words, you would think somebody was scolding sure enough. It was sport to watch him then. He would stretch his neck, this side and that side, and twist himself into all sorts of shapes—as if he *must* talk and the words had somehow got stuck in his throat.

That was three years ago. In the fall he went off, by spells, with the wild crows, and at last he left me entirely. But the next spring, and every spring since, with the first "caw, caw" comes a glossy black fellow with the same comical strut that all crows have, with a leer and twisting of its neck and an attempt at imitating the human voice that its mates never try. I feel sure that it is my runaway, for when I talk to it and call it by name it answers me, yet is very careful to keep just out of reach.

My aunt had a tame crow named Jim that could talk some, or at least speak some words. It was a great mimic, and would call out "grandpa, grandpa," just like little Joe, till grandpa would go out to see what ailed the boy. It would steal, too, everything it could get hold of, and hide the things in all sorts of places. Grandpa used to get greatly vexed about his glasses, sometimes, while a thimble was Jim's especial delight. One day I was picking up chips; Jim stood near watching me.

"Jim, you lazy fellow, why don't you help me?" said I, and Jim flew down close beside me and began to pick up the chips with his bill and dropped them into the basket, just as solemn and sober as a judge.—*Youth's Companion.*

—At Wheeling, W. Va., recently James Duff was leading a pair of hunting dogs along the track, when a coming locomotive frightened them so that they ran round and round him, binding him so that he could not move, and he fell before the engine, which run over him and killed him.

Religious.

ANSWERED PRAYERS.

I prayed for riches and achieved success.
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and thro' brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first!

—*Ella Wheeler.*

GRUMBLING.

It is just as much a man's duty to be happy, as happy as his circumstances allow, as it is to be virtuous and honest. To make the best of whatever comes into your life is to plane the plank with the grain the proper way, as every master workman knows; but many foolish folk insist on planing against the grain, and then declare that luck is always against them. If a man is less happy, by even so much as a scruple's weight, than his circumstances warrant, it indicates either weakness of mind or a want of faith, or a temperament which needs the discipline of severe correction.

First, a weak-minded man mistakes the meaning of experiences, and is prone to declare that everything is going wrong, when in point of fact only one thing out of a score of things is playing the part of the crooked stick in the bundle. The nineteen sticks which lie close together because they are straight, he takes no thought of; but the one crooked stick occupies all his attention, and he can think of nothing else. For myself, it has been the policy of my life not to allow one-twentieth of my experiences to dominate the other nineteen-twentieths and to spoil my enjoyment of them. The difference between one man and another is that one man finds something to make him happy, while the other is generally successful in his search for something to make him miserable. I have known people who always seemed to have a bit of Heaven about them, in spite of adverse surroundings; and I have known people who seemed to exude a sulphurous odor, though their circumstances were reasonably auspicious. Second: Want of faith in the general fitness of things is like the sudden taste of lemon, which sets the teeth on edge and makes one cringe. If you believe that affairs are all in a tangle, that the Lord has put you into the midst of the wrong environment, you will probably have a perfect bedlam of a life. You are not in a condition to enjoy anything, but in just the frame of mind to grumble at the sunshine because it did not come sooner, and at the shower because it came so late. There are good folk in the world who don't know what they want, and who are always wishing they had the other thing, no matter what that other thing may be. They are not like bees, who somehow manage to suck honey out of a thistle without getting stung, but rather like spiders, who deliberately weave a web to catch every passing evil withal. I do not intend by this comparison to wrong the poor spider, who simply does his duty when he makes a feast of moth or fly, but simply to say that a man can find better business than fly or moth-hunting. The truth is, life is hardly worth the having if we must needs fill the corridors of time with long reverberating growls. Until we can get something of happiness out of every passing hour, we are still in the nurse's arms and suffering from infantile disorders. I have infinite respect for the venerable saint who said: "I have all my life been striving for a contented mind, and now I propose to sit down contented without it."

All things disturb a man who is determined to be disturbed. Nothing seems straight when the soul is crooked. If there is vinegar in the mouth, not sugar itself tastes sweet. Whatever weather we have displeases him, though we have a variety from which to choose that ought to satisfy any one who could be happy either in Greenland or the tropics. He never saw such a summer as this! conveniently forgetting that the last twenty summers have been just like this is, and that he has uttered the same criticism with each recurring season as far back as the tormented memory of his friends can go. He speaks as though the thermometer had a personal grudge against him, and in a tone which implies that if the manufacture of weather were only left to him he would show the Lord what could be done. So he would, doubtless; and that may be the reason why the Lord prefers to make it Himself.

Of course I do not intend to affirm that it is possible to live in a state of continual bliss. Not even a pure and undefiled religion can produce such a magical result. A man must sometimes set his teeth together with desperate determination, and sometimes must he wipe the tears of swift flowing sorrow from his eyes. Nay, I think there are moments when peevishness of the most exasperating kind is a privilege, a necessity, and as proper an expression of feeling as laughter is of joy. When one has the toothache, for example, it is utterly out of the question to smile benignly, or to feel like holding one's hands in benediction over a naughty world. There is a time to be querulous, but it ought not to be allowed to become chronic When the tooth rages solitude should be sedulously sought and indulged in until the pain let's go its hold. The lips had better be shut than parted; for if parted expletives and candid expressions of opinion more remarkable for strength than beauty are apt to issue thence. And, again, one can not imagine himself in Heaven when he is enduring the pangs unutterable of dyspepsia; nor is it his duty to attempt such folly. At such a time no one should look for politeness or courtesy. Men are mortal and dyspepsia is diabolical. Mortality and dyspepsia, however mixed, do not result in happiness. It is a volcanic experience, and analogy teaches us that when the internal arrangements of the earth are interfered with dust and smoke and dangerous missiles will fill the air. Neither wife nor children should look for too much while the convulsions continue, even though the sufferer be a saint. Saint and sinner are pretty much alike when this malady attacks them.

Nor can one be other than sorrowful when the greater ills of life are to be borne. There will always be a difference between a funeral and a feast. Laughter in the hour of mourning is simple lunacy. Levity in the midst of solemn services is idiocy. There are chromatic passages in the symphony of human life which can not be avoided. We need no sage to tell us that there are miserable and wretched experiences through which we must find our way as best we can. The shoulders will bend, and the heart will almost break at times, though we do the best we can. We may see the silver lining of the cloud, but it is impossible to ignore the cloud. The rule holds good, nevertheless. The habit which some have acquired of making things harder than they are is a criminal habit. Some one has said: "The worst tribulations through which I have passed are those which never happened." To take things as they really are, not as they seem to be, is a noble secret. The man who, looking at his sorrow, sees his sorrow only, and not the hope beneath it, sees only half of what God intended him to see. Death is a thousand times worse than death, if one sees only death in death. Death with a beautiful life on this side of it and the glories of immortality on the other side is not altogether dreadful. It is cloudy weather, to be sure, but the setting sun saturates the clouds with splendor.

You see at a glance, therefore, that I am not advising the skeptic to be cheerful. If a man plants briers, he must expect to be pricked by his own crop of thorns. It is as natural for the agnostic to fume and fret at the apparent incongruities of life, to him sadly real, as it is for water to run down hill. He has nothing to be cheerful about; he has every reason to be restless and miserable. With no God, no Savior, no Heavenly home after the weariness of this work-day life, how can he be anything else than miserable and restless? He is the plaything of ill-luck, with no power to control or cajole good fortune, and no optic ability to discern anything but the shadow of events. He is to be pitied for his forlornness, even when he despises your pity; and though he may christen his forlornness with the high-sounding name of science, it is only forlornness after all. Neither he nor you can make anything better out of it. One is in a sorry plight if he searches the world thoroughly and discovers no ruling Providence, but accidentally stumbles upon accident at every step, and then at last gets tripped up, and falls into the grave as the worst accident of all. His laugh is the laugh of desperation, and is wholly devoid of buoyancy. His heroism is stoicism, a grinding, almost a gnashing of the teeth, and a defiant clenching of the fists, as far removed from Christian resignation as madness is from sanity.

When a man believes in God he may grumble once in a while, because he is human; but constant fretting is irreligion. This life at its best is a kind of corduroy road across the lowlands to the highway of the King; and if you begin the journey by bewailing the fact, and wondering why the Lord has not had it macadamized, and then continue the journey by exclaiming at every jolt as though it was a personal insult, you will probably be so busy finding fault with everything that you will have little time left to enjoy the landscape. If others seem to have an easier time than you, it is poor policy to make a bad thing worse by fretting because it is not better. It is what it is; so make the best of it. If you try to be contented with your lot, you will be surprised to discover that there are many desirable things in this world which you can get on very well without. Move out of Grumbling Terrace, and rent an apartment in Thanksgiving Row, and your health, and that of your wife and children, will begin to improve at once.—*Geo. H. Hepworth, in N. Y. Independent.*

Choice Extracts.

—Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up His living temples.—*Spurgeon.*

—The silent influences of life are by far the greatest. We do not know at what moment we are stamping the character and coloring the whole future life of our associates by our voiceless example or by our most unpremeditated words.

—I have been young, and now am old, and I bear witness that I have never found thorough, pervading, enduring virtue with any but such as feared God, not in the modern, but in the old, child-like way. And only with such, too, have I found joy in life—a hearty, victorious gladness, of so distinct a kind that no other is to be compared with it.—*Jacobi.*

—It is not the men of superior talents who do the great work of the world; it is the men who have trained their working powers the best. Many who possess enviable talents sometimes become hindrances in the way of others, all for the want of well-established habits of industry and a fixed purpose in life. They who have resolved to do the best they can in the world, and are doing it with their might, need not pause to look around for results. There will be time and opportunity for that in a vast eternity.—*Golden Rule.*

—This character, of which Christ was the perfect model is in itself so attractive, so altogether lovely, that I can not describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths which He taught and the sufferings He endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without Him. Take away the blessing of the advent of His life and the blessings purchased by His death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left. It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost and darkness.—*Dr. J. B. Thomas.*

HEYN & BRO. RISING SUN,

OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVECOATS,

For Young Men, Youths, Boys and Children in Great Varieties, and Low Prices. All goods sold by us guaranteed. Also a Big Line of Ready Made Clothing on hand.

A full Stock of seasonable Dress Goods, with the latest Novelties in Trimmings. Ladies and Gents' Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Indiana.

Genuine Schofield Blankets, Jeans, Flannels and Yarns, Prices Lower than any other store.

No Misrepresentation Practiced to Effect Sales. We invite Everybody to inspect our Goods.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Indiana.

Cloaks, Dolmans, Circulars and Jackets, for Ladies, Misses, and Children, in all colors and grade, latest styles.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Indiana.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. NOV., 7. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
1 "	¼ "	20
½ "	1 "	20
½ "	½ "	10
¼ "	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

WE have some special correspondence which will appear next week.

IF you have a trade dollar take it to Germany. You can get its face value over there.

OUR local tobacco merchants are preparing to handle a large quantity of tobacco this season.

THE Owen County Democrat has been enlarged to an eight column paper. It grows in popularity also.

THE coinage at the United States mint in October was $1 359,914, of which $1,050,050 were silver dollars.

A FIRE in Paris last Saturday destroyed $38,000 worth of hemp and blue grass seed—insured for $25,000.

SAVANNAH, Georgia, had a million dollar fire last week. The first night after the fire 1,500 of the citizens were without shelter.

OHIO has more murderers than she can conceal, and they have commenced dropping over into Kentucky in search of hiding places.

WE will not be surprised if those who are buying tobacco at such remarkably high prices will hear something "drap" before they get it all off their hands.

DOGS day was a big day at the Louisville Expositon. The management ought to give the old bachelors and old maids of the country each a day, before the Exposition closes.

THE President of the Woolper pike, and his Cabinet, held a meeting, Monday, at the Circuit Clerk's office. Important business relative to that road was under consideration.

THE killing of Ira Hawkins and the fatally wounding of James Moffit, last week in Harrodsburg, by Robert Pulliam, created much excitement as the cause of the trouble was unknown.

IN Georgia, is a gang of ku-klux which has been giving the citizens much trouble, whipping and otherwise terrorizing them. It seems that the better class of citizens are afraid to apprehend them.

MAJOR CRUMBAUGH, collector of the Second Kentucky District, has been cleared in the United States Court, at Louisville, of the charge of using official stamped envelopes for private purposes.

R. S. Foster, United States Marshal, and a posse closed out the business of a band of counterfeiters in Pike county, Indiana, last week. Nine of the gang and their complete outfit for the manufacture of bogus gold and silver coins, were captured.

THE Southern Exposition at Louisville closes next Saturday, having been liberally patronized by all sections. It has been of great benefit to Louisville, and her business men will never see the time that they will regret what it cost them to get it up.

IN the event that a telephone line is put up from Covington to Williamstown, by way of Florence, Burlington should, by all means, have a wire tapping the Covington and Williamstown wire at Florence. The Burlington office would be one of the best suburb offices in the matter of pay.

LUTZ and Caruth, the St. Louis Police Commissioners were indicted last Friday, when the grand jury in its report declared that the Police Board is a corrupt body, and cast reflections upon the two Commissioners, who did not like that kind of racket, and they at once sued the grand jury for $50,000 damages each.

THE first appearance of Lieutenant-Governor Hindman in the gubernatorial chair was characterized by a number of remissions of fines, a branch of business in which it is thought Governor Knott will do but little, and which is causing the Louisville knights of the green cloth much uneasiness, for fear that their feast has come to a close.

SOME of Senator William's friends consider that he will have a walk-over in being re-elected. They claim to know of a certainty that he has votes enough pledged to him to secure his election, and the only question is as to the size of his majority. Gen. Williams may wake up slightly disappointed some of these bright frosty mornings.

WE understand that there is some probability of the Farmers Insurance Company of this county, building an office in Burlington, commence business in a style befitting the magnitude the enterprise has attained. No longer should the company take the risk of losing all its records by continuing its office in its hat. The business is on the increase, and demands a place in which it can be conducted in the proper style.

THE News Journal of the 2d inst., contains Thos. Arnold's and Colonel Monfort's statements in regard to the robbery of Arnold in Cincinnati on the 7th of last September. These statements put a very bad coloring on the action of the Police Court in regard to the discharge of the thieves and arrest of Arnold. Arnold's treatment by the Cincinnati authorities is changing the tide of the Owen county trade to a considerable extent.

COL. SWOPE recently suspended from active service sixteen white and four colored guagers and store-keepers, and Henry Scroggins, colored editor of the Kentucky Republican, published an article accusing Swope of turning him out on account of his color and for personal motives. This article caused Evans to write Scroggins asking him if he were the author of the article. Scroggins answered that he was, and intimated to Commissioner Evans that he ought to investigate Swope; but instead of the Commissioner concurring with Scroggins, he simply notified Scroggins that his commission as store-keeper was revoked. Of course Mr. Scroggins was floored.

SINCE 1870 the illiteracy of this country has been reduced from fourteen per cent. to twelve per cent. Of the 26,761,000 people in the United States over the age of ten years, about 5,000,000 can not read and over 6,000,000 can not write. Those who can not write are pretty equally divided between the blacks and whites. These figures show that there is in this country a large field in which to put to use the educational appliances of the several States. Ignorance is deep rooted in some localities, and much time and labor will be required to abrogate it. But the growing interest in education that now prevails throughout the country will make a good showing in the next decade.

County Court.

The attendance at court, Monday, was small, owing to the very busy time with the farmers.

Joseph Hunt, of Florence, and George Stamler, of Walton, were each granted tavern license.

Esquires Gaines, Brumback, Garnett, Sutten, Loader, Hensley, Baker, Howlett, Johnson, Norman, Bannister, Wagstaff, Rouse, McConnell, Ellis, Ryle and Curley appeared and took their seats.

Numerous claims were allowed as is usual at this term.

M. T. Garnett, as commissioner to make settlement with ex-sehriff Finch filed his settlement showing that he, Finch is indebted to the county on account of the county levy $3,497 50.

Esquire E. H. Baker was appointed receiver to receive of T. W. Finch the amount he owes the county and to take such steps as are necessary to enforce its payment.

All claims of physicians were laid over till the January term, except the claim of Dr W. H. Terrill for $100 which was rejected.

The County Attorney was authorized to employ someone to repair the sink in the jail immediately.

Esquires Gaines, Baker and Norman were appointed a committee to investigate and report what repairs are necessary on the jail.

Esquires Baker, Gaines and Norman were apponted a committee to do what they think best with the Poor-house land, and report at the January term.

The County Attorney was directed to look after the road funds.

The County Attorney and County Judge were each allowed $400 for their year's services.

The heirs of Nancy Snyder, and J. T. Stepenson's each filed petitions for division of lands.

THE plate-glass in Mabley,s show window was broken Monday night, and his $250 prize watch extracted. The burglar made good his escape.

THE election excitement in Virginia culmonated in a riot at Danville, last Saturday, in which three negroes and one white man were killed.

TWO prominent Louisville attorneys had a knock-down in the rotunda of the temple of justice, last Saturday. One of them made a motion as if going to draw a "pop," and bystanders interrupted the entertainment.

IT is a settled fact that Covington will not enjoy electric lights, for a time, at least. At a meeting held there last Friday night, a company of capitalists that proposed to light the city, and also fleece the people was sat down on very heavily.

ABOUT two o'clock Monday afternoon, Springfield, Missouri, was struck by a tornado that demolished thirty houses and killed several persons. A school-house a few miles from the town was raized to the foundation. It was full of children, but strange to say none of them were fatally hurt. Much damage was done in the country about the city.

13

PERSONS recovering from wasting diseases, such as malaria, fevers, etc., will be greatly benefited by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters, a true tonic.

OWENTON, KY.—Rev. J. N. Beck says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best tonics sold."

CODORUS, PA.—Rev. J. D. Zehring says: "I was paralyzed in my right side. The use of Brown's Iron Bitters enabled me to walk."

News Notes.

The Mormon missionaries in the South claim that they are meeting with encouraging success, especially in Georgia. The people of the South are becoming aroused on the subject.

The total registration of voters in the city of New York this year was 182,144. In 1882 it was 196,182; in 1881, 170,410, and in 1880 it was 217,023.

John Collins, son of E. K. Collins, a large steamboat owner, of New York, brought suit for $50,000. for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution against his stepmother, Mrs. Sarah J. Collins. He claims she secured his arrest on a charge of perjury, in May last, for the purpose of deterring him from contesting his father's will, by which the greater portion of his property was bequeathed her.

ONE-half the corn crop in the bottoms of the Wabash river has been destroyed by the late freshets.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch and W. T. German, Deputy Sheriffs.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. B. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Walter Ryle, Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beaver—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,	J C Jenkins,
J E Duncan,	Oscar Gaines,
G C Gaddy,	Ben Clore,
Noah Craven,	Wm. Clore,
C S Balsly,	A S Gaines,
George Gaines,	C S Gaines,
Absalom Aylor,	J. B. Winston,

BOONE HOUSE,
BURLINGTON, KY.
C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

A. L. Brown,

THE HATTER,
Cor. Pike and Washington Streets
COVINGTON, - - KY.

Has always on band a large variety of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats, and prices GUARANTEED to be as low as the lowest.

Gents' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR, Hebron, Ky.

Doctors and Doctrines.
Whatever Cruel Creeds May Say, Truth is Always Orthodox.

"You know the old saying, Doctor, Ubi tres medici, duo athei,—where there are three doctors there are two atheists," laughed Rev. Apollo Creamcheese, the other day, to his friend, Dr. Senna, who had dropped in for a bit of a talk.

"Yes, I've heard it, and I'll bet a box of pills against your dry inkstand that some priest said it. They always pattered bad Latin when they had a bigger lie than common to get rid of," answered the Doctor, lighting his pipe. "I tell you, Dominie you're 'way off when you think our profession isn't doing as good work in this world as yours is. They've both been more'n half barbarous for centuries, but we're several lengths ahead of you on the home-stretch."

"But, Doctor, said Rev. Mr. Creamcheese," don't you think your fraternity shows a tendency to materialistic——?"

"Bah!" interrupted Dr. Senna, "we show a tendency to human charity and common sense. The fences are all down. Why, within the past week I've had a letter from my old friend, Dr. W. V. Haddox, of Pine Hill, Alabama, saying that he is using, with great success, PARKER'S TONIC, in his practice, and finds it the best thing for Coughs Lung, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and so on, he ever struck; and another friend of mine, Dr. J. J. Oatman, of Carrolltown, Pa., says substantially the same thing. He's a big specialist, too, in chronic diseases, and knows what he is talking about every time."

Dr. Senna's statement as to PARKER'S TONIC, are supported by genuine testimonials from Drs. Haddox and Oatman, who write to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York—the proprietors—in terms of the highest commendation concerning this great restorative remedy; and letters from the profession generally confirm the opinion of these physicians. Price, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
Farmers & Traders National Bank
AT COVINGTON,

In the State of Kentucky, at the close of business, October 2d, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$579,247 75
Overdrafts		969 39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 4 per cent		50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		43,991 83
Due from other National banks	3,554 33	
Due from State banks and bankers	2,459 97	—6,014 30
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		4,668 94
Current expenses and taxes paid		2,994 80
Premiums paid		8,000 00
Checks and other cash items		1,432 60
Bills of other Banks		10,155 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies		56 54
Specie		12,015 00
Legal tender notes		22,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 5 per cent of circulation)		2,250 00
Total		$761,806 12

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus fund		2,500 00
Undivided profits		—21,367 99
National bank notes outstanding		45,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	368,774 08	
Due to other National Banks	14,722 85	
Due to State Banks and bankers	9,441 20	—392,938 13
Total		$761,806 12

State of Kentucky, County of Kenton, ss: I, John L. Sandford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. L. SANDFORD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of Oct., 1883. GEO. H. DAVISON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
E. J. HICKEY,
J. H. MERSMAN,
L. C. STEPHENS, } Directors.

INSURE AT HOME
The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

N. S. WALTON, President, Petersburg, Ky.
J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

E. E. IGOE,
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

Rev. Father Wilds'
EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & CO., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
—Best Purgative Medicine—
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

Farm for Sale!

35 acres of good rolling bottom land, 3½ miles below Aurora ferry, ½ mile from Bellevue and ¼ mile from the Ohio river, being part of the Warren Rogers farm. For particulars call on or address T. H. SUTTON, Grant P. O., Ky., or at this office. 44-2 m

Farm for Sale.

I am offering for sale my farm, lying 3 miles south of Burlington on the Big Bone road, containing 55¼ acres, a part of the Mason Crisler farm. The land lays well and is conveniently located, the improvments are a good brick house and all necessary out buildings, and a variety of good fruit. Any person desirous of purchasing a nice farm will do well to come and examine the premises and learn terms. Title good. MRS. OSCAR CRISLER.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Bilious Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either Sex. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

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CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY.
OFFICE & ROOMS, NO. 920 LOCUST ST.
CHAS. L. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
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Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

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Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporise while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

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One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

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Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. McKim.

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Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

NEVER FAILS

FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it.

Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

Local News.

November came in very cold.

Look out for Colter's new ad. next week.

Irwin Balsly is off to Arkansaw on a big hunt.

Say, you butchers, why don't you kill some sausage?

A big lot of freight is going over the Southern road now.

Schofield Blankets at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., at $5 a pair.

Schofield's Jeans at 40c. per yard at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

New crop New Orleans and Sorghum molasses at W. E. Piper's.

Mutton took a fall the other day, a negro man was on top of it.

Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to get a nice Cloak or Dolman.

A fine Union Casemere Overcoat for $4 50, at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

A blind man with a team of blind horses was in town selling brooms Friday.

Two bicicilsts were reconnoitering on the Burlington and Florence pike, Sunday.

Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Shawls, etc. in great variety at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Indiana.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind., is the boss place to trade, as they deal fair and square.

To act on the liver and cleanse the bowls no medicine equals Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Mrs. Tousey has had a fine monument put up on her lot in the cemetery at this place.

The song of the merry corn-huskers is now heard in the land from early dawn to night.

The autumnal beauty has escaped from the woods. The heavy frosts last week caused its exit.

If you want nice horse-blankets, or lap-robes, call on A. M. Acra, Burlington, Kentucky.

F. Riddell had a case last week in which there was neither pleasure nor profit—a case of neuralgia.

If the sheriff would take "taters" for taxes he could make much better head way collecting the revenue.

Tom Cowen is very busy sawing stove wood. Havn't learned where he expects to put up his stove.

Our double team of butchers are going slow on the killing business this fall. Material for their business is scarce.

The burglars that raided Florence and vicinity Saturday night, had an eye to keeping comfortable this winter.

Churchwell Clore's heirs were at the County Clerk's office the other day making conveyances one to the other.

The deciple of Blackstone just across the fence has hung out his shingle for the guidance of those in need of legal advice.

The Superior Court affirmed the judgment of the Boone Circuit Court in the case of Tilford Sullivan against John M. Moody.

Mr. Lewis Tanner and Miss Fannie Delph, daughter of Jonas Delph, visited the city last Thursday, and while there were married.

Charles McKim, while glazing the other day, cut his hand with a chisel, since which time it has been giving him some trouble.

Sam Kyle and Will Scott, of Kenton county were out here last Thursday on a hunting expedition. The game killed consisted of one quail, one 'possum and several rabbits.

Rice & Westbay's butcher cart, loaded with mutton, &c., principally &c., though, let down, on the street last Thursday evening, when on the way to the market-house.

Several Petersburg boys went to Memphis, Tennessee, this fall to work at the coopers trade, but all except two returned, on account of sickness. Since their return young Kine has died.

Judge Dills has a horse-brush that he has been using for fifteen years. A brush might last some people that long and then not be very good quality either, but Mr. Dills makes use of his brush.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

Our attorney friend just across the fence certainly anticipates an attack from some nation, as he has been digging rifle pits about his premises for the past week. He is now pretty well fortified and we are daily expecting to see him mount his artillery.

F. W. Kassabaum, of Aurora, Ind., was in Burlington last Saturday, and put up two beautiful tombstones at the graves of Churchell Clore and Mrs. Nancy Snyder. Mr. Kassabaum is a fine workman and the people of Boone county are well pleased with his work.

The two new moons last month was considered very unusual by many persons, but Mr. R. E. Bruce produces the record and shows it often happens. His record is as follows: May, 1878, two new moons; August, 1879, two full moons; December, 1880, two new moons; July, 1882, two full moons; October, 1883, two new moons.

We have in our possession a book in which the city dads kept the records of their official acts, while the town sailed under the cognomen of Willmington. The record dates back to October 4th, 1814, and we will, at a more convenient time, give our readers the benefit of some extracts from the antiquated records.

Last week we advertised for two copies of the RECORDER of October 17th, and before the addition had been worked off the notice secured them, and several copies have come to us since; and we are much obliged to our friends for their prompt responses. There is efficacy in advertising.

Mr. A. G. Winston has been using a saddle made by J. M. Riddell, of Williamstown, since 1858, and it is yet comparatively a good saddle, but Mr. Winston concluding that a man ought to have at least two new saddles in a life time, ordered Mr. Riddell to make him another saddle, which he received a few days since.

This hat does not look like it ever failed in its attempt to support a butcher.

Some of the tobacco raisers say that what is commonly called ground leaves, will make a very nice, bright, clean quality of tobacco this year, and that the buyers will make more purchases, giving so much all round for the crop, this season than they generally do. At present the producers have a very fine prospect for realizing good prices for their tobacco raised this year.

Things antique are coming in style again, hence so many charavari parties this fall. Two parties organized for charavaring met at Jonas Delph's last Thursday night, armed with tin pans and cow bells and gave Lewis Tanner and his bride a benefit. A large band is now being organized in the Florence X-Roads neighborhood for a special event which is said will occur there in the nigh future. Tin pans and cow bells are bringing good prices out there, the demand exceeding the supply.

The Boone House was re-enforced by W. J. Rice's command last week, when a new time-card was adopted. The morning on which the new schedule went into effect, the ringing of the bell at such an unusually early hour created a stampede from the couches of many of the citizens who were enjoying their morning's nap, and who thought they were being called to assist in subduing a fire. Cy ascertained that the citizens would not suffer being aroused at such an unreasonable hour, and he has dispensed with bell ringing as part of the bill of fare.

Morning Star Lodge, I. O. O. F., gave J. Frank Grant a fine banquet Friday night, in honor of his election to the office of Grand Master of the State. Nine or ten lodges were represented in the large procession that, headed by the Aurora brass band, paraded the streets of Petersburg, marching to the Christian Church which was thronged by the large assembly who listened to brief and timely speeches made by the Grand Master, N. S. Walton and others. The little town of Petersburg was aglow with merriment that evening in honor of one of its most worthy citizens.

George Oliver, the man who killed Thomas Allen in Cincinnati, last Friday was captured at Thornton Ridge's, who lives about one mile north of Francesville, this county, Saturd'y night. Two officers from Cincinnati, followed Oliver to his shanty boat at Coal City, where they found him, but let him escape with his wife in a skiff, after having wounded him in one hand by a ball from one of their pistols. After some delay they followed him, and found his skiff on this side of the river, when they landed near Whitlock's, and accompanied by Dave Crosby, Irwin Balsly, and two or three others, all armed with shot guns repaired to Ridge's residence where they found Oliver, whom they succeeded in arresting after considerable parlying, without farther blood letting. Oliver killed his man by stabbing him in the throat with a knife which he surrendered to the officers after his capture. He expects to be cleared on the plea of self defense. Ridge, at whose house Oliver was found and captured, is his uncle.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Mrs. Dr. Grant and children are visiting her mother in Newport.

Mike Lawler was in Burlington renewing old acquaintances, last Friday.

The Rip Van Winkle of the north end of the county was in town the other day.

Gen. John W. Finnell was in town Thursday on business pertaining to the Petersburg distillery.

H. P. Stephens, of Union, was in town Friday, and he looked like he had just escaped from a hospital.

Mr. Geo. W. Bone, of Indianapolis, was visiting his relatives, Mr. E. A. Hughes and family, last week.

Mr. Summers, of Nelson county, and son-in-law of Mrs. R. W. Cooper was in Burlington one day last week.

J. F. Blythe had as guests in a day's hunting last week, three gentlemen from the city. The day was not favorable and not much game was killed.

Mr. J. J. Ryle, of Waterloo, was in town the other day, and was adopted as one of the RECORDER family. He says there is a fine lot of tobacco in his neighborhood, but no buyers have been about there.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

We are having fine weather. The fall grass is doing well in this locality.

The farmers have commenced gathering their corn.

The most of the tobacco in these parts has been sold.

Wheat is looking fine at present.

O. P. Conner was visiting his father-in-law, W. A. Carpenter last Sunday.

W. N. Jurry and wife returned home, last week.

Hebron.

J. M. Utz will commence work on his pike on the 7th.

Born—Nov. 1st to Thos Huron and wife, a fine girl.

The hatter skipped from here, Sunday, leaving part of his tools and an unpaid board bill.

Geo. McGlasson raised the boss potato crop—2,590 bushels.

John Clore gave the young folks a party on the 30th. All present had a fine time.

Jno. Aylor is the proprietor of a new buggy. It is rumored that John will marry now.

Taylorport.

Ed Breed, of Cincinnati, was in town Sunday.

Mrs. Susie McPherson, of Hebron, was visiting her brother, M. Helm last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Currier, of Cincinnati, were in town a few hours last Thursday, on business concerning the estate of Mrs. McNeal, deceased.

Snowden Humphrey has the contract of building his brother's residence, corner of Second and Main streets. It will be completed some time next August.

John C. Robinson is again a resident of our town, he having moved here from North Bend last week.

Charlie Quick was quite ill last week, with bilious fever, but is convalescing.

Dr. Smith and family have moved into their new residence, and announce themselves immensely pleased with it.

Dr. W. B. Grubbs and family will move to Delhi this fall. We are happy to say his daughter, Miss Page, will remain on the Kentucky side of the river, with her grandmother.

Normansville.

Miss Susie B. Woodyard, a most estimable and amiable young lady, of Broadhead, Ky., is visiting the Miss Carsons, of this place.

Miss Cora Mulford a beautiful and accomplished young lady, of Covington, is visiting Miss Katie Kennedy.

Mr. Ben Allen and wife, have just returned from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Hannah, at Dover, Ky.

Our Sabbath-school now meets at 3 p. m. Mr. E. T. Krutz, our new secretary, fills his office admirably.

On last Sunday evening Rev. J. A. Kirtley preached for us, not-with-standing the inclemency of the weather, the house was well filled.

Mr. Geo. Johnson is very sick with typhoid fever.

Died—Oct. 31st after an illness of several months, Mrs. Rhoda E. Reed, aged 45 years. She leaves a husband and eight children to mourn her loss.

Our new school-house is quite a success in every particular. The papils learn more, feel better and look prettier than ever before.

Flattsburg

G. C. Voshell will start to Kansas City, Missouri, in a few days.

Born—To W. C. Hensley and wife, a 16 pound boy. Will says he is going to call him Jumbo.

H. P. Crisler lost a valuable silver watch the other day, while plowing in wheat.

Worthy Grand Master, J. Frank's visits to our town are so few and far between, that we have almost forgotten how he looks. Surely the mantle of Ulysses S. has fallen on him.

There never was such a fine crop of cabbage in this part of the county, as we have this season. This goes to show that it takes dry weather for them.

Our corpulent friend, Cy Crisler, of the Boone House was in our town the other day buying hogs. Cy says he is going to founder Joe if it can be done.

Dr. J. M. Grant an old Flattsburg boy, was here one day last week, viewing the scenes of his childhood. Jim was a katy when he was young.

We received a letter from our friend W. T. Crisler who is attending school at Canton, New York. Billy is well pleased with his school. When he wrote the snow was about 2 inches deep there.

Success to the RECORDER as she enters upon the ninth year of its existence. A great many that are not subscribers now would take it if they had any way to get it from the office at Petersburg.

Petersburg.

S. G. Botts and son, Chas. Schramm and W. R. Gorden attended the Grand Lodge of Son's of Temperance of Ohio, which was held in Cincinnati, last week.

Dr. W. H. Terrill is still confined to his bed.

Ask Geo. Berkshire how much his dog weighs. Geo. has an eye to business.

Lerry Sweeney has purchased the property lately occupied by J. I. McWethy as a grocery.

Bro. Berkshire has several teams employed hauling gravel on the turnpike.

Capt. Christy, of the Str. Wave, was united in marriage to Miss Sallie Yerkes, by Rev. Froh, on Sunday evening the 28th, ult., at 8 o'clock p. m.

Joseph Weindle, who has been sick for several days, is able to be out again.

The lady members met at the christian church last Wednesday, and put down a new carpet. When the ladies undertake anything, it is well done.

The colored Baptist have been holding a protracted meeting here for two weeks, they have eight converts up to this time. They intend to organize a church here.

John Hoffman died last Thursday night. He was 87 years old. His remains were deposited in the vault.

R. Ranoull and wife returned last week, from a very pleasant visit to friends and relatives at Rushville, Ind.

Francesville.

We felt ourselves highly entertained one night last week, when a party of our gentlemen friends gave us an old fashioned serenade. Among the number were Prof. Jno. Furlong, of Burlington, Chas. Beall, of our town, Esq. McElvoy, of Covington, Dr. Crit and Frank Ernst, of Hebron, Judge Shannon, of Elijah's Creek and the Rev. Michael Muntly, of New York. Prof. Furlong and Beall furnished some very delightful music on the violin, Judge Shannon recited a poem, that he said was original, entitled, "We won't go home 'till morning," Dr. Ernst and Rev. Muntly sang a few ballads from Watty Morgan, and all in all, we pronounce it a success. We only regret that our water melons were gone, or we certainly would have treated the boys.

Mr. D. B. Watts was around last week, soliciting buyers for wild meat, such as Buffalo, Bear and Venison. He contemplates going to the Indian Nation on a grand hunting and trapping expedition, and will furnish his patrons as he kills it, fresh from the mountains. He was also wanting a good sheep killing hound, one that had had experience. He says they make noble deer dogs. He made several sales of meal, but at last account he had not bought a dog.

We had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Joe Morrison, of Big Bone last Saturday and Sunday. Joe is a model young man of the first type, and he has our prayer that he may succeed in all his future undertakings.

Considerable alarm is being felt among our citizens just now, owing to the reappearance of cholera in Egypt. We all fear contagious epidemics here, and there being so many trancient visitors, we fear some may hail from the infected districts, and should cholera visit our beautiful village it would almost depopulate it.

Quite a sensational ghost story comes to us from the North Bend neighborhood, and it has created considerable gossip as well as alarm, among those of us that are superstitious. It seems this ghost appears in the shape of a man, neither naked nor clothed, and when seen was hailing a passing boat at night. The supposition of those that witnessed this hobgoblin (judging from the grimaces and curious pranks it made) is that it is undoubtedly the departed spirit of some stock dealer. It is to be hoped however, that it was all imaginary fancy, and not a reality, as such stories effect neighborhoods where they are said to occur.

A CALL FOR HEMP.

Several Houses Burglarized and Unsuccessful Attempts made upon Others.

FLORENCE, KY.,—Sunday morning, between one an four o'clock, burglars tried to force an entrance into the dry goods and grocery store of T. L. Swetnam. They forced open the side door leading to the school room on the second floor, also to Odd Fellows Hall above. Failing to make an entrance to the store room by this course, they directed their efforts to the front door which now bears the well defined marks of the jimmy; but as Mr. Swetnam has contributed his share of entertainments to like scoundrels, he had the precaution to secure his doors with efficient bars and locks by which they were defeated. However, they did not retire until making an unsuccessful attempt to blow off the heavy lock of the front door, by inserting gunpowder in the key-hole (a considerable quantity of which was sprinkled upon the stone sill), and applying a fuse.

They then payed their respects to Dr. A. Sayre. As the doctor is in the habit of receiving night visitors, he was not easily disturbed, though this party came in by the front window which is a little out of order in making calls, and we have no doubt but that if the doctor had been apprised of their necessities, he would have given a prescription free of charge, or he would have amputated a leg or arm, or made an incision that was necessary for their welfare, had they intimated as much. Not wishing to disturb the doctor in his dreams of happiness, they politely took a little bag of silver containing about $10, belonging to his wife, and which she had deposited upon one end of the sofa, and then laid her cloak upon it. This is the part we object to. We think the doctor ought to shell out in place of his wife. However the doctor didn't slight them altogether. He unconditionally loaned them his big ulster and another smaller coat, as the night was chilly and he didn't want his patients to take cold.

The next attempt was made upon the residence of J. I. Carpenter. They hoisted a window and in trying to open the inside shutters awakened the family, when they beat a hasty retreat. Proceeding to the residence of Dennis Nead: they met with better success, unlocking the door by catching the key with pinchers, they proceeded to ransack the house. At the head of the bed in which Mr. Nead was sleeping was his pants, containing about $10 which they carried out in the yard and rifled of contents. They also took his gun and left it in the yard. The vigorous barking of a little terrier probably caused them to desist from further depredations.

The next raid was upon the house of Mr. Abel Carpenter about ½ of a mile below Florence. The burglars made an entrance by crawling in the cellar window and coming up through an inner door into the dining room. Mr. Carpenter had a fine lot of solid silverware and some plated. They secured all the genuine and the plated was broken to examine it, and left. He lost with this ware 58 heavy spoons, also his silver watch. His wife's fine gold watch was in their bed room, which the rogues failed to get. We havn't heard any further on the road but expect this is not all.

Rev. Hewe, of the Christian church, assisted by Bro. Keene, is holding a protracted meeting here with preaching every evening at 7 o'clock. The audiences are large and attentive and the services give promise of good results. The meeting has been in progress nearly one week, and we believe one confession so far.

Miss Lucy Swetnam who is putting the polish on her education at Newport was at home Saturday and Sunday.

Mr James Henry and wife, of Indiana, have been here within the last week to see their friends and relatives.

Willie Bradford, of the firm of Bradford Bros, suddenly disappeared and as suddenly returned. No cause assigned for this strange freak; but it is believed that there is a "gal" at the bottom of it.

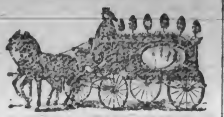
GAS OMETER.

The price of porkers have advanced a some.

R. H. Sandford has been quite sick for several days.

'Squire Ben Ryle celebrated the advent of a young Justice of the Peace at at his house the other day—weight, 11 pounds.

Mr. James D. Cloud has our thanks for a box of fine turnips, among which were three, the aggregate weight of which was nine pounds. On top of the box was a beet that weighed three and three-fourth pounds, and yet there are persons who say it was too dry to raise vegetables this year. We are going to increase in copulency, now.



J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,

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We have purchased a nice new hearse, and are prepared to attend funerals in regular city style, at the lowest prices.

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F. RIDDELL,

ATTORNEY at LAW.

BURLINGTON, KY.

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PIANO & ORGAN.

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COUNTY SURVEYOR

WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

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Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

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Marble and Granite Monuments,

Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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J. SCHOFIELD & SON'S

JEANS, BLANKETS AND YARNS.

THE JEANS IS BLUE WARP, THE PRICE IS

45 Cents.

Those parties that wanted to get a corner on Schofield's Goods are badly disappointed as they see they can't get 60 cents a yard for the Madison Jeans when we propose to stir matters up a little.

COLTER, Rising Sun, Ind

FALL

—AND—

Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.

H. F Blase,

340 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY.

Stop! Don't Read This.

S. C BUCHANAN takes this method of notifying his patrons that he has enlarged his room and now has the best and most complete stock of Drugs in the county, consisting of Drugs and Medicines, Standard Patent Medicines, &c.

Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit.

When in need of anything give us a call, at the Petersburg Drug Store, and be convinced that our Prices are as Low or LOWER than can be found.

Don't Read Any Further.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES.)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE,

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.

Horses and Buggies for Hire.

Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.

Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN,

Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

TRADE MARK.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory 77 W. 3d St., New York City. Druggists sell it

D. CLARK JOHNSON:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever used in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCANE, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '8

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

FARMERS AND TRADERS

NATIONAL BANK.

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James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green,
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The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. Collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

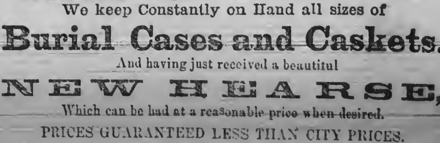
dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-tf28 J. W, Talbott.



UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of

Burial Cases and Caskets.

And having just received a beautiful

NEW HEARSE,

Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.

PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

"Prepared," not "Adulterated Milk."

A man who had long been engaged as a milk peddler on the streets of Boston, after abandoning the business, was asked by an interviewer this question: "Is adulterated milk sold in this market?" He replied: "No, sir, not a drop, as we milk peddlers understand it, but there is plenty of 'prepared' milk." On being asked: "What is the difference between 'prepared' and 'adulterated' milk?" he replied: "We milkmen associate something criminal with the word 'adulterated' milk but not with the word 'prepared' milk." He continued: "'Prepared' milk has in it no deleterious matter." [Is water furnished the city used to "prepare" milk? If so how can it be said that it contains no "deleterious matter" when it has defied the most learned chemists to tell the Water Board why the water furnished the city is unfit to drink?] When asked "How much 'prepared' milk is sold in Boston?" he replied: "Nine-tenths of all that is sold is more or less 'prepared.'" The interviewer remarked: "You don't mean to say that only one-tenth of the milk sold in Boston is pure?" The milkman replied: "That's precisely what I meant to say, and I know what I am talking about, at least I was long enough in the business to know it, and every milk peddler knows it, and the Inspector knows it too, if not a fool." He adds: "'Prepared' milk stands the test of the lactometer and the most skilful tasters. It is only when a man is a rogue and anxious to make money too fast that he can be detected by an examination of his milk."

The milk vender was next asked if he had any objection to telling how milk is prepared? And he replied as follows: "There can be no objection to letting the general public know, as a great many milk-consumers already do know, and buy their milk with that knowledge. The principal ingredient is water, which, if pure, is harmless, and only serves to increase the quantity. Then we put in salt, which tends to keep it fresh, and burnt sugar, which is the coloring matter used to give that rich look to the milk which, to the eyes of the ignorant, is a sure indication of cream. That is all." The interviewer inquired: "What proportion of water is used?" "That," replied the milkman, "depends upon the class of trade and the dairy from which he obtains his supply. If a milkman be wise he will select a source of supply upon which he can safely rely, and then he will, if careful, test his milk to see that the farmer does not cheat him by preparing it for the first time. The milk from some cows will stand more water than that from others. It depends a good deal, too, upon how the cows are fed. Then again, as to the consumers. If a milkman sells his milk to a poor class of people who can not afford to pay a fair price for it, so as to give him a living margin of profit, of course he uses water more liberally than he would if he dealt with people who were willing to pay, and did pay. If a milkman pays four cents a quart for his milk, you can readily see that he can not sell it to a small grocer who retails it at five cents a quart. In this case he gets his profit from the water used in preparation. One in five is not bad milk, and one in eight is, of course, better."

"What do you mean by 'one to five' and 'one to eight?'" Said the milkman in reply:

"'One in five' means one can of water to five cans of milk, and 'one in eight,' of course, one can of water to eight cans of milk. By the way, I forgot to tell you there is another ingredient sometimes used. In a dry season, when milk is scarce and prices high, I have known milkmen in order not to lose customers by failing to supply them, to use condensed milk with water and the other ingredients already mentioned. This makes a very good milk, and one can of condensed milk will make a great many large cans of milk." The milkman being interrogated, "Why not sell pure milk to people who are willing to pay for it?" answered. "If intelligent people, we do so; but there's the rub. People don't like pure milk as it comes from the cow. It is nauseating to most people. How often has the city child been heard to exclaim when in the country when served with pure milk, 'I don't want cow's milk, give me milkman's milk!' It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. I once had a customer who said, 'I want pure cow's milk and I will pay you your price for it.' I said 'all right,' and I served him with the pure article, but he bitterly complained; said he knew milk when he tasted it; cursed all milkmen as frauds, and was going to withdraw his custom, when I told him I would try another farmer. I then gave him 'one in eight,' and he was perfectly satisfied. There is another fallacy. Mothers always demand pure milk for infants. Now, I venture to assert that the majority of cow's milk, fresh from the cow, would not stay upon an infant's stomach. Again, without salt, it is impossible to keep milk sweet but a very short time. It sours soon, and here again the poor milkman comes in for abuse. If you pay eight or nine cents a quart for your milk, you will get a good nutritious article, but not pure milk. So what can you expect when you only pay five cents a quart?"

Such is the revelation made by an ex-milk peddler of this city, whose boast is, "I know what I am talking about," and concludes by saying, "I am thankful that I am no longer obliged to follow the occupation of milkman, and hope that misfortune will never drive me into it again."

"Not a drop of adulterated milk sold in Boston, but plenty of 'prepared' milk, as nine-tenths of all the milk sold here is 'prepared' more or less," and what this means is clearly stated by one who claims "to know what he is talking about.—*Boston Post.*

—A correspondent of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* sends to that paper the following account of what happened the other day in Queensland: "A Chinaman had to give his evidence, and was asked how he would be sworn. His reply was 'Me no care: clack 'im saucer, kill 'im cock, blow out 'im matchee, smell 'im book, alle same.' He was allowed to 'smell 'm book.'"

—Printer's Ink:

Little drops of printer's ink,
A little type "displayed,"
Make our merchant houses
And all their big parade.
Little bits of stinginess—
Discarding printer's ink—
Bust the man of business
And sees his credit sink.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

—Captain Roach, of Austin, Tex., had a game-cock training for a cocking main, but an envious hawk swooped down on the poultry-yard and made a breakfast off the rooster.

Fooling the Cowboys.

Ben Carter had "heaps of fun," as he expresses it, at Rock Creek, west of Laramie, the other day. Ben is a typical Western cowboy—a whole-souled, dare-devil puncher of steers, a fellow who will divide his last dollar with a friend, or ride anything that has not more than four legs and wears a saddle. Ben has one weak point, however, a fondness for the sulphuric and annihilator which Wyoming barkeepers retail as whisky, and when he is "full" he is windy and ready for any harmless mischief.

On the day referred to Ben was at Rock Creek loading stock. A dozen or more of his brother cowboys were in town, and after the arduous duties incident to crowding twenty more steers into a car than the builders intended were over, the boys began to "boom up," and by the time it got dark enough to light the lamps the saloon-keeper found that he hadn't any that were fit to do duty as illuminators—the boys had shot them to pieces. Every time a lamp would fall the marksman who assisted at the post-mortem of said lamp would cheerfully waltz to the bar and pay for it, and then try again. The lamp market was active for a few minutes, but the supply was limited. Ben hadn't taken a hand in the shooting match as yet, but had made it a point to drink with the successful marksmen, so that strictly speaking he wasn't sober. Finally he awoke to action.

Seizing a revolver from a companion and drawing his own, he sprang to the center of the room and delivered himself of a speech. He told the boys that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. He was a perfect lady himself, and it shocked him to witness such disgraceful proceedings. He had been appointed as a deputy sheriff on his last visit to Laramie, and had decided to arrest every mother's son of them. The boys protested against such a strange procedure, but Ben flourished his guns, told them he had the whole United States at his back, and imperiously ordered them into an empty warehouse near, the door of which stood open. The novelty of the thing somewhat muddled the boys, and without a word they filed into the temporary prison, and Ben closed the door. He then rustled around and found several log chains, with which he securely fastened them, and, with the dignity of a high private in a State militia corps, mounted guard on the outside. The boys ventilated their prison cell as well as they could with what ammunition they had, and then dropped off to sleep. In the morning Ben released them, after exacting a solemn promise to behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies thereafter.

The boys walked over to the hotel as meek as lambs. When eating their breakfast they noticed that an unusual amount of hilarity seemed to prevail in the dining-room. The head and only waiter laughed boisterously while serving the soup, the cook poked his head through the doorway leading to the kitchen and drew it back again quickly, and a series of Comanche war-whoops that were positively painful to their listening ears gradually subsided into a low, mellow laugh, which made the plates on the tables fairly jingle. Sounds of mirth also floated in from the office, until finally one of the boys went out to inquire the cause. He came back presently, and the most ignorant judge of the emotions as shown by the human features could have told that he was madderanawethen. He consulted a moment with his companions, and then called the waiter and ordered a box of "forty-fours." These were served cold, and the command loaded their weapons and marched down to the saloon, where they found Ben Carter. The spokesman, Broncho Bill, then and there told Ben that he was no gentleman. He had taken advantage of his friends and made them the laughing-stock of the community. He had pretended that he was an authorized Deputy Sheriff, when the fact was that he had not a shadow of claim to the title of Deputy Sheriff. Believing that he represented the majesty of the law, they had given him the respect he deserved. He had insulted them by putting them in the "jug" over night, and they could only wipe out that insult by creating a vacancy in the atmosphere thereabouts of about the size of his body. He must go, and go quick.

Ben is brave enough, but after he had looked over the crowd and saw that each man had his hand on his persuader, he concluded that perhaps Broncho Bill was right. He got, and when he had put several hundred yards of sagebrush and sand between himself and the station, the boys, having no further use of "forty-fours," emptied their revolvers. From the agile manner in which Ben was dancing around as he passed swiftly over the brow of the hill toward Laramie, and the amount of dust rising in little clouds all around him, it is believed the boys carelessly pointed their weapons his way while taking the loads out.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—Near William Purdy's ranch on Scott's Creek, near Santa Cruz, Cal., the forest fires had been raging for three or four days. Mrs. Purdy was at home with her five children when the fire reached her place. She hurried to the creek with her children, and ran into the water under the bridge. Here they stood for six hours, and with buckets threw water upon the bridge, which was in danger of taking fire. They were obliged frequently to get entirely under water to escape the terrible heat. After the fire had been subdued they came out, but were utterly destitute and homeless.—*Chicago Times.*

—North Dakota's coat of arms is a shield draped with the American flag depending from the beak of an eagle. In the background are a range of hills and the chimney of a smelting furnace; in the center is a river on which is a steamboat, and a train of cars are rounding a bluff. Beyond is a field of wheat and corn, with a white man with his plow on one hand and an Indian with his tents about him. Both look upward at a rift in the clouds, where is the legend: "Fear God, and take your own part."—*Chicago Herald.*

—At Brooklyn the other night George Mills killed his wife because she protested against his drunkenness, and the police arrested him at his residence, a room ten by twelve, in which Mr. and Mrs. Mills and four children, the oldest eighteen years of age, slept, with a worsted motto: "God bless our home," in a frame over the bed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Sponge Cake: Four eggs; sugar, two cupfuls; water, eight tablespoonfuls; baking powder, four teaspoonfuls; flour, one and one-half cupfuls; salt and flavoring.—*Ohio Girl.*

—A little girl at Versailles, Ky., swallowed some hot soup, which burned her so severely as to cause her death the next day.

HOME AND FARM.

—If you do not wish to use the skins and seeds of quinces to make jelly, stew them in a little water, strain the juice, and use it to wet the sugar and help make the sirup for your preserved quinces.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A very ornamental foot stool is made of two colors in plush. The stool should be round and soft, and have the plush pieces cut after the fashion of quarters of orange peel. Where they join fancy stitches in colored silk should cover the seams.—*Exchange.*

—The New York *Times* reminds farmers that smut is rapidly increasing, few crops being free from it. A solution of four ounces of blue vitriol—sulphate of copper—dissolved in a gallon of water for each five bushels of seed, which is steeped in it until it is absorbed, has been found the most effective to destroy the minute spores which produce the fungus.

—Sulphuric acid, it is claimed, is a simple but certain test for adulterated butter. Fresh, pure, yellow butter, by the slightest contact with sulphuric acid, turns almost a pure white, while oleomargarine made from tallow changes to a deep crimson red. When lard or other oils are used, the colors are diversified—showing all the colors of the rainbow.

—A new fancy in the crazy quilt line is to have in the exact center of the quilt a block of plain satin with the initials, in monogram or otherwise, of the owner of the quilt. Another new departure is to have each block the embodiment of an idea, or at least to have each block develop method in madness. For example, let one have Kensington work in outline patterns only, another needlework of different kind, or applique, or painting. The foundation of these blocks must necessarily be of plain colors in silk, satin or velvet.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The free use of milk with some persons needs discretion. A large glass of milk swallowed suddenly will form in the stomach a lump of dense, cheesy curd. Under the action of the stomach this will turn over and over like a heavy weight, and as the gastric juice can only attack its surface it digests very slowly. The same milk taken with a biscuit, a slice of toast, a roll or a saucerful of porridge forms a porous, friable clot, which breaks up every time that the stomach turns it over, and through which the gastric juice can easily pass. Therefore, milk taken with breadstuffs is much more digestible than by itself. If the milk be still found too strong a little boiling water poured into it and a piece of sugar added makes it still more easily digested.—*Chicago Journal.*

Marriage.

What an epoch in life is one's wedding day! It is a day of victory and of proud success. The day of days has come at last. The vows are spoken. The young man and maiden are now husband and wife. They are one, and their lives flow on together, linked inseparably for better or for worse.

Can it be that the marriage day, so long a beautiful vision of the future, is a present reality? For years they have both looked forward to this day. Each has often painted it, and dreamed of him or her who was to make it a day of perfect bliss. The maiden, "fancy free," has said to her fluttering heart: "Will he come soon—that knight who will claim my hand because all my love is his?" And then her maiden fancy has wrought out an ideal of his rare qualities of person, mind and heart. Her ideal lover is a kingly man, of mingled strength and gentleness. How unworthy she feels to mate with him! Yet less will not suffice her, and she will, she whispers to her heart, make it up to him by her devotion and depth of love.

And he, too, has been picturing the future. Before his heart has risen an image of rare loveliness. A maiden of wondrous grace, beauty and sweetness charms him. Somehow, he knows not how; sometime, he knows not when, she listens to his suit and returns his love, and, in imagination, he is of all men most fortunate. He vows to attempt all noble things for her dear sake. Never was such a maiden, or lover so conscious of his unworthiness to win her. In his humility he would gladly kiss the very earth on which she steps.

But the dream is one thing. The reality is another. Some day they meet; perhaps meet and pass on their way, thinking little that the knight has come to his fair lady, and soon will claim her as his own. After a time Cupid draws his bow, and the young man is sore wounded. Doubtless even then, when before his enraptured gaze stands *the* maiden worthy to fill his dream, she does not see a future husband. But true love can wait. And there comes a time—she never knows why, though Cupid knows—when suddenly her heart answers responsive to his great love.

Then each becomes transfigured in the other's eyes. And while others see only a strong young man and a lovely maiden, they, with the lens of love, see all their dreams had painted. The same, yet not the same; as good, as beautiful, and yet all different. They love, are loved, and all the world is bright. And now dream and reality link hands. They see the marriage altar, hear the preacher's tones praying God's blessing on their united lives, and see a home, Eden renewed, and little ones coming to greet them.

Time passes; how swiftly when together; with what laggard steps when apart! And now the day is come. Friends surround them. Beauty and strength grace the scene. In bridal loveliness the maiden stands before the altar, and in low, sweet tones, with hand in his, pronounces with him the solemn words which make them man and wife. Congratulations and wedding presents shower upon them. Was ever day so sweet?

But all things human end. Friends depart; groomsmen and fair bridesmaids turn homeward to dream of future joys. The family circle linger to say good-bye. Amid a shower of kisses loving words and best wishes, the young couple launch out upon the sea of married life. All joy attend them. And when the dreams of former days are all transmuted into coming realities, may their wedded happiness exceed their fondest expectations. May a mother's fondest hopes be realized, and all her solicitude relieved. May unselfish thoughts of each other's welfare fill their hearts, and no divided interests arise to trouble them. May sweet parental joys be theirs, and God's good gifts and rich blessings crown all their future lives. And may the peace of God rest visibly upon them.

Dear friend, if for you that marriage-day is but a memory of the past, keep it a fresh, happy memory. Think again of those vows, and live those hours over and over again, not only in memory but in worthy deeds. And the Lord grant that for all of us marriage may be, or has been, or is still to be, the portal to a happier, better life.—*Golden Rule.*

A Good Enough Thing.

"Father," he said as the two stood on Jefferson avenue looking around, "that is the Board of Trade building over there."

"Yes, yes—I see; good big place to trade in."

"That's where they speculate."

"They do, eh?"

"Yes; if you were to give me a $1,000 in cash I'd go over there and buy wheat at 95, wait a few days and sell for a dollar, and divide the profit with you."

"I declar'!" said the old man as he reached into his pocket.

"It's an easy way to make money, father."

"Yes, James, it looks that way, but after all I don't see as it beats plattin' six acres of ground wuth $35 an acre into a buryin' ground of 400 lots at $5 a lot. Guess we'd better stick to our graveyard."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Tall Rabbit.

Excepting the Irishman's hare, which was no hare at all but a donkey, the polar hair is the largest of the long-eared tribe. It equals the fox in size, and will sometimes reach the height of a man's knee.

The golden eagle and the snow owl are both particularly fond of the pretty creature, but it is a fondness which the hare has no desire to encourage, and, therefore, when it spies one of these great birds sailing through the air, with its sharp eyes searching about for something to devour, it sinks upon the snow as motionless as if dead, and, thanks to the whiteness of its fur, it can hardly be distinguished from the material it rests upon.—*St. Nicholas.*

—In the Carriage-makers' Convention in New Haven, Conn., after the Committee on Apprenticeship had reported in favor of restoring the old system of indenturing apprentices until they reach their majority, Mr. John W. Britton, of New York, said: "One of the serious wants of this country and of our trade is good boys. Our boys are deteriorating, as are our men. The greatest difficulty that we experience in New York is that of getting boys who have brains and are willing to learn a trade thoroughly. The example of men who have made millions in a few years is held up before our boys in school, and the boys become inflamed with the notion that they must make their millions and be able to found cross-roads colleges before they die. So they eschew trades and become poor professionals."—*New Haven Register.*

—The business of smuggling Chinamen from British Columbia into the United States has developed into a profitable one. The rates are from three to ten dollars a man, and the easy passage of a canoe among the uninhabited islands in Puget Sound renders the work comparatively safe. Once landed, no one can tell the contraband Chinaman from one who is entitled to residence within our borders.—*Chicago Times.*

—The New York *Tribune* cites the case of a railroad company paying a widow $12,500 for the death of her husband, then bringing in the statement that the owner of Jay-Eye-See holds him at $100,000, thus moralizes: "Horse, $100,000; man, $12,500! It looks as if the man must go." A horse has to go pretty fast before he is worth $100,000.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

One of the Elect.

CLEVELAND, O.—The *Plain Dealer* reports that Hon. Martin A. Foran, Congressman-elect from the Cleveland, O., district, has used St. Jacobs Oil in his family and has always found it safe and reliable, and it afforded him great relief to a lame knee.

THE difference between a besotted man and a pig is a slight one at best. One's a hunting grog and the other's a grunting hog.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

BEING entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

A GOOD many of the young bloods wear diamond studs that stick. Paste always does.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

FOR YEARS I have been a sufferer with Catarrh, and under a physician's treatment for over a year. Ely's Cream Balm gave me immediate relief. I believe I am entirely cured. G. S. DAVIS, First National Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

A DENTIST'S appearance is apt to deceive one. The more he looks down in the mouth the better he feels.—*Buffalo Express.*

MY DAUGHTER and myself, great sufferers from Catarrh, have been cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell restored and health greatly improved. C. M. STANLEY, Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y.

ONE HUNDRED per cent. is a profit that always predicts a fortune.—*N. Y. Journal.*

FOR aged men, women, weak and sickly children, without a rival. Will not cause headache. Brown's Iron Bitters.

EVERY dog that has a bark should be launched—"into eternity."

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, November 2, 1883.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$1 75 @ 2 27
Choice butchers	4 00 @ 4 65
HOGS—Common	3 75 @ 4 35
Good packers	4 40 @ 4 60
SHEEP	3 50 @ 4 25
FLOUR—Family	5 00 @ 5 60
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 08 @ 1 10
No. 2 red	1 04 @ 1 05
Corn—No. 2 mixed	49½@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30 @
Rye—No. 2	58 @
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50 @11 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8½@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 00 @11 25
Lard—Current make	7¼@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24 @ 25
Prime Creamery	24 @ 27
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—	
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25 @ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50 @ 2 75
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00 @ 3 50
Good to choice	4 40 @ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 04 @
No. 2 red	1 07¼@ 1 08¼
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	56½@ 57¾
Oats—mixed	32½@ 35
PORK—Mess	11 50 @11 62½
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50 @ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	99 @ 1 01
Corn—No. 2	47½@ 47¼
Oats—No. 2	27¼@
Rye	55 @
PORK—Mess	10 25 @ 10 30
LARD—Steam	7-20 @ 7-25
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	$5 00 @ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 04⅜@ 1 05
Corn—mixed	55½@ 56
Oats—mixed	35 @ 36
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75 @
Lard—Refined	9¾@
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—A No 1	$4 50 @ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 01 @ 1 02
Corn—mixed	51¼@
Oats—mixed	30½@
PORK—MESS	11 50 @11 75
INDIANAPOLIS.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	1 00½@
CORN—mixed	48 @ 48¼
OATS—mixed	28¼@ 29
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—	
Butchers' stock	2 75 @ 3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25 @

FORTY BILLION GERMS.

A Wonderful Theory That Concerns the Welfare, Happiness and Life of Everyone.

In his quiet and cozy library at the close of a busy day sat a gentleman and his wife, he absorbed in a new book and she in the newspaper. Quickly glancing toward her husband, she asked, at a certain point in the article:

"John, what is the germ theory?"

"The germ theory—well—yes; just look in the encyclopedia under 'Germ,' that will explain it so much better than I can."

Accordingly his wife opened the book at the word named and read: Germ Theory of Disease—A theory advanced by the ablest and best investigators and scientists of the times. It supposes the surface of the earth, the air and water to be inhabited to a greater or less extent with a peculiar growth of the lowest form of fungi—commonly termed bacteria, whose power of reproduction, under favorable conditions, is so great that a single germ will increase to fifteen million in twenty-four hours' time, and unchecked in its increase would grow to a mass of eight hundred tons, in three days' time, if space and food be furnished. There is no condition under which it can be said to be absent, unless it be from fire or air filtered through cotton-batting in numerous layers. A single drop of water containing a germ, put into water boiled, filtered and thus freed from bacteria, will grow murky in a day or two from the development of new germs. When it is considered that it requires about forty billion to weigh one grain, some remote idea can be had of the capacity of germ reproduction. Prof. John Tyndall, in a late work, elaborately treats of the influence of germs in the propagation of disease, and charges upon this cause the inception and development of very many of the ailments most injurious to man. Prof. Pasteur, an eminent French savant, has carried his original and beautiful experiments so far, and from them deduced such practical results, as very greatly to diminish the number of cases of anthrax among sheep and chicken cholera among fowls—proving his theory that these are essentially and actually germ diseases. These germs are carried into the system through the lungs, the stomach and possibly the skin, but through the lungs chiefly. Once in the system, they begin to develop, poisoning the blood, invading the nerve centers, disturbing the functional activity of the great organs of the body, and inducing a general impairment of the vital processes. They are the cause of fevers, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidneys, pneumonia, blood poisoning, liver disease, diphtheria and many other ailments. Lately Prof. Koch, a famous German physician, has proved that consumption of the lungs is due to this cause—the presence of a peculiar germ.

When the circulation is bounding, the nerves elastic and the system all aglow with life and energy, the germs seem to develop poorly, if at all. But with weakened nerves, poor digestion or malassimilation of food or a lowering of vitality from any cause, a change ensues, and in this impoverished and weakened fluid the germ finds a genial home and develops until symptoms of disease are distinctly manifest. This is seen in the everyday experience of all. The healthy man resists the influences around him and does not take cold, while those whose systems have become weak from any cause readily contract colds. This is on the same principle as the germ theory. The germs attack any weakened spot in the body, and fixing themselves upon it, begin their propagation. It is plain therefore that it is only by fortifying the weak portions of the body that the germs of disease can be resisted and driven from the system. But this has proved almost an impossibility heretofore, and it has been the study of physicians for years how best to accomplish it. Within the past few years, however, a preparation has been attracting great attention, not only throughout the entire land, but among the medical profession and scientists generally, which is based upon this theory, and it may safely be said, no remedy has ever been found which can so successfully place the system in a condition to resist the germs of disease as Warner's Safe Cure. This article is unquestionably the best and most efficient that has ever been discovered for this purpose, and—

"John, say, John! does the encyclopedia advertise Warner's Safe Cure?"

"I should not wonder, dear, it's a grand remedy, and that pamphlet we received the other day stated that Dr. Gunn, of the United States Medical College indorsed it. At all events the wonderful cures it is accomplishing entitle it to be honorably noted among the great discoveries of the present century."

However the facts above stated may be, the truth remains that the germ theory of disease is the correct one, and that the great remedy mentioned is the only one which has ever been found that can put the system in a condition to kill these germs before they obtain a hold upon the body, and undermine the life.

BOSTON girls never giggle. They merely express their delight by a dreamy, far-away, north-pole smile.—*Detroit Post.*

SALTMARSH, ALA.—Dr. Jas. B. Mills says: "Several of my patients have used Brown's Iron Bitters for chronic indigestion with benefit."

COULD the pitcher of a base-ball team be spoken of as "power behind the thrown?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Fortune

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

THE man who made "a virtue" of "necessity" is believed to have been a particularly intelligent compositor.—*N. Y. Post.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"

always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

WHEN Ismail Pasha looks at his bills for fall bonnets, that's the time, of course, he finds his harem scare 'im.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

DARDANELLE, ARK.—Dr. M. M. Croom says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best medicine in the world and is effecting miraculous cures."

A STITCH in Time must make the old chap feel sew-sew.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) has cured me entirely of bad Blood Poison. I went one hundred miles to get it, and it made me as sound as a new dollar.
J. W. WEYLES, Meadville, Pa.

A CHILD that wakes with croup should have a dose of Piso's Cure.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a sure remedy. *25 cents a box.*

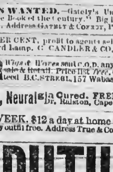
IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

St. Jacobs Oil
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain!
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE,
Headache, Toothache,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

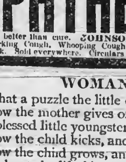
I HAVE been entirely cured of a terrible case of Blood Poisoning by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) after trying everything known to the medical people without relief. JNO. S. TAGGART, Salamanca, N. Y.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer
Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.
MR. H. L. SOPER, Principal of the High School at Poquonock, Conn., says in relation to a matter which has given him much anxiety and pain: "My wife and I have both used Hunt's Remedy, and find it really a superior article. A year or so ago my kidneys became weak and sluggish, owing to a severe strain, and finding relief in Hunt's Remedy I continued its use until I had used four bottles, when I became well. Since my cure I have suggested its use to a great number of people, who I know have been benefited by using it." And to substantiate this statement, Mr. H. S. Clark, Assistant Superintendent of the High School, says: "I can certify to the value of Hunt's Remedy, having received great benefit from its use. My troubles commenced twelve years ago, when my kidneys became afflicted with inflammation of the passages, but the timely use of so valuable a medicine arrested the disease. I can now cheerfully recommend it to all suffering as I was."
MAY 31, 1883.
This most remarkable statement was made by Mr. Frank B. Lee, clerk in the office of N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., Little Falls, N. Y., on the 8th of June, 1883.
Mr. Lee says: "My father has been troubled for over twenty years with severe kidney and bladder disease, suffering the most acute pain when urinating. He became so bad that he was obliged to give up all business. His condition was such that his urine would drop constantly, and he was obliged to use a rubber bag, the weakness was so great. He used many kinds of medicine without deriving any benefit, until he was urged by one of our druggists in Little Falls (Mr. Skinner) to use Hunt's Remedy, as he had known of its being used in many cases with great success. I purchased one bottle, and he commenced using it, and he was so improved that he got along without the rubber bag. He used in all twelve bottles, and it has entirely cured him. Father is sixty-two years old, and we consider it a most wonderful cure, and cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all afflicted with kidney, liver or urinary troubles."
All the evidence published in regard to Hunt's Remedy can be relied upon; it is true in every particular.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
Though shaken in every joint and fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM HAY-FEVER
ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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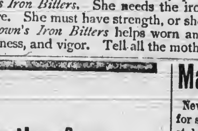
Sent on 30 Days Test Trial. A Great Saving of Labor & Money.



A boy 16 years old can saw logs FAST and EASY. MILES MURRAY, Portage, Mich., writes: "Am much pleased with the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed off a 30-inch log in 2 minutes." For sawing logs into suitable lengths for family stove-wood, and all sorts of log-cutting, it is peerless and unrivaled. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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"DRINK FAIR, BETSEY, WOTEVER YOU DO."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*
TEA CLUB ORDERS.
We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $15. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS, of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight charges average 25 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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I was suffering from Blood Poison and Mercurial Rheumatism, and had spent $100 for treatment with no benefit, and it seemed that I was doomed to die. Caught at Swift's Specific as a drowning man would at a straw, and it has saved me from a horrible death, and cured me sound and well. It is the greatest medicine in the world. C. H. SMILEY, Quincy, Ill.
HEREDITARY.—Swift's Specific cured me sound and well of a Scrofulous taint inherited from my ancestors. J. A. MAY, Macon, Ga.
I am sure that Swift's Specific saved my life. I was terribly poisoned with Malaria, and was given up to die. Swift's Specific relieved me promptly and entirely. I think it is the greatest remedy of the age. C. G. SPENCER, Sup't Gas Works, Rome, Ga.
$1,000 REWARD will be paid to any chemist who will find, on analysis of 100 bottles of S. S. S., one particle of mercury, iodide potassium, or any poisonous substance.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
Our treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.

VOL. XX 1884
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Original Steel Engravings, Photogravures & Oil Pictures.
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Combining a Dictionary and Encyclopedia of Social and Business Forms, Etiquette, House-keeping, Farming, Family Medicine, and other subjects in daily use. Contains the cream of 50 standard works. 700 pages for $1.50. Agents Wanted to send twenty-five cents and secure Outfit and Agency. Sells everywhere to everybody.
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PORTABLE AND STATIONARY
STEAM ENGINES
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Farm and Plantation Use.
$200 FOR OUR NO. 1 PLANTATION SAW MILL. WE MAKE SIX SIZES, CAPACITY FROM 3 TO 50,000 FT. PER DAY, WITH ONE SAW.
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Cures Nervousness, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Kidney, Spine and Liver diseases, Gout, Asthma, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Impotency, Prolapsus Uteri etc. Only Scientific Belt that sends the Electricity and Magnetism through the body, and can be recharged in an instant by the patient. Send for Circular. Dr. W. J. HORNE, Inventor, 191 Wabash Av. Chicago, Ill.

PILES "Anakesis" gives *instant relief*, and is an *infallible cure* for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Sample *free.* Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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DIPHTHERIA
CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Neuralgia, Rheumatism.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*for Internal and External Use*) will instantly relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

WOMAN AND THE BABY.
What a puzzle the little child is in the domestic economy!
How the mother gives of her own life and strength to support the life of her blessed little youngster!
How the child kicks, and laughs, and crows!
How the child grows, and is heavier and heavier every day.
And yet she lifts him, and tosses him, and plays with him, and takes care of him by day and by night.
Is it any wonder the mother breaks down? Her back aches. Her stomach fails her. Her liver is bad. Her blood is thin, and she says she feels poorly. Yes, yes, poorly—very poorly. Give mother a bottle of *Brown's Iron Bitters.* She needs the iron in her blood, which that will put there. She must have strength, or she will be a confirmed old invalid.
Brown's Iron Bitters helps worn and weary women into new life, cheerfulness, and vigor. Tell all the mothers you know. 9

Lay the Axe to the Root
If you would destroy the cankering worm. For any external pain, sore, wound or lameness of man or beast, use only MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. It penetrates all muscle and flesh to the very bone, expelling all inflammation, soreness and pain, and healing the diseased part as no other Liniment ever did or can. So saith the experience of two generations of sufferers, and so will you say when you have tried the "Mustang."

Mason & Hamlin Organs.
New Illustrated Catalogue, (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883–4, including many new styles; best assortment of the best and most attractive organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, $22 to $600, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO CO.
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ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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A. N. K.—E. 950

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1883. NUMBER 3.

LEFT!

A summer-evening—
 A low, square room,
One-half moon-lighted
 And half in gloom.

From out the stillness
 A girl's voice floats,
And charms my soul
 With its sad, sweet notes

The music draws me,
 With witchery sweet,
To lay my heart
 At the singer's feet.

I pause a moment,
 And, while I wait,
I hear the latch
 Of the garden-gate.

A shadow darkens
 The moonlit square;
A touch falls soft
 On the girl's bright hair

A sudden silence—
 A startled cry—
And they are happy!

 But where am I?

—*Puck.*

HIDDEN STRENGTH.

In one of the prairie towns of Northern Iowa, where the Illinois Central Railroad now passes from Dubuque to Sioux City, lived a woman whose experience repeats the truth that inherent forces, ready to be developed, are waiting for the emergencies that life may bring.

She was born and "brought up" in New England. With the advantages of a country school, and a few terms in a neighboring city, she became a fair scholar—not at all remarkable; she was married at twenty-one to a young farmer, poor, but intelligent and ambitious. In ten years after the death of their parents they emigrated to Iowa, and invested their money in land that bade fair to increase in value, but far away from neighbors. Here they lived, a happy family, for five years, when he died, leaving her, at the age of thirty-five, with four boys, the eldest nearly fourteen, the youngest nine. The blow came suddenly, and at first was overwhelming. Alone, in what seemed almost a wilderness, she had no thought of giving up the farm. It was home. There they must stay and do the best they could. The prospect of a railroad passing near them in time, was good; then some of the land might be sold. A little money had been laid by—nothing that she ought to touch for the present. Daniel, the hired man, who had come out with them, and who was a devoted friend and servant, she determined to keep—his judgment was excellent in farm matters. Hitherto the boys had gone regularly to school, a mile or two away; for a settlement in Iowa was never without its school-house. They were bright and quick to learn. Their father had been eager to help and encourage them. Newspapers, magazines, and now and then a good book, had found their way into this household Though very fond of reading herself, with the care of her house she had drifted along, as so many women do, until the discipline of study, or any special application, had been almost forgotten. It was the ambition of both parents that their sons should be well educated. Now Jerry and Thede, the two oldest, must be kept at home during the summer to work. Nate and Johnnie could help at night and in the morning. The boys had all been trained to habits of obedience. They were affectionate, and she knew that she could depend upon their love.

One evening, alone in her bedroom, she overheard some part of a conversation as the children were sitting together around the open fire-place:

"I don't mind the work," said Theodore, "if I could only be learning, too. Father used to say he wanted me to be a civil engineer."

"If father was here," said eleven-year-old Nate, "you could study evenings and recite to him. I wish mother could help; but, then, I guess mother's—"

"Help, how?" she heard Jerry ask sharply, before Nate could finish his sentence; and she knew the boy was jealous at once for her. "Isn't she the best mother in the world?"

"Yes, she is; and she likes stories, too; but I was just thinking, now that you can't go to school, if she only knew a lot about everything, why, she could tell you."

"Well," replied Jerry, with all the gravity of a man, "we must take hold and help all we can; it's going to be hard enough for mother. I just hate to give up school and pitch into work. Thede, you shall go next winter, anyway."

"Sha'n't we be lonesome next winter?" said little Johnnie, who had taken no part in the talk until now; "won't mother be afraid? I want my father back," and, without a word of warning, he burst into tears.

Dead silence for a few minutes. The outburst was so sudden, she knew they were all weeping. It was Jerry again who spoke first: "Don't let mother see us crying. Come, Johnnie, let's take Bone and all go down to the trap;" then she heard them pass out of the house.

Desolation fell upon that poor mother for the next hour. Like a knife Nate's remark had passed through her heart, "Father could have helped!" Couldn't she help her boys, for whom she was ready to die? Was she only "mother," who prepared their meals and took care of their clothes? She wanted a part in the very best of their lives. She thought it all over, sitting up far into the night. If she could only create an interest in some study that should bind them all together, and in which she could lead! Was she too old to begin? Never had the desire to become the very center of interest to them taken such hold upon her.

A few weeks after, she said, one morning, at the breakfast table: "Boys, I've been thinking that we might begin geology this summer, and study it, all of us together. Your father and I meant to do it some time. I've found a text-book; by and by, perhaps, Thede can draw us a chart. Jerry will take old, I know, and Nate and Johnnie can hunt for specimens. We'll have an hour or two every night."

The children's interest awoke in a flash, and that very evening the question discussed was one brought in by Nate: "What is the difference between limestone and granite?" A simple one, but it opened the way for her, and their first meeting proved a success. She had to study each day to be ready and wide awake for her class. They lived in a limestone region. Different forms of coral abounded, and other fossils were plenty. An old cupboard in the shed was turned into a cabinet. One day, Nate, who had wandered off two or three miles, brought home a piece of rock, where curious, long, finger-shaped creatures were imbedded. Great was the delight of all to find them described as *ortho-ceratites*, and an expedition to the spot was planned for some half-holiday. Question after question led back to the origin of the earth. She found the nebular hypothesis, and hardly slept one night trying to comprehend it clearly enough to put it before others in a simple fashion. Her book was always at hand. By and by they classified each specimen, and the best of their kind were taken to shelves in the sitting-room. Her own enthusiasm in study was aroused, and, far from a hardship, it now became a delight. Her spirit was contagious. The boys, always fond of "mother," wondered what new life possessed her, but they accepted the change all the same. She found that she could teach, and also could inspire her pupils. They heard of a gully, five or six miles away, where crystals had been found. Making a holiday, for which the boys worked like Trojans, they took their lunch in the farm wagon and rode to the spot; and if their search was not altogether successful, it left them the memory of a happy time.

In the meanwhile the farm prospered. She did all the work in the house, and all the sewing; going out, too, in the garden, where she raised a few flowers, and helping to gather vegetables. Daniel and the boys were bitterly opposed to her helping them. "Mother," said Jerry, "if you won't ever think you must go out, I'll do anything to make up. I don't want you to look like those women we see sometimes in the fields. Generally she yielded; her work was enough for one pair of hands. Through it all now ran the thought that her children were growing up; they would become educated men; she would not let them get ahead, not so as to pass her entirely.

Winter came. Now Daniel could see to the work; but these habits of study were not to be broken. "Boys, let us form a history club," was the proposition; "it sha'n't interfere with your lessons at school." They took the history of the United States, which the two younger children were studying. Beginning with the New England settlements, and being six in number, they called each other, for the time, after the six States, persuading old Daniel to take his native Rhode Island. "That woman beats all creation," he was heard to exclaim, "the way she works all day and goes on at night over her books." The mother used to say she hardly knew if she were any older than her boys when they were trying to trip each other with questions. The teacher of the district school came over one Saturday afternoon. "I never had such pupils," said he, "as your sons, in history; and, indeed, they want to look into everything." Afterward he heard with delight the story of their evening's work. The deep snows often shut them in, but the red light shone clearly and bright from that sitting-room window, and a merry group were gathered around the table. Every two weeks an evening was given to some journey. It was laid out in advance, and faithfully studied. Once, Theodore remembers, a shout of laughter was raised when nine o'clock came, by Jerry's exclamation: "Oh, mother, don't go home now; we are all having such a good time!" Five years they lived in this way, and almost entirely by themselves. They studied botany. She knew the name of every tree and shrub for miles around. The little boys made a collection of birds' eggs, and then began to watch closely the habits of the birds. It was a pure, simple life. It would have been too wild and lonely but for the charm of this devoted mother. Her hours of loneliness were hidden from them, but she learned in an unusual degree to throw every energy, into the day's work of study, and create, as it were, a fresh enthusiasm for the present hour. Her loving sacrifice was rewarded Each child made her his peculiar confidante. She became the inspiration of his life.

English history opened a wide field to this family. One afternoon she brought in Shakespeare to prove some historical question. It was a rainy day and the boys were all at home. Jerry began to read "Hamlet" aloud; it proved a treasure that brought them into a new world of delight. Sometimes they took different characters for representation, and the evening ended in a frolic, for good-natured mirth was never repressed.

First of all, a preparation had been made for the Sabbath. There was a church in this town, but at a distance of several miles, and during many days the roads were not passable. She had leaned upon Infinite strength, gathering wisdom through all these experiences. The secret of many a promise had been revealed to her understanding, and, above everything, she desired that the Scriptures should become precious to her children. She took up Bible characters, bringing to bear the same vivid interest, the same power of making them realities.

These lessons were varied by little sketches or reports of one Sunday to be read aloud the next. Of this Nate took hold with a special zest. None of this family could sing. She thought of a substitute. They learned the Psalms, much of Isaiah, and many hymns, repeating them in concert, learning to count upon this hour around the fire as others do upon their music. How many of those times came to her in after life—a vision of the bright faces of her boys, as they clustered affectionately around her.

Time rolled by. The railroad passed through. A village sprang up, and the land was ready to sell. She could keep enough for her own use, and the boys could prepare for college. Thede and Nate went away to school. The old home was kept bright and pleasant; friends, new settlers, came in, and now there was visiting and social life.

Jerry stayed on the farm; Theodore became an engineer; Nate, a minister; Johnnie went into business. Theodore used to say: "Mother, as I travel about, all the stones and the flowers make me think of you. I catch sight of some rock, and stop to laugh over those blessed times." Nate said: "Mother, when I am reading a psalm in the pulpit, there always comes to me a picture of those old evenings, with you in the rocking-chair, by the fire-light, and I hear all your voices again." Johnnie wrote: "Mother, I think that everything I have has come to me through you." When Jerry, who remained faithful always, had listened to his brothers, he put his arm about her, saying, tenderly: "There will never be anybody like mother to me."

She died at sixty-five, very suddenly. Only a few hours before, she had exclaimed, as her children all came home together: "There never were such good boys as mine. You have repaid me a thousand fold. God grant you all happy homes." They bore her coffin to the grave themselves. They would not let any other person touch it. In the evening they gathered around the old hearth-stone in the sitting-room and drew their chairs together. No one spoke until Nate said: "Boys, let us pray;" and then, all kneeling around her vacant chair, he prayed that the mantle of their mother might fall upon them. They could ask nothing beyond that.—*Henrietta Ray, in Christian Union.*

Made-Up Men.

A reporter was engaged in conversation with the proprietor of a Market-street corset-factory a few days ago, when a dapper-looking and stylishly-dressed young man, well known in society, entered, and, addressing the proprietor, wanted to know if "those things" he had ordered were done.

"You mean the corset and pads?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes," timidly replied the dandy, looking suspiciously at the reporter. A clerk was called and took charge of the young man, who secured the things and departed.

"Yes, that young man and many others of his class wear corsets and pads," said the proprietor, in answer to interrogatories. "You must not think that artificial make-ups are confined alone to women," he said. "You may not believe it, but I can name upward of a hundred society men in this city who wear corsets, and even a greater number than that who pad their legs. The latter custom has only been in vogue since the tight-fitting pantaloons came into style."

"No, the custom is not original. It comes from abroad where roues, dandies and court-followers who are getting old make up to a greater extent than the most slender and homely ballet-dancer in the country. After a man gets to be between forty and fifty years of age his abdominal region expands and he becomes corpulent. To avoid this he orders an appliance, which, although it differs somewhat from the female corset, is virtually a corset, and clinches the wearer's adipose tissue up so as to make his form almost as perfect as an Apollo. Then by the judicious use of a few pads and some paint and powder, aided by false teeth and hair-dye, the aged beau looks many years younger and frisks about a ball-room with a step as light as a youth of twenty. Army officers, as a general thing, are very proud of their shape, and if nature has been unkind to them they wear corsets and pad. There are a dozen or more of Uncle Sam's brass-mounted dandies who deal with me.

"Actors, too, are good customers. Of course, many of them only wear these appliances on the stage to carry out their idea of a character, but I could name several who wear them both on and off the stage. There is one in particular, a member of an Eastern combination, who thinks he is just too sweet for anything. Lots of the girls think so, too. He travels principally on his shape, but if the girls could but know how he is made up they would be astonished and disgusted.

"Of course, there is a prejudice against men wearing corsets," continued the maker, "but in some cases it is a silly one. Now, take it in the case of large, heavy men; there it is an absolute necessity. They become so fat that unless they wear something to brace their bodies they would grow entirely out of proportion."

A corpulent gentleman who wanted to have a brace made interrupted the conversation, and the reporter took his departure pondering over his discovery that men wore corsets.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A Baltimorean who has returned from New South Wales says that some of the "sheep stations" there have from 100,000 to 300,000 acres, and as many as 250,000 sheep. On Alfred Hay's farm 2,000 sheep were shorn before breakfast by about seventy-five shearers. Kangaroos are numerous and troublesome. They ruin the sheep pastures, and the Government has been constrained to offer a bounty of seventy-five cents a head for their scalps. Hundreds of thousands are killed annually.

—Federmeyer and Guerrero, who are trundling wheel-barrows across the continent for a purse of $2,000, started from San Francisco October 7. Their time of starting was entered on their books there, and their books are to be stamped in every Post-office that they pass. The two will travel together to Cheyenne, and then each will take whatever route he may choose. They expect to report at the New York City Post-office about the middle of March next.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A striking case of a fortune doing a poor man more harm than good comes from Oswaldtwistle, in Lancashire, England. An old shoemaker who lived there inherited about four years ago a sum of $7,500. Recently he was found dead in his bed, and he was almost penniless. His name was Grimshaw, and he was respectably connected. During the four years he drank heavily, sometimes spending over forty dollars a week in this way.

—Three children of James Knight, of Chatham County, N. C., died of diphtheria. The same week two of his children died from the effects of rattlesnake bites, and the only remaining child was fatally scalded a few days thereafter in a pot of boiling soap.

Our Young Folks.

A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

"I am learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
 It's over and over—do *you* know
 How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief; mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
 And that is the way I learn to hem
 With hemming stitches—do *you* know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess,
 It wouldn't take me long, I know, if 'twasn't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—
 Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
 When *your* thread knots, what do *you* do?
 And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
 He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
Well, *he* can't sew! he can't *begin* to sew as well as I.
 If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!
 You mustn't think me proud, you know,
 But I am seven, and *I* can sew!"
 —*Mary L. B. Branch, in St. Nicholas.*

MAKING SUNSHINE.

"I don't see how I can ever pass away the time," scowled Lucy. "There isn't a thing I can do with myself. I wish the sun would shine." She looked out of the window with a face fully as cloudy as the sky which was pouring down such a torrent of rain that she could not go to school.

"Plenty for a little lassie to do," said her mother.

"I'm sure I don't see what."

"There is one thing you can do if everything else fails. You can make sunshine here in the house, even although there may be none out of doors."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Why, when you get up in the morning and go about singing like a bird, as you sometimes do, your dear little voice fills the whole house, and seems to make brightness and sunshine all through it, no matter how Dame Nature may be frowning and weeping outside."

It seems a pity that Lucy should not have fallen in with such a pleasant suggestion, but it was plain that she was not in a sunshiny mood. She whined and whimpered at the weather as if she fancied that it would do some good. She worried her mother for different things with which to amuse herself, teased the younger children till their noise drove grandmother to her room, and made such a muss in the kitchen that Nora at last remarked: "It's the blessed thing intoirely ye'er not at home much of the toime, for it's none of us'd have our wits left wid ye!"

The next morning found the rain coming down with as good a will as ever. Father rejoiced in the heaven-sent drops, each one of which was bringing its kindly gift of help and refreshment to the growing crops. Mother was glad to see the cistern filling, and the flowers smiling up their thanks as they bloomed and brightened with clean washed faces. All were satisfied except crabbed little Miss Lucy, who felt more than ever abused, and looked as if she believed the rain was sent for the sole purpose of doing her a grievous injury. She took an umbrella and walked about in the garden, from which she was brought in by Nora to her mother, who was sadly troubled at finding her feet soaking wet.

And she suffered for her folly, for on the next day, when it rained but little and she might have gone to school, she had such a bad cold she could not go out of the house. Indeed, she was a prisoner for several days afterwards, as the weather continued damp.

I would not like to tell you, even if I could, how much those about her had to endure from her peevishness and ill-temper. It is sad to think how many little ones who have bright faces, sweet voices and active limbs, giving them the power to cheer and help those they love, seem to like better to sadden them by their sullenness and idleness.

Lucy continued to growl and grumble at the weather through several weary days, until one morning the sun peeped suddenly from behind a black cloud, and looked around inquiringly, as if to say:

"I wonder, now! if I am really wanted down there."

He seemed to decide that he was, for he climbed clear above the cloud as fast as possible and sailed up into the blue. Plenty of light, feathery white clouds were all about, but he laughed so hard at them that they scampered out of his way and hid. And then he turned his attention down to the neighborhood where Lucy lived, and found things quite wet and muddy and disagreeable there.

"Ha! ha!" he said, "here's a little solid work waiting for me." So he sent down a liberal supply of his cheeriest, warmest rays, and Lucy was soon at the window with a face as clear as if she had not all the week been running a race with the sky to see who could show the most clouds.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "its beautiful! Do come and see how the trees are full of diamonds and how the flowers shine in the sun! Can't you smell those lilies and the jessamine? And hear those darling little birds, what a twitter and a chatter they are keeping up! There's a robin picking up the crumbs you threw out. Oh, I do love sunshine!"

"But you don't try to make much of it yourself, my little daughter. You seem to prefer to cast clouds about. No one would think you were fond of sunshine."

"But, mamma, my sunshine would shine only such a little way, no matter how hard I tried. Now, when the sun shines he shines all over the world, he is so great and grand, but I am only a little bit of a girl."

"Yes, but there is only one great sun, and think how many little girls there are—and boys, too. If every boy and every girl made his or her own little share of sunshine, how much would there be, do you think?"

"Why, mamma—it would reach all over the world!"

"Very nearly."

"But we can't get every little boy and girl to do it, mamma."

"I'm afraid not; but the best way to begin is for each one faithfully to do her own share towards it."

Lucy thought so, too, and resolved she *would* try to make her share of sunshine, and to make it reach as far as she could.

I hope she kept her resolution. I hope she learned the lesson taught by the sunshine and the birds and the flowers and every other beautiful thing, that every child heart should, like them, give out brightness and music and sweetness, all to make light and happiness for those whom they love.—*Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Observer.*

The Little Musician.

How many of the readers of *Young People* ever think of the great results that may flow from one little act of kindness?

More than fifty years ago the famous singer Madame Malibran was sitting in her room in one of the great hotels of London. She was very tired, for she had just been holding a large reception, during which some of the greatest people in England had visited her. Word was brought her that a little lad wished to speak with her. In spite of her fatigue she gave orders that he should be admitted.

A little flaxen-haired fellow of some ten years timidly entered the room, and taking a roll of paper from his pocket, said: "Madame, everybody tells me that you are so good, so very good, to the poor. I do not come to beg, madame, though we are so poor that my dear mamma, who is very ill, has to do without both food and medicine. I thought if you would sing my little song at one of your concerts perhaps somebody would buy it, and I could get the wine and medicine the doctor has ordered."

Tears stood in his eyes as he made his request, and as Madame Malibran took the manuscript and rapidly hummed the lines over, they rolled slowly down his cheeks.

"Did you write this music, a little child like you?"

"Yes, madame."

The lady took from her purse a coin and a card and pressed them into the boy's hand.

"Run home as quickly as you can," she said, "and get for your mother all she needs, and this evening come to my concert, to which the ticket will admit you."

Pierre did as he was told, and when evening came he went to the theater, presented his ticket, and was taken to a seat away down near the stage. The lights, the warmth, and the bright colors, to say nothing of the crowd of handsomely dressed gentlemen and ladies, bewildered and dazzled him, and he could only think: "Oh, if mamma were but here, I should be so happy!"

Presently he glanced at the platform, and there stood his lovely lady. She began to sing, and little Pierre's heart throbbed as if it would burst as the familiar notes of his own little song fell upon his ear. Its simple melody touched the audience, too, and it was sung again, and at its close the house rang with applause.

How the rest of the concert passed Pierre never knew. He staid until it was all over, and then hurried home and told his wonderful news.

Several days after, Madame Malibran called upon Pierre's mother and told her that a London publisher had offered three hundred pounds for the song, which offer she had accepted, and pouring into the astonished woman's lap a pile of notes and gold, said:

"Madame, your son will one day be a great composer. Thank God for the gift He has given him."

Pierre and his sick mother mingled their tears and thanks to one who seemed to them like an angel sent from Heaven. With the money thus obtained Pierre was enabled to pursue his musical studies, and in after-years verified the great singer's prediction, and became one of the most talented composers of his day.

What might little Pierre's fate have been if a cruel servant had sent him away from the great singer's door, or if Madame Malibran had refused to listen to his timid little appeal?—*Harper's Young People.*

Matrimonial Amenities.

Bill Pendergast, a rather impecunious Austin man, married for money, and his wife, a widow, ugly and long-tongued, made William repent of his culpable avarice many and many a day. The widow brought with her into Bill's family a son, as well as other property, and one morning sweet William overheard the boy howling dismally.

"Why howleth the kid?" inquired Bill.

"He was a bad boy and I have been whipping him. But I made him kiss me afterward to show him that it was more in sorrow than in anger that I punished him."

"Did you really ask that poor child to kiss you?" said Bill.

"Yes," answered his wife.

"How could you be so cruel," said Bill, "as to add new tortures to the punishment already inflicted?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—A critical observer makes this sensible remark: "A woman's glove is to her what a vest is to a man." Precisely. When a man is agitated or perplexed he at once attacks his vest buttons, thus giving occasion for a certain very expressive slang phrase. A woman's vest does not admit of this sort of "pulling down," but her glove is always a source of inspiration and a refuge from any embarrassment. She smoothes on the fingers, rearranges the buttons, drags out the wrinkles, looks critically at the fit, and does a dozen little things with her glove that betray or allay nervousness and quite sustain the truth of the above quotation.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Religious.

GIVING.

What is a gift? Some rare and costly thing—
 Which only wealth is privileged to bestow?
A joy that opulence alone can bring?
 A boon that poverty may never know?
Nay! nay! the sweetest gifts that life adorn
Ne'er left the loving hearts where they were born.

More humble gifts than e'en the "widow's mite"—
 Whose fame rolls down through the applauding years—
Shall live in memories, safe from Lethe's blight—
 Preserved in love, embalmed in holy tears:
Our rarest gifts are hungerings to bestow
The good that ne'er may come to us below.

All that in man is best, the stamp shall bear
 Of that which we call immortality;
And fond good wills, defeated now, shall share
 The glad fruition of the time to be:
God frames our purpose true in purer gold
Than eye of mortal ever may behold.

There is a wealth descending from the sky,
 That falls on every loyal gift we bring,
A Heavenly fragrance that can never die,
 Breathing through all our true heart-offering:
If with each gift unselfish love we weave,
"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."
 —*S. S. Times.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 11—Saul Rejected	1 Sam. 15:12-26
Nov. 18—David Anointed	1 Sam. 16: 1-13
Nov. 25—David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2—David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9—David's 'Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30—Review.	

God Rules.

The inner worth and the sincere religiosity of men is more easily ascertained by the manner in which they contemplate the future than of the view they take of the present or the past. All men are at length reconciled to the past, and habit enables them to bear with the present; but it is not so easy to look forward with indifference or calmness to that which may come. The more a man fears for the future, the less is the worth of his heart, the less the sincerity and depth of his religiosity. The more cheerfully and happily he looks forward to the days that are coming, the purer is his mind, the truer is his religion.

For weak, sensuous persons, strongly attached to what is earthly—persons to whom what they eat, and what they drink, their household furniture, their worldly position, and the consideration in which they are held by others, are the most important matters—must, of course, be more fearful of the future than others, because they have set their hearts on things that must perish. They must tremble, in spite of their trust in God! for they know beforehand that God will not leave them forever to the joys of the senses. Their own conscience tells them that they cling more to what belongs to the dust than to what is Divine and eternal; that they value mere worldly appearance more than the virtue which raises us above the world. The truly God-fearing and God-trusting Christian, on the contrary, looks cheerfully toward the future. It terrifies him not because it may bring punishment for hidden sins, for he is guiltless, though not faultless. Whatever wrong he has done he at once endeavors to make amends for. He has done all that man can do, and that a follower of Jesus is bound to. Whatever God may have ordained, whether it be war or peace, riches or poverty, joyful intercourse with beloved objects, or the death of the latter—storm or sunshine—he knows that God rules. And when he sees the storm-cloud rolling toward him it is God's voice that says to him: "Be still, and know that I am God."

Why, then, should I fear, O Lord, if it be Thee, my God, my Father, who sendeth forth the thunder-cloud of fate? Without Thy will how can it harm me? And can it be Thy will to render me miserable?—me, Thy child, whom Thou hast created and destined for eternal bliss; Thy helpless child, who holds everything he possesses from Thee, O Almighty God! Nay, I feel no uneasiness. I fear not my own death; for what is death but the dissevering of the bonds of earth, freedom to the immortal soul, union with Thee? What, then, should I fear? Give or take, exalt me or abase me, let me be the joy of my friends or fall the victim of my enemies. I accept with thankfulness whatever fate may befall me, for Thou art my Father; Thy love is my highest good, virtue my palladium; all else belong to the dust, and must sink into the grave. I am still, still and full of trust, trustful and joyful, for I know Thou art God, my God, forever! Amen!—*Meditations from the German of Zschokke.*

The Mother of Men.

Some one, who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands, said: "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark: "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

Years ago, a family of four, a father, a mother, and two sons, dwelt in a small house, situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow, supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in plowing and harrowing. Corn bread, milk and bean-porridge was their fare. The father being laid aside by ill health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet, every Sunday, the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President of Union College.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Hard Virtues.

Forbearance, considerateness — we need them everywhere we go. Our common imperfections are mutual limitations. They demand self-restraint, patience, mutual concession. These virtues are hard, but so are all. These are especially hard, because they are incessant. I will tell you what will help much to make them practicable, perhaps easy. Do them for God. It is God's ends that demand them, which demand these almost more notably than some others. His greatest end is love. No material or intellectual progress: no prosperity in church, State or home; no moral, social, religious or philanthropic interest—is so precious to Him as the mutual sympathy among His children, out of which His two great aims are the development of our race and the elevation of our individual characters. Humanity can not progress, save as we stand closely by each other, heart and hand; our own characters can not beautify themselves, save as we attain to the unselfish benevolence which is the comprehensive symbol of the Divine character. What is hard for yourself, then, do for God. Let His love be the reward of your self-sacrifice. He has made self-sacrifice the law of the universe; each thing, each being, depends on and gives itself for the other. The extinction of love is the paraphrase of love. Be sure that in habitual self-constraint, self-forgetfulness for others' good, in considerateness, in forbearance, in yielding to others' views and wishes, so far as conscience will allow, we are both rejoicing and resembling Him. If He should mark iniquity, who would stand? Let not us, then! "Let us not judge one another, but judge this rather, that no one put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way." So (is it not sweet, is it not manly?) says the zealous, persistent, self-confident but self-sacrificing, the of all men most manly, Paul. And also "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Wherefore, to go back to the Master for a general maxim: "Have salt in yourselves, and have peace with one another."—*Joseph May.*

The Young Agnostic's Catechism.

A French writer, M. Andre Berthet, has issued a "Lay Catechism" for the instruction of young agnostics. Here are some of the questions and answers:

Question. What is God?
Answer. I don't know.
Q. Who created the world?
A. I don't know.
Q. Whence comes humanity, and whither does it go?
A. I don't know.
Q. When and how did man come on earth?
A. I don't know.
Q. What will become of us after death?
A. I don't know.
Q. Are you not ashamed of your ignorance?
A. There can be no shame in being ignorant of what no one could know.

We now understand a passage of Scripture. The ox knoweth his *owner*; but the ass knows only his master's *crib*, without knowing his master, and that is the case with M. Berthet. He knows the crib where he gets his food, but not the Master who provides it.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Week of Prayer, 1884.

The Week of Prayer commences with the first Sunday in the year, January 6, and the general arrangement of topics is as follows:

Monday, January 7.—Praise and Thanksgiving.
Tuesday, January 8.—Confession of Sin, and Prayer for Cleansing and Renewal.
Wednesday, January 9.—Prayer for Families and Instructors of Youth.
Thursday, January 10.—Prayer for the Church of Christ.
Friday, January 11.—Intercession for the Nations.
Saturday, January 12.—Prayer for Missions at Home and Abroad.

This is the general series of topics, and subdivisions may be made according to the wishes of pastors and churches.

Choice Selections.

—We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—*Longfellow.*

—We might enjoy much peace if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, with things which appertain nothing to our charge. Blessed are the single-hearted, for they shall enjoy much peace.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

—One watch set right will do to set many by; on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood: and the same may be said of the example we set to those around us.

—For Our Good.—

We love our dead, and hold their memories dear:
 But living love is sweeter than regret:
God's ways are just; and, though they seem severe,
 He can give back with blessings greater yet
Than we have lost. He chastens for some good
That in our weakness is not understood.
 —*Barton Grey.*

—Dr. T. L. Cuyler says, in the *Evangelist*, that "all the best preaching that can be marshaled in the Sabbath pulpits of our communities is unable to counteract the malarious influence of godless, frivolous homes. Just as soon expect to grow sugar-cane in Greenland, or oranges in Alaska, as to rear the plants of grace in a family whose very air is saturated with worldliness.

—The desire for the cheap notoriety of the newspapers springs from a small vanity; it sometimes leads to crime. Who shall say that there have not been many crimes committed from a motive lurking at the bottom of it all that the criminal might get himself talked about? The happiest lives are not those that are passed in the "keen sunlight of publicity." The happiest homes are not those into which every unsympathizing stranger is permitted to curiously gaze. When men—and women—will be content to lead their own lives without seeking notoriety, much will be gained.—*Christian Weekly.*

HEYN & BRO. RISING SUN,

OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVECOATS,

For Young Men, Youths, Boys and Children in Great Varieties, and Low Prices. All goods sold by us guaranteed. Also a Big Line of Ready Made Clothing on hand.

A full Stock of seasonable Dress Goods, with the latest Novelties in trimmings. Ladies and Gents' Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Indiana.

Genuine Schofield Blankets, Jeans, Flannels and Yarns, Prices Lower than any other store.

No Misrepresentation Practiced to Effect Sales. We invite Everybody to inspect our Goods.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Indiana.

Cloaks, Dolmans, Circulars and Jackets, for Ladies, Misses, and Children, in all colors and grade, latest styles.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Indiana.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. NOV. 14. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
½ "	½ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
¼ "	½ "	10
¼ "	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices, 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

IN Massachusetts Butler didn't get there Eli.

A NOTED turfman, James McIntyre died in Lexington on the 10th inst.

BUTLER won't down. He has already declared his intention to run for Governor again next fall.

AN explosion that killed seventy-sixty men occurred in the Mansfield Collery, Lancashire, England, last week.

A PORTION of the walls in the capital extension at Madison, Wisconsin, fell last Thursday, killing twenty persons.

MERCER is the banner murder county in the state, there being seventeen murder trials on the docket at the last term of its Circuit Court.

THE candidates for Speaker will be in Washington this week, and will commence working up their strength. Carlisle's prospect for success is now good.

MAHONE is downed by only thirty thousand majority in Virginia. He can extract no consolation from the result in other states, and is a dead cock in the pit.

IN the elections last week the Democrats did not come out as well as they anticipated. They carried Virginia by about 30,000; lost Pennsylvania by 16,000.

LOUISVILLE is now trying to decide whether to have the great exposition repeat next fall, and will not be long in making up its mind when the balance sheet of the one just closed is made up.

THE Governor has appointed Hon. E. J. Green, of Kenton county, delegate for the 6th Congressional district to the Farmers' Congress of the United States which meets in Louisville December 6th, 1883.

TROXELL, a rapist was hanged to the railroad bridge that crosses the Cumberland river, this State. The mob drew him up instead of swinging him off, and he was suspended two hours, dying from exhaustion.

THE hog cholera making its appearance in the county at this particular season renders it to be the more dreaded on account of the hogs that are being fed for market. Those who are feeding hogs should administer such preventives as they have faith in. Hogs in two neighborhoods of the county are now dying with the cholera.

IT is said that Mrs. General John S. Williams is almost invincible when she enters the political arena on behalf of her husband, and that the General owes much of his political success to his wife. His competitors this winter will have to make arrangments to counteract Mrs. Williams' presence at Frankfort when the legislature meets.

THE elections held in ten States Tuesday of last week did not result as favorably to the Democrats as was hoped. In the State of New York the Republicans elected the head of their ticket, Carr for Secretary of State by over 17,000 plurality. In Pennsylvania the Democrats were defeated by 16,000. Massachusetts elected a Republican Governor over Ben Butler by 10,000 majority. Minnesota gave a Republican majority of 25,000. Nebraska elected a Republican Supreme Judge by 10,000. In Virginia the Democrats worked hard and carried the State 30,000, completely routing Mahone and his party. New Jersey elected a Democrat Governor by 6,000 majority.

The above results knock some of the Democratic certainty of success in 1884, but perhaps the party will redouble its efforts and do better work in the doubtful territory.

IN the United States Court at Louisville, in the case of the United States against Moore, the attorney in a pension case, charged with violating the pension law as regards charging fees, Judge Barr instructed the jury, and the attorney was fined one thousand dollars. It was charged that Moore, in a pension case, in addition to receiving a fee of $10, obtained a written obligation from his client that, in case he gained the claim, he was to give the attorney a present of a sum of money received by the granting of the pension. The instructions, which is virtually an opinion, states that, in regard to receiving and demanding more than $10 in a pension case, penalties apply, and that fraud and extortion constitute no part of the offense. The Judge says that money advanced and actual expenditures in prosecution of the case may be reimbursed to the attorney, but especially is the instruction strong on the bearing of Moore's case when it states that when a pensioner receives his money he has a right to do with it as he pleases, except that he can not pay more than $10, either directly or by any device of loan or gift, for services rendered in the case.

THE Second Auditor of the Treasury, in his annual report says: "The great increase in the number of applications for arrears of pay and bounty is something anomalous; and when it is stated that not one in ten of the applications now being filed possess any merit, the inquiry is naturally suggested why at this late period—nearly twenty years after the war—so many claims are filed, and the number increasing." As an answer to the suggested inquiry, the Auditor states that not one in twenty of the 16,578 claims received in his office during the last fiscal year was filed upon the suggestion or by the voluntary action of the claimant, the great majority of the cases having been drummed up by claim agents. There is a great imposition being practiced on the Government in the drawing of pensions. Thousands of persons are drawing their monthly stipends, who have no right whatever to a pension, but have succeeded by the false swearing of relatives and friends in having their names enrolled on the pesion list. Many of those who were in the late civil war have arrived at a period in their life where a decline has naturally set in, and it is a very easy matter for them to persuade themselves and a sufficient number of their friends, who, in due time are called on as witnesses, to believe that the cause of their aches and pains are traceable to their service in the Federal army during the rebellion, and they make applications for pensions which are granted nearly every time, and are often accompanied by a large amount of back pay. Many of the applicants of the present day are worthy and entitled to pensions, but a large number of them are the worse kind of frauds.

SEAMER ANDY BAUM.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

Nov. 9.—Not many years since I wrote you from the great falls at Louisville, where I have been wrecked twice, going over the falls on the roof of one of the boats Capt. Ed Baker lost at that place. On the roof of one of those boats I stood, cold, dry and lonely for eight days, caring but little whether school kept or not. But Capt. Ed sent me some seitletz-water and my drooping spirits were rervived. Returning to old Boone I was contented till a few weeks since, when I became afflicted with some kind of bear or bare, or dear or deer fever, and a trip became necessary, when a party consisting of Irwin Balsly, me and five or six others organized to go south on a hunt. On the 8th inst., I met Irwin in Cincinnati, with his dogs and armed and equipped as the law of Nimrod or some other fellow that loved to hunt; the other boys could not leave their Susan Marys, so Irwin and I composed the crowd.

We boarded the Andy Baum bound for Memphis. At Aurora five jolly young fellows bound for Pt. Pleasant, Mo., on a hunting expedition came aboard.

We are now a long way below the mouth of Salt river, so you can inform our friends that that is not our destination. We are having a very pleasant trip, and will keep a diary and send to you an account of all the narrow escapes and exciting scenes that may transpire on this eventful trip.

We will take in Pine Bluff, Ark., and if not successful there, we will visit the Ozark mountains, as we are not coming back till we can bring some kind of bear or deer meat with us.

WM. B. WATTS.

FLORIDA LETTER.

SANDFORD, FLA., Nov. 2, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

At present I find myself about 200 miles south of Jacksonville, on the St. Johns river, at Sandford, which is quite a little city with 1,200 or 1,500 people, and a thorough business place. The numerous stores are very large, being filled with goods coming mostly from New York and Philadelphia. Clothing is as cheap here as in Cincinnati. Flour is in advance about $1 on the barrel. They have a hotel here that can accommodate 200 or 300 people at $3 50 to $4 a day. I am not stopping there—it is closed at present.

There are the finest openings for mechanics here and at Enterprise I ever saw. Carpenters, poor workmen at that—get from $2 50 to $3 a day; plasterers, $4 and are scarce.

The country around Sandford is not so good, but a mile or so back the land is rolling, and there you find groves of oranges and all other tropical fruits. I visited the Spear and Doyl groves southwest of this place. They are a grand sight. The Spear grove covers 4½ acres of land and is worth $90,000. There are $9,000 worth of oranges on the trees now. The Doyl grove is 14 years old and is worth $13,000 or $14,000. It contains 5 acres.

Five years ago Mr. Sandford brought a small colony of Swedes and gave them 75 cents a day and 5 acres of land to work for him one year. They owed him for their passage, and many of them worked their time out, then went to work on their places, and most of them have already sold their groves for $4,000 or $5,000.

Yesterday, in company with Col. Bodine, I visited his beautiful grove south of Sandford. This grove is 5 years old, and is loaded with the finest of oranges and lemons. His place covers about 25 acres, has a fine frame dwelling house and other improvements and can not be bought for $50,000.

The climate here is delightful. I have not been bothered with insects at all. There are some mosquitoes but they are not troublesome.

My trip up the St. Johns was very enjoyable. From Jackson 75 miles up, the river is very broad and looks like a sea more than a river. Above Calatka the river narrows, and the fine tropical scenery commences, and it is beautiful. On our trip up the river we saw lots of "gators" along the shore basking in the tropical sunshine, and just before reaching Deland a deer swam the river just in front of the boat, which came near running over it. We were in sight of aquatic fowl at all times. We passed through Lake George in daylight and had the benefit of another grand sight. In approaching Sandford you enter Lake Monroe which is the finest sheet of water I ever saw, and is 12 or 15 miles long by 5 or 6 miles wide.

It is early in the season for tourists, but people here say there is more travel on the railroads than they ever saw so early. The boat I came up on had 250 or more passengers.

The people here are more thrifty than persons would suppose, and when persons come down from the north they are soon a lively go-ahead set. In every yard in Sandford or Enterprise you see bananas, oranges, pineapples, figs and citrons.

"The fishing is fine."

A. W. SMITH.

THERE will be services in the Universalist church at this place every evening the remainder of this week, closing Sunday night. Rev. S. P. Carlton and Rev. C. C. Conner will conduct the meeting.

THE escapade of Judge McManama in Frankfort has created much talk through the country, but he has done no more than he has been doing for several years, except the shooting part of his frolic, and probably that was all for effect.

THE Owen County Democrat has interviewed Judge McManama lately, and says, "Judge McManama pronounces the statement made by the Frankfort correspondent to the Louisville Courier-Journal of last Thursday as a Mulhatton lie, made out of whole cloth."

THE question, what will the County Court do with the jail? is being discussed throughout the county. There is no doubt but the committee that has the matter under advisement will do that which will be best for the county. Some think that the report of the grand jury ought to be ignored, and the jail left in its present condition. This would be an unwise and unsafe couse to pursue, as the building has been condemned by a body with authority. If some fellow should contract a severe spell of sickness while confined therein, he might make the county pay heavily the jail being condemned.

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Nov. 14, 1888.

G'n Trash and Lugs	$1 80@	$4 00
Common Trash	4 50	5 00
Colory Trash	7 00	6 50
Good Br't Trash	10 00	15 00
Fine Br't Trash	16 00	20 00
Fancy Bright Leaf	00	
Dark Lugs	6 00	7 00
Common Lugs	7 00	9 50
Colory Lugs	10 00	12 00
Good Stripping Lugs	13 00	15 00
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17 00	23 00
Common Leaf	6 00	11 00
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	14 50
Good Med. Leaf	15	19 50
Good Br't Leaf	28 00	32 00
Fine Br't Leaf	24 50	27 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 50
Good Lug Fillers	12 00	16 00
Fine Lug Fillers	17 00	22 00
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	16 00
Good Med. Fil'rs	17	19 50
Good L'f Fillers	20 00	24 50
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 00	27 50
Fancy Leaf Fillers	28 00	30 00

A PURE strengthening tonic, free from whisky, cures dyspepsia, indigestion, and similar diseases. It has never been equaled. Brown's Iron Bitters.

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. H. L. Battle, Jr., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular in this section and give entire satisfaction."

SHEBOYGAN, WIS.—Dr. S. B. Myers says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility, loss of appetite, and want of strength."

Doctors and Doctrines.

Whatever Cruel Creeds May Say, Truth is Always Orthodox.

"You know the old saying, Doctor, Ubi tres medici, duo athei,—where there are three doctors there are two atheists," laughed Rev. Apollo Creamcheese, the other day, to his friend, Dr. Senna, who had dropped in for a bit of a talk.

"Yes, I've heard it, and I'll bet a box of pills against your dry inkstand that some priest said it. They always pattered bad Latin when they had a bigger lie than common to get rid of," answered the Doctor, lighting his pipe. "I tell you, Dominie, you're 'way off when you think our profession isn't doing as good work in this world as yours is. They've both been more'n half barbarous for centuries, but we're several lengths ahead of you on the home-stretch."

"But, Doctor, said Rev. Mr. Creamcheese, "don't you think your fraternity shows a tendency to materialistic——?"

"Bah!" interrupted Dr. Senna, "we show a tendency to human charity and common sense. The fences are all down. Why, within the past week I've had a letter from my old friend, Dr. W. V. Haddox, of Pine Hill, Alabama, saying that he is using, with great success, PARKER'S TONIC, in his practice, and finds it the best thing for Coughs Lung, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and so on, he ever struck; and another friend of mine, Dr. J. J. Oatman, of Carrolltown, Pa., says substantially the same thing. He's a big specialist, too, in chronic diseases, and knows what he is talking about every time."

Dr. Senna's statement as to PARKER'S TONIC, are supported by genuine testimonials from Drs. Haddox and Oatman, who write to Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York—the proprietors—in terms of the highest commendation concerning this great restorative remedy; and letters from the profession generally confirm the opinion of these physicians. Price, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch and W. T. German, Deputy Sheriffs.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. R. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Walter Ryle, Cornstable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,	J C Jenkins,
J E Duncan,	Oscar Gaines,
G C Gaddy,	Ben Clore,
Noah Craven,	Wm. Clore,
C S Balsly,	A S Gaines,
George Gaines,	C S Gaines.
Absalom Aylor,	J. B. Winston,

BOONE HOUSE,

BURLINGTON, KY.

C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for.

dec. 20-1y

Notice.

The members of Petersburg Grange are all requested to attend its next meeting, on Saturday, Nov. 17th, as the accumulations in the treasury of the Grange will be divided out that day.

R. RANDALL,
Treasurer.

A. L. Brown,

THE HATTER,

Cor. Pike and Washington Streets
COVINGTON, - - KY.

Has always on hand a large variety of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats, and prices GUARANTEED to be as low as the lowest.

Gents' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BRICHER writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
88-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of **Lumber, Laths and Shingles.** Also **Builder's** supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-tf

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Billious Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR,
Hebron, Ky.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.

CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, NO. 920 LOCUST ST.

CHAS. L. LABARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to

CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.

BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.

DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases at the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.

WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.

FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS

by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.

50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

INJECTION
SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. McKim.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

NEVER FAILS

FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it.

Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana. Mo.

Local News.

Fine weather for butchering.

Local items are painfully scarce this week.

Fine weather last week for stripping tobacco.

Monday morning gave cheeks a healthy tint.

Bachelor says he sold his snake for five dollars.

Buy a bar of Frank Siddall's soap at W. E. Pipers.

F. P. Walton commenced receiving tobacco last week.

Mit Aera hangs out a managerie every morning as a sign.

Schofield Blankets at Heyn'e, Rising Sun, Ind., at $5 a pair.

W. B. Adam's mammoth pumpkin weighed 140 pounds.

Schofield's Jeans at 40c. per yard at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Henley Smith is a part and parcel of Walton's tobacco shop again.

We are under obligations to John W. Ryle for favors extended.

Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to get a nice Cloak or Dolman.

A fine Union Casemere Overcoat for $4 50, at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Shawls, etc. in great variety at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Indiana.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind., is the boss place to trade, as they deal fair and square.

Fresh Prunes, Dried Peaches, Hominy, Beans and Buckwheat flour at W. E. Pipers.

Monday morning was a bracer, and people moved about like they had springs in their shoes.

Mr. G. T. Gaines has, within the last few days, lost six hogs with cholera, and has others that are sick.

The Boone base-ball club sold its wardrobe to liquidate its liabilities contracted during the season.

For Fever and Ague, and all miasmatic diseases, Ayer's Ague Cure is a positive remedy. Warranted.

The paper vendor now makes his daily trips to Burlington and other points between here and the city.

Henry Hafer and the heirs of Walter Goodridge were in town Monday on business pertaining to the estate.

The sale of the personal estate of Mrs. Nancy Snyder was well attended, and property brought fair prices.

The Sutler's wagon leaves the Boone House daily, Sunday excepted, at 12 m, under the superintendence of Dr. Hitter.

Don Williamson has been offered $16 all 'round for his tobacco. The time of delivery prevented the trade being closed.

Nearly every neighborhood in the county has its local tobacco dealer, who has made arrangements for prizing large quantities.

How about that young friend of ours of Florence X-Roads selling 1,000 bushels of seed-corn while at Louistown, Ohio, about two weeks ago.

Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy saith the Bible; but about this time of the year some seem to remember it and go hunting.

The ball at Hebron the other night was a grand success in every respect, Good order prevailed and all present enjoyed themselves hugely.

We understand that the suits against Maloney, the contractor who built the pike between Hamilton and Normansville, have been compromised.

Ben Crisler, of the Union neighborhood, was in town Saturday closing a land sale with Perry Weaver at $35 per acre cash. Ben's domains are gradually spreading.

A negro man who lives with George Anderson, near Constance, a few nights since hearing thieves about the meat-house went out to scare them off, when they closed in on him and robbed him of his coat but left without any meat,

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

A large crowd of white, and colored people assembled at the creek near town on the Burlington and Florence pike, Sunday, to witness the immersion of two colored females who had united with the colored church at this place. Rev. Bush officiated.

'Squire Dunaway, the marrying 'Squire, married a runaway couple from Kentucky on Monday evening at the Lotton House. The groom was James Record and the bride Maggie Farrel, They were from Walton, and in getting away from the opposition of parents made the fastest time on Record.—Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Register.

The president of the Framers Insurance Company and his cabinet, held a meeting at the Circuit Clerk's Office last Saturday in which a large number of applications for renewals, and many applications for policies in that company, were received and accepted. The company has near $500,000 worth of property insured, and their cry is "still they come."

W. F. Howlett, of Boone County, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Bostwick yesterday on the charge of selling liquor without license. He sold a man a pint of whisky for his sick wife and was informed on. Thus it appears that he is being maliciously prosecuted. The case will probably be compromised.—Cov. Item Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Tafferty-Geisler trial was disposed of by the County Court in special session last Thursday, it being the third trial, two other juries having failed to agree. The jury found that the defendant was the father of the child and fixed his annual contribution for its support at $25 per year for eight years. The defendant filed a schedule of his property, took the insolvent debtor's oath and was discharged.

Everett Walton writes us from Butler, Mo., saying that he is house-keeping, that cabbage is 25 cents a head, and that the heads are very small at that; sweet potatoes, 8 small ones for 5 cents; cranberries, 15 cents a pint; corn, 25 cents; oats, 18 cents; good wheat, 60 cents; beef-roasts, 10c; loin stake, 12; cattle very scarce and tremendously high; horses from $80 to $200; apples, 50c a bushel; game abundant; lawyers and doctors, about 27,000 of each. We suppose croquet is scarce, as he didn't mention it.

Last Monday morning, Julia Webb, a colored widow, who works at various places in town and country, left, as usual, her ten year old daughter to take care of the younger children, the youngest of which is a babe in the arms, while she made her daily rounds. The child was nursing the infant, when, by some means, her clothing took fire; placing the baby on the bed and covering it, she ran out of the house to call for help, but before assistance could reach her, her clothing were burned off and her flesh in several places litterly roasted.

The Florence X-Road band of charlivariers were out with their horse-fiddles, cowbells, muskets, tin pans, &c., the other night, the occasion being the marriage of their neighbor Moore. They having made his premises a pandemonium for about an hour, he threw open his hospitable door, rolled out a keg of beer and invited the boys to drink and be merry. The contents of the keg soon vanished, when the boys stacked arms, and the groom having unconditionally surrendered, they took possession of his commodious rooms and indulged in tripping the light fantastic till a late hour, when they, with many good wishes, bid the bride and groom farewell.

While the jury in the Tafferty-Geisler case was deliberating last Thursday, Alanzo Yerkes, a witness for the defendant, who had been offended by some question put him, while on the witness stand, by County Attorney Tolin, assaulted the attorney in the Court-room, but deputy sheriff German interfered and hostilities were suspended only to be renewed in a few minutes on the pavement in front of the temple of justice, where the belligerents had more room, and less obstructions to interfere with their pugilistic performance. When the battle subsided and the smoke blew away, it was ascertained that neither of the parties had been punished any to speak of, and peace and quiet again reigned.

Last Friday John Bachelor passed through Burlington going to Cincinnati, having among other things in his wagon, a box containing a snake that measured 7 feet 2½ inches in length and weighed 24 pounds, which was killed on the Indiana beech opposite Laughery Island, it having swum from the the island to the Indiana shore. It was a stranger in this part of the country, and Bachelor's theory is that it came down among the drift during the February flood. For some time James Rogers has been occasionally seeing a track in the sand on his farm, and thought it was that of a turtle, but since the capture of this giant snake, he thinks it was the track of this same snake. Our theory is that it is one of the offsprings of the snake about which our Plattsburg correspondent wrote some time since, and we hope there is no more as ugly looking and as large snakes in this part of the country.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

B. K. Sleet was at home one day last week.

Miss Sophia Finch left for Frankfort, last Wednesday.

Ott Murphy has returned and is presiding over Walton's tobacco shop.

Mrs. Logan Gaines and daughter, of Carroll county, are visiting their relatives in Boone.

Mrs. W. F. Ashburn, of Cincinnat, Ohio, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lillie Hall, at this place.

G. L. Miller, J. W. Kennedy and S. J. Ewalt, three of Big Bone's leading business men, were in town last Friday.

This kind of weather is hard on croquet players.

If you want to buy a good sewing machine, call on W. E. Piper.

Cincinnati Daily papers for sale at the Burlington Drug and Grocery store,

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Hebron.

The new pike is progressing rapidly.

Robert Collins has returned home from Crawfordsville, Ind.

Jeff Snyder has gone to Sadieville to clerk in a drug store.

Leonard Crigler is now occupying his new residence.

The cholera has made its appearance among the hogs in this neighborhood.

David Beall is repairing his sawmill. He talks of getting a whistle.

The ball given at this place last Wednesday night was quite a success, and all present had a big time.

Dr. Luther Terrill talks of moving from here in the near future. He does not know just where he will locate.

Florence X-Roads.

Grains look well.......The warm, damp weather has injured the corn in the shock ......Last Thursday Capt. John Moore and Miss Eliza Lake, of Cincinati, were married by Elder E. Stephens. The boys here gave them a big send-off that night......Uncle Billy Tanner returned, last Saturday, from a very pleasant trip to his old home in Virginia. He brought several souvnoirs back with him, and says he would not take $200 for his trip......Sam Krutcher has been skipping around here among his many friends for the last few days........ Castle Welsh has a new roof......Dutton Tanner has been spending several days in Dearbon county, Ind......Miss Anna Jackson, of Indian, has been visiting her sister for several weeks......Dance at Geo. Krapp's last Saturday night......Joe Souther has been buying ready-made clothing. His intentions are unknown.

Franceville.

John Beall, agent for Hurschart & Co., of Lawrenceburg, has been putting up some very fine monumental work in the Sand Run cemetery, the past few days.

Quite a curiosity can be seen at Mr. Nat Brown's in the way of an apple tree in full bloom. Mr. Brown is of the opinion that unless the season is very favorable, they will not mature

We have been informed that Ben Clore would have taken the premium at the Mabley pumpkin show had his sympathies been just right, and his pumpkin been the largest, but as it was not, he failed.

During a wind storm a few nights since, the barn of Mrs. Foster was unroofed. Fortunately there was no stock injured.

It became our painful duty to attend a burying last week—it was burying our crop of potatoes.

Mr. Holland Goodridge is stocking his farm with geese, an entirely new industry.

John R. Smith has commenced stripping his crop of tobacco.

The cabbage and turnip crop in this vicinity is about an average. We contemplate putting up about three barrels of kraut this fall in order to have plenty in case of sickness.

Billy Hayes has closed out his butchering business for this season, and is now giving his attention to farm affairs.

There is a considerable quantity of potatoes to dig in this vicinity yet.

Mr. Tom Howard is the champion rabbit shot in these diggins.

Lewis Watts, cold., lost a very valuable mare week before last.

Florence.

The protracted meeting which we noticed last week as being held in the Christian church, concluded on Friday evening last. The services throughout were well attended and considerable interest manifested, resulting in five confessions.

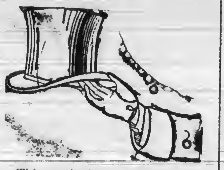
We have the report of an interesting debating club organized in the neighborhood of Pleasant Ridge. The exercises are exciting much attention, and the discussion of the following question for the second time has created quite a stir. "Resolved, That it is easier to do right than wrong." The fights were hotly contested, the affirmative coming off victorious each time. I am of the opinion that the judges were to conscientious. If the negative will give them another hitch, and let your correspondent preside we will insure a negative victory.

Dr. B. A. Dulaney, between his professional visits, is engaged in the carpenters' and builders' trade. He is making barns a specialty, and is now at work remodeling his own. If Billy Rice and John Kirk would come over and take some items from this architecturer, it would be of incalculable benefit to them in their occupation The Dr. has invented a new system in building, for which he intends to take out letters patent. The main features of his new plan consists in working in timbers or boards of any length, regardless of the dimensions of the barn. He has adopted for trade mark the following: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," A telescopic view of his building at this writing presents to the idea the appearance of the British frigate, Gurriere, after the two hours fight with the United States Sloop, Constitution. Persons having work in the Dr's new line would profit by giving him a call.

We understand that our esteemed friend and attorney, S. W. Tolin, has filed his petition as the "champion light weight of Boone county." If so, we will have our answer ready in a few days.

GAS OMETER.

COLTER'S.



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Buy your Blankets, Yarns, Jeans and Flannels at COLTER'S, Rising Sun, Indiana.

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Have ten different Double Breasted Suits, pattern of above, ranging in prices from $6 50 to $14.

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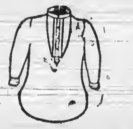

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Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit,

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Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood, *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

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Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.

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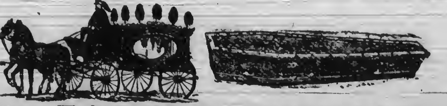

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The Value of a Man.

Men are estimated largely at their pecuniary value in these days, and the pocket-book is too often taken as the measure of a man's worth. But there is a sense in which men are worth much more, even pecuniarily, than the mere amount of money they possess or can command. A reference to certain judicial cases will explain this statement. The other day a man's eye was put out by another, and he sued for damages, and was awarded $4,500. This gives us a starting point in estimating the man's real value. The other eye, being now compelled to do the work of both, is certainly worth to that man $9,000. For the two eyes, then, $13,500 seems to be a fair valuation.

In the case of Smith vs. the A., B. and C. Railroad Company for damages sustained by the loss of a leg at the knee, caused by negligence on the part of the employes of the company, plaintiff recovered $15,000 and costs. In this case the remaining leg could not perform the work of both, and its value can not be put at more than $16,000. A man's two legs may, therefore, according to the highest legal authority, be counted worth $31,000.

Another interesting suit was that of Thompson vs. the Wimposkeag Milling Company. Thompson was engaged in defendant's mill, and, through no fault of his own, one of his arms was caught in the machinery and made into cotton goods. He brought suit for $15,000, but recovered only $12,000. It was his right arm that was taken off, but he has since learned to shave himself, sign his name, cut his food and do other useful and necessary things with the left; so that it is of more value to him now than the right arm alone formerly was. A fair estimate of its worth, on the basis of the judicially ascertained value of the other arm, would probably be about $18,000.

We have endeavored to fix the value of an ear and a nose in the same way; but these members are generally removed under circumstances which make it prudent for the injured party not to bring suit; and we can find no better measure of their value than the cost of a new and improved member of papier-mache—say $10) for the three. It is difficult also to put an appraisal on a man's hair. Persons who have been scalped can not carry the matter to the courts, as the wild Indian is not a citizen, nor amenable to civil law. A wig, however, costs in the neighborhood of fifty dollars.

Reckoning up, we find that a man's hair, nose, ears, eyes, arms and legs are worth together at least $74,650. This is calculated to give one a new and increased idea of his personal worth. If these mere appendages, every one of which a man may loose and yet go on living, be worth so much, what must be the value of his entire body? Right here comes in one of the anomalies of the law. The New York Legislature, in the exercise of its supreme wisdom, has declared that a man is worth only $5,000. That is all the Long Island Company had to pay for the corpses made by their recent disaster. So that it pays to kill a man outright; for taking off one of his legs may cost more than killing him, even including Coroner's fees and funeral expenses. We call attention to this apparent conflict of legal authority, not attempting to explain it save by the suggestion that, perhaps, one of a man's eyes is worth as much to himself as the whole man is to his surviving friends.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Curious Immigration to the Sandwich Islands.

John Tucker, manager of one of the large plantations on the island of Hawaii, of the Sandwich Island group, arrived from Panama Thursday on the Pacific Mail Steamship Colima, bringing with him thirty-six pairs of that curious and useful animal called the mongoose. Mr. Tucker was sent by the planters of Hawaii to Jamaica to procure the animals at a cost of about $1,300. The mongoose is similar to a weasel, and has proved of incalculable service in the island of Jamaica in ridding it of rats, which are so destructive to sugar-cane. It has freed that island from the rat-pest, and has also acted as a modern St. Patrick, and has destroyed every snake. One of the growing troubles in the Hawaiian Islands is the rat-pest. Cane is destroyed in the fields and great losses are entailed on the planters. Nothing seemed to be able to put a stop to this wholesale destruction, and it was determined to import the mongoose. Ten of the plantations combined, and Mr. Tucker was sent to Jamaica. In that island the mongoose had multiplied to such an extent that they are to be seen everywhere. They run across the roads, swarm in the fields and are found everywhere. They are caught in box traps, as squirrels are, and are sometimes caught when young and tamed. The tame mongoose lives around the house like a cat. They are about the size of an ordinary rat, with a longer body and a tail similar to that of a cat. The untamed animals are savage little creatures, having a large and ugly mouth filled with sharp and glistening teeth. They are fierce fighters, and their movements are like a lightning flash. When two of them are fighting in a cage it looks as though there were simply a shadow flitting about within.

It is said that whenever their teeth meet in flesh they can not be made to let go their hold until either they or their prey is dead. They are the natural exterminators of rats, entering every rat-hole and killing its inmates. They then make the rat's abode their own, never preparing shelter for themselves. They live on animal food, and in Jamaica, now that the rats are gone and they have exterminated many of the other pests, they kill many of the negroes' chickens. Mr. Tucker obtained 103 animals in Jamaica, and put them in cages, in each apartment of which were placed a male and a female. He lost twenty of them before he left Jamaica through their proclivities to fight among themselves and to suck each other's blood. On the Panama Railroad the employes treated the cages and their occupants as if they were cast iron, and several more were lost. But seventy-two were got aboard the Colima, and since then none of the animals have died.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

—Mr. Ruskin savagely denounces what he styles the modern style of making love. He may be a good judge of art and all that, but unless he grows a great deal younger than he was when he published his last book, he will probably not be able to suggest any desirable improvements on the love-making methods now in vogue.—*Detroit Post.*

Hired Help on the Farm.

The success or failure of the farmer is apt to depend more on his skill in dealing with men than on any other single item in farm management. On every farm much of the labor done must be hired. The farmer who understands human nature can secure more effective and cheaper help than he who does not. As a rule, farm employes are a difficult set to deal with. The more enterprising and intelligent are apt to get the Western fever early and seek homes for themselves. Occasionally a young man of good habits and intelligence works for others on the farm a few seasons to get the capital to commence farming on his own account. These make altogether the best help, and should be secured at almost any reasonable price they may ask. An ignorant, unskilled blunderer will waste and destroy twice the amount of his wages in a single season. Good farming consists in carefulness in little things. When we consider how few farmers are able to stand this test, the wonder is that when much of the details of farm-work is left to hired help, there should be as much good farming as there is.

When a faithful and intelligent hired man has been found, all his reasonable demands should be satisfied. Better use farm tools without oiling than have a hired man constantly grumbling. The friction will do less damage on the insensate iron than on the human temper and feelings. The hired man need not and should not be "boss," but a good farmer will not hesitate to consult him at times, and listen to, if not follow, his advice. Two heads are better than one, and there are few men so ignorant as not to know more about certain things than their employers. It is common for farmers to resent any advice from their employes as impertinence; but the fact that advice is thus resented shows that the farmer who does so is in some doubt as to his position. Young farmers and those having little experience in the business are most apt to have trouble with their hired men, and this mainly because they are afraid to lower their dignity by asking the opinion of their employes. If a young man is intelligent he will not take kindly to such treatment, and this is one reason why so few of the better class of young men seek employment on the farm.

It is essential to the best success with farm help that they should have the fullest confidence of their employer and be interested in their work. Men will not and can not work as well for a poor as for a good farmer, not alone because they have less to do with, but because the enthusiasm of interest will in one case impel the help to do their utmost, while lack of interest will retard every effort. When work is progressing favorably it is easier to do a good day's labor than when it is lagging, and the better the help the more difference this feeling will create. Poor help is of the kind that does things mechanically, and with such it may matter little whether the work is reasonable and effective or not. A story is told of an English farmer, who, on hiring a new man, first employed him in doing the most unreasonable and preposterous job of which he could think. The next day he set him to undoing what he had done before. The man went at his task each time without a word of protest, or even seeming to care what he was set to do, so long as his pay was sure. The rich farmer at the end of the second day said he was satisfied, for he had found a man who would do exactly what was told him without thinking or caring for the result. In other words he was seeking a mere machine, and had secured one to his liking. A man is not a machine, however, even if he is a farm hand hired by the month. Whoever seeks to transform him into a machine not only injures his manhood, but impairs his effectiveness as a worker.

In every way possible hired help should be made interested in that which they are doing. If a farmer discusses his plans and calculations his employes will soon take an intelligent interest in the work they are doing. Then, if the employer is taken sick, or some unexpected emergency calls him away, one among his employes will be able to take the lead and arrange to keep the work in progress. It may be necessary sometimes to employ men who do things mechanically, but where several men are employed one or more among them should be competent and be authorized to take charge of affairs when the employer is not present.

The fact has often been noted that employes will work better and more freely for a rich man than for a poor one. In the days of slavery Southern negroes used to boast of the wealth and respectability of their owners, as reflecting luster on themselves, and something of this feeling is quite common among hired help with regard to their employers. Nothing succeeds like success, and no man can do his best when working on a practical failure. A lazy, drunken farmer may often have a kind, sensible and loving wife; but he can not keep a good hired man two seasons in succession. As a rule, the better the farmer the more thorough his culture, and the more promptly he keeps up with his work the better the class of help he can employ. Keeping in advance of work is doubly important, for if a farmer gets behind, his men see his helplessness and do about as they please. Generally a farmer will not have any trouble about help leaving him if he manages always to be so well beforehand that their leaving will not seriously distress him.

As for payment, the old Mosaic rule not to let the sun go down without paying the servant his hire is a good one for all day help. Hands hired by the month of course do not expect pay until their time has expired, and this should be in the contract. But for a faithful hand all money needed should be always ready when asked for. This is not so much for the benefit of the hired man as of his employer. Usually the less of his wages an employe takes up before his time expires the better for him, yet the employer can not afford to have a dissatisfied man about the place, for lack of a few dollars which he will have to pay in any event, and can generally pay with trifling inconvenience a few months or weeks before the money is legally due.—*American Cultivator.*

—In Marysville, Cal., the street-cars are run to make money. You tender the conductor a fifty-cent piece or a standard dollar and he gives you change in tickets. If you protest he stops the car and waits till you get out, if it takes all summer. He doesn't offer to eject you, but pulls out a cigar, lights it, cocks himself on the dashboard, and proceeds to smoke. You have the choice of either walking or being swindled.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—William Oberly suicided in New York recently because business didn't go right, and he had lost twelve children by death in the last eighteen months.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

—"Great Farmers on Small Farms" is the motto of a New England paper.

—When walnuts and hickorynuts begin to fall, some of the largest and finest should be gathered for planting. Many "waste-places" might in time be made beautiful and valuable with very little labor by being planted with nut trees. —*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A New York farmer declares that the wheat, oats and barley which he dragged last spring, in some doubt as to whether he was not doing more harm than good, yielded thirty-three per cent. more grain than that not dragged, though the latter was on the richest and best ground.

—Baked Berry-Rolls: Roll biscuit dough thin in the form of a large square or into small squares. Spread over with berries. Roll the crust and put into a dripping-pan close together until full; then put into the pan water, sugar and pieces of butter. Bake them. Serve with any of the pudding sauces.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is sometimes said that it is impossible to grow too much fruit in this country, on account of the immense demand for fruit of all kinds. It *is* possible to grow too much inferior fruit; but of the finer varieties there can not be too abundant a supply. There will unquestionably always be a good market for superior fruit.—*Exchange.*

—The New York *Times* reminds farmers that smut is rapidly increasing, few crops being free from it. A solution of four ounces of blue vitriol—sulphate of copper—dissolved in a gallon of water for each five bushels of seed, which is steeped in it until it is absorbed, has been found the most effective to destroy the minute spores which produce the fungus.

—Here is a very simple recipe for a China cement, which rarely fails, and as it can be home-made is inexpensive: Mix a little lime or calcined plaster of Paris with the white of one egg. To use it, take a sufficient quantity of the egg to mend one article at a time: shave off a quantity of the lime and mix thoroughly; apply quickly to the edges and place firmly together, when the parts will very soon adhere and the cup or plate become as strong as ever.—*Detroit Post.*

—Hashing Roast Pork: Put into a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar, two or three cloves, three onions chopped finely, with a little salt; cover tightly, and stew till tender. Cut the cold roast pork into thin slices, dip into flour, scatter salt and pepper over them, and put them into the stewpan; add the gravy that was made for the roast pork, and a little boiling water; simmer with the vinegar and onions for twenty minutes, but do not let it boil on the gallop. Pour upon a hot platter and garnish with bits of toast or fried bread.—*The Household.*

Cheese as Food.

Cheese serves two purposes. It is food and it promotes the digestion of other food. As food it is the most nutritious of all alimentary substances. This is shown by the figures given by Dr. Frankland as the result of a long series of careful experiments with alimentary substances. Food is the material which produces force in an animal, or rather which enables the muscular system of an animal to exert force, and it is valuable and effective in proportion to the amount of force which it enables the muscles to exert. Dr. Frankland's experiments were conducted on the basis of the weight of a certain kind of food which would enable a man of 160 pounds weight to raise himself 10,000 feet. He found that 1.15 pound of cheese in this respect was equivalent to 1.28 of oatmeal, 1.31 of flour, 1.33 of pea meal, 2.34 of bread, 3.53 of lean beef, 5 pounds of potatoes and 8 pounds of milk. Thus cheese is the most useful of all these foods. Butter has the equivalent ratio of 0.693, but butter can hardly be considered as a food, because it is wholly deficient in nitrogen and is a carbo-hydrate only, and therefore wholly inadequate to repair the waste of muscular tissue. But although cheese varies in its composition, as skim, half-skim and full milk cheese, yet it varies but little in its food value, because when the fat is deficient there is an excess of casein or nitrogenous matter, which is directly available in the animal system for the production of heat or force, and even fat, as well as of muscular fiber. The following table gives the composition of some kinds of cheese in common use.

	Water....	Casein....	Fat......	Sugar....	Ash and Salt....
American factory.....	27.29	25.87	35.39	6.21	5.22
English Cheddar......	30.32	28.18	35.43	1.68	4.31
English Cheshire.....	32.59	26.06	22.51	4.53	4.31
English Wiltshire.....	38.22	34.22	19.76	2.28	5.12
Common skim.........	30.43	30.87	27.08	0.22	2.90
Gruyere skim.........	40.00	31.50	24.00	1.50	3.00
Parmesan (skim)......	27.50	44.08	15.95	6.69	5.72
Camembert............	51.94	18.90	21.05	4.40	4.71
Brie..................	45.24	18.48	25.73	4.94	5.61
Roquefort.............	34.55	26.52	36.14	3.72	5.07

It is seen that they vary considerably, but yet that all kinds are very rich in nutritive elements, and make a nearly perfect food. In passing, it may be noticed how the acid curd of the Cheddar is produced at the expenditure of the sugar of the milk, and how the skimmed milk cheese develop in the curing a considerable quantity of fat.

This last mentioned point is more closely connected with the secondary purpose of cheese as food than might be suspected. The rennet used in making the cheese conveys to it some of its own peculiar property of coagulating and digesting casein. Cheese itself may be used in making cheese, as do' will raise a new batch of do'. This digestive property is able to convert albuminoids (casein) into the elements of fat in the stomach, and so it does undoubtedly in the cheese. And the curing of a skim-milk cheese, skillfully conducted, enriches it in fat and brings it up in a very slightly inferior condition to that of a full milk cheese. This same digestive property is excessively developed by long curing, and exists more largely in the more highly flavored cheese; the flavor being produced by the decomposition which increases the digestive activity. Cheese of this kind is not used as food strictly, but as a condiment to aid digestion of other food. It is used as fruit is, at the end of a meal, nominally as a relish, but really as a help to digestion. The production of this active agent of digestion by the curing of cheese is one of the skilled arts of the dairy. Without it cheese does not fulfill its complete use and purpose, and it may be, and no doubt is, a sufficient reason for the comparatively small domestic consumption of cheese and its general neglect as a staple article of food; that American cheese-makers do not know how to thoroughly cure and refine cheese and develop the exquisite flavors and the accompanying digestive properties for which foreign varieties of cheese are so highly estimated.—*The Dairy.*

A Queer Assortment.

A well-dressed man was locked up in the station-house for safe keeping the other day, the general aspect of whose figure betokened a too free imbibition of fiery Jersey lightning. He represented himself as a commercial traveler, and gave as his home, New Bedford, Ct. "Shay," he said, "am I—hic—in New Bedford—hic—or in Detroit?" It was some time before he could be made to understand the fact that he was in Rochester. When he was searched at the station the strangest assortment of articles ever found upon a man was taken from his pockets. He had tickets from Boston to various points in Massachusetts, and one from Rochester to East Saginaw, Mich. He had in his pockets five knives, all in a state of general dilapidation. A dozen cigars and a package of tobacco were next taken out. Then followed in quick succession a box of "universal pomade," a bottle of whiskey, two cooked veal cutlets, several raw lamb chops, three bunches of celery, several herrings, a pound of nails and a copy of Oscar Wilde's poems. Each pocket seemed inexhaustible, and each article brought out seemed stranger than all preceding ones, and the array which was finally piled upon the table was indeed a curious one. To put them all back from whence they came seemed among the impossibilities, and the man manifested an extreme solicitude for each and every article.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

A Pretty Story.

A pretty story is told in a late issue of the New York *Tribune.* A feeble old lady, poorly clad, got into a street car and let a nickel drop, which she had just received from the conductor in change. The piece fell in between the gratings on the floor, and after a short search was given up as lost—the old lady too feeble to make the extra exertion necessary to recover it. As she settled back in her seat with a sigh of regret, a gentleman opposite stooped down, and, affecting to pick up the missing coin, reached over and placed something in her lap. He then pulled the bell and got out. As the old lady discovered the presence of a gold coin left by the stranger, a gentleman sitting near whispered to her the name of the donor. He is one of the best known philanthropists in New York, and the member of a family noted far and wide for its countless good deeds.

Origin of the Word "Album."

The German magazine *Daheim* contains a note on the origin of the word "album." The writer points out that in the Middle Ages the parchment in common use was of two kinds—the Spanish-Italian and the German-French—and that the main difference between these varieties lay in the method of their preparation. The German-French could be written upon on both sides, while of the Spanish-Italian only the inner surface was available. The smooth white side of this latter was called *album,* to distinguish it from the stained exterior; and as the Spanish-Italian parchment, being stouter and cheaper than the other, was generally used for volumes intended as repositories for scraps and literary collections, the meaning of the word album broadened out into its modern signification.

—The country can now rest satisfied that Lord Coleridge's round of American experiences was complete. He was started on the Dispatch for Mount Vernon, and run aground on the mud in the Potomac. This treat is regularly provided for distinguished foreigners by the State Department, and it is pleasant to know that the Lord Chief Justice was not slighted.—*New York Tribune.*

—A man in Dooly County, Ga., seventy-six years old, is living in the house where he was born, and has spent but one night from under its roof.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Happy Once More.

St. Louis, Mo.—A *Chronicle* reporter was told by Mr. Alfred J. Papiu, of this city, that his nephew had the most obstinate case of inflammatory rheumatism, which baffled all kinds of treatment, until St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-conqueror, was used. It cured the young man, and he recommends it as the greatest cure for pains in the world.

Speaking of visiting, did it ever occur to you that the telephone girl answers more "calls" in one day than other ladies do in a month?

A Smart Man

is one who does his work quickly and well. This is what Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" does as a blood-purifier and strengthener. It arouses the torpid liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken, and see how tough he is.—*Exchange.*

Wadley, Ga.—Dr. H. L. Battle, Jr., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular in this section and give entire satisfaction."

When a giraffe wants to drink, he knows what a long felt want it is.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, November 9, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$1 75	@	2 27
Choice butchers	4 00	@	4 65
HOGS—Common	3 75	@	4 35
Good packers	4 40	@	4 60
SHEEP	3 50	@	4 25
FLOUR—Family	5 00	@	5 60
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 12	@	
No. 2 red	1 07¼	@	1 08½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50	@	50½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30½	@	
Rye—No. 2	60	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 50	@	11 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 50	@	11 75
Lard—Current make	7¼	@	
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@	25
Prime Creamery	28	@	30
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@	1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@	2 75

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@	3 50
Good to choice	4 40	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 04	@	
No. 2 red	1 10¾	@	1 11¼
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	59¼	@	60¼
Oats—mixed	35	@	37
PORK—Mess	11 50	@	11 62½

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 01	@	1 01½
Corn—No. 2	48⅞	@	
Oats—No. 2	28¼	@	⅛
Rye	55½	@	
PORK—Mess	11 00	@	11 10
LARD—Steam	7-42	@	7-45

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	@	1 08¼
Corn—mixed	58¼	@	58½
Oats—mixed	35	@	34
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75	@	
Lard—Refined	9½	@	

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—A No 1	$4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 01	@	1 02
Corn—mixed	51	@	52
Oats—mixed	[illegible]	@	31
PORK—MESS	11 50	@	11 75

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 01	@	1 02½
CORN—mixed	49	@	
OATS—mixed	28¾	@	29½
LIVE STOCK—Cattle			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	

Youthful

indulgence in pernicious practices is a most startling cause of nervous and general debility, lack of self-confidence and will power, impaired memory, despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with three letter postage stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Very few men are so stingy that they will not share a kiss with a pretty girl.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sheboygan, Wis.—Dr. S. B. Myers says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility, loss of appetite and want of strength."

"In money matters," said a miserly old fellow, "treat strangers as though they were your relatives."

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A pure strengthening tonic, free from whisky, cures dyspepsia and similar diseases. It has never been equaled. Brown's Iron Bitters.

Would a law against tight lacing be inimical to the freedom of contracts?—*Boston Star.*

I have been a severe sufferer from Catarrh for the past fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a half ago I commenced using Ely's Cream Balm, with most gratifying results and am to-day apparently cured. Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

A young man named Darling lives in Fargo, and when any one calls to him on the street every young lady within three blocks blushes and looks around, gently saying: "Sh, sh."—*Chicago Herald.*

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "The only article which has done me good service. I want nothing better."—*Rev. R. H. Craig, Otisville, N. Y.*

CONSUMPTION.

Important to the Public as well as the Medical Profession.

Hall's Journal of Health, referring to Consumption, makes the following important statement:

"Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath, and quickness of pulse. In fatal cases its average course is about two years; hence the importance of arresting the disease at as early a stage as possible, and the sooner rational means are employed for this purpose the greater the chance of success. The disease is owing to an irritation commencing in the throat and extending to the lungs, so that their action is interferred with, and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen to purify it. The most marked sign of lung disease is emaciation; and the most positive indication of returning health is increase in weight."

So speaks *Hall's Journal of Health,* and we may add that in desperate cases, and, in fact, in all cases of Consumption, or troubles of the throat and lungs, immediate relief may be obtained and a permanent cure effected by the use of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, a medicine known for more than thirty-five years as an unfailing remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary and pectoral diseases. That the worst cases of Consumption have been cured by the use of Hall's Balsam has been attested to by the thousands who have used it, or have been cognizant of its wonderful remedial efficacy.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. John D. Park & Sons, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has cured me of a long-standing case of Eczema, which has resisted all sorts of treatment.
Rev. W. J. Robinson,
N. Ga. Conference.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin 15c.

Ask your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in house in case of accidents. Price 25c.

One dozen small bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me sound and well of a bad Scrofulous affection which had baffled all treatment, including Hot Springs.
J. H. Raiff, Denver, Col.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. $1.

To cure sore throat, gargle with Piso's Cure for Consumption. 25 cents.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Use St. Patrick's Salve, and learn its great value. One trial convinces.

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[1]

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when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use.

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Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

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STOMACH BITTERS

Though shaken in every joint and fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittant, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST qualities of all these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World, and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

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The Pile is fine, deep and rich. The Finish is soft and silky. The colors are perfectly uniform. The tints are bright and beautiful, harmonizing with the latest and most fashionable shades in Dress Goods. They are durable and handsome. They are warranted. They do not fade. They do not spot. They are not harsh and heavy, like ordinary Velveteen. They are not streaked. They can not be distinguished from Lyons Silk Velvet. They are not equaled by any other make.

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The fair Goddess of Fashion points to Arcadia Velveteen as the leading article in this line of goods for the coming season.—*Bazar.*

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VOL. XX 1884

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1883. NUMBER 4.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

Thanksgiving! When Effie heard it she knew very well what it meant,
For always at Grandma Spicer's Thanksgiving-day had been spent,
With aunts and uncles and cousins, dogs, cats and pumpkin pies,
And nuts and apples, frolicsome games, and many a glad surprise.

Is "Fanksgivin'-day to-morrer?" over and over again
Effie would ask her parents, begging them to explain
How many days and weeks must pass, and endeavor to make it clear
Why Thanksgiving-day at grandma's came only once in a year.

The Governor's proclamation, for the good of the Nation planned,
Little Effie was much too young and too flighty to understand;
But she comprehended the meaning of preparations to start
For Grandma Spicer's; and no one could have a more thankful heart.

But this year the floods had broken away the barriers strong,
And over the roads and the meadows went roaring and rushing along,
Bearing away the bridges, and whatever else there might be
In their track; and the narrow streamlet stretched out to a great wide sea.

There were lives lost, too, in the torrent that was all the while being fed
By the great black clouds that hung like a mantle of gloom o'erhead,
And as soon as the sun shone out again the dismal troop to disperse,
Men gathered in solemn crowds, and said: "Thank God that it is no worse!"

Effie had heard her father say, as he brushed away a tear,
That he wouldn't be able to travel about very much this year,
And the little maiden thought 'twould be a bitter drop in her cup
If the visit to Grandma Spicer's was to be given up.

For how could they keep Thanksgiving all alone by themselves,
Even with lots of pies and things spread out on the pantry shelves?
And how could Grandma Spicer give thanks in a proper way
If none of them went to see her, to help her keep the day?

Thus reasoned the little maiden, who grew very sad and sedate,
As if a puzzle were twisting itself about in her curly pate,
And as she'd been always cheerful, and rather to romps inclined,
'Twas feared that her father's trouble had worried the baby mind.

'Twas the day before Thanksgiving, as searching the place around,
From garret to cellar, from barn to shed, little Effie could not be found,
And all the treasures that had been swept away in the vast abyss,
Though grievous to lose, could not compare with a loss so great as this.

She was surely stolen from them like poor little Charley Ross
And Lizzie Selden! God pity the bearers of such a cross!
They sought for her in the dismal swamp, and off by the lonely church;
They looked in the well, and, as night came on, with lanterns kept up the search.

In a village some ten miles distant was Grandma Spicer's abode,
And the way to it was over a rugged and lonesome road,
And Effie's father and mother drove over to tell their sorrow,
And the reason why in fasting and prayer they'd have to spend the morrow.

But Grandma's eyes had a twinkle in them as she soberly said:
"Well, now you're so worn and weary, you'd better go right to bed;
Those only are worthy the sweet who have tasted the bitter drink,
And it may be the dawn is breaking—is nearer now than you think."

They closed the door of their chamber, heavy and sick at heart;
In the festival of the morrow determined to take no part;
And turning they saw—what was it?—the old-fashioned trundle-bed,
And there, asleep on the pillow, their own little "curly-head!"

"Effie! Effie!" the mother screamed; "I have found my child at last."
"Effie! Effie!" the father cried, his tears coming thick and fast;
And all that the naughty maiden said, as she quietly sucked her thumb,
Was: "It's Fanksgivin'-day to-morrer, and gran'muvver said you'd come."

Oh, that was a rare Thanksgiving! the lifting of soul above
The things of earth, to the thought of God's goodness and infinite love;
And when the story of floods and misfortunes the group rehearse,
Each looks in a dear one's face and feels there are trials that might be worse.

And when Effie has told her story—the troublesome little elf!—
How she started all right for grandma's, and suddenly lost herself,
And how scared she was, with many a loving kiss and embrace
They forgive the little "goosie" that started this wild-goose chase.

—*Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Young People.*

THE BIRD OF THE MORNING.

If every bird has his vocation, as a poetical French writer suggests, that of the American robin must be to inspire cheerfulness and contentment in men. His joyous "Cheer up! cheer up! Cheery! Be cheery! Be cheery!" poured out in the early morning from the top branch of the highest tree in the neighborhood, is one of the most stimulating sounds of spring. He must be unfeeling, indeed, who can help deserting his bed and peering through blinds till he discovers the charming philosopher, with head erect and breast glowing in the dawning light, forgetting the cares of life in the ecstasy of song.

Beside admonishing others to cheerfulness, the robin sets the example. Not only is his cheering voice the first in the morning and the last at night—of the day birds—but no rain is wet enough to dampen his spirits. In a drizzly, uncomfortable day, when all other birds go about their necessary tasks of food-hunting in dismal silence, the robin is not a whit less happy than when the sun shines; and his cheery voice rings out to comfort not only the inmates of the damp little home in the maple, but the owners of water-proofs and umbrellas who mope in the house.

The most delightful study of one summer, not long ago, was the daily life, the joys and sorrows, of a family of robins, whose pretty castle in the air rested on a stout fork of a maple-tree branch near my window. Day by day I watched their ways till I learned to know them well.

The seat chosen for observations was under a tree on the lawn, which happened to be the robin's hunting-ground; and here I sat for hours at a time, quietly looking on at his work and listening to the robin talk around me; the low, confidential chat in the trees where the little wife was busy, the lively gossip across the street with neighbors in another tree, the warning "Tut! tut!" when a stranger appeared, the war-cry when an intruding bird was to be driven away, and the joyous "P-e-e-p! tut, tut, tut," when he alighted on the fence and surveyed the lawn before him, flapping his wings and jerking his tail with every note.

In truth, the sounds one hears in a robin neighborhood are almost as various as those that salute his ear among people; the laugh, the cry, the scold, the gentle word, the warning, the alarm, and many others.

When I first took my seat I felt like an intruder, which the robin plainly considered me to be. He eyed me with the greatest suspicion, alighting on the ground in a terrible flutter, resolved to brave the ogre, yet on the alert, and ready for instant flight should anything threaten. The moment he touched the ground, he would lower his head and run with breathless haste five or six feet; then stop, raise his head as pert as a daisy, and look at the monster to see if it had moved. After convincing himself that all was safe, he would turn his eyes downward, and in an instant thrust his bill into the soil where the sod was thin, throwing up a little shower of earth, and doing this again and again, so vehemently that sometimes he was taken off his feet by the jerk. Then he would drag out a worm, run a few feet farther in a panic-stricken way, as though "taking his life in his hands," again look on the ground, and again pull out a worm; all the time in an inconsequent manner, as though he had nothing particular on his mind, and merely collected worms by way of passing the time.

So he would go on, never eating a morsel, but gathering worms till he had three or four of the wriggling creatures hanging from his firm little beak. Then he would fly to a low branch, run up a little way, take another short flight, and thus having, as he plainly intended by this zigzag course, completely deceived the observer as to his destination, he would slip quietly to the nest, and quickly dispose of his load. In half a minute he was back again, running and watching, and digging as before. And this work he kept up nearly all day. In silence, too, for noisy and talkative as the bird is, he keeps his mouth shut when on the ground. In all my watching of robins for years in several places, I scarcely ever heard one make a sound when on the ground, near a human dwelling.

Once I was looking through blinds, and the bird did not see me. He had, after much labor, secured an unusually large worm, and it lay a few inches away where it fell as he gave it the final "yank." This was an extraordinary case; the robin was too full to hold in, and there bubbled out of his closed bill a soft "Cheery! cheery! be cheery!" hardly above a whisper and half frightened withal. Then catching the trophy he flew away, doubtless to show his luck, and tell his tale at home.

The robin has been accused of being quarrelsome; and to be sure he does defend his home with vigor, driving away any bird which ventures to alight on his special maple-tree, sometimes with a loud cry of defiance, and again without a sound, but fairly flinging himself after the intruder so furiously that not even the king-bird—noted as a tyrant over much larger birds—can withstand him. But jealous as he is of his own, he is equally ready to assist a neighbor in trouble. One day while I was studying him a great uproar arose in the orchard. Robin voices were heard in loud cries, and instantly those near the house took wing for the scene of distress. With my glass I could see many robins flying about one spot, and diving one after another into the grass, where there was a great commotion and cries of some other creature—I thought a hen. The robins were furious, and the fight grew very warm, while every now and then a small object was tossed into the air.

Hurrying down to the scene of the warfare, I found that the creature in the grass was a hen-turkey with one chick. She was wild with rage, shaking and tossing up what looked like another young turkey, and the robins, evidently taking the side of the victim, were delivering sharp pecks and scolding vigorously. Securing with some difficulty the object of her fury, I found it to be a young robin, which had fallen from a nest, and which no doubt the usually meek turkey thought threatened danger to her own infant.

The poor little fellow was too badly hurt to live, and although the turkey was removed, some time passed before calmness was restored to the neighborhood. It seemed to me that the chatter in the trees that evening was kept up longer than usual, and I fancied that every little youngster still living in the nest heard the direful tale, and received a solemn warning.

I was surprised to discover, in my close attention to them, that although early to rise robins are by no means early to bed. Long after every feather was supposed to be at rest for the night, I would sit out and listen to the gossip, the last words, the scraps of song—different in every individual robin, yet all variations on the theme "Be cheery," —and often the sharp "He he he he he!" so like a girl's laugh, out of the shadowy depths of the maple.

Once I saw a performance that looked as if the robin wanted to play a joke "with intent to deceive." Hearing a strange bird note, as usual I hastened to my post. From the depths of a thick chestnut-tree came every moment a long-drawn-out, mournful "S-e-e-e-p!" as though some bird was calling its mate. It was not very loud, but it was urgent, and I looked the tree over very carefully with my opera-glass before I caught sight of the culprit, and was amazed to see the robin. The tone was so entirely unlike any I ever heard from him that I should not have suspected him even then, but I saw him in the very act. No sooner did he notice that he was observed than he gave a loud mocking "He he he!" and flew across the lawn to his own tree.

One morning he was not to be seen at his usual work, but a furious calling came from the other side of the lawn. It was anxious and urgent, and it was incessant. I resolved to see what was the trouble. Stealing quietly along, I came in sight of the bird, loudly calling, fluttering his wings, and in evident trouble, though I could not imagine the cause, until looking closely I saw perched on a branch of a cedar tree a fat, stupid-looking bird, fully as big as the robin, and covered with feathers, but with a speckled breast, and no tail worth mentioning.

There he sat, like a lump of dough, head down in his shoulders and bill sticking almost straight up, and neither the tenderest coaxing nor the loudest scolding moved him in the least. In fact, I thought he was dead, till the opera-glass showed that he winked. But stupid and ugly as he looked, he was the darling of the heart in that little red breast, and the parent fluttered wildly about while I found a stick, and jarred the branch slightly as a gentle hint that he should obey his papa. That started the youngster, and away he flew, as well as anybody, to the other side of the walk.

Wondering why the mother did not take part in this training, I peeped into the nest, where I found her sitting, and I concluded she must be raising a second family. It was indeed time for that grown-up baby to learn to care for himself before there was another family to feed. While I was looking at the nest and its frightened yet brave little owner, the young robin came back and alighted on the ground, and so proud and happy yet so anxious a parent is rarely seen. It was soon evident that this was Master Robin's first lesson in the worm business; he was now to be taught the base of supplies, and I kept very quiet while the scene went on. The father would hop ahead a few feet and call persuasively, "Come on!" The awkward youngling answered loudly: "Wait! wait!" Then he would hop a few steps, and papa would dig up a worm to show him how, and tenderly offer it as a slight lunch after his exertion. So they went on, that clumsy and greedy youngster induced by his desire for worms, while the patient teacher encouraged and worked for him. As for making an effort for himself, the notion never entered his head.

Not long after I saw one of the same brood seated on a twig and asking to be fed. I was quite near, and the robin papa hesitated to come. Master Robin called more and more sharply, drawing up his wings without opening them, exactly like a shrug of the shoulders, and jerking his body in such a way that it looked like stamping his foot. It was a funny exhibition of youthful imperiousness, and resembled what in a child we call "spunkiness."

One of the most interesting entertainments of the later days was to hear the young bird's music lesson. In the early morning the father would place himself in the thickest part of the tree, not as usual on the top, in plain sight, and with his pupil near him would begin, "Cheery! cheery! be cheery!" in a loud, clear voice; and then would follow a feeble, wavering, uncertain attempt to copy the song. Again papa would chant the first strain, and baby would pipe out his funny notes. This was kept up, till in a surprisingly short time, after much daily practice both with the copy and without, I could hardly tell father from son.

When the maple leaves turned, in the fall, and the little home in the tree was left empty and desolate, I had it brought down to examine. It was a curious and remarkably well-made nest, being a perfect cup of clay, a little thicker around the top, well moulded, and covered inside and out with dry grass. This snug cottage of clay has been the scene of some of the sweetest experiences of all lives, great as well as small. For the happiness it has held I will preserve it; and thus moralizing I placed it on a bracket in memory of a delightful study of the Bird of the Morning.—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Atlantic Monthly.*

The Chinese Race.

On board the Australia, on which I sailed to Honolulu, writes Moncure D. Conway, there is a rather venerable Chinaman, called John Tuck, who is nearly blind and seems to do only light work. When a number of years ago one of the Pacific Mail ships was taking a cargo of gold to Hong Kong a fire broke out, the Chinese sailors were demoralized and this man mainly controlled them, taking the side of the officers. It was largely owing to him that the crew did not seize everything for a piratical expedition. [The ship sunk and there is some talk of trying to find the bars of gold still in that water.] The company would not part from John Tuck after that. They all speak highly of the Chinese servants on board, and surely there could not be better servants. Our cooks are Chinamen, and I only wish there were such on some of the Atlantic steamships on which I have traveled. Every dish that comes on the table has plainly had special care bestowed on it, and our daily curry (an old traveler tells me) is equal to any that can be got in any country. There are on board about 100 Chinese, men and women, on their way to settle in the Sandwich Islands. Ever since we left San Francisco, and even now, when we are in the tropics, these people prefer to cram themselves like sardines in their hold beneath the deck and play dominos while they melt, rather than enjoy their deck and the breezes that never fail us. The inner being of these Chinamen must be curiously constructed. The women, several of whom have babies, do not play at dominos, nor anything else, yet, instead of enjoying the open air, they sit in their small rooms below the deck. The captain showed me around the ship, and in one small room we found four women and two babies, though they are all allotted ample room. There seems to be a swarming instinct, as of bees in a hive, at work in them. I observed that the two Chinese babies were decidedly pretty, and there was nothing in their features that appeared characteristic of their race. I could hardly have distinguished them from bright mulatto infants. Unless while he is playing at dominos, I have observed no Chinaman in a state of repose. No matter what the heat or the time of day, these men seem to be always doing something, as if motion rather than inertia were their natural state. They move about as noiselessly as incessantly, and at table appear to anticipate one's request before it is uttered. Their faces are always peaceful, and I have only observed one that has any wrinkles in it. They are said to have remarkably good health, despite their disregard of ventilation and their opium smoking. Their two passions are opium and gambling, but their friendlier critics say that they do not carry either to the excess prevalent among whisky-drinkers and gamblers of whiter complexion.

—An Indianapolis minister believes that base-ball increases the loafer crop. —*Chicago Tribune.*

Religious.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Night's solemn hush is o'er me. Lo! I bend
Before the beauty of this mystic hour.
No still, small voice, no sounds supernal blend
Their strains with all the sweet, uplifting power
In which my soul utters its grateful cry;
And yet a blessing falls through all the hallowed sky.

Soul of all life! the heart within me thrills
In reverent worship for the love Divine
With which Thou clothest all the vales and hills
With beauty; for the fruitful corn and wine
Of earth's abundance; for its flocks and herds,
For flowers and streams and verdure and the song of birds.

We thank Thee for the sunshine flecking o'er
The grassy meadows; for the burnished gold
Of morning, and the rainbow tints before
The sun is fled, when the fair day grows old,
And for the clouds that flock in pageant by,
In grandeur sailing down the radiant western sky.

We thank Thee for the smile and clasp of hands,
When friend meets friend upon the devious way
Of life's strange journey o'er the shifting sands
Of tortuous years, where pause we not or stay,
E'en when a loved one sinketh to his rest,
Breathing his life out gently on the earth's broad breast.

Thanks for the benediction of Thy love
Celestial, falling with a Heavenly grace
From out those heights, where angel ones, above
The scene of our temptations, gladly trace
The paths by which our steps may safely climb
Those shining heights beyond, where life shall grow sublime.

We thank Thee, O our Father, that we live!
That endless cycles roll beyond our ken,
That all the pure affections we receive
And give, that bind us to our fellow men,
Shall bloom and ripen in that home above,
Where dwell we evermore with peace, and joy, and love.

—*Hester M. Poole, in Continent.*

THANKFUL IN ALL THINGS.

We count too often only the rosary of our outward prosperities, and measure our gratitude too much by the shining pearls of our successes, as we sit in silent review of the year at the Thanksgiving service. There is a deeper and a truer thankfulness than this, and Mr. Howells has put it into strong verse:

"Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

"For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good
Quicken our gratitude."

There is a truer prosperity than that which counts its bank notes, its bonds, stocks and bushels of wheat. For health and vigor, for increase of goods, for unbroken family circles and for unsundered friendships it is our duty to give thanks; but is Thanksgiving-Day only for those who are prosperous as the world counts prosperity? Is there to be no song of rejoicing, no prayer of gratitude to the Infinite Giver from the households that are darkened and the hearts that are desolate? "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him," said the noble old man out of whose opulent life a whirlwind of trouble had swept every possession, every earthly affection, every earthly hope.

We thank God for the flower; we do not thank Him enough for the seed. We thank Him for the perfect fruit; we do not thank Him enough for the long, slow process by which the fruit ripens. We thank Him for the summer, with its soft air and its masses of fragrant color; we do not thank Him for the winter, with its blasts and its snows. And yet His goodness is as great in the cold as in the heat, in the storm as in the calm, in the cloud as in the sunshine. We are continually asking for courage and fortitude, but when the hard and perilous times come which mold our feebleness into strength and transform our timorousness into bravery, we do not see that our prayer is being answered; we send up daily petitions for patience, but when annoyances and perplexities throw their meshes over us and train us into the very habit we ask for, we fail to read in them the reply of Divine Providence. Our heartfelt longing is for the development of the highest and noblest things that are in us, but our thanksgiving limits itself too often to the comforts and pleasures that satisfy our poorest cravings. We are thankful to be comfortable when we ought to rejoice that God will not suffer us to find comfort in any but the highest things.

We need to thank God that He delivers us from ourselves; that He denies our wishes, thwarts our plans, defeats our purposes. The true thanksgiving service must make room for every son of man, however afflicted or sorrowing; it is not a feast for the rich and happy; it has its prayer of gratitude and its psalm of praise for the poor and the afflicted. We must rejoice not in ourselves but in God; we must count not on our own prosperities, but the ministries of His infinite love. He lives and we live in Him; His life sweeps our little lives within the impregnable circle of an unchanging and an unfailing love. Wealth comes with the morning, and at night it has taken wings and is gone; pleasure smiles upon us, and then hides herself; friends come close to our innermost souls, and then vanish out of sight; hands that minister to us grow cold, eyes that shine like stars of hope upon us are closed, hearts that beat for us are stilled; but God abides, and the mighty power of His immortality makes all that we worthily love imperishable.

Faith lays the foundation of an hourly and eternal gratitude, and gives the key-note of an everlasting song. We are weak, but One is strong, and we lean on Him forever; we are but for a day, but One is for eternity, and we breathe the air of His immortality; our lives change and are at the mercy of winds and storms, but One holds the winds in the hollow of His hands, and He is our God, our Friend, our Comforter. We can not tell what a day may bring forth, but the future unrolls like a scroll before His gaze; we do not know the possibilities of our own natures nor what to ask for when we crave a blessing; He sees the seeds of immortal beauty and fruitage that are sown in us, He brings the winter that fertilizes and protects the soil, the summer that enriches and vitalizes it, the autumn that brings mellow and beautiful fruit. We see ourselves in the dim light of a brief earthly day, God sees us in the radiance of eternity; we ask for that which will make us comfortable for an hour, God gives us that which will enrich us forever. We plan for time, God brushes aside our poor structure and lays for us, broad and deep, immortal foundations. Thank God, then, not only for the golden coin which drops from His treasury into our lives, but also for the inexhaustible wealth which bears an image and superscription which we have not yet learned to value at its worth; thank Him for health, and lands, and friends; but thank Him above all for that sleepless and changeless ministry, whether of joy or sorrow, which makes us the heirs of His glory, and the children of His immortality.—*Christian Union.*

Goodness of a Good Man.

True goodness consists in the suppression of self. We find that suppression in the case of Barnabas, in the surrender of his goods at the beginning, in the waiving of his own prejudices in order to welcome the Gentile converts, and in his unenvying yielding of the foremost place to the young man whom he himself had first taken by the hand. All these incidents point to the same great truth—that goodness and the crucifixion of self are but two names for one thing.

This is but the other side of the thought that all goodness is loving obedience to the will of God. God and self are the two polar opposites, one or other of which must be the center of our lives. All varieties of character and conduct come down to these two great varieties at last. Either we are seeking to please God, and then we are good, or else we are living for self, in a more or less gross and direct fashion, and then, I am afraid, we must complete the antithesis, and say—we are bad. In such life, however white and glittering it may look, there is a core of corruption.

To live to self, whether it be our judgment or our own taste, or our passions, or our own lusts, is sin, and it is death. To live to God is goodness and life; and to live to God is the only way by which we cease to live to self. We must die in order to live. All goodness is martyrdom, the martyrdom of self, that the life of God, which is life indeed, may flow into our souls. In the lowest region of all we must sacrifice possessions, and in every region of experience we must give up ourselves, our prejudices, or ambitions, our notions, our tastes, and worst of all, and most comprehensive of all, our will, and everything that is ours but our consciences, if we would have the fair beauty of goodness in our characters. Old fairy tales describe how a loathy serpent, twining round a tree, had to be slain by a sharp sword ere the spell was broken, and the foul thing becomes a princess living in her beauty. So we ourselves have to slay ourselves, and out of the ugly, poisonous self that we slay struggles forth, beautiful and radiant, the better self, which is the image and gift of Christ. All goodness is self-repression.—*The Churchman.*

Do Your Work Well.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

The beauty of this maxim is best seen by comparison, by placing before us a useful life, and one that is in no way commendable.

The old Greek architects laid the foundations of a temple as thoroughly as if the stones were to meet the public gaze.

The scholar whose lessons barely escape the mark of failure, who is never quite up to the mark in anything, is laying the foundation for a worthless character. Character is not ready-made; it grows day by day, and at last becomes a coat-of-mail that can not be put on or laid aside at will.

There was once a member of the British House of Commons who rose to that distinction from the humblest origin. One day, during a warm debate, an aristocratic member said, sneeringly: "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the dignified reply, "did I not black them well?" By being thorough in whatever he undertook, he fitted himself for responsible situations, and made as good a member of the House of Commons as boot-black.

It is well for Christians to be all that they profess to be, for the sake of the soul-growth it secures to them, as well as the benefit it is to those who look sharply after their short-comings, and are not sorry when they discover them.

We know a few whose seats in church are seldom vacant of a Sabbath day, and whose names can be found on church books; but that is all we know, all anybody knows, respecting their religious experience or devotion. As professing Christians, they "pass muster," and that is all. How will it be when they appear "in that multitude which no man can number?" Will they "pass muster" there?—*Golden Rule.*

Gems of Thought.

—Reflection is an angel which points out the errors of the past and gives us courage to avoid them in the future.

—He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.—*Paley.*

—The noblest spirits are those which turn to Heaven, not in the hour of sorrow but in that of joy. Like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, that they may soar up into their native element.

—The *Interior* suggests that if the 600,000 Presbyterians should add one penny saved by the reduction of postage to the widow's two mites, taking it for granted that they write on an average one letter a day, it would add a very large sum to the Lord's treasury in a year.

—Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Helps.*

Our Young Folks.

TOM WEE.

"Hear ye," the merry gossips say,
"A tale of the last Thankful Day:"

(9 O'CLOCK.)

Up from his perch on grandpa's knee,
Up to the dear face, soberly
Looked Tommy Wee, that merry elf,
The while he murmured to himself:
"He'll go to church and pray—and pray,
He'll have a jolly time, his way,
To-day."

(12 O'CLOCK.)

Up to the turkey crisp and brown,
Up to the mince pies, smiling down
Mid hosts of goodies from the shelf,
Looked Tommy, murmuring to himself:
"He's gone to church to pray—and pray;
I'll have a jolly time, my way,
To-day."

(4 O'CLOCK.)

Up in his little trundle-bed,
Up, covered close from foot to head,
Lay Tommy Wee, a sorry elf,
Lay Tommy, murmuring to himself:
"Oh, what is turkey? what is pie?
If only I don't die—don't die,
Next time Thanksgivin' comes this way,
I'll go to church and pray—and pray
All day!"

"Think you," the merry gossips say,
"He'll keep his word, this Thankful Day?"
—*Wide Awake.*

SIX THANKSGIVING TURKEYS.

Dan Riley was eating his breakfast. Strange to say, he wasn't thinking much about the buckwheat cakes and honey this morning, though grandma always said breakfast was the only time that Dan was not absent-minded. She had known him go to school without his hat, and go to bed in his boots, and leave his candle burning all night, and forget to mail a letter for a week; but he never failed, grandma would say, with a funny twinkle, to hear Prue's step at the door, and was always there to meet her and bring in the hot cakes.

It was two days before Thanksgiving. There was a fine snow on the ground and Dan had a new sled. Ike Paxton, his chum, had no sled and no time to make one (it was all Ike's mother could do to spare him school times, and almost more than she could do to feed and clothe him and the other three boys other times). Should he let Ike coast with him Thanksgiving, when all the fellows met on Big Spring Hill—for, of course, even Ike would have some Thanksgiving holiday? or should he give him his old piece of a sled, that wouldn't go straight and would certainly go to smash the first time it struck against a tree?

Meantime, grandma was interviewing grandpa about her Thanksgiving dinner. Son John was going to drive over in his big sleigh, with wife and six children; and daughter Caroline would bring her family to dinner; "and I am determined to cook two turkeys," said this old lady, as fiercely as if somebody were going to oppose her.

"Very well," said Farmer Riley, smiling. "You don't say nothin' 'bout how many ears of corn Dobbin gets. I ain't got nothin' to say against your two turkeys."

"And that ain't all," continued grandma, still defying an imaginary opposer. "I want another one killed for Widder Aldrich. Don't you think, father, when I asked her, at Miss Roger's quiltin', whether she put chopped parsley in her turkey gravy, she said she hadn't had a turkey to cook for so long she most forgot. I just made up my mind that minute that I'd kill three turkeys, 'stead of two, this Thanksgiving."

"All right, old woman," said the farmer, finishing off his breakfast with a glass of fresh buttermilk. "Better have 'em killed 'fore night and hung up. Do you hear, Dan? If granny wants *all* her turkeys killed, don't you ask no questions. Just go ahead and do it."

"And Dan," said grandma, "don't be too late getting at it."

Dan was busy picturing himself, alone in his glory, flashing down Big Spring Hill on "The Rainbow" and trying to persuade himself that to a fellow who had *no* sled an old, rickety trap would seem a very fine affair. He didn't take in very clearly what was expected of him, but contented himself with a vague assurance that he was to kill all grandma's turkeys and ask no questions.

He thought he was beginning his job pretty early that evening; but the November twilight seemed very short, and he had only killed six turkeys when he heard the supper-bell rung out of the window at him and knew he must give up the job for the night. He lugged them up to the kitchen door, washed his hands at the pump, and, by no means in a gentle humor, went in to supper.

"Well, Dan," said grandma, putting an extra spoonful of sugar in his cup, "did you get through?"

"No'm," he said, in a very injured tone: "not half through. I only killed six."

"*Six!*" said Grandma Riley, and set down the cup and saucer. There was a blank silence, while an uncomfortable suspicion began to dawn upon absent-minded Dan.

"Grandpa said I was to kill all your turkeys, without asking any questions," he said, presently; and then grandpa roared out laughing, and laughed and laughed, until grandma herself had to join, and Dan. They were still at it when Prue rushed in with the overwhelming statement that there were six "kilt" turkeys at the kitchen door.

Her chances for scolding Dan being spoiled by all this laughing, Grandma Riley took the fact of the six turkeys very quietly.

"'T'aint often you make me a present, mother," said the old farmer, "and I want one of them turkeys for Jim Coales' family."

"Grandma, can't I have one for Ike Paxton's mother?" said Dan, conscious of a guilty thought that this might buy off his conscience about that coasting business.

"Oh! go 'long," said grandma: "but you needn't ask for t'other, 'cause Prue is a-goin' to fetch it to her old uncle. And now come 'long and help me and Prue to pick them six turkeys, Dan'el Riley."

Next afternoon Dan and Dobbin went 'round getting rid of those turkeys. But giving is a very spreading sort of thing. When Dan got to Mrs. Paxton's, he had almost forgotten his old broken sled, and he and Ike laid their plans for double-riding on the Rainbow. And the spreading did not stop there. That was the gayest Thanksgiving the Rileys had ever known. The story of the six turkeys was told amid shouts of happy laughter, and when it had quieted down John's wife said:

"Sister Caroline, while we come home to eat mother's turkeys, I think we might kill our own for somebody that hasn't any." And they made the bargain between them.

When Grandpa Riley was covering the bedroom fire for the night grandma shook her head at him from the pillows and said, in the tone of one who quells an enemy:

"You needn't say a word, old man, I mean to kill six turkeys every Thanksgiving as long as I live!"—*E. P. Allan, in N. Y. Independent.*

Good Mother Woodcock.

My friend the woodcock has an excellent wife, and an excellent mother—that is, an excellent mother to his children. He may have had an excellent mother himself; probably he did, for of all birds the woodcock mother is the kindest and most affectionate to her little ones. But what I wish to state, though I'll confess that, like Brother Boreas, I'm a little long-winded this time, is that the offspring of my friend Woodcock actually are carried about by their mother when they are too young to escape from danger unaided. She does not carry them by her bill (no, even the cat-bird would not attempt that), but she closes her little feet upon them, and so holds them as safely as your mother holds the baby in her careful arms.

In numbers of cases, hunters have seen the great-eyed birds rise and fly away heavily and low, seemingly holding something between their feet. Mr. C. F. Holder, one of the *St. Nicholas* writers, tells me that a Western sportsman recently had curiosity enough to follow such a bird, and a good chase she led him, through a hay-field, over brambles, bushes and stones, but he finally gained upon her, and saw that in her feet she carried a tiny downy woodcock, that seemed not the least alarmed by such a strange mode of traveling. The old bird carried it several hundred yards, before alighting with it, and then quickly disappeared in the tall, thick grass.

My little Mrs. Woodcock is the proudest mother I ever knew. She thinks her children are perfection. To me they seem to have rather large mouths, but she scouts the idea of that being anything against their beauty. To her way of thinking a large mouth gives an openness of expression to the young that is simply charming. Ah, Woodcock is a happy fellow!—*St. Nicholas.*

Money in the Antipodes.

Socially money will do very much in America; judiciously expended I think it will do even more in England; in the way of sheer purchase of social recognition it will do curiously little in Australia. There was, indeed, a time there when, in a social sense, the moneyed man was regarded with actual suspicion. And for this there were some grounds. The original moneyed man might have had unpleasant antecedents, of which time had not yet effaced the memory. *Non olet* is not true of *nummus* in Australia, although it is safe to predicate that with the lapse of years *non olebit.* But now there is a vast number of moneyed men in Australia, and the means whereby their wealth has come to them are known as reasonably savory. They have therefore ceased to be regarded with suspicion. I do not think people at home have any idea how large fortunes are in Australia, and how many of those large fortunes there are. Once in South Australia I had occasion to speak of a friend who had come from that colony and taken up his residence in London. I spoke of him as a very rich man. "Oh, no," was the answer, "he is very well off, but we don't reckon him a very rich man." "Why," said I, "I understood him to be worth a quarter of a million!" "Well, I hope he is a little better than that," said my interlocutor, "but still we don't reckon him here as very rich." I am not going to compile a roll of Australian millionaires, because, for one thing, it would take up too much space. But this I may affirm, that two-thirds of them are not in society, nor nourish any hope of ever being admitted within its pale. If you find one of them inside it, he has not crossed the palisade on the golden ladder; he entered by the gate in virtue of his social attributes. If these are unsatisfactory, you will find him outside among the nettles; or again, it may be, far away in the bush, a man content with himself, and caring for none of these things. For it must be said that in Australia there is no universal aspiration after the flower garden of society. But the moneyed aspirant will not find that his wealth gives him social prestige. There are Australians now in England who have entertained royalty, and whose guest-lists have filled columns of the *Morning Post,* yet who, in their native land, have never, with all their efforts, got further than the outlying fringes of Australian society.—*Archibald Forbs, in Contemporary Review.*

The Superior Man.

"What's this Dead Scott decision about?" queried Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper. "Dread Scott—not Dead Scott," corrected Mr. Wigglesworth, with a man's patronizing smile of superiority. "Well, Dread Scott, then. What is it?" Mr. Wigglesworth was stuck, but he looked wise. "Something to do with the Mexican war," he explained. "General Scott, you know, was a terrible fighter, and the greasers got to referring to him as Dread Scott. Some decision or other he made about a battle is what the papers mean." Mrs. Wigglesworth, with a satisfied air, folded the paper back and turned to see if any new people had been born, while Mr. Wigglesworth winked to himself at his having got out of it so smoothly. "All a woman needs," he mentally remarked, "is to have a thing explained one way or another. Don't matter what you tell 'em, so long as it's something. It's a mighty sight easier than having to answer a hundred questions; makes 'em respect a man, too."—*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

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For Young Men, Youths, Boys and Children in Great Varieties, and Low Prices. All goods sold by us guaranteed. Also a Big Line of Ready Made Clothing on hand.

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Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. NOV. 21. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
1 "	¼ "	20
¼ "	1 "	20
¼ "	½ "	10
¼ "	¼ "	6

For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (except the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE office of Coroner is again vacant. Look out Dr. Cropper.

IN the Owen Circuit Court Wm. Carter was fined $600 for malicious shooting.

SOME days last week in the northwest thermometers ranged from 15 to 40 degrees below zero.

THE nail factory and rolling mills of the Norton Iron Works at Ashland burned on the 14th inst.

AT Prospect Park, N. Y., last week, J. B. Barnby & Co's. H. B. Winship trotted a mile in 2:08½.

JUDGE HOADLEY wants no expense displayed at his inauguration as Governor of Ohio. Another indication that he is a man of judgment.

MR. RANDALL has been quite sick. Probably he has a slight recollection of the state of Hoadley's health during the Ohio campaign this fall.

NEARLY all the ladies in Washington are for Carlisle for Speaker, which is a pretty good indication that his chances for election are good.

IT costs Woodford county $33 55 a head, per year, to keep its paupers. They certainly feed on wind and dust.

LEXINGTON and Frankfort are reviving the old quarrel about the capitol. When they get things pretty warm Burlington will come in as a dark horse.

WM. H. VANDERBILT'S registered four per cent. United States bonds bring him an income in the way of interest of $3 58 per minute. He owns $47,050,000 of them.

IT is in evidence in a London newspaper suit that dispatches of thirty words from America are sometimes expanded three quarters of a column after their reception in London.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $4 80@5 00; fair to good packers, at $4 60@4 85; fair to good light, $4 40@4 65; common, $3 75@4 35; culls, $3 00@3 80: stock hogs, $3 50@4 25.

THE main walls of the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake were completed last Friday. They are of solid granite eighty-five feet high and ten feet thick, and were begun twenty-eight years ago. The cost thus far has been $4,500,000.

FITCHE'S lumber yard in Lawrenceburg, Ind., was destroyed by fire last week, the loss being estimated at $50,000. The stock of lumber had been assigned to Fitche's bank which put up its shutters some months since.

BUTLER says that he will not guarantee that the Democrats will carry Massachusetts next year, but he will guarantee that the State will need all its Republican talent at home, having none to spare other states during the presidential campaign.

Ada Atkinson's Murder At Last Avenged.

FOWLER, IND., Nov. 19—About 10:30 last night a man on horseback slowly rode to the jail from the southwest. After riding around the courthouse he turned, broke, and rode rapidly back in the direction whence he came. In about an hour after about 300 masked men rode into town. They hitched their horses, posted guards to warn away citizens, and went to the east door of the jail, where they soon found an entrance by breaking down the door with sledges. They then very quietly, but with great determination, proceeded to break down the iron doors leading into the corridors. This took some, perhaps half an hour. Soon, however, the doors gave away under the skill and labor of the avengers. Old man Nelling met them at the door of his cell, already dressed, and ready to go to his doom. He was quickly walked to a carriage, in which was a rope. The only remark that he made was, "Go a little slow, gentlemen, I am older than some of you." He was taken to Oxford and hung immediately.

THE new revision of the Old Testament is completed, and will soon appear for the sanction or condemnation of a charitable public. It is said that it can hardly be recognized as the old book, and it is predicted that it will not be as favorably received as was the New Testament revision. Such radical changes in the composition of the old book will not be satisfactory to the older people who are able to understand the teachings of the Bible expressed as it is. The modern expressions that the revisors have seen proper to introduce will not gain the confidence of the masses, no matter how hard they labor to prove that the original translators were a set of ignoramuses. Too great a change will not take with the people.

THE Warsaw Independent advocates a change in the school law, and allow each county to retain the money which the school tax produces therein. If this change were made, the respective school districts might claim that the lines ought to be drawn closes, and each district have for its exclusive use all the money its property yields.

THEY are trying to get up an oil excitement over in Dearborn county, Indiana. Some experienced oil men are taking hold of the matter, and if they can get the land they will proceed to sink wells, and ascertain what can be done, if any thing. No doubt but now is a good time to sell Dearborn county land.

ON the Mexican National railroad last week, a train was wrecked and robbed of $8,000 in silver, which was in care of the express messenger. Before the work of robbing the passengers was commenced, the robbers became frightened, mounted their horses and fled. Mexico seems to have a Jesse James gang also.

THE weather having reversed, the farmers will now proceed with the stripping of their tobacco, as it is to the advantage of the producer to get his crop on the scales as soon as possible, because of the rapid loss incurred by cold, dry weather.

IT is evident that the newspaper correspondents at Washington are only guessing as to the relative strength of the candidates for Speaker on the first ballot in the caucus.

SAM ROGRS, who killed his brother in Robertson county, has given bond for his appearance for trial, in the sum of $10,000.

THE price of hogs has advanced some.

THERE is considerable excitement in Powell county just now over what some people choose to call the return of a spirit to this earth. A few weeks ago a Mrs. Pettit died, leaving several married children and one single—a girl. The idea of leaving this daughter to fight the battles of life alone was a source of considerable worry to her in her last hours. But she died and was buried, and nothing unusual happened until about three weeks later, when on going out of the house one night just after dark, the daughter heard the voice of her departed mother calling her name. The sound seemed to come from the heavens, and she recognized the voice distinctly. For several nights the daughter went out to listen for the sound, and at last she persuaded some of the neighbors to come out and hear for themselves. They all declared that there is no doubt but that it is the voice of the departed woman. This story has been told us by reliable persons who have been there and heard the voice and recognized it.—Mt. Sterling Sentinel.

DURING the last term of the Powell Circuit Court a decision was rendered in a land suit between Ludfords and Hatins, in which certain lines were indentified. Hatins, in compliance with the judgment of the court began moving the fence as directed, when it was thrown down by Ludfords. This was repeated by the contending parties until threats of violence were made. Last week, two brothers, Ludfords, armed with double-barreled shot-guns, went out to the scene, determined to carry into effect their former threats or have the lines where they wanted them, notwithstanding the opinion of the court to the contrary. They found Hatin at work, when their guns were made to cover him and the order given to throw up his hands. Instead of obeying, he gathered his faithful rifle. The two brothers fired, but without effect. The rifle was then fired, and a ball took effect in the hip of one of the Ludfords, causing an ugly but not a serious wound. With this the parties went to their homes, their blood at fighting heat. This occurrence was on the line between Powell and Menifee, and on the waters of Red river, the Ludfords living in Powell and the Hatins in Menifee. The families of the respective parties are now aroused and swear vengeance. Fears are entertained that one county will be in arms against the other and much blood be shed. The cooler heads are for quelling the disturbance, but the immediate families are on the war-path.—Mt. Sent.

2

A TRUE assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

COCHRAN, GA.—Dr. A. J. Lamb says: "I never met with a remedy that gave more satisfaction in cases of debility and prostration than Brown's Iron Bitters."

OWENTON, KY.—Rev. J. W. Waldrop says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Nov. 16, 1883.

G'n Trash and Lugs	$1 80@	$4 00
Common Trash	4 50	6 00
Colory Trash	7 00	9 50
Good Br't Trash	10 00	15 00
Fine Br't Trash	16 00	20 00
Dark Lugs	5 00	7 00
Common Lugs	7 00	9 50
Colory Lugs	10 00	12 00
Good Stripping Lugs	13 00	16 50
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17 00	23 00
Common Leaf	6 00	11 50
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	14 50
Good Med. Leaf	15	19 50
Good Br't Leaf	20 00	24 75
Fine Br't Leaf	25 00	27 50
Fancy Bright Leaf	28 00	34 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 50
Good Lug Fillers	12 00	16 00
Fine Lug Fillers	17 00	22 00
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	16 00
Good Med. Fil'rs	17	19 50
Good L'f Fillers	20 00	24 50
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 00	27 50
Fancy Leaf Fillers	28 00	30 00

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Out on the Prairie.

Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not furthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time."

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything should happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Called from the mass of [illegible] Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC, is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the torpid organs into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

But take it into your house; and it will speak for itself. Once used, will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price, 50 cents and $1. Hiscox & Co., Chemist, New York.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Stewart Baker Plff.
vs
James Marshall, Deft.
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the Oct. term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Dec., 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 12 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Being a portion of the farm on which the defendant James Marshall now resides near Richwood church this county and is bounded thus: Beginning at a Mulberry tree a corner between the James Marshall and James Rice tracts of land; thence with the line dividing the same N 77⅞ W 4.08 ch. to a stone near the edge of the Richwood pike a corner between James Marshall and L. B. Stephens; thence S 13¼ W 23.80 ch. to a stake; thence N 50 E 28.12 ch. to a stake in Robt. Cleek's line; thence with his line N 4 E 21 ch. to a stake; thence S 59 W 24.30 ch. to the beginning containing 50 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $825 85

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

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OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October; P. U Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch and W. T. German, Deputy Sheriffs.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Walter Ryle, Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Virginia M. Huey, &c. Plffs.
vs
Laura Huey, Deft.
} Notice of sale in Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the Oct., term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Dec. 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6, 12 & 18 mos. at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

101 acres of land being the farm upon which William S. Huey resided at the time of his death and now occupied by John Humphrey and bounded by the lands of T. P. Marshall, the Bradfords, J. T. Ryle, Gen. Smith, &c.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

BOONE HOUSE,

BURLINGTON, KY.

C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,
J E Duncan,
G C Gaddy,
Noah Craven,
C S Balsly,
George Gaines,
Absalom Aylor,

J C Jenkins,
Oscar Gaines,
Ben Clore,
Wm. Clore,
A S Gaines,
O S Gaines,
J. B. Winston,

THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.

"A PRIMA DONNA IN EVERY HOME."

A Mechanical Wonder.

Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no Toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity; fully aware of its merit we had thousands of Dolls ready for the Holiday trade notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December, and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. The Doll has been improved in every way since last year. Instead of the stiff German body as in all imported Dolls our Doll has an AMERICAN MADE BODY with limber joints so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arm is of Finest Kid with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll, they are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more expensively made than the best imported bodies which they will out-wear many times. The Waxen Heads with long hair are of the best French and German make made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll's Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the Wonderful Singing Attachment THE DOLL ALONE IS WELL WORTH THE ENTIRE PRICE. THE SINGING ATTACHMENT is concealed within the body. It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. Its shape and location are shown in the right hand engraving. It is a Perfect Musical Instrument, finely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: "Home sweet home," "Greenville," "I want to be an angel," "There is a happy land," "Sweet bye and bye," "Bonnie Doon," "How can I leave thee?" "A B C Song," "America," "Thou, thou reign'st" (German), "Frohe Botschaft" (German), "Tell Aunt Rhoda," "Buy a broom," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "God bless the Prince of Wales," "Grandfather's Clock," "Child's Song," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message" (German), "Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "So many Stars" (German), "Sleep my Child" (German), "When I a little bird," "Cradle's Empty," "God save the Queen." Walking and talking dolls have long been made, but they are expensive, soon out of order and do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our Wonderful Singing Doll does, which is the Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED and is the most beautiful and appropriate present that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes No. 1, 22 inches high, price $2.75. No. 2, 24 inches high, larger head price $3.25. No. 3, 26 inches high, OUR BEST DOLL, price $4.00. These Prices Include Boxing. All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the doll the larger the singing attachment and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price; fine embroidered Chemise 25 cts. extra. THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Address all orders to THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 55 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

☞ FINE COSTUMES for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, finely made, $2.00 to $3.00 extra.

A. L. Brown,

THE HATTER,

Cor. Pike and Washington Streets
COVINGTON, - - KY.

Has always on hand a large variety of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats, and prices GUARANTEED to be as low as the lowest.

Gents' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Blotches, Ringworm, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, enriches and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores.

"Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The limbs were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, MRS. ANN O'BRIAN."

148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

☞ All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brian; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Wilds of 78 East 54th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882:

"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITTSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

83-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

may 9-tf

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS FOR THE

LIVER

And all Billious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR, Hebron, Ky.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.

CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUCCESSORS TO DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, No. 920 LOCUST ST.

CHAS. L. LaBARBE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge. NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to

CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.

BLOOD IMPURITIES, Inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.

DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.

WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.

FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS

by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one.) Remedy sold ONLY by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

INJECTION SANTINELI

Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation Fairmount Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. McKim.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

NEVER FAILS

FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

Local News.

Clean up your ice houses.

Have you standard time or old time

Honey bees were on the wing, Monday.

The Boone's regalia brought $15 01—cost $75.

The wind work for a town hall is being done.

The Central Hotel is being partially re-roofed.

Talk's talk, but it takes money to buy town halls.

Haven't had much picnic weather the past ten days.

Occasionally a mob hangs a man north of the Ohio river.

Hog's feet and souse will be on the bill of fare in a few days.

Schofield Blankets at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., at $5 a pair.

Schofield's Jeans at 40c. per yard at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Mr. Souther canvassed the town last week for pictures to enlarge.

Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind., is the place to get a nice Cloak or Dolman.

A fine Union Casemere Overcoat for $4 50, at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

The tobacco crop brought the raisers of this county near $500,000 in 1883.

The first skating of the season was indulged in by the juveniles last Friday.

W. T. German has had Col. Graddy build him a long line of fire proof fence.

Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Shawls, etc. in great variety at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Indiana.

The probability is that an Odd-Fellows' lodge will be organized here at an early day.

The holidays approach and we have a rush of advertisements, which will soon be over.

The croquet season has about come to a close, and the foot-ball has made its appearance.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind., is the boss place to trade, as they deal fair and square.

Some thief robbed John Berkshire's tenant house the other night of all the window sash.

F. P. Walton is making arrangements to handle tobacco in the Richwood neighborhood.

It is estimated that over half of the last crop of tobacco raised in this county has been sold.

Hall's Hair Renewer makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing.

Grand display of Holiday Goods at Langsdale's, Thanksgiving day afternoon, Rising Sun, Ind.

G. T. Gaines has sold his farm between this place and Bullittsville to B. R. Gaines. Price not learned.

The little negro, who was so badly burned last week, died after two days suffering, having been burned inwardly.

L. D. Houston has sold his house and 17 acres of land near Florence X-Roads and on the pike, to E. D. Tanner for $950.

Col. Crisler says that work has been booming since moving here, and he has not had time to put his shop in order yet.

Don't miss the rare chance of seeing Langsdale's display of Holiday Goods, Thanksgiving day afternoon, Rising Sun, Indiana.

The first snow of the season fell here last Wednesday, the 14th day of the month; therefore we are to have fourteen snows this winter.

Don't miss the rare chance of seeing Langsdale's display of Holiday Goods, Thanksgiving day afternoon, Rising Sun, Indiana.

Sausage, spareribs and backbones are looming up on the farmers' bill of fare. Who wouldn't be a farmer at meal times during this particular season?

Aurora has a man who claims that he has not slept any for four years. If he were put on a night police force it would soon bring him to his sleep again.

Everybody is asked to call and examine our Holiday Stock and prices. The largest stock ever in Rising Sun, Ind. at R. G. Langsdale's, Thanksgiving day at 1 p. m.

When the daily papers arrived here Sunday, a crowd of five, three Republicans and two Democrats, met the carrier, and all called for the Enquirer. This is only a straw.

Last Wednesday F. P. Walton put a hogshead of new tobacco on the brakes in Cincinnati and rejected $16 75 for it. It was very fine tobacco and was raised on P. A. Ryle's farm.

J. M. Conner has been entertained several days the past week with a giant carbuncle on his neck. For once Jim has been the owner of something that he could not trade off.

Covington is now overrun with a host of candidates who are calling loudly on the dear people for election to city offices next January, and the "bleeding" element is having a rich harvest.

The case of Dempsey vs Rankin in the Court of Appeals from Kenton county, and which involves Mrs. Dempsey's farm adjoining this town, was reversed last week, which is favorable to Mrs. Dempsey.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschurt & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

Mr. A. G. Winston has built a very large pond on the Collins farm, which he will stock with fish; having first stocked it with locust post to keep the seiners out. The pond is on a ridge and will not fill up very readily.

The very propitious weather last Thursday induced the Burlington pisca club, armed with a sein, to visit Schlosser's ponds, near Covington, where they attempted to capture some of the finny tribe, but, owing to some insurmountable obstacle they were poorly rewarded for the slight airing they experienced.

And now our colored citizens who took stock in the McAdams incorporation for the organization of a supply house at this place, have opened their optics to the fact that the negro who talked them into the matter, at the same time pocketing some of their money, is a fraud. The time for his second visit has passed and he came not; but their money is gone allee samee.

Last Friday, W. B. Craven who lives about one mile east of town, was out in the woods chopping, when a tree he was felling lodged and a broken limb fell, striking him on the head, making a very ugly scalp wound, and rendering him unconscious for some time. Drs. Jonas and Luther Terrill were called and they examined and dressed the wound.

Prof. Brewer was in town Wednesday and Thursday nights with his panorama, and entertained a large audience each night in the Court-house. Thursday evening A. M. Acra assisted the professor and made his debut in character songs. He created a storm of applause and was frequently encored, and at times it seemed that the court-house floor would be knocked into splinters by the number tens that joined in the tumult of appreciation.

Miss Allie Carpenter, of Sparta, Gallatin county, who was visiting her relatives in this county, was very unexpectedly called home Tuesday morning, her father having died the day before. Mr. Carpenter has been suffering for one or two years from being poisoned by ivy, and it finally terminated in his death, while at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he went sometime since for his health. Miss Allie was accompanied home by her uncles, Thomas and William Goodridge.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

B. S. Noell, of Glencoe, Ky., was in town Monday.

Miss Annie Cowen is visiting her brother at Rabbit Hash.

James Allen and family, of Indiana, are visiting Mrs. Dempsey.

Mrs. J. M. Riddell, of Williamstown, is visiting her daughter at this place.

Miss Maggie McFarlan left, Tuesday morning, on a visit to friends at Williamsburg, this State.

Mr. Z. T. Kelley and family, of East Bend, were the guests of Deputy Sheriff German and wife, Saturday and Sunday.

L. B. Stephens and wife were in town Monday, and while here made a conveyance to his son-in-law, of some real estate in Florida.

Mrs. Collins, wife of Benjamin Collins and daughter of A. K. Gaines, died at Texarkana last week. Her remains were interred at Highland Cemetery last Thursday.

Grand display of Holiday Goods at Langsdale's, Thanksgiving day afternoon, Rising Sun, Ind.

Religious.

Last week the cause of religion was considerably revived in this county.

Rev. J. A. Kirtley conducted a protracted meeting at Bullittsburg church, which resulted in four or five additions to the church.

Rev. E. N. Dicken was engaged in a protracted meeting at Bellevue, and eighteen united with the church, of which sixteen were baptized Friday.

The Universalist meeting which commenced at the church here Tuesday evening of last week, closed Sunday evening, having four additions to the church.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Rabbit Hash.

Fuel was used extensively last week for a few days, but the change of the weather has been greatly to the advantage of the farmers who want to get their tobacco on the market while the prices are good.

C. H. Acra and family were visiting his father on Middle Creek Saturday and Sunday.

There is some talk of John P. Ryle's moving to McVille, where he will handle tobacco.

Uncle Billy Steel is stripping and assorting tobacco in the Calvert warehouse for a Louisville firm.

Rev. Froh's protracted meeting is still in progress at the M. E. Church. There have been some additions.

Hebron.

Last Friday the thermometer ranged as low as ten degrees above zero.

Farmers are making a rush on their corn fields, and all hands are very busy now.

Dr. L. B. Terrill has decided to locate in Delhi, Ohio, and will move in a few days. The doctor's many friends hate to lose such a genial and worthy citizen.

James Davis contemplates occupying the house which Dr. Terrill vacates.

James Duncan sold 14 hogs averaging 350 pounds at $4 50 per cwt.

Boone County is without a Coroner again, Dr. Murat having moved to Ludlow, which short move puts Boone County beyond his jurisdiction as dead inspector.

Verona.

New tobacco is selling very readily at from $15 and $4 to $15 around. Roberts and Houston have bought a house here for the purpose of prizing and selling tobacco. Kennedy and Whitson are still buying.

Mr. R. O. Powers had the finest lot of hogs weighed here this season. They averaged 375 pounds, and were engaged early at $4 75.

Mr. John Ransom intends going to Florida to spend the winter...... Miss Mary Stephenson has just returned from a visit to Washington county, Ind...... Larry Farrel has gone to Kansas to spend part of the winter...... Willie Hudson has just returned pleased with his trip to Tenn...... John Powers and Gus Adams have gone to Kansas on a visit...... Dr. Butler, our old physician, was visiting friends and acquaintances here last week...... Even one hundred people from this place took in the exposition at Louisville on the 21st ult.

Beaver Lick.

Our farmers were not altogether prepared for the recent Artic wave that struck our locality during the past week. They are now utilizing every moment shaping their business so it will endure the winter without too much careful attention.

Mr. John Beutler, of Verona, spent last Sunday in Beaver, his old home. John speaks with pride of his prospects in Verona. We wish him success.

Mr. Wenden Dean, of Gallatin county, who has been doing good service as clerk in the store of J. H. Sleet, left here last Thursday for his father's mansion. Weed is a whole soul fellow and our town is sad over his abrupt departure.

A letter coming from one of our friends in Florida presents a glowing picture of the flourishing condition of our young "cornerackers" who are sojourning in that paradisical country. Kentuckians call letters from their sweet ones in Florida, orange zephyrs. Truly touching!

We have preaching at the Hughes Chapel on the second Sunday by Rev. Froh and on the fourth by Rev. Buffington. Also, preaching at the baptist church by Rev. Lafe Johnson.

Several of our farmers have sold their crop of tobacco for good figures.

Plattsburg

Ice 3 inches thick on Woolper last Saturday morning.

Miss Allie Carpenter, of Gallatin county, is visiting Miss Lena Smith.

Our town now presents a holiday like appearance.

The larboard side of County Attorney Tolin's face looks like he had come in contact with a sly coon.

Col. Will Barker was in town last Saturday and Sunday.

We don't know, but Ed Rice says the hogs thought your tater hills were crawfish houses, as he called them, which caused them to make so many excursions into that garden of yours.

Miss Lizzie Voshell has been dangerously ill for several days with brain fever.

Col. Will Hayden, of Omaha, Nebraska, says to friends in Boone that he has a boy at his house. For particulars ask J. Frank Grant.

Mr. Wilbur Rice, an old Plattsburg boy, stopped in town one morning not long since, something unusual for Wib, it being the first time since he moved from this place to where he now lives. He says he has a fine crop of tobacco and expects to get 15 cents for it.—[If the crop is large enough we'll take it at 15c, bring it on.—Eds.]

The senior editor of the Recorder has some recollections of the notorious Oliver family, as they were residents of this place at one time and used to go to school at Woolper. They were a hard party then, George, the one that killed Allen in Cincinnati, being the toughest one of the gang. [We recollect the lads.—Ed]

Col. Will Casey and Capt. Harry Graves, pilots of Bishop Schramm's supply wagon, took in the sights in Shite Poke Bend last Monday.

The latest is a reading room in town. J. W. Burkshire comes all the way from home to see the Recorder as the reading room furnishes it a day or two in advance of the mail at Pete.

A dance at B. F. Sturgeon's last Tuesday night was largely attended by the lovers of the merry dance. T. B. J.

Everybody is asked to call and examine our Holiday Stock and prices. The largest stock ever in Rising Sun, Ind., at R. G. Langsdale's, Thanksgiving day at 1 p. m.

COLTER'S.

This cut is the exact shape of OUR SILK DRESS HATS. Price $3. Also have same shape in fur at $1. The above are new stock, just added, and are meeting with ready sale. Our stock of Hats and Caps is as complete as ever, and it will pay you to buy your Hats at

COLTER'S, Rising Sun. Ind.

Buy your Blankets, Yarns, Jeans and Flannels at COLTER'S, Rising Sun, Indiana.

This cut represents our nobby styles in **Double Breasted Suits and Ulsterettes.**

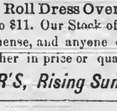
Have ten different Double-Breasted Suits, pattern of above, ranging in prices from $6 50 to $14.

We offer sixteen different grades of Ulsterettes, pattern of above cut, at $3 75 to $13.

COLTER'S, Rising Sun, Ind.

This cut represents our nobby **Folding Roll Dress Overcoats** Price $5 to $11. Our Stock of Clothing is immense, and anyone can get suited, either in price or quality, at

COLTER'S, Rising Sun, Ind,



OUR $1 00 DRESS SHIRT Is the best Shirt for the money ever offered before. See our Shirts and Drawers. Over Two Hundred Dozen to select from, at

COLTER'S, Rising Sun Ind.

Colter's
MAMMOTH
CHEAP CASH
Store,
Rising Sun,
IND.

Has over Sixteen Thousand Feet of Floor jammed full of DRY GOODS, Ready-Made CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, MILLINERY GOODS, CLOAKS, DOLMANS and Ladies' WRAPS of all kinds, SHAWLS, &c. Make your headquarters at

COLTER'S
Cheap Cash
STORE,
RISING SUN,
INDIANA.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—

UNDERTAKERS

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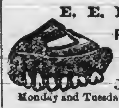

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Marble and Granite Monuments,
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AN ORCHESTRA IN EVERY HOME.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organette has gained such a world-wide reputation that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays *mechanically* all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc. etc. It consists of three strong bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION box and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, *perfect in tune, execution, and effect*, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer; even a little child can operate it; as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFORDS HOURS OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT. The Organette is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of *solid black walnut*, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been $8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 75,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organette on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organette though similar in construction is an *improvement* upon our well-known Organette, which sells for $8 and $10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of $7 we will send the Organette by Express to any address, and include FREE $2.50 worth of music, or on receipt of $5 we will send it with over $1.50 worth of music FREE, or for $3.50 we will send it with small selection of music FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. *There are agent's prices*, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent if he so desires. Address,

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—AND—
Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the lat styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lo prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order o short notice.

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Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit.

When in need of anything give us a call, at the Petersburg Drug Store, and be convinced that our Prices are as Low or Lower than can be found.

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Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
TRADE MARK. *Guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia.*
AGENTS WANTED.
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D. Clark Johnson:— This certifies that your Indian Blood Syrup is the best medicine I ever use in my family. My wife has been greatly benefited by it. L. E. McCamc, Seaville, Ky. Mar. 15, '8

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The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank, dec. 20-6m

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FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-tf33 J. W. Talbott.

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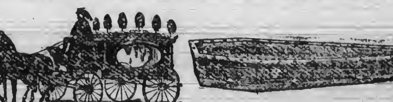

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Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
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Insults to Turgeneff's Body.

The following was told me by one who happened to be in the train that brought Turgeneff's body to St. Petersburg, and I had better give it as nearly as possible in my informant's own words:

"As you know, M. Stasulevitch, editor of the *European Messenger*, was the delegate of the funeral committee sent to the German frontier to receive Turgeneff's remains. When he reached Werjbelovo, the Russian frontier station, on Thursday, and got out on the platform, a gendarme officer at once presented himself and said that he had been instructed to attend on him. M. Stasulevitch told the officer that he did not want him, but the officer replied that, whether he wanted him or not, such were his orders, so Stasulevitch had to submit to be saddled with the gendarme. The train with the body arrived in the evening. Stasulevitch asked the gendarme when it would start again for St. Petersburg, and was bluntly told that he, the gendarme, had been further instructed to detain the body until Monday. 'What are you going to do with it then?' 'Put it into a stable-shed near by.' 'Put it into a shed!' ejaculated Stasulevitch, 'when there's a church in the village!' 'The priest,' responded the gendarme, 'has refused to have it.' 'Well, then,' said Stasulevitch, perfectly astounded at this treatment of the great author's remains, 'show me the shed.' The gendarme showed him the shed, and to his further amazement he found the dirty place full of sheep and pigs. 'Well,' said Stasulevitch, 'if no better place than this can be found to shelter Turgeneff's bones, I shall make my bed here, too, by the side of the coffin.' Before the gendarmes could carry out their plan, Stasulevitch found the priest of the village church and learned that what the gendarme officer had said was a lie. The priest at once had the body removed with all due ceremony to the sanctuary, much to the disgust of the police, who were doing all they could to prevent crowds from collecting and making any processions.

"On Sunday morning early, when the body was to be sent on to St. Petersburg, the gendarmes went to take it away to the train before any one was about, so as to prevent any crowding and fuss; but the priest had the keys. On the gendarmes asking him for them, the priest, who was a bold man, gave up the keys at once, but added that if the body were taken away in that disgraceful manner he would immediately telegraph to the Metropolitan Archbishop that they had committed sacrilege by stealing the sanctified remains of an orthodox Christian from the sanctuary of the church. This threat frightened the gendarmes almost out of their lives and they let the body alone. It was then transported to the train in procession in the proper way. At the station hundreds of telegrams had arrived from all parts inquiring the time of its arrival, but by official instructions no answers were returned, until Stasulevitch sent them on his own account, even telegraphing out of revenge to all kinds of places that had not even asked for information. You see what this everlasting opposition between public and official interest leads to. All the way up to St. Petersburg the stations were crowded day and night with eager watchers for the funeral train. When it arrived they fell down on their knees and kissed the coffin, which was in a wagon that could be opened at the side toward the platform. At many places the clergy performed service over it. On all these occasions the gendarmes completely lost their heads. They had been ordered to prevent all demonstrations and they rang the departure bell in the middle of the service to get the train away, but happily the conductor would not blow his whistle while the priests were praying, and so the train remained. At one station in the dead of night, Stasulevitch was much afraid that there would be accidents, as the crowds of people pressed upon the carriage to kiss the bier, which could scarcely be seen in the darkness. He bethought himself of a good plan. He shouted for a little girl to be handed over to him out of the crowd, which was done. He then made the little girl kiss the coffin, and, presenting her to the crowd, told them to be satisfied by kissing her, as the train could not wait any longer."—*St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.*

A Jewish Rip Van Winkle.

Choni ha-Maagol was all his life unable to understand the Biblical passage, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream." (Ps. 126, 1). "Can seventy years be regarded as a dream? How is it possible," he asked, "or a man to remain for seventy years asleep?" One day, while on a journey, he saw a man planting a carob tree, and asked him how long a period he expected would elapse before the tree became fruitful. "Seventy years," was the reply. "Do you then expect to live seventy years and to eat of the fruit?" "When I entered the world," was the answer, "I found carob trees in abundance. Even as my fathers planted for me in like manner shall I also plant for those that are to come after me." Choni sat down to his meal and a deep sleep fell upon him, and he slumbered. The rock closed up around him and he was hidden from the sight of men. And thus he lay for seventy years. When he awoke and rose to his feet, lo! he beheld a man eating of the fruit of the very carob tree that he had seen planted. Choni asked: "Dost thou know who it was that planted this tree?" "My grandfather." Then Choni knew that he had slept on for seventy years. He went to his house and asked where the son of Choni ha-Maagol was. "His son," they told him, "is dead. His grandson you can see if you will." "I am Choni ha-Maagol!" he exclaimed; but no one believed him. He thence turned his steps to the House of Learning and he heard the Rabbis saying: "We have resolved this difficulty as we used to do when Choni ha-Maagol was alive;" for, in times past, when Choni went to the meeting, he was able to expound every subject under discussion. "I am Choni ha-Maagol!" he cried for the second time. But again none would believe him, neither did they treat him with honor. Broken-hearted, he left the haunts of men and prayed for death, and his prayer was answered. "This," says Ruyah, "is the meaning of the saying: To the friendless man death cometh as a blessing."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A Cattle King and a Lord.

Information reached us yesterday from a passenger who came in on the train, who was an eye-witness to almost a bloody struggle between a Billings cattle man and an English lord, at the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, a few days ago. The cattle man, who had just sold a train load of cattle in Chicago at a high market price, concluded that he would, in company with his family, visit the noted city across the boundary line. Arriving at that place he put up at the hotel, and during the evening took his family to a place of amusement. In the meantime the titled man from across the Atlantic called at the office of the hotel for quarters. Every room in the house was occupied, but the clerk found a room for his English guest, or at least he thought he had, and consequently removed several lariats, a six-shooter, "chaps" and valises belonging to the Billings man from the room which he had engaged, and the English lord retired, not dreaming that in a few moments he would be aroused from his peaceful slumber at the point of a Colt's six-shooter. Such, however was the case. The room was called for and the reply from the clerk was: "It's occupied by an English lord."

"The dickens you say!" was the cool answer from the noble Montana man.

"You see," says the clerk, "we always in this country make room for an Englishman in preference to any Americans, and a cot in the hallway ought to suit Montanians, whose means are limited."

"Limited be blowed!" was the reply; "I've got enough cash here in my weasel-skin to buy all the hotels in this town, and besides have ten thousand head of cattle ranging in the Judith country of Montana," and away he went to bring forth the man who had taken possession of his room. The panels of the door were broken with the butt of the six-shooter, and the cry of "murder" attracted the attention of the police and made a general stampede among the guests of the house. The herd of guests were corraled by the cattle king, who made an explanation of what caused the disturbance, and the English lord left the house muttering an oath that he never again would intrude on the rights of any man who hailed from Montana.—*Miles City (Mon.) Journal.*

American Purchasers and Parisian Tradesmen.

I have always been very ready to espouse the cause of the American purchaser against the Parisian tradesmen, and especially against the petty tricks of the dressmakers of this city. But I regret much to be compelled to say that right and justice are not always on the side of my countrymen, or rather of my countrywomen, since it is unusually the members of the fair sex who become involved in these controversies. For American ladies as customers some time indulge in an exasperating course of action that is little understood on this side of the water, and is, in consequence resented vigorously. One of these peculiarities is an undue exercise of the feminine privilege of changing one's mind. I have known one of my countrywomen to go to one of the leading houses of Paris, to select certain articles, taking them absolutely and without reserve, to order sundry changes to be made in them, and then, on the following morning, to send word that she would not take any of them. In one case an American lady bought and paid for a set of costly furniture, and then, after it had been packed and sent to Havre for shipment, she wanted to return it and to get back her money. In another instance a lady ordered a superb dress from Worth, and because the corsage did not fit when it was sent home, she refused altogether to take the dress, and threw it on his hands, while admitting that the defect was one that could perfectly have been remedied. And recently one of the prominent dressmakers of Paris called on me to give me the particulars of a case which had just occurred within her own experience. A wealthy American lady had called at her establishment and had ordered a cloak, selecting herself the velvet, the lining, the fur wherewith it was to be trimmed, and the model after which it was to be made. The price was agreed upon, the garment was made, was tried on and found to fit perfectly, and then the lady sent it back, saying that she "had changed her mind and concluded that she did not want the cloak." Now, in this case the return of the article simply involved a considerable pecuniary loss to the dressmaker, as the cloak was a costly one, and having been made to fit the person who ordered it there was not much chance of its exactly suiting any one else.—*Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Petroleum Chewing Gum.

"Did you know that three-quarters of the chewing-gum that tires the jaws of the rising generation in the United States is now made from petroleum?" said a manufacturing confectioner to a reporter the other day.

The reporter did not know it.

"Oh, yes," said the confectioner. "Petroleum first knocked the spots off of the whale-oil business of New England, and now it is clipping into its spruce and tamarack gum industry at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of petroleum we have just received." The confectioner slapped his hand on a large block that resembled a piece of marble. "A few days ago," said he, "that came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with a smell that could knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean wax. There isn't any taste to it, and no more smell than there is to a china plate.

"We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece will weigh two hundred pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it, and flavor it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any pleasant essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all sorts of shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this one will make ten thousand penny cakes, and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufacturers using almost as much of the wax as we do.

"I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article."—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Cider made from late apples is of better quality and possesses more body than that made from early apples; it will also keep much longer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A farm of twenty-seven acres near Rochester, N. Y., is entirely devoted to raising cabbages. The receipts this year were $5,400.

—Fowls delight to scratch in loose ground, and if a portion of their yard is dug up at intervals it will afford them the exercise they so much need.—*Exchange.*

—It is well known that pruning an orchard too severely does far more harm than good. All that is necessary is to remove the dead limbs and unfruitful branches. An important part of fruit-culture is to know when to let the trees alone.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Cream fritters, as an entree with roast beef and vegetables, are made just the same as if they were to be eaten with sirup. The cream is a gravy made of butter and flour, with boiling water poured over. A little sugar should be added, and a few drops of vanilla.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Salve for Chapped Hands: Three drachms white beeswax; three drachms spermaceti; two ounces olive oil; three drachms gum camphor. Put into a tin cup; place on back of range, where they will melt slowly. Stir often. When well-mixed, pour into a china cup. Rub on the hands every night.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A little time and trouble used in removing the seeds from grape sauce will pay a large interest. After the grapes have cooked sufficiently so that the seeds separate readily from the sauce through a colander, then with a spoon remove the seeds as far as possible, put the skins back with the juice to cook until they are soft, and skim off any seeds that rise to the top.

—Six hundred pounds of land phosphate was put on about one acre and a quarter of land, which had been pastured quite a number of years to sheep; after thoroughly harrowing, the rows were marked out three feet apart, the hills being about two feet apart. The potatoes were cut small, one and two eyes on a piece, and two pieces put in a hill. These potatoes were planted early and hoed once with a horse-hoe. I dug 140 bushels of smooth potatoes, big and little.—*Farmer, Anson, Me.*

—White Mountain Cake: One cupful of white sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sweet milk, half a cupful of corn-starch, one cupful of sifted flour, the whites of six eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk, mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with the flower and stir it slowly in; then the corn-starch, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Use a little vanilla for flavoring.—*The Household.*

—At the last annual meeting of the National Wool-Growers' Association, the secretary, Mr. W. G. Markham, was re-elected, but immediately resigned, owing to severe strictures by leading members of the Association on his position respecting the reduction of the tariff on wool. Mr. Garland, the late President, and Mr. Markham favored the reduction, while a majority of the Wool-Growers' Association desire a restoration of the tariff of 1867—a desire which is not likely to be gratified.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Health and House Plants.

Oftener than otherwise it is safe to reverse the popular maxims and prejudices, since, as it would seem, their basis is ignorance and sensual gratification. Whatever appears to favor the indulgence of the lower appetites—generally more or less vitiated—apparently is formulated into a favorite maxim, eagerly adopted by the masses, as a rule of conduct. This is well illustrated in reference to the popular notion that plants are unfavorable in their effects in the sleeping apartment and in the rooms of the sick. If this popular prejudice has any force or importance it is when the odor of a plant is so strong as to be unpleasant to the very sensitive sick, the unpleasantness indicating its impropriety in that individual case.

Scientific facts assure us and convince the discriminating that such are the relations of the animal creation and the vegetable world that the one can not exist without the other, each contributing to the sustenance of the other. Breathing, combustion, fermentation, putrefaction and still other processes are constantly exhausting the more vitalizing element of the air—oxygen—distributing its chemical constituents, at the same time producing a deadly gas—carbonic—which, aside from certain compensating processes, might soon render the air unfit for respiration. This gas—so deadly to animal life that it is scarcely possible to have it enter the human lungs in its pure state on account of suffocation—is an important element of nutrition to the vegetable kingdom, that, indeed, from which all woody fiber is made. In this and other respects the three kingdoms are mutually dependent each upon the other, each necessary to the sustenance and existence of the other. The nourishment consumed by the animal kingdom must come from the vegetable, originally, so the vegetable kingdom must be sustained by the animal.

This was finely and fully illustrated by the scientific experimentor who put a mouse and a plant in a tight jar, air-tight, the two living as one could not alone—each feeding the other. We have no better purifiers than the light of the sun, moving air, and the leaves of plants and trees.—*Golden Rule.*

Death From the Scratch of a Cat.

Sir John Humphreys held an inquest at the Lord Raglan Tavern, St. Ann's Road, Mile end Old Town, recently, on the body of Louisa Cain, aged seventy-three. John Cain said the deceased, who was his wife, about three weeks ago went to put the cat in an out-house, when the animal scratched her on the hand; the deceased afterward became poorly, and went and saw a doctor, who prescribed for her, but she got gradually worse and died on Thursday morning. Previously the deceased was in good health, and he had no doubt her death was caused through the scratch. Mr. Joseph Francis Porter, surgeon, said when he saw the deceased she was suffering from an injury between the thumb and first finger, and erysipelas supervened. Death was consequent on the scratch. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

—The recent Boston cat show had a Doctor Tom, a large yellow feline that has served eighteen years in a drug store. A cross-eyed cat was named Butler in honor of the Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts. There was a tiger-cat that weighed twenty-five pounds. A deaf cat had one blue and one yellow eye.—*Boston Post.*

"A" and "An."

A correspondent writes to us: "Why does the author of the amusing note on some journalist new version of the "Parturiunt Montes" line talk about "a hexameter"? There are writers who similar say (or rather write, for to speak such things would be too difficult), "a hotel," "a habitual," etc., "a historical," etc., and so on. The rule on the subject is, I believe, that whenever in a word beginning with an *h* the accent falls on the second syllable, the aspirate shall be preceded not by "a," but by "an." "An hexameter" is euphonious. "A hexameter" is simply impossible. If no rule on the subject existed it would be necessary to invent one. But the rule just given will be found sufficient in every case. As no one out of a national school or board school is supposed to study English grammar (which to men of classical education "comes by nature," (like Dogberry's reading and writing), it will perhaps not be thought offensive on my part if I point out that in words like "union," "university," "unicorn," in which the letter *u* forms a syllable by itself, the indefinite article used in connection with it should be not "an," but "a." "An unicorn," "an university," are almost as ugly combinations as "a hotel" or "a hexameter."—*St. James' Gazette.*

Petrified Pumpkins.

The California papers are telling a story about petrified pumpkins in Mendocino County. The report is that a farmer, some years ago, had a lot of pumpkins washed away by a freshet down a ravine, and for a number of years the pumpkins were observed where the water had lodged them, but no one had ever thought they had turned to stone, until the other day a man attempted to pick one of them up, when he discovered that it was very heavy and had turned to stone. About fifty more were in the same condition. The story may be true, but it offers no special inducement for agriculturists to raise paving stones on pumpkin vines. Some pumpkins are of no special good, except to sling at cats, but as the supply is too small to be used with advantage, they will not be used. If California will find a process for making pies out of her petrified pumpkins, the boarding-house keepers of the country will rise up and call her blessed.—*Boston Globe.*

—The Princess of Wales and her sisters were photographed during their recent visit home, standing beneath a tree in their old playground, the garden of Castle Bernstoff. The photograph has been chromographed and gone all over the land.

—A Columbia, (Fla.,) woman left her babe at home alone all day, and when she returned, found that the ants had crawled into its mouth, nose, eyes and ears, and killed it.

The Little Model Republic.

VALPARAISO, CHILI.—Senor Ricardo Stuven, a leading commission merchant of this city, after having exhausted all other remedies has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-banisher. He makes this public.

THE first doctor of divinity is said to have been "O. Fiddle, D. D."

The Bilious,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASS'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE . for putting the : has , again.—*Boston Star.*

Pioneer History of America.

This splendid volume of 1032 pages crowded with elegant and striking full-page illustrations has just been issued by Jones Bros. & Co., Cincinnati. This extensive work has connected historical value as well as thrilling narrative interest. The author is a perspicuous and dramatic writer, and carries each recital forward to an absorbing climax. The hundred engravings are not only well drawn, but are full of thought, suggestion and feeling. The work is written in the best, most graphic, historical style, which, combined with the intensely interesting facts detailed, will hold the attention of the reader throughout. No other book on Pioneer Life approaches it in vividness of description, purity and vigor of style, accuracy of detail and fascination of the story. The excellent introduction by Dr. Ridpath, written in his proverbially accurate and fascinating manner, is a good contribution to the volume. The publishers, who are an old and reliable firm, want agents to take orders for the work.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

GIRLS, when an eligible youth pops the question, never say: "I should blush to twitter." Always observe: "I scream to ejaculate."—*Detroit Post.*

IF you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

STOVE up yet?—*Chicago Times.* Thank you; we don't get stove up.—*Oil City Derrick.*

WHO has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases on Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSO'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, November 16, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@	[illegible] 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@	4 85
HOGS—Common	3 75	@	4 35
Good packers	4 25	@	4 70
SHEEP	3 50	@	4 25
FLOUR—Family	4 50	@	4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 11	@	1 12
No. 2 red	1 07	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51	@	
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@	30½
Rye—No. 2	59¼	@	
HAY—Timothy No. 1	9 50	@	10 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 50	@	11 75
Lard—Current make	7-40	@	7-60
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@	25
Prime Creamery	25	@	34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@	1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@	3 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@	3 50
Good to choice	4 40	@	7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 07	@	
No. 2 red	1 11½	@	
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	60½	@	62¼
Oats—mixed	35	@	37
PORK—Mess	12 00	@	12 50
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@	4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 00	@	1 05
Corn—No. 2	48⅝	@	49⅜
Oats—No. 2	28¼	@	28⅜
Rye	56½	@	
PORK—Mess	10 75	@	10 80
LARD—Steam	7-50	@	7-52½
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@	6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07¾	@	1 08
Corn—mixed	60	@	
Oats—mixed	36	@	38
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75	@	
Lard—Refined	9	@	
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—A No 1	$ 4 50	@	4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02	@	
Corn—mixed	50	@	
Oats—mixed	30½	@	31
PORK—MESS	12 00	@	
INDIANAPOLIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2. red, new	$ 1 01	@	1 02
CORN—mixed	49	@	
OATS—mixed	28	@	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle			
Butchers' stock	2 75	@	3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@	

A VIRGINIA thief escaped from jail by crawling through a stove-pipe. Wonder if he was sooted for that method of escape.—*Williamsport Grit.*

MY SON, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure. W. E. HAMMAN, Druggist, Easton, Pa.

ACCORDING to an unascertained entomologist, a mosquito resembles charity when it begins to hum.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

RUSHMORE, O.—Dr. A. Page says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in several instances, and in each case obtained good results."

EVERY father should paddle his own; can you?—*N. Y. News.*

AN effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

SLIGHT of hand—A maiden's refusal.—*Detroit Post.*

THE RESTORATION to health of our child we considered uncertain. When two weeks old she caught cold. For 18 months was not able to breathe through her nostrils. Upon using Ely's Cream Balm her difficulty is removed; she breathes naturally. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. SMITH, Owego, N. Y.

NEVER lie on the left side—in fact, never lie at all.—*N. Y. Independent.*

CLUTSVILLE, ALA.—Dr. W. Carter says, "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family for indigestion with great benefit."

THOUGH the East River bridge is without a rival, it has two piers.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A HUMAN FIRE.

The Phenomenon of a Burning Mine Repeated in the Physical System.

A few years ago one of the most important coal mines in Pennsylvania caught fire. It started slowly but soon obtained such headway that it spread through the greater portion of the entire mine. To flood it with water would extinguish the fire, but well nigh ruin the mine; and still the flames continued to increase. At that juncture a young man stepped forward and suggested that all the entrances and vent holes of the mine be covered and secured, thus shutting off the supply of air. His advice was followed and the flames were finally subdued.

To compare the condition of this mine with many phases of the human system, is most natural and appropriate. "Fire in the blood" is not a mere expression, it is a most serious fact. How it originates, it may be impossible to any; but that it burns and rages with an increasing fury, the one who is its victim only too painfully knows. The blood is the life. It is designed by nature to purity, strengthen and sustain the system. It is too often made the channel through which poison and death are transported. Poisonous acids coming through the veins and arteries inflame and cause a fire just as real as the one which existed in the mine. They burn and irritate, causing the brain to become weak and the nerves unstrung; they carry pains to the muscles and leave agonies in the joints; they bring destruction instead of strength; they devastate the very portions of the body that most require help, and they hasten the approach of death in its most horrible form. These things have been felt by innumerable people who have been the victims of rheumatic disorders, and the agonies they have endured confirm this description.

There is but one way by which this fire in the blood can be extinguished, and that is by shutting off the supply of these poisonous acids. The lactic, lithic and uric acids come in to the blood through the liver and kidneys, and they remain in solution in the blood producing inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, gout and all rheumatic fevers and affections. When they are deposited as gritty crystals in and near the joints, they cause articular rheumatism; when in the muscles, muscular rheumatism and lumbago; when in the tissues covering the nerves, sciatica; when in the face, head and nerves generally, neuralgia. In every case they are painful; in most instances, dangerous. Inflammatory rheumatism is likely to locate in some joint and become chronic, or suddenly attack the brain or heart, causing apoplexy or heart-disease. The fire in the blood must be extinguished—the supply must be shut off. This can only be done by guarding the portals to the blood—the kidneys and liver; and no means have ever been found for accomplishing this which can equal Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure. It acts directly upon the seat of the disorder; it extinguishes the fire by controlling the supply and removing the cause.

The well known standing of H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., the remarkable success which Warner's Safe Cure has achieved, being indorsed by no less a personage than Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and the fidelity with which they have carried out all their promises to the public should be a sufficient warrant that the above statements are true. They, however, guarantee to cure ninety-five per cent. of all rheumatic troubles, especially acute, knowing full well that the demonstrated power of the remedy justifies them in so doing. Nothing can be fairer than this, and those who suffer in the future from rheumatism with such an offer before them, do so on their own responsibility, and can blame no one if living pain and untimely death are the results.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y.

I HAVE been using Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) and find it to be the best remedy of the kind that I have ever been able to get, and I have tried them all.
JOHN TISCHER, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

IF a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

IF SUCCESS be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

I HAVE known and watched the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for over fifty years, and never have known or heard of its failure to cure any case of Blood Poison when properly taken.
H. L. DENNARD, Perry, Ga.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

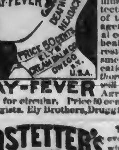
Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
Always cures a cough, cold or influenza.
Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain!
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
BACKACHE,
Headache, Toothache,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.)
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

CANCERS, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood diseases, cured by Loose's Extract Red Clover. Send for circulars and testimonials. J. M. LOOSE & CO., Monroe, Mich.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use.

HAY-FEVER

Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Though shaken in every joint and fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, [illegible]

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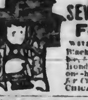
[illegible] MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE [illegible] AGENTS WANTED. [illegible] MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., [illegible] Chicago, Ill.



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Cures Nervousness, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Kidney, Spine and Liver diseases, Gout, Asthma, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Impotency, Prolapsus Uteri, Diabetes, etc. RUPTURE CURED BY ELECTRICITY, only Electric Truss in the world. Agents wanted in every town. Send for Circular. Dr. W. J. HORNE, Inventor, 191 Wabash Av. Chicago, Ill.

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SAW MILLS, ENGINES THRESHERS, Horse Powers,
(For all sections and purposes.) Write for Free Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

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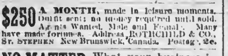
of sense and energy to attend to our business in her locality. Not too young preferred. To a suitable person will pay a salary of $35 to $50 a month. Business experience not necessary. References exchanged.
GAY BROS. & CO., 16 Barclay St., New York.



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COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J. Terms $40. Positions for graduates; write for circular.

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—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

TEA CLUB ORDERS.

We have made a specialty for five years of *giving away* as Premiums, to those who get up clubs for our goods, *Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc.* Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with $10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with $15. GOLD BAND or MOSS ROSE SETS of 44 pcs., or DINNER SETS of 106 pcs., with $20 orders, and a Host of other Premiums. Send us Postal and mention this Paper, and we will send you full Price and Premium List. Freight Charges average 75 cents per 100 lbs. to points West. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 803 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Beware.

of the continued use of mercury and potash for the treatment of Blood and Skin diseases—they never cure, and nearly always injure or totally ruin the general health.

A WELL-KNOWN DRUGGIST.

I have seen a great many cases cured with Swift's Specific who had tried all sorts of treatment. In fact, I have never known it to fail when taken properly. I sell a large quantity of it, and for all diseases that are dependent on blood poison or skin humor. It cures PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, and makes the complexion fair and rosy. As for blood taint, here is no such word as fail. It cures cases that have long withstood other sorts of treatment, and without any of those recurring troubles that generally follow mercurial and other so-called cures.
T. L. MASSENBURG, Macon, Ga.

Our treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BOYS Christmas Is Coming! CHRISTMAS!

And if you wish a fine present to give some friend, you can obtain one by securing a new subscriber for one or more of D. Lothrop & Co's popular magazines; you can easily do this, as they are graded to suit all ages. For babies there is BABYLAND, with large beautiful pictures, merry jingles and stories, only 50c. For little folks just beginning to read for themselves there is OUR LITTLE MEN and WOMEN, with its seventy-five full page pictures (and hundreds of smaller ones) a year, and the brightest of reading, only $1 a year. For boys and girls to read on Sunday and week days, THE PANSY WEEKLY, edited by "Pansy" herself, and a most entertaining union of picture and text, only 75c a year. For the young folks and all the family, the "prince of magazines" WIDE AWAKE, the ideal treasure of the best in modern literature, and art, only $2.50 a year. 32 pp. premium list free.

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HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to liniments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company*, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT USE IT
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands, eyes, etc.; Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your druggist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.

S.-S. CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.
Suggestions for Decorations, Entertainments and Gifts.
A collection of suggestions from leading Sunday-school workers in various parts of the country, containing something of interest to every Sunday-school superintendent. Nothing like it ever issued before. Price, 25c. Will send free to any one sending us a list of all the Sunday-school Superintendents in the place. DAVID C. COOK, 46 Adams street, Chicago, Ill.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
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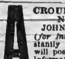
PILES "Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Ad. "ANAKESIS," Makers, Box 2416, New York.

CANCER AND TUMORS Treated scientifically and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. *Drs. Gratigny & Norris* 304 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.



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$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

ASTHMA, Neuralgia Cured. FREE to poor. Add. Dr. Ralston, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

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CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*for Internal and External Use*) will instantly relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Worn, Weary, and Wretched.

"As weak as a cat" is an expression frequently used by debilitated sufferers who are trying to tell how forlorn they feel. It is an incorrect expression, for a cat is one of the most agile and vigorous animals in existence. It would be more correct to say, "as weak as a limp old rag," for that gives the idea of utter inability to hold one's self up. The weary person who feels thus is generally worn, worried, woeful, and wretched.

Sometimes it is a case of overwork, and sometimes of imperfect nourishment. The blood in the system of a person who is "as weak as a rag" is in a wretchedly thin condition. It needs iron, to impart richness, redness, and strength. This is to be had by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, the only safe and proper preparation of iron in connection with gentle and powerful tonics. The physician and the druggist can tell the worn and weary how valuable a remedy BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been found in actual every-day use.

11

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In the inquiry—Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast?—this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

Mason & Hamlin Organs.

New Illustrated Catalogue, (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883-4, including many new styles; best assortment of the best and most attractive organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, $22 to $600, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.

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A. N. K.—E. 952

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1883. NUMBER 5.

SONG OF THE JERSEY.

With fingers tired and stiff,
With muscles swollen and sore,
A maiden stood in a gros grain silk,
Viewing her Jersey o'er.
Sad, sad, sad,
Then wickedly winking her eye,
She cried aloud, like a lunatic mad:
"I'll put you on or die."

Stretch, stretch, stretch,
With her tongue most bitten in two,
And stretch, stretch, stretch,
Till her head came peeping through,
With moans and sighs and tears,
With tears and sighs and moans,
She pawed the air, fell over a chair,
And filled the room with groans.

Sick, sick, sick,
She lay for a week in bed,
Sick, sick, sick,
With a pain that racked her head;
While in a closet dark
The naughty Jersey laid,
'Twas torn to shreds, 'twas rent in twain,
And sorry was the maid.
—*Washington Capitol.*

UNCLE JEHORAM;

or,

Mrs. Monteith's Wedding Gift.

"Girls, girls!" cried I triumphantly, waving an old-fashioned yellow envelope in the sunny September air. "I've got a letter from Uncle Jehoram!"

"Open it!" cried Nelly Pinkham, who was my first bridesmaid.

"Do let us hear what he says!" chimed in Alice Eden, my second.

So I sat down on the big canvas-covered traveling trunk, with my hair all down my back. I had just unfastened it for Nelly to experiment a little with the bridal wreath—and with the bevy of girls clustering eagerly around me I broke the seal of Uncle Jehoram's letter, and read it aloud with all the elocutionary airs and graces that I had learned at Madame Benton's "Institute."

Dear Niece, (it said, in a queer little cramped hand like the characters on a Chinese tea-chest) yours of 21st instant duly received. Am glad to hear that you are to be married to a worthy young man who is able to support you. Accept my good wishes. By this day's express I send a present which I hope you may find useful, and no more at present from your affectionate uncle,

JEHORAM JOHNSON.

"There!" cried I. "What do you think of *that?*"

Alice Eden clapped her dimpled hands.

"The old darling!" cried she. "It's a real Cashmere shawl, Nanny, you may be very certain."

"Or perhaps a Persian rug," said Nelly Pinkham, "all dim blues and greens and delicious blotches of yellow."

"The deed of a house and lot," said Mary Moxley.

"Diamonds, most likely," interposed Juliet Grayson, "or real Oriental pears, each one as big as a tear-drop."

"He's very rich, isn't he?" said Alice.

"Of course he is," said I, "or at least I've always heard so."

"And an old bachelor?"

"Yes, an old bachelor."

"But he doesn't say whether or not he's coming to the wedding."

"Oh, of course he'll come," said I.

"What is he like?" asked Nelly, thoughtfully.

I burst out laughing.

"Do you know, girls," said I, "that I never saw him in my life."

And then Harry came in with a delicious little bouquet of white rosebuds, and of course that put everything else out of our heads. For my hair had to be twisted up in a hurry, and Harry would insist on seeing the wedding wreath and veil on, and an exquisite tete-a-tete set of real pink Sevres came in from Mrs. Mentagu Jackyll, and we never thought of Uncle Jehoram until the next day, when there was a prodigious peal at the door-bell, just as we were all sitting down to a gypsy sort of tea in the old schoolroom—the parlors and dining-room were in the hands of the confectioner's men—and Betty, the maid, made her appearance with a puzzled expression of face.

"It's a bundle, ma'am," said she, "came by express, with Mr. Jehoram Johnson's compliments on a card."

I jumped up, oversetting a cup of tea and a plate of peaches and cream in my excitement.

"Bring it here, Betty," I cried, "at once."

"Bless your dear heart, miss," said Betty, "it 'ud take four men to lift it. The expressman he swore awful when he lifted it up the steps, and said as it ought to be paid double rates."

We looked at each other in a sort of delightful bewilderment.

"It must be something *very* valuable," said Juliet, breathlessly.

"A sewing-machine, perhaps," suggested Harry.

"Nonsense!" cried Alice. "As if a rich old uncle would send anything as commonplace and poky as *that!*"

"Well, perhaps it might help to solve the riddle somewhat," said Harry, gravely, "if we were to go out and look at it."

At this suggestion we all rushed out en masse.

There, in the middle of the marble-paved hall, stood a huge, oblong bundle, some three feet high and wide in proportion.

"No wonder the expressman swore!" said Harry, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's carpeting."

"Oh, the dear old creature!" cried Nelly. "A real Aubusson, from Paris. Oh, do open it, somebody!"

Harry slowly produced from his vest pocket a tortoise-shell handled knife, and ripped the coarse covering which enveloped the parcel. We all started back.

"A rag carpet!" exclaimed my husband-elect.

"A common, coarse thing, only fit for a dust-man's kitchen!" cried Nelly Pinkham; while Alice Eden, who had worked herself up into a high state of nervous expectation, burst into tears.

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" said Juliet Grayson, disdainfully. "The horrid, mean old miser!"

"Girls," cried I, recovering myself as best I could, "you must not talk so. Uncle Jehoram meant it all in kindness. I dare say he thought I could make it useful—and I mean to accept it in the same spirit in which it was offered."

Harry stooped down and gave me a kiss.

"You're a dear, sensible little thing," said he, "and Uncle Jehoram has reason to be proud of his niece."

"But you'll never put it on exhibition with the other presents," said Alice, incredulously.

"Of course I shall," said I.

And I did. And the girls never knew of the little private "cry" I had all by myself when they thought I was selecting the prettiest flowers to decorate the big bride-cake; for I *had* expected something very nice from the rich old bachelor uncle whom I had never seen, and somehow the bundle of striped red carpeting was a disappointment.

But the eventful day came, with its white satin bows and odor of hot-house flowers and rustle of silks and laces, and Uncle Jehoram's rag carpet occupied a place of honor among the silver teapots and china services and embroidered sofa pillows and countless pretty gimcracks that burdened the "present table."

We had been married for about half an hour, and I was standing beside Harry under the great floral bell receiving the congratulations of my friends, when a queer little brown-faced man, in a faded wig and a suit of clothes that exactly matched his complexion, walked up to me, bowing low.

"Wish you much joy, Mrs Monteith," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said I, trying to remember who he was, and failing altogether.

But I had made up my mind he must be the eccentric Methodist minister who lived around the corner, and who was in the habit of going where he pleased, whether he was invited or not.

"I've been looking at your wedding presents," said he. "Curious thing, that bundle of rag carpet," pointing to it with his knobby walking stick. "Shouldn't have supposed you'd have put *that* among your pretty gimcracks."

"It is rather a strange gift," said my husband, "particularly as it came from a rich old curmudgeon who—"

But I checked Harry with a look.

"From a dear relative of mine," said I, "whose kind remembrance gratifies me beyond expression."

"Oh!" said the little brown man, looking from Harry to me with keen, bright eyes, like those of a bird, "you're pleased with it, then?"

"More pleased than I can express," I answered, earnestly.

"Humph!" commented the little old man. "Would you object to having it lifted down and unrolled? I've some curiosity to look at the pattern."

It was a strange request, but we scarcely knew how to refuse it, and presently the gay stripes of the rag carpet were unrolled on the floor before the astonished eyes of our wedding guests, yard upon yard, backward and forward, until, from the very heart of the tightly packed cylinder, out fell a small black leather box.

"Eh?" said the little brown man, pouncing on it more like a bird than ever. "What is this? Not diamonds?"

Diamonds in good truth. The scintillating blaze of a neck-lace—the glitter of solitaire ear-drops that nearly dazzled my eyes.

"Uncle Jehoram! It is Uncle Jehoram!" cried I, the scales suddenly falling from my mental vision.

"Niece!" said the little man, as he ceremoniously hung the sparkling chain around my neck, "if you had scornfully rejected the old man's homely present and sent it back to him, as some young women would have done, you would never have discovered the secret of the old family diamonds." "Niece, you are a sensible girl, and I congratulate your husband on the possession of a treasure more precious than rubies."

And on this Uncle Jehoram Johnson made a curious little bow, like a jack-knife shutting itself up, and disappeared among the crowd. And from that moment to this I have never seen him, although he writes me a kindly letter every year, declining all invitations to visit us.

"I am best by myself," he writes. "When I die, you will find that I have not forgotten you. Until then let me live on like the solitary old oyster that I have taught myself to be."

And the rag carpet covers the floor of our second guest-chamber, which is furnished after a substantial style, and the diamonds are the envy and admiration of all my female friends.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Square Man.

During the cloth-house and wholesale clothing-house failures of September, a retail dealer in Cleveland shut up shop and announced his failure, with an offer to pay ten cents on the dollar.

"See here, Jake," said an acquaintance, "there are some ugly reports about your failure."

"Ish det bossible!"

"Did any of these New York houses owe you anything?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did you owe any of them?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, then, why should their misfortune affect you? You don't fail every time an Eastern house goes under, do you?"

"Mr. Schmidt, you doan' onderstand der case, and I vhill oxblain. My brudder Isaacs was mit one of der busted firms."

"Well, what of it?"

"Isaacs vhas werry sensitive—werry. If Isaacs vhas busted and I vhas doing a rushing peesness he would grieve to death. I fail oudt of respect to his feelings. My wife vhas also werry sensitive, and if I offer more ash ten per cent., she goes into a decline. Dot vhas how I vhas fixed, and I like eferybody to know I vhas shust as square a man as efer had a brudder Isaacs."—*Wall Street News.*

—Prof. Holeman, of Philadelphia, has made experiments in the effect of sound on the colors and shapes of soap bubbles. Being reflected on a screen, they were at first a blueish. An intonation of the voice through a tube connected with a bubble first brought out a number of black spots on the reflection: and these were succeeded by a bright green mingled with pink. The same tone always caused the same formation, but had no control over the color.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At a wedding in Lockport, N. Y., recently the organist played among other selections, the "For I'm to be married to-day."

—The Pennsylvania Steel Works turn out enough steel rails in a day to lay eight miles of track.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A Frenchman has patented a machine for the use of concentrated solar rays as a general motive power.

—A Wilmington (S. C.) mechanic has built a buggy on the bicycle principle, the spokes and tires being of steel. It works nicely.—*Chicago Times.*

—Toad raising is a profitable Austrian industry. The creatures are produced for the London market, where they are sold for $15 or $20 per hundred, and are bought by gardeners and agriculturists for use in destroying obnoxious insects.

—At Oakland, Cal., the iron dust created by the Pacific Nail Works, amounting to five tons a day, is now utilized and twenty-five per cent. of it made into steel by the same process that black sand is manufactured into that metal.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Erie, Pa., intends to utilize the natural gas which lies beneath her soil. Gas can be secured along the lake shore, anywhere at from 700 to 1,000 feet, and the supply is so strong that it frequently finds its way up through the ground through springs, and in several places along the shore of the lake it comes bubbling up through sixty feet of water. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Mr. Meyer, of Paris, claims to have invented a paper indestructible by fire. Specimens have been exhibited which had previously been placed for four hours in a pottery furnace. Mr. Meyer has also invented incombustible colors and ink. The invention is likely to be of great value, and the incombustible paper will be in demand for wills, deeds, account books, etc.

—Fires have been started in two of the four new blocks at the Warsaw (N. Y.) Salt-works, and the others will follow. This is now the largest and most complete salt-manufacturing establishment in the United States. The buildings cover about three acres. The company expects to manufacture about 1,000 barrels of salt per day, and to double the capacity soon.—*Syracuse Journal.*

—Maine, it is claimed, stands fourth among the thirty-eight States in the number of water-wheels and the amount of water-power she has in use. In her quarrying industries she ranks first in granite and third in slate. In ship-building she is third in the list. Her fisheries are fourth in importance. Her production of manufactured lumber is only exceeded by six States. In paper manufacture she is sixth in importance. In the production of tanned leather she is third. In the manufacture of boots and shoes is fifth in importance. In cotton manufacture she is also fifth, and in the manufacture of woolen goods and mixed textiles she ranks seventh.—*Boston Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—If there is any good in a man it is bound to come out; but it should not come out all at once and leave the man empty.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A blue-stocking has written an essay on "The Disadvantage of Being Pretty." Most girls are good natured and willing to put up with the disadvantages.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A broker named Epps has run away from London leaving debts to the amount of $400,000, and is believed to have come to America. An international Epps owed.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—"Look out, that steer is wild," said a Chicago policeman, as an enormous bovine tore down the street. "I should think he would be," exclaimed a bystander, "with such a crowd chasing him."—*Boston Times.*

—In setting a hen a farmer made a mistake and put a number of porcelain eggs under the fowl. She is doing the best she can, but her eyes have a far-away gaze, and she looks like a man who has just bitten off the end of a cigar and has no match.—*The Dairy.*

—Mr. Van Twiller has just been shot in an affray at Baton Rouge. If his name had been Van Winkle, and he had been eviscerated with a bowie knife, there might have been a chance for a paragrapher make a joke about Rip Van Winkle. But as it is——.—*Boston Post.*

—Literary: Wanted—A story of burglary or ghosts in which the night is not very dark without, and the wind does not blow in fitful gusts, and the old oak in front of the house does not groan dismally. On the receipt of such we agree to return the manuscript.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitted tightly into a wooden frame, and after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise of a sawbuck.—*Exchange.*

—Judge Haliburton relates that when once traveling in the provinces a man thus explained to him how he was in the same profession as lawyers: "I am a wrecker. I am Lloyds' agent, and live on the misfortunes of others; so do you. When a vessel is wrecked it is my business to get her off, or to save the property. When a man is entangled among the shoals or quicksands of the law, your duty is similar. We are both wreckers, and therefore members of the same profession The only difference is, you are a lawyer and I am not."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Murphy heard cows in his orchard the other night, and, slipping out the back way, appeared suddenly near the front steps and yelled: "He-ah Tige! He-ah Tige! He-ah!" Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences, and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man; but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably appeared on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go. "What ye doin'?" yelled the old man; "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa!" was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road awaiting developments, wasn't, and Mirandy will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Our Young Folks.

PEEK-A-BOO!

The cunningest thing that's baby can do
Is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands,
Then crow, and show that it understands

What nurse and mamma, and papa, too,
Mean when they hide and cry: "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,
When they find that baby can play like this!

And they every one listen, and think it true
That the baby's gurgle means Peek-a-boo!

I wonder if any one ever knew
A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?

'Tis old as the world is. I believe
Cain was taught it by Mother Eve.

For Cain was an innocent babe once, too,
And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo.

And the whole world full of the children of men
Have all of them played that game since then.

And while the sun shines and the skies are blue,
Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.
—*Ella Wheeler, in Harper's Young People.*

ABOUT BOYS.

Cousin Ellen advised that the next John Spicer lecture be upon the subject of boys. Then some one expressed the opinion that it would be well for John Spicer to catch himself and put himself in the row and hear his own lecture, but as no lecturer could stand up in front and lecture and at the same time be sitting in a row, hearing, it was decided that John Spicer should catch himself, and put himself in a row, and that then cousin Ellen herself should deliver the lecture. This accordingly was done. John Spicer caught himself and put himself in the row, and Cousin Ellen delivered the lecture, as follows:

Boys are found in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia and other places. Some wear clothes and some do not. The latter are natives of hot countries. The well-known and familiar American boy wears clothes, and wears them a good deal; wears them out, as one may say, not meaning out-doors, but out. Boys of this species, so far as I have known them, have a great deal to do; steady business all the year round; indeed, some are so hurried, so pressed for time, they can scarcely wait to dress in the morning, and sometimes hurry so fast as to get their clothes on behind-side before, in which case they generally take them off again. Their employment is different at different times of the year. In the winter they drive a brisk business in ice and snow. Hurrah for a coast or a skate! Up and away! No time to be lost. The coast needs filling in, or smoothing off, or digging out, or water poured over it. Snow houses are to be made, snow men to be molded. Hurry is the word. A thaw may come. The ice may melt in the pond, the school-bell may ring, is sure to ring. Meals have to be eaten. On with cap and mittens. No time to waste.

Business dull in the spring? Not at all. Spring brings its work. Rubber boots are in demand. There is valuable slosh to be waded in. The water power in the gutters is to be turned in. Chip boats are to be launched on it, dams of mud and stones built across for a "flow." The last snowballing is to be done before the sun shall melt the snow every bit away. Snow gone, the bare ground is put to instant use. Hoops are to be driven on it, tops spun upon it, marbles rolled upon it. Willow whistles are to be cut and blown through. Windmills to be whittled out and nailed up. Wind power is made use of in whirling these round and in flying kites. The kite business in itself is a large one, and includes cutting, framing, shaping, whittling, string-hunting and bobtying. Also the boat business is large, taking in all the rigging and sail-making.

Next comes summer! Hurrah now for the woods and the hills and the fields and the ponds and the seashore! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching along the seashore. Oh, so much to do! Shells to be found, stones to be gathered into pockets. Water warm? Yes. Off clothes and go in swimming. Now go on, tramp, tramp, tramp; crab shells, and horse-shoe shells, and live creatures from puddles, all to be gathered into handkerchiefs; beach grasses to be gathered, boats to be rocked in. Just one moment for a stretching out on the warm sands. Ripple, ripple, sound the waves. Off clothes again and go in swimming. Now away to the woods. Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, marching among the buttercups and daisies, chasing butterflies, running races up in the pastures over the hills and far away, picking berries, climbing trees, swinging on the boughs, gathering cat-o'-nine-tails. Here's a pond. Get some pond lilies. There's a turtle. Catch him. Down he goes under! Off clothes and go in swimming. Here's a brook; fish with a pin fish-hook. No fish? No, not a fish. Sit on the bank and tell stories—fish stories, bear stories, circus stories, Fourth of July stories, any kind. There goes a great butterfly. Quick! Quick! over fences, down, up, over, across. There he is! No, he's gone. Another brook—go in wading. What's that straggling over the stone wall? A squash vine? Yes. Now squash-vine trumpets. Toot, toot, toot, the boys are marching, marching across the fields, through the orchards, picking up apples, smelling the hay, climbing into hay wagons. There's a well; tug at the ropes, down goes a bucket, up comes the other, dripping, pitching, spilling over upon the mossy well stones. A drink all round. Was ever anything so cold and so w ? The sun is getting low. Pleasant thoughts of a far-away supper table ready and waiting in a far-away home. And now, tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching home, home, and to bed to rest, let us hope, for the summer business must go on next day, and next, and next, because there is much to do, and summer is passing swiftly away, and autumn will arrive before the boys will be half ready to begin upon their jack-o'-lanterns, and to go a-nutting, and play foot-ball and base-ball, and other balls, and ride velocipedes, and all there is to be done before the snow flies. Heigho! Steady work and plenty of it all the year around. For besides the regular business, the odd times are to be filled in with hide-and-seek, prison bar, touch the goal, jumping, climbing, last-tagging, playing horse, mumble-the-peg, whittling, hammering, story reading, playing card games, checkers, dominoes.

Oh, the American boy is a busy, busy boy,
A boy exceedingly busy is he!
From morning to night he finds his delight
In being as busy as busy can be!

There are many varieties of the American boy. There are the rough kind and the gentle kind; the polite and the impolite; the truthful and the untruthful; the generous, and the stingy; the obliging, and the disobliging; the honorable, and the mean; the outspoken, and the sneaking. Dear me, how many kinds there are, and what a nuisance a boy can make of himself, if he chooses! Take, for instance, the big-feeling boy. Perhaps you know just how he come into the house, loud-mouthed, important, giving his orders, telling what he wants and doesn't want, what he likes and doesn't like; what he will have and won't have; snubbing his mother and sisters, domineering over the little ones, speaking rudely to the hired help, disturbing everybody. You can't hurl a bootjack at him, for such is not the custom, but a bootjack would do him good if it could let him know what a nuisance he is. Some boys seem to think it makes them manly to act in this way. Poor, ignorant simpletons! They do not know that the greatest and noblest men are surest to be gentle in manner, respectful to women, to reverence their mothers, and to treat everybody well. *Everybody*, the poor and poorly clothed not excepted. Clothes do not make the man or the woman, or the boy or the girl. Neither does the occupation. A poor laborer, poorly clothed, may be a much nobler person than a rich idler, finely clothed. Boys do not always think of this.

I will tell you what kind of a boy I like. The boy that I like is wide awake, spry, eager for out-doors and for all sorts of sport, always plays fair, will not lower himself so much as to cheat, is not big-feeling, is not a sneak, is not afraid of pain, speaks the truth, no matter how much it goes against him, would hate to get into bed with himself if he had done a mean thing, is willing to do anybody a favor even if it cause him some trouble, is well-mannered at home, kind to the little ones, respectful to the older ones, and treats *everybody* well. And all this is just as true of the girl that I like as of the boy. I know girls that I like, and I know boys that I like. Some of them are in my audience, and were I acquainted with you all, very likely I should like you all. I hope so. —*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

Lost Johnny—A True Story.

The little village of C—— is situated eighteen miles from Boston. Quite a number of years ago there went through its quiet streets and into the houses the cry: "A child is lost! lost! lost!" Yes, little Johnny, four years old, had disappeared from that part of the face of the earth. There is so much room and there are so many places; how children and things will sometimes vanish from sight! One so young as the boy just named could not have strayed far away. But, "Oh! where is he? where is he?" was the wail wrung from out the hearts of the family.

Now it is to be remembered that no tramps were ever seen around in that quarter. If so, one such vagabond might have caught up a darling, small fellow when he was out at play a short distance from the door, and clapped him under his tunic in order to sell him back to his parents in a few days, if such a piece of traffic could be effected. If such a thought was born in the minds of the afflicted household or of the neighbors, it was born to die the same instant. Again, bears and woods were no more in that region. The wells! the wells! All the people of C—— looked into their holes in the ground made for holding water. Nobody was hid away there. It was not the custom of Johnny to put the cat in the well, neither had he on this occasion dropped in there himself.

Sometimes, on board of a ship at sea, the shout goes up: "A man overboard!" There he is, plain to be seen, struggling in the slippery waters and buffeting with the hungry waves. There is no doubt where he is. So, as quick as a flash, or before many flashes could occur, the boat is lowered and pushed to the tumbling ocean waves where the man overboard is. But how different is the case of the lost baby in the village of C——! A dreadful uncertainty overhangs his whereabouts. Whither shall the runners run? There is hurrying to and fro that all ends in nothing. Though scores of anxious voices call again and again, no answer comes back, any more than if Johnny were at the bottom of a fifty-barrel cistern of water, or were whisked off by a tornado to Nova Scotia.

There is a story in a school-book, used fifty years ago, of a little child restored to her distressed mother by the aid of a dog. His master, an old Indian, happened along under similar circumstances to those connected with this true incident. The Indian called for the shoes which the child had last worn. He then put the leather trotters in contact with the dog's nose. That was enough. He took the scent and followed the steps of the little wanderer to the other end of the line of pursuit. But perhaps Johnny had no other shoes than those then on his feet. So, in that case, all the dogs and Indians in America could not help the searchers.

Well, was Johnny ever found in the land of the living? Yes, that terrible commotion in the streets, like everything else, came to an end with the happy discovery of the curly-headed, dimple-cheeked four-year-old. While family and friends were looking all about the neighborhood, in pig-pens, stable, cistern and well—were peeping into every corner of his home (especially the preserve closet), making sure that he was not curled up in the rocking-chair, nor on the capacious sofa—Johnny lay fast asleep *under* the sofa, where he was found!—*Christian Union.*

—The White House now contains portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, except Mr. Buchanan.—*Washington Star.*

Religious.

TRANSMUTATION.

With wondrous skill the dear Lord brings,
From all things, good to me—
And full of tender, faithful love
He proves Himself to be.

Though Care upon me lays her hand,
And others sit at ease,
While I toil on 'mid heat and dust,
Or buffet heavy seas—

Although I shrink beneath pain's touch,
Drink sorrow's bitter draught,
Or stand beside a grave, where once
The happy daisies laughed—

Still by His Heavenly alchemy,
Fullness grows out of loss—
And though the fire may hotly burn,
It but consumes the dross.

The duties of each busy day
Are channels all for peace;
While little blessings on their banks,
Grow in a rich increase.

Where I have dreaded hunger, there
I've always found enough—
And Oh, the soul views!—far and grand—
What if the path is rough?

Shape me, O Master! I am clay,
Thou hast the potter's art
To fashion a work beautiful
Out of my stained heart.

From likeness unto like, mold Thou
My nature, till I stand
A perfect vessel, meet for use
In the Eternal Land.
—*Hannah Coddington, in S. S. Times.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 25	David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2	David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9	David's 'Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16	David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23	Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30	Review.	

THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION.

The religious newspapers, and even the pulpits, are so full of the discussion of debatable points in theology that it is not strange that common people sometimes gets the impression that there is no certainty in religion; that theology is not truth, but only what people think about truth; that religious philosophy is a kaleidoscope in which the figures change with every generation, and that all theological differences and disputes concern only the way in which the bits of colored glass shall be arranged so as to produce the most pleasing affect. It is not strange that they sometimes conclude that science is the known, and theology the unknown; that there is assurance and permanence of conviction in the arts and sciences, but none in religion. The disputants have only themselves to thank for this impression; but it is a false one. The changes in theological opinions have been far less than in scientific opinions; and the debatable points in theology, as compared with the assured and positive convictions, are but as the currents in the ocean compared with its immovable foundations and its unchanging shores. The great essentials of religious belief have been held with substantial unity of conviction from the days of Abraham to the present day; the variations have been either in modes of statements, in philosophical explanations of the unquestioned truths, or in clearer and more spiritual apprehension of those truths themselves. They have been the changes incident to the moral and spiritual growth of the race: the change of the tree from its birth in the bursting seed to the fragrant glory of the orchard or the umbrageous glory of the grove; of the river from its cradle among the hills to its manhood industry in the valley below.

That there is one God, not Gods many and Lords many; that He is a Personal God, with intelligence and emotion, not a mere generic and impersonal law; that He permeates and animates all nature, yet is more than nature, as the soul pervades and animates the body, yet is more than the body; that He is a just, true, righteous God, governed himself by these great moral laws which He has written in the hearts and consciences of His children for their government; that He is the Father of mankind, has given to them birth, provides them with food, raiment and shelter, and embraces them in His infinite sympathies, mercy and love; that He has revealed Himself to mankind in the universal conscience, in special prophets and apostles, and chiefest of all, in Jesus Christ, His Son: that He is revealed as a God who pardons and cures sin, undoing for us, if we will let Him, our own undoing, and giving us back our squandered inheritance and our wasted life; that He would have all men to love Him, and, loving Him, the universal Father, to love each other in a universal brotherhood; that He would have all men, by repentance ceasing to do evil, and by faith learning to do well, come into a knowledge of Him, fellowship with Him, live in Him—this is the universal and unchanged faith of the whole people of God; unchanged, except in the clear apprehension of it, from the day when God first perceived that the Seed of the woman should bruise the Serpent's head, till this hour, when, bruised and bleeding, that old Serpent lies beating his life out upon the ground in the agony of a useless and hateful wrath. It is the faith of Jew and Christian; of Romanist and Protestant; of Old Theology and New Theology; of the first century and of the nineteenth century. The ages have seen natural science teaching the earth to be a plane, and the starry heavens a vault whose movements foretold the destiny of man; political economy teaching that Kings ruled by Divine right, and the people were their children, whose only right was the right to obey God's vicegerent; successive literatures arise, flourish and die, to be buried in successive layers of fossil forms in dead languages; philosophy pass through every form, from the spiritualism of Plato to the materialism of Maudsley; but throughout all these ages, Religion, changing her vestments, her manner of speech, her methods of instruction, has calmly taught the same great Divine truths—the unity, the personality, the righteousness, the forgiving kindness, the eternal fatherhood, of God. If there has been any virtue in Old Theology, it is because it has made these truths real to the spiritual apprehension of men. If there is to be any virtue in New Theology, it will be because it will clear away some hindrances to their acceptance, and will make them clearer, and the faith in them more intelligent and more spiritual.

And the great work of the minister is to make these truths real in the apprehension of mankind. It is not to debate the doubtful; it is to make clear the certain. It is not to defend old theories or to propound new ones; it is to make truth vital in human experience. It is not to maintain theories of the atonement, either new or old; it is to preach the forgiveness of sins. It is not to formulate a new theodicy; it is to make of every hearer an Enoch walking with God. Each age must, indeed, deliver this message in its own way, and each apostle in his own dialect. It is the glory of an age of spiritual liberty, like our own, that we hear every man in our own tongue wherein we were born. But though there are many dialects, there is but one Gospel; though the river that flows from the Garden of God is parted into many heads, the source is one and the waters are one—for the source of all is God, and the waters of all are the waters of the River of Life.—*Christian Union.*

Scientific Accuracy of the Bible.

Dr. Samuel Kinns, the author of "Moses and Geology," has for some little time past been giving a series of lectures in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy of England on "The Marvelous Scientific Accuracy of the Bible." The last took place at the Earl of Shaftesbury's, and was attended by a large and very distinguished company. Dr. Kinns, in carrying his audience through his course of reasoning described the various geological strata and the story told by the fossil plants and animals of the earth's condition during the various epochs of its history. He especially interested them, however, in his description of fifteen creative events which he showed were placed by Moses in the correct order of sequence according to the latest discoveries in science. These events, which are very concisely stated in "Moses and Geology," were summarily described in the review of "Moses and Geology," which appeared in the *Record* of March 22, 1882. Dr. Kinns then proved that the number of changes that can be made in the order of fifteen things is more than a billion—viz., 1,307,674,368,000—and, therefore, if Moses placed fifteen important creative events in their proper order without the possibility of traditional help, as most of them happened millions of years before man was created, it is a very strong proof of his inspiration, for group them as one may, and take off a further percentage for any scientific knowledge possessed by him, still the chances must be reckoned by hundreds of millions against his giving the order correctly without a special revelation from God. To lead his auditors to appreciate this, Dr. Kinns mentioned that a clock beating seconds would take over 30,000 years to tick a billion times; and that if any fifteen different events could be written down once in every ten minutes it would take twenty-four millions of years to write all the variations that could be made in their order, writing them day and night without intermission, and to further illustrate it, he distributed slips of paper for each to write down the first fifteen letters of the alphabet in order known only to himself, something in this order:

g m h d a j b k c f e n i o l

and not one corresponded with his. He told them that if all the people in the world were to try to imitate his unknown order, there would be still a thousand chances to one that the whole twelve hundred million attempts would be incorrect.

Or, in other words, if all the people in a thousand worlds, each having a population equal to our own, were to try, there would still be a probability that not one list would agree in sequence with the unknown list. After this he asked how will the skeptic explain the marvelous, nay miraculous, accuracy in sequence of the Mosaic cosmogony.—*London Record.*

Wise Sayings.

—He that is unwilling to serve God in pain and patience, is unworthy of so good a Master.—*Young Christian's Pocket-Book.*

—Were the sun of prosperity always to shine upon us we should soon forget our Father's house, our heritage above. —*Rutherford.*

—Faith is the blossom of the soul; it makes the hope of a future life a bright reality, and brings departed friends in speaking distance.

—Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.—*George Eliot.*

—It is no exaggeration to say that each great movement for good in the Christian Church has coincided with fresh study of the Bible. It was so with the great fathers of the first ages, with Origen, and the masters of Alexandria; it was so with Jerome and Augustine; it was so in the tenth, the fourteenth and the sixteenth centuries. At each crisis deeper investigation of Scripture found new treasures which answered to the wants of a new society. And by God's help it will be so now. The power of the Bible is unchanged and inexhaustible. It speaks with authority to societies and to men; it speaks with sympathy; it speaks with authority because it speaks with sympathy; because it speaks with a human voice, through men and to men, in many fashions, and in many parts. Let us emphasize this thought. We commonly describe the Bible as a "Book." It is a Book, one Book; and it is more. The first title which was given to it in the West was "Bibliotheca Divina," and it is indeed a Divine Library, rich in every region of human interest, rich in every variety of human record.—*Prof. Westcott.*

—A gentleman of Santa Barbara, Cal., has in his cabinet of curiosities several sets of false teeth, exhumed from the graves of aborigines on the Santa Barbara Islands. They are formed each from a shell, which is fashioned to fit the roof of the mouth, and could be adjusted outside of the gums.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.
BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

Insults to Turgeneff's Body.

The following was told me by one who happened to be in the train that brought Turgeneff's body to St. Petersburg, and I had better give it as nearly as possible in my informant's own words:

"As you know, M. Stasulevitch, editor of the *European Messenger*, was the delegate of the funeral committee sent to the German frontier to receive Turgeneff's remains. When he reached Werjbelovo, the Russian frontier station, on Thursday, and got out on the platform, a gendarme officer at once presented himself and said that he had been instructed to attend on him. M. Stasulevitch told the officer that he did not want him, but the officer replied that, whether he wanted him or not, such were his orders, so Stasulevitch had to submit to be saddled with the gendarme. The train with the body arrived in the evening. Stasulevitch asked the gendarme when it would start again for St. Petersburg, and was bluntly told that he, the gendarme, had been further instructed to detain the body until Monday. 'What are you going to do with it then?' 'Put it into a stable-shed near by.' 'Put it into a shed!' ejaculated Stasulevitch, 'when there's a church in the village!' 'The priest,' responded the gendarme, 'has refused to have it.' 'Well, then,' said Stasulevitch, perfectly astounded at this treatment of the great author's remains, 'show me the shed.' The gendarme showed him the shed, and to his further amazement he found the dirty place full of sheep and pigs. 'Well,' said Stasulevitch, 'if no better place than this can be found to shelter Turgeneff's bones, I shall make my bed here, too, by the side of the coffin.' Before the gendarmes could carry out their plan, Stasulevitch found the priest of the village church and learned that what the gendarme officer had said was a lie. The priest at once had the body removed with all due ceremony to the sanctuary, much to the disgust of the police, who were doing all they could to prevent crowds from collecting and making any processions.

"On Sunday morning early, when the body was to be sent on to St. Petersburg, the gendarmes went to take it away to the train before any one was about, so as to prevent any crowding and fuss; but the priest had the keys. On the gendarmes asking him for them, the priest, who was a bold man, gave up the keys at once, but added that if the body were taken away in that disgraceful manner he would immediately telegraph to the Metropolitan Archbishop that they had committed sacrilege by stealing the sanctified remains of an orthodox Christian from the sanctuary of the church. This threat frightened the gendarmes almost out of their lives and they let the body alone. It was then transported to the train in procession in the proper way. At the station hundreds of telegrams had arrived from all parts inquiring the time of its arrival, but by official instructions no answers were returned until Stasulevitch sent them on his own account, even telegraphing out of revenge to all kinds of places that had not even asked for information. You see what this everlasting opposition between public and official interest leads to. All the way up to St. Petersburg the stations were crowded day and night with eager watchers for the funeral train. When it arrived they fell down on their knees and kissed the coffin, which was in a wagon that could be opened at the side toward the platform. At many places the clergy performed service over it. On all these occasions the gendarmes completely lost their heads. They had been ordered to prevent all demonstrations and they rang the departure bell in the middle of the service to get the train away, but happily the conductor would not blow his whistle while the priests were praying, and so the train remained. At one station in the dead of night, Stasulevitch was much afraid that there would be accidents, as the crowds of people pressed upon the carriage to kiss the bier, which could scarcely be seen in the darkness. He bethought himself of a good plan. He shouted for a little girl to be handed over to him out of the crowd, which was done. He then made the little girl kiss the coffin, and, presenting her to the crowd, told them to be satisfied by kissing her, as the train could not wait any longer."—*St. Petersburg Cor. London Times.*

A Jewish Rip Van Winkle.

Choni ha-Maagol was all his life unable to understand the Biblical passage, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream." (Ps. 126, 1). "Can seventy years be regarded as a dream? How is it possible," he asked, "for a man to remain for seventy years asleep?" One day, while on a journey, he saw a man planting a carob tree, and asked him how long a period he expected would elapse before the tree became fruitful. "Seventy years," was the reply. "Do you then expect to live seventy years and to eat of the fruit?" "When I entered the world," was the answer, "I found carob trees in abundance. Even as my fathers planted for me in like manner shall I also plant for those that are to come after me." Choni sat down to his meal, and a deep sleep fell upon him, and he slumbered. The rock closed up around him and he was hidden from the sight of men. And thus he lay for seventy years. When he awoke and rose to his feet, lo! he beheld a man eating of the fruit of the very carob tree that he had seen planted. Choni asked: "Dost thou know who it was that planted this tree?" "My grandfather." Then Choni knew that he had slept on for seventy years. He went to his house and asked where the son of Choni ha-Maagol was. "His son," they told him, "is dead. His grandson you can see if you will." "I am Choni ha-Maagol!" he exclaimed; but no one believed him. He thence turned his steps to the House of Learning and he heard the Rabbis saying: "We have resolved this difficulty as we used to do when Choni ha-Maagol was alive;" for, in times past, when Choni went to the meeting, he was able to expound every subject under discussion. "I am Choni ha-Maagol!" he cried for the second time. But again none would believe him, neither did they treat him with honor. Broken-hearted, he left the haunts of men and prayed for death, and his prayer was answered. "This," says Ravah, "is the meaning of the saying: To the friendless man death cometh as a blessing."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A Cattle King and a Lord.

Information reached us yesterday from a passenger who came in on the train, who was an eye-witness to almost a bloody struggle between a Billings cattle man and an English lord, at the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, a few days ago. The cattle man, who had just sold a train load of cattle in Chicago at a high market price, concluded that he would, in company with his family, visit the noted city across the boundary line. Arriving at that place he put up at the hotel, and during the evening took his family to a place of amusement. In the meantime the titled man from across the Atlantic called at the office of the hotel for quarters. Every room in the house was occupied, but the clerk found a room for his English guest, or at least he thought he had, and consequently removed several lariats, a six-shooter, "chaps" and valises belonging to the Billings man from the room which he had engaged, and the English lord retired, not dreaming that in a few moments he would be aroused from his peaceful slumber at the point of a Colt's six-shooter. Such, however was the case. The room was called for and the reply from the clerk was: "It's occupied by an English lord."

"The dickens you say!" was the cool answer from the noble Montana man.

"You see," says the clerk, "we always in this country make room for an Englishman in preference to any Americans, and a cot in the hallway ought to suit Montanians, whose means are limited."

"Limited be blowed!" was the reply; "I've got enough cash here in my weasel-skin to buy all the hotels in this town, and besides have ten thousand head of cattle ranging in the Judith country of Montana," and away he went to bring forth the man who had taken possession of his room. The panels of the door were broken with the butt of the six-shooter, and the cry of "murder" attracted the attention of the police and made a general stampede among the guests of the house. The herd of guests were corraled by the cattle king, who made an explanation of what caused the disturbance, and the English lord left the house muttering an oath that he never again would intrude on the rights of any man who hailed from Montana.—*Miles City (Mon.) Journal.*

American Purchasers and Parisian Tradesmen.

I have always been very ready to espouse the cause of the American purchaser against the Parisian tradesmen, and especially against the petty tricks of the dressmakers of this city. But I regret much to be compelled to say that right and justice are not always on the side of my countrymen, or rather of my countrywomen, since it is unusually the members of the fair sex who become involved in these controversies. For American ladies as customers some time indulge in an exasperating course of action that is little understood on this side of the water, and is, in consequence resented vigorously. One of these peculiarities is an undue exercise of the feminine privilege of changing one's mind. I have known one of my countrywomen to go to one of the leading houses of Paris, to select certain articles, taking them absolutely and without reserve, to order sundry changes to be made in them, and then, on the following morning, to send word that she would not take any of them. In one case an American lady bought and paid for a set of costly furniture, and then, after it had been packed and sent to Havre for shipment, she wanted to return it and to get back her money. In another instance a lady ordered a superb dress from Worth, and because the corsage did not fit when it was sent home, she refused altogether to take the dress, and threw it on his hands, while admitting that the defect was one that could perfectly have been remedied. And recently one of the prominent dressmakers of Paris called on me to give me the particulars of a case which had just occurred within her own experience. A wealthy American lady had called at her establishment and had ordered a cloak, selecting herself the velvet, the lining, the fur wherewith it was to be trimmed, and the model after which it was to be made. The price was agreed upon, the garment was made, was tried on and found to fit perfectly, and then the lady sent it back, saying that she "had changed her mind and concluded that she did not want the cloak." Now, in this case the return of the article simply involved a considerable pecuniary loss to the dressmaker, as the cloak was a costly one, and having been made to fit the person who ordered it there was not much chance of its exactly suiting any one else.—*Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Petroleum Chewing Gum.

"Did you know that three-quarters of the chewing-gum that tires the jaws of the rising generation in the United States is now made from petroleum?" said a manufacturing confectioner to a reporter the other day.

The reporter did not know it.

"Oh, yes," said the confectioner. "Petroleum first knocked the spots off of the whale-oil business of New England, and now it is clipping into its spruce and tamarack gum industry at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of petroleum we have just received." The confectioner slapped his hand on a large block that resembled a piece of marble. "A few days ago," said he, "that came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with a smell that could knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean wax. There isn't any taste to it, and no more smell than there is to a china plate.

"We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece will weigh two hundred pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it, and flavor it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any pleasant essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all sorts of shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this one will make ten thousand penny cakes, and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufacturers using almost as much of the wax as we do.

"I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article."—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Cider made from late apples is of better quality and possesses more body than that made from early apples; it will also keep much longer.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A farm of twenty-seven acres near Rochester, N. Y., is entirely devoted to raising cabbages. The receipts this year were $5,400.

—Fowls delight to scratch in loose ground, and if a portion of their yard is dug up at intervals it will afford them the exercise they so much need.—*Exchange.*

—It is well known that pruning an orchard too severely does far more harm than good. All that is necessary is to remove the dead limbs and unfruitful branches. An important part of fruit-culture is to know when to let the trees alone.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Cream fritters, as an entree with roast beef and vegetables, are made just the same as if they were to be eaten with sirup. The cream is a gravy made of butter and flour, with boiling water poured over. A little sugar should be added, and a few drops of vanilla.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Salve for Chapped Hands: Three drachms white beeswax; three drachms spermaceti; two ounces olive oil; three drachms gum camphor. Put into a tin cup; place on back of range, where they will melt slowly. Stir often. When well-mixed, pour into a china cup. Rub on the hands every night.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A little time and trouble used in removing the seeds from grape sauce will pay a large interest. After the grapes have cooked sufficiently so that the seeds separate readily from the sauce through a colander, then with a spoon remove the seeds as far as possible, put the skins back with the juice to cook until they are soft, and skim off any seeds that rise to the top.

—Six hundred pounds of land phosphate was put on about one acre and a quarter of land, which had been pastured quite a number of years to sheep; after thoroughly harrowing, the rows were marked out three feet apart, the hills being about two feet apart. The potatoes were cut small, one and two eyes on a piece, and two pieces put in a hill. These potatoes were planted early and hoed once with a horse-hoe. I dug 140 bushels of smooth potatoes, big and little.—*Farmer, Anson, Me.*

—White Mountain Cake: One cupful of white sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sweet milk, half a cupful of corn-starch, one cupful of sifted flour, the whites of six eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk, mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with the flower and stir it slowly in; then the corn-starch, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Use a little vanilla for flavoring.—*The Household.*

—At the last annual meeting of the National Wool-Growers' Association, the secretary, Mr. W. G. Markham, was re-elected, but immediately resigned, owing to severe strictures by leading members of the Association on his position respecting the reduction of the tariff on wool. Mr. Garland, the late President, and Mr. Markham favored the reduction, while a majority of the Wool-Growers' Association desire a restoration of the tariff of 1867—a desire which is not likely to be gratified.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Health and House Plants.

Oftener than otherwise it is safe to reverse the popular maxims and prejudices, since, as it would seem, their basis is ignorance and sensual gratification. Whatever appears to favor the indulgence of the lower appetites—generally more or less vitiated—apparently is formulated into a favorite maxim, eagerly adopted by the masses, as a rule of conduct. This is well illustrated in reference to the popular notion that plants are unfavorable in their effects in the sleeping apartment and in the rooms of the sick. If this popular prejudice has any force or importance it is when the odor of a plant is so strong as to be unpleasant to the very sensitive sick, the unpleasantness indicating its impropriety in that individual case.

Scientific facts assure us and convince the discriminating that such are the relations of the animal creation and the vegetable world that the one can not exist without the other, each contributing to the sustenance of the other. Breathing, combustion, fermentation, putrefaction and still other processes are constantly exhausting the more vitalizing element of the air—oxygen—distributing its chemical constituents, at the same time producing a deadly gas—carbonic—which, aside from certain compensating processes, might soon render the air unfit for respiration. This gas—so deadly to animal life that it is scarcely possible to have it enter the human lungs in its pure state on account of suffocation—is an important element of nutrition to the vegetable kingdom, that, indeed, from which all woody fiber is made. In this and other respects the three kingdoms are mutually dependent each upon the other, each necessary to the sustenance and existence of the other. The nourishment consumed by the animal kingdom must come from the vegetable, originally, so the vegetable kingdom must be sustained by the animal.

This was finely and fully illustrated by the scientific experimentor who put a mouse and a plant in a tight jar, air-tight, the two living as one could not alone—each feeding the other. We have no better purifiers than the light of the sun, moving air, and the leaves of plants and trees.—*Golden Rule.*

Death From the Scratch of a Cat.

Sir John Humphreys held an inquest at the Lord Raglan Tavern, St. Ann's Road, Mile end Old Town, recently, on the body of Louisa Cain, aged seventy-three. John Cain said the deceased, who was his wife, about three weeks ago went to put the cat in an out-house, when the animal scratched her on the hand; the deceased afterward became poorly, and went and saw a doctor, who prescribed for her, but she got gradually worse and died on Thursday morning. Previously the deceased was in good health, and he had no doubt her death was caused through the scratch. Mr. Joseph Francis Porter, surgeon, said when he saw the deceased she was suffering from an injury between the thumb and first finger, and erysipelas supervened. Death was consequent on the scratch. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

—The recent Boston cat show had a Doctor Tom, a large yellow feline that has served eighteen years in a drug store. A cross-eyed cat was named Butler in honor of the Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts. There was a tiger-cat that weighed twenty-five pounds. A deaf cat had one blue and one yellow eye.—*Boston Post.*

"A" and "An."

A correspondent writes to us: "Why does the author of the amusing note on some journalist new version of the "Parturiunt Montes" line talk about "a hexameter"? There are writers who similar say (or rather write, for to speak such things would be too difficult), "a hotel," "a habitual," etc., "a historical," etc., and so on. The rule on the subject is, I believe, that whenever in a word beginning with an *h* the accent falls on the second syllable, the aspirate shall be preceded not by "a," but by "an." "An hexameter" is euphonious. "A hexameter" is simply impossible. If no rule on the subject existed it would be necessary to invent one. But the rule just given will be found sufficient in every case. As no one out of a national school or board school is supposed to study English grammar (which to men of classical education "comes by nature," (like Dogberry's reading and writing), it will perhaps not be thought offensive on my part if I point out that in words like "union," "university," "unicorn," in which the letter *u* forms a syllable by itself, the indefinite article used in connection with it should be not "an," but "a." "An unicorn," "an university," are almost as ugly combinations as "a hotel" or "a hexameter."—*St. James' Gazette.*

Petrified Pumpkins.

The California papers are telling a story about petrified pumpkins in Mendocino County. The report is that a farmer, some years ago, had a lot of pumpkins washed away by a freshet down a ravine, and for a number of years the pumpkins were observed where the water had lodged them, but no one had ever thought they had turned to stone, until the other day a man attempted to pick one of them up, when he discovered that it was very heavy and had turned to stone. About fifty more were in the same condition. The story may be true, but it offers no special inducement for agriculturists to raise paving stones on pumpkin vines. Some pumpkins are of no special good, except to sling at cats, but as the supply is too small to be used with advantage, they will not be used. If California will find a process for making pies out of her petrified pumpkins, the boarding-house keepers of the country will rise up and call her blessed.—*Boston Globe.*

—The Princess of Wales and her sisters were photographed during their recent visit home, standing beneath a tree in their old playground, the garden of Castle Bernstoff. The photograph has been chromographed and gone all over the land.

—A Columbia, (Fla.,) woman left her babe at home alone all day, and when she returned, found that the ants had crawled into its mouth, nose, eyes and ears, and killed it.

The Little Model Republic.

VALPARAISO, CHILI.—Senor Ricardo Stuven, a leading commission merchant of this city, after having exhausted all other remedies has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-banisher. He makes this public.

THE first doctor of divinity is said to have been "O. Fiddle, D. D."

The Billous,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASS'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE . for putting the : has , again.—*Boston Star.*

Pioneer History of America.

This splendid volume of 1032 pages crowded with elegant and striking full-page illustrations has just been issued by Jones Bros. & Co., Cincinnati. This extensive work has connected historical value as well as thrilling narrative interest. The author is a perspicuous and dramatic writer, and carries each recital forward to an absorbing climax. The hundred engravings are not only well drawn, but are full of thought, suggestion and feeling. The work is written in the best, most graphic, historical style, which, combined with the intensely interesting facts detailed, will hold the attention of the reader throughout. No other book on Pioneer Life approaches it in vividness of description, purity and vigor of style, accuracy of detail and fascination of the story. The excellent introduction by Dr. Ridpath, written in his proverbially accurate and fascinating manner, is a good contribution to the volume. The publishers, who are an old and reliable firm, want agents to take orders for the work.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

GIRLS, when an eligible youth pops the question, never say: "I should blush to twitter." Always observe: "I scream to ejaculate."—*Detroit Post.*

IF you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

STOVE up yet?—*Chicago Times.* Thank you; we don't get stove up.—*Oil City Derrick.*

WHO has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases on Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSO'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, November 16, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@ 4 85
HOGS—Common	3 75	@ 4 35
Good packers	4 25	@ 4 70
SHEEP	3 50	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Family	4 50	@ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 11	@ 1 12
No. 2 red	1 07	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30	@ 30¼
Rye—No. 2	59½	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	9 50	@10 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 50	@11 75
Lard—Current make	7-40	@ 7-60
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@ 25
Prime Creamery	25	@ 34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@ 3 50
Good to choice	4 40	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 07	@
No. 2 red	1 11½	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed—new	60¾	@ 62¼
Oats—mixed	35	@ 37
PORK—Mess	12 00	@12 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 00	@ 1 05
Corn—No. 2	48¾	@ 49¾
Oats—No. 2	28¼	@ 28¾
Rye	58½	@
PORK—Mess	10 75	@10 80
LARD—Steam	7-50	@ 7-52½
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07¾	@ 1 08
Corn—mixed	60	@
Oats—mixed	36	@ 38
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75	@
Lard—Refined	9	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No 1	$4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02	@
Corn—mixed	50	@
Oats—mixed	30½	@ 31
PORK—MESS	12 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2, red, new	$1 01	@ 1 02
CORN—mixed	49	@
OATS—mixed	28	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

A VIRGINIA thief escaped from jail by crawling through a stove-pipe. Wonder if he was sooted for that method of escape.—*Williamsport Grit.*

MY son, aged nine years, was afflicted with Catarrh; the use of Ely's Cream Balm effected a complete cure. W. E. HAMMAN, Druggist, Easton, Pa.

ACCORDING to an unascertained entomologist, a mosquito resembles charity when it begins to hum.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

RUSHMORE, O.—Dr. A. Page says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in several instances, and in each case obtained good results."

EVERY father should paddle his own; can you?—*N. Y. News.*

AN effective medicine for kidney diseases, low fevers and nervous prostration, and well worthy of a trial, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

SLIGHT of hand—A maiden's refusal.—*Detroit Post.*

THE RESTORATION to health of our child we considered uncertain. When two weeks old she caught cold. For 18 months was not able to breathe through her nostrils. Upon using Ely's Cream Balm her difficulty is removed; she breathes naturally. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. SMITH, Owego, N. Y.

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CLUTSVILLE, ALA.—Dr. W. Carter says, "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family for indigestion with great benefit."

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A HUMAN FIRE.

The Phenomenon of a Burning Mine Repeated in the Physical System.

A few years ago one of the most important coal mines in Pennsylvania caught fire. It started slowly but soon obtained such headway that it spread through the greater portion of the entire mine. To flood it with water would extinguish the fire, but well nigh ruin the mine; and still the flames continued to increase. At that juncture a young man stepped forward and suggested that all the entrances and vent holes of the mine be covered and secured, thus shutting off the supply of air. His advice was followed and the flames were finally subdued.

To compare the condition of this mine with many phases of the human system, is most natural and appropriate. "Fire in the blood" is not a mere expression, it is a most serious fact. How it originates, it may be impossible to say; but that it burns and rages with an increasing fury, the one who is its victim only too painfully knows. The blood is the life. It is designed by nature to purify, strengthen and sustain the system. It is too often made the channel through which poison and death are transported. Poisonous acids coming through the veins and arteries inflame and cause a fire just as real as the one which existed in the mine. They burn and irritate, causing the brain to become weak and the nerves unstrung; they carry pains to the muscles and leave agonies in the joints; they bring destruction instead of strength; they devastate the very portions of the body that most require help, and they hasten the approach of death in its most horrible form. These things have been felt by innumerable people who have been the victims of rheumatic disorders, and the agonies they have endured confirm this description.

There is but one way by which this fire in the blood can be extinguished, and that is by shutting off the supply of these poisonous acids. The lactic, lithic and uric acids come in to the blood through the liver and kidneys, and they remain in solution in the blood producing inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, gout and all rheumatic fevers and affections. When they are deposited as gritty crystals in and near the joints, they cause articular rheumatism; when in the muscles, muscular rheumatism and lumbago; when in the tissues covering the nerves, sciatica; when in the face, head and nerves generally, neuralgia. In every case they are painful; in most instances, dangerous. Inflammatory rheumatism is likely to locate in some joint and become chronic, or suddenly attack the brain or heart, causing apoplexy or heart-disease. The fire in the blood must be extinguished—the supply must be shut off. This can only be done by guarding the portals to the blood—the kidneys and liver; and no means have ever been found for accomplishing this which can equal Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure. It acts directly upon the seat of the disorder; it extinguishes the fire by controlling the supply and removing the cause.

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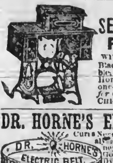

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—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

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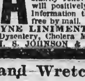

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Suggestions for Decorations, Entertainments and Gifts.
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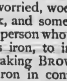

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CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*for Internal and External Use*) will instantly relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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"As weak as a cat" is an expression frequently used by debilitated sufferers who are trying to tell how forlorn they feel. It is an incorrect expression, for a cat is one of the most agile and vigorous animals in existence. It would be more correct to say, "as weak as a limp old rag," for that gives the idea of utter inability to hold one's self up. The weary person who feels thus is generally worn, worried, woeful, and wretched.
Sometimes it is a case of overwork, and sometimes of imperfect nourishment. The blood in the system of a person who is "as weak as a rag" is in a wretchedly thin condition. It needs iron, to impart richness, redness, and strength. This is to be had by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, the only safe and proper preparation of iron in connection with gentle and powerful tonics. The physician and the druggist can tell the worn and weary how valuable a remedy BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been found in actual every-day use.
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In the inquiry—Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast?—this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

Mason & Hamlin Organs.
New Illustrated Catalogue, (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883–4, including many new styles; best assortment of the best and most attractive organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, $22 to $600, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.
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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1883. NUMBER 5.

SONG OF THE JERSEY.

With fingers tired and stiff,
With muscles swollen and sore,
A maiden stood in a gros grain silk,
Viewing her Jersey o'er.
Sad, sad, sad,
Then wickedly winking her eye,
She cried aloud, like a lunatic mad:
"I'll put you on or die."

Stretch, stretch, stretch,
With her tongue most bitten in two,
And stretch, stretch, stretch,
Till her head came peeping through,
With moans and sighs and tears,
With tears and sighs and moans,
She pawed the air, fell over a chair,
And filled the room with groans.

Sick, sick, sick,
She lay for a week in bed,
Sick, sick, sick,
With a pain that racked her head;
While in a closet dark
The naughty Jersey laid,
'Twas torn to shreds, 'twas rent in twain,
And sorry was the maid.
—*Washington Capital.*

UNCLE JEHORAM;

or,

Mrs. Monteith's Wedding Gift.

"Girls, girls!" cried I triumphantly, waving an old-fashioned yellow envelope in the sunny September air. "I've got a letter from Uncle Jehoram!"

"Open it!" cried Nelly Pinkham, who was my first bridesmaid.

"Do let us hear what he says!" chimed in Alice Eden, my second.

So I sat down on the big canvas-covered traveling trunk, with my hair all down my back. I had just unfastened it for Nelly to experiment a little with the bridal wreath—and with the bevy of girls clustering eagerly around me I broke the seal of Uncle Jehoram's letter, and read it aloud with all the elocutionary airs and graces that I had learned at Madame Benton's "Institute."

Dear Niece, (it said, in a queer little cramped hand like the characters on a Chinese tea-chest) yours of 21st instant duly received. Am glad to hear that you are to be married to a worthy young man who is able to support you. Accept my good wishes. By this day's express I send a present which I hope you may find useful, and no more at present from your affectionate uncle,

JEHORAM JOHNSON.

"There!" cried I. "What do you think of *that?*"

Alice Eden clapped her dimpled hands.

"The old darling!" cried she. "It's a real Cashmere shawl, Nanny, you may be very certain."

"Or perhaps a Persian rug," said Nelly Pinkham, "all dim blues and greens and delicious blotches of yellow."

"The deed of a house and lot," said Mary Moxley.

"Diamonds, most likely," interposed Juliet Grayson, "or real Oriental pears, each one as big as a tear-drop."

"He's very rich, isn't he?" said Alice.

"Of course he is," said I, "or at least I've always heard so."

"And an old bachelor?"

"Yes, an old bachelor."

"But he doesn't say whether or not he's coming to the wedding."

"Oh, of course he'll come," said I.

"What is he like?" asked Nelly, thoughtfully.

I burst out laughing.

"Do you know, girls," said I, "that I never saw him in my life."

And then Harry came in with a delicious little bouquet of white rosebuds, and of course that put everything else out of our heads. For my hair had to be twisted up in a hurry, and Harry would insist on seeing the wedding wreath and veil on, and an exquisite tete-a-tete set of real pink Sevres came in from Mrs. Montagu Jackyll, and we never thought of Uncle Jehoram until the next day, when there was a prodigious peal at the door-bell, just as we were all sitting down to a gypsy sort of tea in the old school-room—the parlors and dining-room were in the hands of the confectioner's men—and Betty, the maid, made her appearance with a puzzled expression of face.

"It's a bundle, ma'am," said she, "came by express, with Mr. Jehoram Johnson's compliments on a card."

I jumped up, oversetting a cup of tea and a plate of peaches and cream in my excitement.

"Bring it here, Betty," I cried, "at once."

"Bless your dear heart, miss," said Betty, "it 'ud take four men to lift it. The expressman he swore awful when he lifted it up the steps, and said as it ought to be paid double rates."

We looked at each other in a sort of delightful bewilderment.

"It must be something *very* valuable," said Juliet, breathlessly.

"A sewing-machine, perhaps," suggested Harry.

"Nonsense!" cried Alice. "As if a rich old uncle would send anything as commonplace and poky as *that!*"

"Well, perhaps it might help to solve the riddle somewhat," said Harry, gravely, "if we were to go out and look at it."

At this suggestion we all rushed out en masse.

There, in the middle of the marble-paved hall, stood a huge, oblong bundle, some three feet high and wide in proportion.

"No wonder the expressman swore!" said Harry, with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's carpeting."

"Oh, the dear old creature!" cried Nelly. "A real Aubusson, from Paris. Oh, do open it, somebody!"

Harry slowly produced from his vest pocket a tortoise-shell handled knife, and ripped the coarse covering which enveloped the parcel. We all started back.

"A rag carpet!" exclaimed my husband-elect.

"A common, coarse thing, only fit for a dust-man's kitchen!" cried Nelly Pinkham; while Alice Eden, who had worked herself up into a high state of nervous expectation, burst into tears.

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" said Juliet Grayson, disdainfully. "The horrid, mean old miser!"

"Girls," cried I, recovering myself as best I could, "you must not talk so. Uncle Jehoram meant it all in kindness. I dare say he thought I could make it useful—and I mean to accept it in the same spirit in which it was offered."

Harry stooped down and gave me a kiss.

"You're a dear, sensible little thing," said he, "and Uncle Jehoram has reason to be proud of his niece."

"But you'll never put it on exhibition with the other presents," said Alice, incredulously.

"Of course I shall," said I.

And I did. And the girls never knew of the little private "cry" I had all by myself when they thought I was selecting the prettiest flowers to decorate the big bride-cake; for I *had* expected something very nice from the rich old bachelor uncle whom I had never seen, and somehow the bundle of striped red carpeting was a disappointment.

But the eventful day came, with its white satin bows and odor of hot-house flowers and rustle of silks and laces, and Uncle Jehoram's rag carpet occupied a place of honor among the silver teapots and china services and embroidered sofa pillows and countless pretty gimcracks that burdened the "present table."

We had been married for about half an hour, and I was standing beside Harry under the great floral bell receiving the congratulations of my friends, when a queer little brown-faced man, in a faded wig and a suit of clothes that exactly matched his complexion, walked up to me, bowing low.

"Wish you much joy, Mrs Monteith," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said I, trying to remember who he was, and failing altogether.

But I had made up my mind he must be the eccentric Methodist minister who lived around the corner, and who was in the habit of going where he pleased, whether he was invited or not.

"I've been looking at your wedding presents," said he. "Curious thing, that bundle of rag carpet," pointing to it with his knobby walking stick. "Shouldn't have supposed you'd have put *that* among your pretty gimcracks."

"It is rather a strange gift," said my husband, "particularly as it came from a rich old curmudgeon who—"

But I checked Harry with a look.

"From a dear relative of mine," said I, "whose kind remembrance gratifies me beyond expression."

"Oh!" said the little brown man, looking from Harry to me with keen, bright eyes, like those of a bird, "you're pleased with it, then?"

"More pleased than I can express," I answered, earnestly.

"Humph!" commented the little old man. "Would you object to having it lifted down and unrolled? I've some curiosity to look at the pattern."

It was a strange request, but we scarcely knew how to refuse it, and presently the gay stripes of the rag carpet were unrolled on the floor before the astonished eyes of our wedding guests, yard upon yard, backward and forward, until, from the very heart of the tightly packed cylinder, out fell a small black leather box.

"Eh?" said the little brown man, pouncing on it more like a bird than ever. "What is this? Not diamonds?"

Diamonds in good truth. The scintillating blaze of a neck-lace—the glitter of solitaire ear-drops that nearly dazzled my eyes.

"Uncle Jehoram! It is Uncle Jehoram!" cried I, the scales suddenly falling from my mental vision.

"Niece!" said the little man, as he ceremoniously hung the sparkling chain around my neck, "if you had scornfully rejected the old man's homely present and sent it back to him, as some young women would have done, you would never have discovered the secret of the old family diamonds." "Niece, you are a sensible girl, and I congratulate your husband on the possession of a treasure more precious than rubies."

And on this Uncle Jehoram Johnson made a curious little bow, like a jack-knife shutting itself up, and disappeared among the crowd. And from that moment to this I have never seen him, although he writes me a kindly letter every year, declining all invitations to visit us.

"I am best by myself," he writes. "When I die, you will find that I have not forgotten you. Until then let me live on like the solitary old oyster that I have taught myself to be."

And the rag carpet covers the floor of our second guest-chamber, which is furnished after a substantial style, and the diamonds are the envy and admiration of all my female friends.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Square Man.

During the cloth-house and wholesale clothing-house failures of September, a retail dealer in Cleveland shut up shop and announced his failure, with an offer to pay ten cents on the dollar.

"See here, Jake," said an acquaintance, "there are some ugly reports about your failure."

"Ish dot bossible!"

"Did any of these New York houses owe you anything?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did you owe any of them?"

"Not a cent."

"Well, then, why should their misfortune affect you? You don't fail every time an Eastern house goes under, do you?"

"Mr. Schmidt, you doan' onderstand der case, and I vhill oxblain. My brudder Isaacs was mit one of der busted firms."

"Well, what of it?"

"Isaacs vhas werry sensitive—werry. If Isaacs vhas busted and I vhas doing a rushing beesness he would grieve to death. I fail oudt of respect to his feelings. My wife vhas also werry sensitive, and if I offer more ash ten per cent., she goes into a decline. 'Dot vhas how I vhas fixed, and I like eferybody to know I vhas shust as square a man as efer had a brudder Isaacs."—*Wall Street News.*

—Prof. Holeman, of Philadelphia, has made experiments in the effect of sound on the colors and shapes of soap bubbles. Being reflected on a screen, they were at first a bluish. An intonation of the voice through a tube connected with a bubble first brought out a number of black spots on the reflection: and these were succeeded by a bright green mingled with pink. The same tone always caused the same formation, but had no control over the color.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At a wedding in Lockport, N. Y., recently the organist played among other selections, the "For I'm to be married to-day."

—The Pennsylvania Steel Works turn out enough steel rails in a day to lay eight miles of track.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A Frenchman has patented a machine for the use of concentrated solar rays as a general motive power.

—A Wilmington (S. C.) mechanic has built a buggy on the bicycle principle, the spokes and tires being of steel. It works nicely.—*Chicago Times.*

—Toad raising is a profitable Austrian industry. The creatures are produced for the London market, where they are sold for $15 or $20 per hundred, and are bought by gardeners and agriculturists for use in destroying obnoxious insects.

—At Oakland, Cal., the iron dust created by the Pacific Nail Works, amounting to five tons a day, is now utilized and twenty-five per cent. of it made into steel by the same process that black sand is manufactured into that metal.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Erie, Pa., intends to utilize the natural gas which lies beneath her soil. Gas can be secured along the lake shore, anywhere at from 700 to 1,000 feet, and the supply is so strong that it frequently finds its way up through the ground through springs, and in several places along the shore of the lake it comes bubbling up through sixty feet of water. —*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Mr. Meyer, of Paris, claims to have invented a paper indestructible by fire. Specimens have been exhibited which had previously been placed for four hours in a pottery furnace. Mr. Meyer has also invented incombustible colors and ink. The invention is likely to be of great value, and the incombustible paper will be in demand for wills, deeds, account books, etc.

—Fires have been started in two of the four new blocks at the Warsaw (N. Y.) Salt-works, and the others will follow. This is now the largest and most complete salt-manufacturing establishment in the United States. The buildings cover about three acres. The company expects to manufacture about 1,000 barrels of salt per day, and to double the capacity soon.—*Syracuse Journal.*

—Maine, it is claimed, stands fourth among the thirty-eight States in the number of water-wheels and the amount of water-power she has in use. In her quarrying industries she ranks first in granite and third in slate. In ship-building she is third in the list. Her fisheries are fourth in importance. Her production of manufactured lumber is only exceeded by six States. In paper manufacture she is sixth in importance. In the production of tanned leather she is third. In the manufacture of boots and shoes is fifth in importance. In cotton manufacture she is also fifth, and in the manufacture of woolen goods and mixed textiles she ranks seventh.—*Boston Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—If there is any good in a man it is bound to come out; but it should not come out all at once and leave the man empty.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A blue-stocking has written an essay on "The Disadvantage of Being Pretty." Most girls are good natured and willing to put up with the disadvantages.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A broker named Epps has run away from London leaving debts to the amount of $400,000, and is believed to have come to America. An international Epps owed.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—"Look out, that steer is wild," said a Chicago policeman, as an enormous bovine tore down the street. "I should think he would be," exclaimed a by-stander, "with such a crowd chasing him."—*Boston Times.*

—In setting a hen a farmer made a mistake and put a number of porcelain eggs under the fowl. She is doing the best she can, but her eyes have a far-away gaze, and she looks like a man who has just bitten off the end of a cigar and has no match.—*The Dairy.*

—Mr. Van Twiller has just been shot in an affray at Baton Rouge. If his name had been Van Winkle, and he had been eviscerated with a bowie knife, there might have been a chance for a paragrapher make a joke about Rip Van Winkle. But as it is——.—*Boston Post.*

—Literary: Wanted—A story of burglary or ghosts in which the night is not very dark without, and the wind does not blow in fitful gusts, and the old oak in front of the house does not groan dismally. On the receipt of such we agree to return the manuscript.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—The cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every bone and muscle in the body —is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitted tightly into a wooden frame, and after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise of a sawbuck.—*Exchange.*

—Judge Haliburton relates that when once traveling in the provinces a man thus explained to him how he was in the same profession as lawyers: "I am a wrecker. I am Lloyds' agent, and live on the misfortunes of others; so do you. When a vessel is wrecked it is my business to get her off, or to save the property. When a man is entangled among the shoals or quicksands of the law, your duty is similar. We are both wreckers, and therefore members of the same profession. The only difference is, you are a lawyer and I am not."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Murphy heard cows in his orchard the other night, and, slipping out the back way, appeared suddenly near the front steps and yelled: "He-ah Tige! He-ah Tige! He-ah!" Just then a figure rushed past, cleared two fences, and vanished in the gloom. "Take 'im! take 'im!" screamed the old man; but his daughter Miranda, who had unaccountably appeared on the scene, secured the dog by the collar and refused to let go. "What ye doin'?" yelled the old man; "don't ye know them cows has been in here three or four times?" "Oh, pa!" was the answer, "but this was only a calf." The old man was pacified, but Adolphus, who was standing out in the road awaiting developments, wasn't, and Mirandy will never understand the coldness that has sprung up between them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Our Young Folks.

PEEK-A-BOO!

The cunningest thing that a baby can do
Is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands,
Then crow, and show that it understands

What nurse and mamma, and papa, too,
Mean when they hide and cry: "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is,
When they find that baby can play like this!

And they every one listen, and think it true
That the baby's gurgle means Peek-a-boo!

I wonder if any one ever knew
A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?

'Tis old as the world is. I believe
Cain was taught it by Mother Eve.

For Cain was an innocent babe once, too,
And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo.

And the whole world full of the children of men
Have all of them played that game since then.

And while the sun shines and the skies are blue,
Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.
—*Ella Wheeler, in Harper's Young People.*

ABOUT BOYS.

Cousin Ellen advised that the next John Spicer lecture be upon the subject of boys. Then some one expressed the opinion that it would be well for John Spicer to catch himself and put himself in the row and hear his own lecture, but as no lecturer could stand up in front and lecture and at the same time be sitting in a row, hearing, it was decided that John Spicer should catch himself, and put himself in a row, and that then cousin Ellen herself should deliver the lecture. This accordingly was done. John Spicer caught himself and put himself in the row, and Cousin Ellen delivered the lecture, as follows:

Boys are found in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia and other places. Some wear clothes and some do not. The latter are natives of hot countries. The well-known and familiar American boy wears clothes, and wears them a good deal; wears them out, as one may say, not meaning out-doors, but out. Boys of this species, so far as I have known them, have a great deal to do; steady business all the year round; indeed, some are so hurried, so pressed for time, they can scarcely wait to dress in the morning, and sometimes hurry so fast as to get their clothes on behind-side before, in which case they generally take them off again. Their employment is different at different times of the year. In the winter they drive a brisk business in ice and snow. Hurrah for a coast or a skate! Up and away! No time to be lost. The coast needs filling in, or smoothing off, or digging out, or water poured over it. Snow houses are to be made, snow men to be molded. Hurry is the word. A thaw may come. The ice may melt in the pond, the school-bell may ring, is sure to ring. Meals have to be eaten. On with cap and mittens. No time to waste.

Business dull in the spring? Not at all. Spring brings its work. Rubber boots are in demand. There is valuable slosh to be waded in. The water power in the gutters is to be turned in. Chip boats are to be launched on it, dams of mud and stones built across for a "flow." The last snowballing is to be done before the sun shall melt the snow every bit away. Snow gone, the bare ground is put to instant use. Hoops are to be driven on it, tops spun upon it, marbles rolled upon it. Willow whistles are to be cut and blown through. Windmills to be whittled out and nailed up. Wind power is made use of in whirling these round and in flying kites. The kite business in itself is a large one, and includes cutting, framing, shaping, whittling, string-hunting and bobtying. Also the boat business is large, taking in all the rigging and sail-making.

Next comes summer! Hurrah now for the woods and the hills and the fields and the ponds and the seashore! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching along the seashore. Oh, so much to do! Shells to be found, stones to be gathered into pockets. Water warm? Yes. Off clothes and go in swimming. Now go on, tramp, tramp, tramp; crab shells, and horse-shoe shells, and live creatures from puddles, all to be gathered into handkerchiefs; beach grasses to be gathered, boats to be rocked in. Just one moment for a stretching out on the warm sands. Ripple, ripple, sound the waves. Off clothes again and go in swimming. Now away to the woods. Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, marching among the buttercups and daisies, chasing butterflies, running races up in the pastures over the hills and far away, picking berries, climbing trees, swinging on the boughs, gathering cat-o'-nine-tails. Here's a pond. Get some pond lilies. There's a turtle. Catch him. Down he goes under! Off clothes and go in swimming. Here's a brook; fish with a pin fish-hook. No fish? No, not a fish. Sit on the bank and tell stories—fish stories, bear stories, circus stories, Fourth of July stories, any kind. There goes a great butterfly. Quick! Quick! over fences, down, up, over, across. There he is! No, he's gone. Another brook—go in wading. What's that straggling over the stone wall? A squash vine? Yes. Now squash-vine trumpets. Toot, toot, toot, the boys are marching, marching across the fields, through the orchards, picking up apples, smelling the hay, climbing into hay wagons. There's a well; tug at the ropes, down goes a bucket, up comes the other, dripping, pitching, spilling over upon the mossy well stones. A drink all round. Was ever anything so cold and so wet? The sun is getting low. Pleasant thoughts of a far-away supper table ready and waiting in a far-away home. And now, tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching home, home, and to bed to rest, let us hope, for the summer business must go on next day, and next, and next, because there is much to do, and summer is passing swiftly away, and autumn will arrive before the boys will be half ready to begin upon their jack-o'-lanterns, and to go a-nutting, and play foot-ball and base-ball, and other balls, and ride velocipedes, and all there is to be done before the snow flies. Heigho! Steady work and plenty of it all the year around. For besides the regular business, the odd times are to be filled in with hide-and-seek, prison bar, touch the goal, jumping, climbing, last-tagging, playing horse, mumble-the-peg, whittling, hammering, story reading, playing card games, checkers, dominoes.

Oh, the American boy is a busy, busy boy,
A boy exceedingly busy is he!
From morning to night he finds his delight
In being as busy as busy can be!

There are many varieties of the American boy. There are the rough kind and the gentle kind; the polite and the impolite; the truthful and the untruthful; the generous, and the stingy; the obliging, and the disobliging; the honorable, and the mean; the outspoken, and the sneaking. Dear me, how many kinds there are, and what a nuisance a boy can make of himself, if he chooses! Take, for instance, the big-feeling boy. Perhaps you know just how he come into the house, loud-mouthed, important, giving his orders, telling what he wants and doesn't want, what he likes and doesn't like; what he will have and won't have; snubbing his mother and sisters, domineering over the little ones, speaking rudely to the hired help, disturbing everybody. You can't hurl a bootjack at him, for such is not the custom, but a bootjack would do him good if it could let him know what a nuisance he is. Some boys seem to think it makes them manly to act in this way. Poor, ignorant simpletons! They do not know that the greatest and noblest men are surest to be gentle in manner, respectful to women, to reverence their mothers, and to treat everybody well. *Everybody,* the poor and poorly clothed not excepted. Clothes do not make the man or the woman, or the boy or the girl. Neither does the occupation. A poor laborer, poorly clothed, may be a much nobler person than a rich idler, finely clothed. Boys do not always think of this.

I will tell you what kind of a boy I like. The boy that I like is wide awake, spry, eager for out-doors and for all sorts of sport, always plays fair, will not lower himself so much as to cheat, is not big-feeling, is not a sneak, is not afraid of pain, speaks the truth, no matter how much it goes against him, would hate to get into bed with himself if he had done a mean thing, is willing to do anybody a favor even if it cause him some trouble, is well-mannered at home, kind to the little ones, respectful to the older ones, and treats *everybody* well. And all this is just as true of the girl that I like as of the boy. I know girls that I like, and I know boys that I like. Some of them are in my audience, and were I acquainted with you all, very likely I should like you all. I hope so. —*Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

Lost Johnny—A True Story.

The little village of C—— is situated eighteen miles from Boston. Quite a number of years ago there went through its quiet streets and into the houses the cry: "A child is lost! lost! lost!" Yes, little Johnny, four years old, had disappeared from that part of the face of the earth. There is so much room and there are so many places; how children and things will sometimes vanish from sight! One so young as the boy just named could not have strayed far away. But, "Oh! where is he? where is he?" was the wail wrung from out the hearts of the family.

Now it is to be remembered that no tramps were ever seen around in that quarter. If so, one such vagabond might have caught up a darling, small fellow when he was out at play a short distance from the door, and clapped him under his tunic in order to sell him back to his parents in a few days, if such a piece of traffic could be effected. If such a thought was born in the minds of the afflicted household or of the neighbors, it was born to die the same instant. Again, bears and woods were no more in that region. The wells! the wells! All the people of C—— looked into their holes in the ground made for holding water. Nobody was hid away there. It was not the custom of Johnny to put the cat in the well, neither had he on this occasion dropped in there himself.

Sometimes, on board of a ship at sea, the shout goes up: "A man overboard!" There he is, plain to be seen, struggling in the slippery waters and buffeting with the hungry waves. There is no doubt where he is. So, as quick as a flash, or before many flashes could occur, the boat is lowered and pushed to the tumbling ocean waves where the man overboard is. But how different is the case of the lost baby in the village of C——! A dreadful uncertainty overhangs his whereabouts. Whither shall the runners run? There is hurrying to and fro that all ends in nothing. Though scores of anxious voices call again and again, no answer comes back, any more than if Johnny were at the bottom of a fifty-barrel cistern of water, or were whisked off by a tornado to Nova Scotia.

There is a story in a school-book, used fifty years ago, of a little child restored to her distressed mother by the aid of a dog. His master, an old Indian, happened along under similar circumstances to those connected with this true incident. The Indian called for the shoes which the child had last worn. He then put the leather trotters in contact with the dog's nose. That was enough. He took the scent and followed the steps of the little wanderer to the other end of the line of pursuit. But perhaps Johnny had no other shoes than those then on his feet. So, in that case, all the dogs and Indians in America could not help the searchers.

Well, was Johnny ever found in the land of the living? Yes, that terrible commotion in the streets, like everything else, came to an end with the happy discovery of the curly-headed, dimple-cheeked four-year-old. While family and friends were looking all about the neighborhood, in pig-pens, stable, cistern and well—were peeping into every corner of his home (especially the preserve closet), making sure that he was not curled up in the rocking-chair, nor on the capacious sofa—Johnny lay fast asleep *under* the sofa, where he was found!—*Christian Union.*

—The White House now contains portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, except Mr. Buchanan.—*Washington Star.*

Religious.

TRANSMUTATION.

With wondrous skill the dear Lord brings,
From all things, good to me—
And full of tender, faithful love
He proves Himself to be.

Though Care upon me lays her hand,
And others sit at ease,
While I toil on 'mid heat and dust,
Or buffet heavy seas—

Although I shrink beneath pain's touch,
Drink sorrow's bitter draught,
Or stand beside a grave, where once
The happy daisies laughed—

Still by His Heavenly alchemy,
Fullness grows out of loss—
And though the fire may hotly burn,
It but consumes the dross.

The duties of each busy day
Are channels all for peace;
While little blessings on their banks,
Grow in a rich increase.

Where I have dreaded hunger, there
I've always found enough—
And Oh, the soul views!—far and grand—
What if the path is rough?

Shape me, O Master! I am clay,
Thou hast the potter's art
To fashion a work beautiful
Out of my stained heart.

From likeness unto like, mold Thou
My nature, till I stand
A perfect vessel, meet for use
In the Eternal Land.
—*Hannah Coddington, in S. S. Times.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 25—David and Goliath	1 Sam. 17:38-51
Dec. 2—David's Enemy—Saul	1 Sam. 18: 1- 6
Dec. 9—David's Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-43
Dec. 16—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30—Review.	

THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION.

The religious newspapers, and even the pulpits, are so full of the discussion of debatable points in theology that it is not strange that common people sometimes gets the impression that there is no certainty in religion; that theology is not truth, but only what people think about truth; that religious philosophy is a kaleidoscope in which the figures change with every generation, and that all theological differences and disputes concern only the way in which the bits of colored glass shall be arranged so as to produce the most pleasing affect. It is not strange that they sometimes conclude that science is the known, and theology the unknown; that there is assurance and permanence of conviction in the arts and sciences, but none in religion. The disputants have only themselves to thank for this impression; but it is a false one. The changes in theological opinions have been far less than in scientific opinions; and the debatable points in theology, as compared with the assured and positive convictions, are but as the currents in the ocean compared with its immovable foundations and its unchanging shores. The great essentials of religious belief have been held with substantial unity of conviction from the days of Abraham to the present day; the variations have been either in modes of statements, in philosophical explanations of the unquestioned truths, or in clearer and more spiritual apprehension of those truths themselves. They have been the changes incident to the moral and spiritual growth of the race; the change of the tree from its birth in the bursting seed to the fragrant glory of the orchard or the umbrageous glory of the grove; of the river from its cradle among the hills to its manhood industry in the valley below.

That there is one God, not Gods many and Lords many; that He is a Personal God, with intelligence and emotion, not a mere generic and impersonal law; that He permeates and animates all nature, yet is more than nature, as the soul pervades and animates the body, yet is more than the body; that He is a just, true, righteous God, governed himself by these great moral laws which He has written in the hearts and consciences of His children for their government; that He is the Father of mankind, has given to them birth, provides them with food, raiment and shelter, and embraces them in His infinite sympathies, mercy and love; that He has revealed Himself to mankind in the universal conscience, in special prophets and apostles, and chiefest of all, in Jesus Christ, His Son; that He is revealed as a God who pardons and cures sin, undoing for us, if we will let Him, our own undoing, and giving us back our squandered inheritance and our wasted life; that He would have all men to love Him, and, loving Him, the universal Father, to love each other in a universal brotherhood; that He would have all men, by repentance ceasing to do evil, and by faith learning to do well, come into a knowledge of Him, fellowship with Him, live in Him—this is the universal and unchanged faith of the whole people of God; unchanged, except in the clear apprehension of it, from the day when God first perceived that the Seed of the woman should bruise the Serpent's head, till this hour, when, bruised and bleeding, that old Serpent lies beating his life out upon the ground in the agony of a useless and hateful wrath. It is the faith of Jew and Christian; of Romanist and Protestant; of Old Theology and New Theology; of the first century and of the nineteenth century. The ages have seen natural science teaching the earth to be a plane, and the starry heavens a vault whose movements foretold the destiny of man; political economy teaching that Kings ruled by Divine right, and the people were their children, whose only right was the right to obey God's vicegerent; successive literatures arise, flourish and die, to be buried in successive layers of fossil forms in dead languages; philosophy pass through every form, from the spiritualism of Plato to the materialism of Maudsley; but throughout all these ages, Religion, changing her vestments, her manner of speech, her methods of instruction, has calmly taught the same great Divine truths—the unity, the personality, the righteousness, the forgiving kindness, the eternal fatherhood, of God. If there has been any virtue in Old Theology, it is because it has made these truths real to the spiritual apprehension of men. If there is to be any virtue in New Theology, it will be because it will clear away some hindrances to their acceptance, and will make them clearer, and the faith in them more intelligent and more spiritual.

And the great work of the minister is to make these truths real in the apprehension of mankind. It is not to debate the doubtful; it is to make clear the certain. It is not to defend old theories or to propound new ones; it is to make truth vital in human experience. It is not to maintain theories of the atonement, either new or old; it is to preach the forgiveness of sins. It is not to formulate a new theodicy; it is to make of every hearer an Enoch walking with God. Each age must, indeed, deliver this message in its own way, and each apostle in his own dialect. It is the glory of an age of spiritual liberty, like our own, that we hear every man in our own tongue wherein we were born. But though there are many dialects, there is but one Gospel; though the river that flows from the Garden of God is parted into many heads, the source is one and the waters are one—for the source of all is God, and the waters of all are the waters of the River of Life.—*Christian Union.*

Scientific Accuracy of the Bible.

Dr. Samuel Kinns, the author of "Moses and Geology," has for some little time past been giving a series of lectures in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy of England on "The Marvelous Scientific Accuracy of the Bible." The last took place at the Earl of Shaftesbury's, and was attended by a large and very distinguished company. Dr. Kinns, in carrying his audience through his course of reasoning described the various geological strata and the story told by the fossil plants and animals of the earth's condition during the various epochs of its history. He especially interested them, however, in his description of fifteen creative events which he showed were placed by Moses in the correct order of sequence according to the latest discoveries in science. These events, which are very concisely stated in "Moses and Geology," were summarily described in the review of "Moses and Geology," which appeared in the *Record* of March 22, 1882. Dr. Kinns then proved that the number of changes that can be made in the order of fifteen things is more than a billion—viz., 1,307,674,368,000—and, therefore, if Moses placed fifteen important creative events in their proper order without the possibility of traditional help, as most of them happened millions of years before man was created, it is a very strong proof of his inspiration, for group them as one may, and take off a further percentage for any scientific knowledge possessed by him, still the chances must be reckoned by hundreds of millions against his giving the order correctly without a special revelation from God. To lead his auditors to appreciate this, Dr. Kinns mentioned that a clock beating seconds would take over 30,000 years to tick a billion times; and that if any fifteen different events could be written down once in every ten minutes it would take twenty-four millions of years to write all the variations that could be made in their order, writing them day and night without intermission, and to further illustrate it, he distributed slips of paper for each to write down the first fifteen letters of the alphabet in order known only to himself, something in this order:

g m h d a j b k c f e n i o l

and not one corresponded with his. He told them that if all the people in the world were to try to imitate his unknown order, there would be still a thousand chances to one that the whole twelve hundred million attempts would be incorrect.

Or, in other words, if all the people in a thousand worlds, each having a population equal to our own, were to try, there would still be a probability that not one list would agree in sequence with the unknown list. After this he asked how will the skeptic explain the marvelous, nay miraculous, accuracy in sequence of the Mosaic cosmogony.—*London Record.*

Wise Sayings.

—He that is unwilling to serve God in pain and patience, is unworthy of so good a Master.—*Young Christian's Pocket-Book.*

—Were the sun of prosperity always to shine upon us we should soon forget our Father's house, our heritage above. —*Rutherford.*

—Faith is the blossom of the soul; it makes the hope of a future life a bright reality, and brings departed friends in speaking distance.

—Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.—*George Eliot.*

—It is no exaggeration to say that each great movement for good in the Christian Church has coincided with fresh study of the Bible. It was so with the great fathers of the first ages, with Origen, and the masters of Alexandria; it was so with Jerome and Augustine; it was so in the tenth, the fourteenth and the sixteenth centuries. At each crisis deeper investigation of Scripture found new treasures which answered to the wants of a new society. And by God's help it will be so now. The power of the Bible is unchanged and inexhaustible. It speaks with authority to societies and to men; it speaks with sympathy; it speaks with authority because it speaks with sympathy; because it speaks with a human voice, through men and to men, in many fashions, and in many parts. Let us emphasize this thought. We commonly describe the Bible as a "Book." It is a Book, one Book; and it is more. The first title which was given to it in the West was "Bibliotheca Divina," and it is indeed a Divine Library, rich in every region of human interest, rich in every variety of human record.—*Prof. Westcott.*

—A gentleman of Santa Barbara, Cal., has in his cabinet of curiosities several sets of false teeth exhumed from the graves of aborigines on the Santa Barbara Islands. They are formed each from a shell, which is fashioned to fit the roof of the mouth, and could be adjusted outside of the gums.

THE RECORDER.

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BURLINGTON, KY. NOV. 28. 1883.

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[illegible]	[illegible] "	20
[illegible]	[illegible] "	20
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THE Presidential bee now buzeth in many hats.

IF Longabaugh's theory about oil is correct, Boone county has a very good location in the belt.

TO MORROW is Thanksgiving day, and all you are expected to do is to give thanks and—eat turkey.

THE McKenzie-Risenr feud was revived in Morgan county last week by a regular pitched battle, but nobody was hurt.

AT Pine Hill, this State, W. C. Mullins waylaid Tilford Black, when William Black came along and was mortally wounded.

GOV. PORTER, of Indiana, did not do a very extensive pardoning business last year. He granted only two pardons during the year.

GOV. BUTLER can get up the neatest Thanksgiving proclamation of any man in the United States; and it does not read like the writing of an infidel, either.

VIRGINIA's apple crop this year was immense, and apples there are ranging from $1 50 to $2 per barrel. The purchasers are unable to secure barrels and the fruit is being shipped in bulk.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $4 70@5 00; fair to good packers, at $4 60@4 85; fair to good light, $4 40@4 75; common, $3 75@4 35; culls, $3 00@3 80; stock hogs, $3 50@4 25.

ON the 22d inst., Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, delivered an address at Cooper Institute, New York, on the relation of revenue reform to the parties. He was introduced by Henry Ward Beecher, who said that he believes that the protective system is a grinding oppession.

THE Democrats have had their Presidential ticket headed by an Eastern man in every campaign since the war, and have elected but one, and he was not inaugurated. It is about time they were giving some Western man a chance to carry the democratic banner through one campaign. By the change the result could be no worse than it has been. Let the ticket be turned "end for end" once.

THE Lawrenceburg Register says in regard to the oil business which is creating an excitement over there:

"Considerable excitement was created here on Monday by the announcement that Mr. S. S. Longabaugh, of Pennsylvania, was in the city for the purpose of prospecting and boring for oil in this vicinity. This gentleman comes here as the representative of a large stock company, organized among the oil men of Northern Pennsylvania, which company was gotten up for the purpose of developing what is known among them as "wild cat country." Mr. Longabaugh has a map of a belt of country extending from New York to New Mexico. This belt of country is fifty miles wide, and the center of it is the 45th degree line, and this city is situated right on that line."

"The theory of the parties is that oil is to be found in this belt of land. They do not profess to have any surface indications, and do not rely much on such indications. Mr. Longabaugh has been in the oil business for fifteen years, and evidently knows the business from "end to end." He developed the first oil well in Alleghany county, New York, which is the most valuable producing county in that State. He does not ask any bonus or financial aid from any one; the company he represents have the money and propose to do the work. All they want is a lease on two thousand acres of land, for which they are willing to pay a cosideration, or they will enter into a contract to pay a royalty of one-tenth the oil, if it should be found in paying quantity, for the use of the land. This is evidently a fair proposition. Work in sinking the wells will begin as soon as the ground can be secured and machinery shipped here. Mr. Longabaugh is confident that the scheme will be successful, as the truth of his theory has been verified wherever the experiment has been made. The future will tell whether "there is millions in it" or not. Until that time arrives we are sitting on the ragged edge of expectancy, and land owners are preparing to tie their dirt to a balloon in case the prospectors do 'strike oil.'"

THOSE opposed to the election of Hon. John G. Carlisle to the Speakership have become so desperate in their struggle to defeat him as to resort to an effort to raise the sectional issue, and are shouting lustily that at this particular juncture the Democratic party can not afford to jeopardize its chances of success in 1884, by elevating a man south of Mason & Dixon's line to the position of Speaker. The southern Democracy has heard this cry for many years, and has all the while responded in solid column when northern Democrats have called upon them. They have quietly submitted to what their brethren in the north would have them believe be the best for the party ever since the smoke of battle disappeared from their territory, and, thus far, they have failed to see any great achievements wrought out by the constant selection of northern Democrats for office for fear of the sectional issue. The south has opened its eyes to a fact that so long as it submits on the account of is geographical location and demands no recognition at the hands of the northern Democracy, just so long will it continue to have nothing further than the right to vote for those the northern Democrats want put in office. A large majority of the electoral votes cast for the Presidential candidates northern Democrats present, comes from south of Mason & Dixon's line, but it won't do for a candidate for any of the small offices to be so unfortunate as to be an inhabitant of the sunny clime; for he will be at once knocked on the head by the sectional issue.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26, 1883.

[*Special to the Recorder.*]

The most absorbing topic at the National Capital is the three-cornered fight for Speaker of the House. The trinity of Randall, Cox and Carlisle, illustrates *faith, hope and charity.* Those familiar with the Scriptures can easily make the application, and ascertain which is the greatest. Pending such an important canvass few members are here. From those on the ground careful and impartial inquiry reveals the following state of facts:

At this time Carlisle seems to have the lead. A member from Michigan said that the delegation from that State would prefer Cox to any other candidate, but they feared to give him even a complimentary vote, lest it should so divide the vote as to cause the election of Randall. The prospect, therefore, is, he said, that all those opposed to Randall would concentrate on one candidate, and that will be Carlisle. *Personally,* Cox is very popular, but many of those who like him best seem to have pledged themselves to Carlisle. Randall's candidacy has been severely damaged I find by the *sectional issue* cry, attributed to some of his champions, but which he denies. Randall has all the high tariff members. He has other *potent* influences. The railroads, telegraph lines and iron mills are giving him a pull *which counts.* The principal objections I find urged against Randall by prominent Democrats, not members of the House, are that while Speaker of the House in the Forty-sixth Congress he killed off most of the important and necessary legislation; that through his manipulations the Forty-sixth Congress did less work than any Congress for fifty years, and that his false economy and cheese-paring policy while Speaker, lost the next election to the Democrats. Your correspondent does not state that these things of him are true, but as statements now made against him. Most of the members now here are low tariff men, and differ with Mr. Randall on that question.

There is to be a stupendous lobby here this winter. The act to forfeit certain railroad land grants and permit the private citizen to build his home on the public lands, the act to establish a postal telegraph system, and the act to regulate interstate commerce will bring to this city the agents and lobbyists of the railroads and telegraph companies in the country.

THE successor of W. N. Hogan, Representative-elect of Grant county, and who was forced to resign on account of the feeble condition of his health, will be elected on the 24th of next month. The election will come just in time to give the boys a good send off for the holidays.

A SCHEME to defraud the taxpayers has been discovered in the City Auditor's office in Cincinnati. The plan was to increase the assessed valuation of property of some of the large taxpayers, and then for a commission get the excessive taxes refunded. Two clerks that were under the last Auditor are suspected, and the City Council has directed the Auditor to use all the means necessary to apprehend the guilty parties.

THE following is a complete answer to Senator Mahone's blood and thunder article in regard to the Virginia election:

"The sensus of 1880 showed Virginia to have 334,000 votes, of which 206,000 are white and 128,000 colored. The Democrats lacked 62,000 of polling the white vote, while the Mahoneites lacked less than 2,000 of polling the entire negro vote. The few thousand of negroes who voted with the Democrats stand as an offset to the white Repudiationists who cast their ballots with Mahone. These figures offer their own comment."

AN invaluable tonic for the nerves, muscles, and digestive organs, producing strength and appetite, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

REV. W. B. SMITH, Grafton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for a low state of blood."

FLORENCE, GA.—Dr. W. B. Prather says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has given satisfaction in every instance I have known it used."

Tobacco Market.

Cincinnati, Friday, Nov. 23, 1883

G'n Trash and Lugs	$2 00@	$4 00
Common Trash	4 50	6 00
Colory Trash	7 00	9 50
Good Br't Trash	10 00	15 00
Fine Br't Trash	16 00	19 00
Dark Lugs	5 00	7 00
Common Lugs	7 00	9 50
Colory Lugs	10 00	12 00
Good Stripping Lugs	13 00	16 50
Fine Str'p'g Lugs	17 00	21 50
Common Leaf	6 00	11 50
Com. Med. Leaf	12 00	14 50
Good Med. Leaf	15	19 50
Good Br't Leaf	20 00	24 75
Fine Br't Leaf	25 00	27 50
Fancy Bright Leaf	28 00	34 50
Com Lug Fillers	7	11 50
Good Lug Fillers	12 00	16 00
Fine Lug Fillers	17 00	21 00
Com. Med. Fil'rs	12 00	16 00
Good Med. Fil'rs	17	19 50
Good L'f Fillers	20 00	24 50
Fine Leaf Fillers	25 00	27 50
Fancy Leaf Fillers	28 00	00 00

THE LOUISVILLE WEEKLY
COMMERCIAL.
LIVE, PROGRESSIVE, POPULAR.
The Cheapest and Best Family Newspaper in the South,
ONLY $1.00 A YEAR.
All the News—Agricultural Department—Children's Corner—Complete Market Reports—Sparkling Miscellany—Thrilling Stories.
INTERESTING, INSTRUCTIVE, USEFUL,
To Old and Young alike. Subscribe for it.

A SPLENDID OFFER
THE

ONLY $3.50.

The New Waterbury Watch, Stem Winding, Nickle Case, handsome, durable and warranted to keep perfect time. RETAIL PRICE THE WORLD OVER, $3.50.

THE COMMERCIAL FOR ONE YEAR AND THIS WATCH FOR ONLY $3.50, THE TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

The Waterbury Watch Company has a National reputation for making the best cheap Watch in the World, not one is sent from the Factory without having been run for six days and carefully regulated. It runs 27 hours with one winding, and will last for years.

This is the Farmer's Watch, the Miner's Watch, the Laborer's Watch, the Boy's Watch, the School Girl's Watch—in fact, everybody's Watch.

Upon receipt of $3.50 by registered letter or money order, the Watch will be forwarded by mail or express with charges prepaid, and the COMMERCIAL, will be mailed regularly for one year, postage free.

ANOTHER OFFER.

For a Club of twelve Subscribers to the WEEKLY COMMERCIAL and $12.00, the getter up of the Club will be presented, all charges prepaid, with one of the Watches, which will cost $3.50 anywhere and everywhere. Send for sample copies and go to work.

Address
THE COMMERCIAL,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.

"A PRIMA DONNA IN EVERY HOME."

A Mechanical Wonder.

Last year we first introduced this CHARMING NOVELTY to the children of America and it is safe to assert that no Toy ever devised attained such immediate popularity; fully aware of its merit we had thousands of Dolls ready for the Holiday trade notwithstanding which the supply was exhausted early in December, and hundreds of children who came to our store were disappointed. We have been accumulating stock for the past nine months and shall endeavor this year to fill all orders the day of receipt. The Doll has been improved in every way since last year. Instead of the stiff German body as in all imported Dolls our Doll has an AMERICAN MADE BODY with limber joints so that it will sit easily and gracefully in any position. The arm is of Finest Kid with separate fingers. These are positively the finest bodies ever put in a Doll, they are of graceful and natural shape, and much better and more expensively made than the best imported bodies which they will out-wear many times. The Waxen Heads with long hair are of the best French and German make made especially for this Doll and they are as beautiful as life, long hair, beautiful eyes and delicately tinted cheeks. We consider them the finest Doll's Heads ever imported into this country, and that without the Wonderful Singing Attachment the doll alone is well worth the entire price. The Singing Attachment is concealed within the body. It is one of the most ingenious inventions of the age. Its shape and location are shown in the right hand engraving. It is a Perfect Musical Instrument, finely made, not liable to get out of order and so arranged that a slight pressure causes the Doll to sing one of the following airs: *"Home sweet home," "Greenville," "I want to be an angel," "There is a happy land," "Sweet bye and bye," "Bonnie Doon," "How can I leave thee?" "A B C Song," "America," "Thou, thou reign'st"* (German), *"Frohe Botschaft"* (German), *"Tell Aunt Rhoda," "Buy a broom," "Yankee Doodle," "Coming thro' the Rye," "God bless the Prince of Wales," "Grandfather's Clock," "Child's Song," "Last Rose of Summer," "Joyful Message"* (German), *"Old Folks at Home," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "So many Stars"* (German), *"Sleep my Child"* (German), *"When I a little bird," "Cradle's Empty," "God save the Queen."* Walking and talking dolls have long been made, but they are expensive, soon out of order and do not afford the little ones half the pleasure and entertainment that our Wonderful Singing Doll does, which is the Greatest Novelty in CHILDREN'S TOYS EVER PRODUCED and is the most *beautiful and appropriate present* that can be made to a child. We can furnish three sizes No. 1, 22 inches high, price $2.75. No. 2, 24 inches high, larger head price $3.25. No. 3, 26 inches high, OUR BEST DOLL, price $4.00. These Prices include Boxing. All three sizes are equally perfect and complete, but the larger the doll the larger the singing attachment and better head. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Fine embroidered Chemise 25 cts. extra. THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Address all orders to THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., No. 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

☞ *FINE COSTUMES for these dolls with underclothing lace trimmed, finely made, $2.00 to $5.00 extra.*

High Prices All Sat DoWn On and Crushed Out of Existence!

COLTER'S Shoe Department is turning out stacks and piles of good solid Boots and Shoes, and the best all-Leather solid Goods. This house now shows the best and double the amount of stock that was ever kept in Rising Sun, is doing a strictly cash business, and selling Boots and Shoes at the same low per cent. that Dry Goods are sold at. People are getting tired of paring exclusive shoe dealers' prices for Boots and Shoes when they can go to COLTER'S general store and get the best of goods at the same profits that Dry Goods are sold at

"I told you to go to COLTER'S. I told you that you could get good solid goods at Colter's, and at reasonable prices. Here I have toiled day after day to get a little money ahead, and you went to———and paid them regular shoe dealers' prices for those boots, and now look at them. Three dollars and twenty-five cents gone, and look at those boots. If you had gone to Colter's, as I told you to you would have got a better pair for Two Dollars and Fifty cents."

"Well, Father, I went to Colter's and they were so busy I went out, expecting to go back. But seeing a shoe store that wasn't busy, I just got them there. Next time I'll go to Colter's and wait till my turn comes."

CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS.

Over Twenty-five Hundred Full Suits of Ready-Made Clothing and over Fifteen Hundred Overcoats to select from and get a fit

At COLTER'S MAMMOTH CHEAP CASH STORE,
—Rising Sun, Indiana.—

Men's Full Suits, commencing at $4 a suit and up to $6, $7, $10, $12, and as high as $22. Grand snaps in

OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats, commencing at $2 25 and up to $5 for a real good, warm and durable Coat; next grade at $6 to $9; next $10 to $16. Always try COLTER'S for Clothing.

CLOAKS AND JACKETS

DOLMANS AND Ulsterettes.

"Well Mary, I am glad you had supper ready when I came home. When a person goes to town and is busy buying goods all day, she comes home feeling very tired and hungry." "Yes, indeed, Jane, I expected you would feel tired and need refreshments, so I had tea ready for you. Where did you trade?" "Where did I trade?" "Yes." "Why, at Colter's; yes, indeed, every time, and I guess nearly everyone else trades there too, from the way the store was jammed to day. I tell you, Mary, there were no less than 100 people in that store trading this day. The first room we go in was full, the Cloak room was jammed full and the Millinery room was crowded the Boot and Shoe room had a rush, and I was surprised when they took me up stairs to get a bit of floor oil cloth. I believe there were more than a dozen persons up there buying Overcoats, Pants, some buying Hats, some a Suit of Clothes and some buying two or three suits. Yes, indeed, they do business in that house, I'm a tellin' you. It kept a nice looking gray whiskered man busy making change." "Well, how are goods selling now?" "Cheaper than I ever saw them. Colter is making an extra effort to sell more goods than they did last year, and is offering extra inducements. I bought good Sheeting at 7 and 8 cents, splendid Canton Flannel at 10 to 11 cents. Thread 4c. Shoefield's Yarn 75c. a pound. Flannels 30, 37 to 40c, all-Wool Blankets $4 and $5. I got a nice Dolman for $9. Jennie's Hat with two Feathers on for $2, Floor Oil Cloth 25c, Jennie's Shoes, custom-made, sewed Calf, for $2, Johnnie's Boots at $2 60, and they are extra. I don't know what all I did get. You should all trade at Colter's

BOOTS AND SHOES
At COLTER'S
Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

Solid Goods at Bottom Prices
IS OUR MOTTO,

And by standing to this rule we gain trade year after year. When we sell one pair of Solid Boots or Shoes, that invites the Customer back again. Patronize

COLTER'S,
MAMMOTH
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Rising Sun, - Ind.

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch and W. T. German, Deputy Sheriffs.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

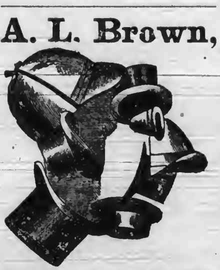
Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday. Walter Ryle, Constable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Union—M. C. Norman, Thursday after third Monday, and H. Bannister, Thursday after second Monday. A. D. Riley, Constable.

Beever—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

A. L. Brown,



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Has always on hand a large variety of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats, and prices GUARANTEED to be as low as the lowest.

Gents' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

BOONE HOUSE,
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C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.
Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice,
And at the Lowest Possible Figures.
33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

LUMBER.

Goe. M. Bedinger & Co.,
Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—
may 9-tf

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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.

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J. H. WALTON, Secretary, Constance, Ky.
R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.
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WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Billous Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free.* Druggists can fill it. Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

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CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
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CHAS. L. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

(The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.)

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The affects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS
OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

TUTT'S
PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
TESTED FOR 5 YEARS
by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporise while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one.) Remedy sold ONLY by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

INJECTION
SANTINELI
Cures all recent and chronic secret diseases of the Urinary passages in both sexes. Directions in all languages. $1.00 a bottle Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price secure from observation. *Fairmount Chemical Co.* Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Sold by W. F. McKim.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK
Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

Local News.

Magic Tooth-powder.

Peerless Baking-powder.

Prepare the turkeys for to-morrow.

Last week furnished good suicide weather.

"More rain, more rest," don't apply to printers.

Glycerine Lotion for Chapped Hands, Lips and Faces.

H. Clay White, of Williamstown, was in town Monday.

One of Mr. Graham's wagon horses died the other day.

The Governor remitted Jeff Edding's fine and imprisonment for carrying a pistol.

Rabbi Stuckey is delivering his last year's crop of tobacco to Clore & Snyder this week.

Keene Robbins, proprietor of the Sandford House, has been very sick for several days.

A new lot of Dress Goods and Ladies' Underwear just received at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Standard time is very popular with the young men—they can stay later of a Sunday night.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure all cases of malaria. Sold by all druggists. Price one dollar.

Demoist's Magazine for December is a perfect jem as to literature for the ladies, and the price is only $2 a year.

John Conner drove a large lot of turkeys through town Saturday. They'll make many lips smack to-morrow.

Gunpowder creek tore up jack last Wednesday night, destroying considerable corn and fencing in its mad career.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind., are doing a thriving business this fall. Just think of it, they sold 64 Overcoats in one day.

For Schofield's Jeans, Flannels and Yarns at Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind. is the only reliable place, good Jeans for 40 cents.

Heyn & Bro., are taking the lead in Dolmans and Cloaks. To look at them and see the prices is to buy. Rising Sun, Indiana.

Sherman's Mince-meat, Green Apples, choice Dryed Prunes, Apples and Peaches for sale at the Burlington Drug and Grocery Store.

For real Schofield Blankets go to Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, and if you ask for them you will get no other. Price $5 and upwards.

SSSSSSSSXXXXXXX33333333

Turn the above line upside down and discover the difference in the looks of the letters and figures.

It was not a protracted meeting at St. Georgia's Chapel, last week, as people supposed. It was a "protracted endeavor," whatever that is.

Hon. G. V. Rouse was in town last Saturday. His many friends will be glad to learn that he is in better health than he has been for a long time.

During the year immediately preceding the last term of the Boone Circuit Court, the County Clerk recorded 336 deeds and 93 mortgages on real estate.

O. P. Conner sold his tobacco, last week, to Clore & Snyder, getting seventeen dollars for the best grade, which is the highest price we have heard of being paid in the county this fall.

B. W. Adams, of the Union neighborhood, has been quite sick of a fever, but the last reports were that he was getting better. Blufe has a host of friends who will be glad to hear of his being out again.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

This week W. R. Terrill puts on a new passenger conveyance from Burlington to Erlanger. The "cabin" is after a new pattern, being built especially for furnishing light, and is adorned with numerous modern paintings.

We call your attention to Colter's new advertisement in this issue. But it is hardly necessary, as the people are always on the look-out for the new attractions which he is constantly putting in his mammoth establishment.

The south end of the county seems to have the advantage in getting the high prices for tobacco. There is no question but what they can produce as fine tobacco down there as anywhere in the State, and they cultivate it extensively.

Our turkey brokers Crisler & Sandford and Rice & Westbay were up with the lark Monday morning, and commenced collecting their stock of thanksgiving meat for shipment to the city. They had about 200 head of the fowls.

Our city council has not determined whether it will adopt the time of the nineteenth meridian as the standard. It makes no difference whether it does or not, there will be no confusion among the railroads and other industries at this point.

John W. Rice, of Bellevue, was in town Saturday, conveying a portion of his real estate to his brother Solon. Mr. Rice leaves, this week, for Kansas, where he will probably take his family and locate next spring. We do not like to lose such worthy citizens, but guess we'll have to submit to it.

Boys, if you want to continue your career of single cussedness, you must commence practicing and get command of that little monosyllable, "No;" for leap year is close at hand, and, of course, you expect to be assailed from all directions by propositions to become the stay and protector of the delicate and helpless female.

The Sunday-school has decided to have a christmas tree, and to raise funds for that purpose, a soliciting committee has been turned loose upon a generous public, and when approached by them you may as well shell out the amount you intend to donate. The school will be largely attended the remainder of the year.

The following persons have been licensed to marry this month: Ben P. Hume, 26, farmer, Kenton county, and Minnie Conner, 26; Lewis DeMarque, 25, farmer, and Susie Ransler, 20; John Knipfer, 23, farmer, and Mary E. Drew, 21; S. S. McWethy, 24, cooper, and Theresa McNeely, 22; Phillip Tallafero, 62, druggist, and Harriet M. McHatton, 51.

Joe Reed came near throwing his audience, at the Boone House, the other day, into convulsions by his appearance as landlady. His costume was remarkable for the evidence of service it displayed, while he wielded the broom so scientifically that servants have actually become jealous of him. He narrowly escaped being booted off the premises for a crazy woman.

The other day a horse lay on the street very sick, and surrounded by a crowd of thirty or forty men, each of whom was liberal with prescriptions for the relief of the suffering animal. Having heard numerous remedies proposed, the horse concluded to remain longer was to be doctored to death, and he gave a flounce, gained his feet and struck for the country, where the army of vetinaries ceased to trouble. Sagacious animal.

It is said that country editors wear a belt to hold up their pants, instead of suspenders. When they get word from home that there is nothing for dinner, they simply tighten up one hole, and feel to full for utterance—Ex.

We deny the charge—it's an infamous no-such-a-thing, and the author of the vile slander ought to be booted up and down the continent for a fortnight. Everybody knows that country editors are as fat as fiddle strings, both in person and purse, and don't have to be told that their larder is famine stricken.

In opening the doors of the Universalist church Sunday morning, the pastor, Rev. C. C. Conner, stated that the church was organized at this place seven years ago, having for its membership the apostolic number, twelve, and that the number had been increased to forty-one, and was in perfect harmony in every particular. In response to the invitation Mr. Allen Souther and Mrs. C. L. Crisler united with the church, which gives it a membership of forty-three at this place. The pastor designated the fourth Saturday in May as a day for the observance of the ordinance of baptism; but in case a candidate shall desire an earlier day, his or her wishes will be acceded to.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Huntsville.

Farmers are as busy as bees cribbing their corn and getting winter wood.

The small grain is looking well in this vicinity.

Some of the farmers of this neighborhood sold their tobacco for $16.

O. W. Green, of Rising Sun, was around last week, with his sewing machines.

A. M. Acra, of Burlington, was visiting friends here Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Acra, of Scattersville, was the guest of Mr. R. Acra and wife last week.

Waterloo.

This has been a delightful fall, since the drouth the pastures has put forth a green appearance and the small grain is looking fine.

Farmers are now busy shucking and cribbing their corn.

Ambros Bradford has put up a stone chiminey too his residence, which is quite an improvement.

Mr. Cotts, the tobacco merchant, of McsVille, was around last week, picking up all of the lose tobacco in this neighborhood.

John Kite and family have moved back to the Big Bone neighborhood.

Joseph Satchel has rented the Kite property near this place.

R. O. Rice and wife, of Burlington, were visiting Mrs. Emily Green last Saturday and Sunday.

Walier Marshall is the happiest man in this vicinity, it is a boy.

Bullittsville.

Miss Nellie McGregor and Miss Mollie Kinsley, of Cincinnati, were the guests of Miss Anna Clore, the latter part of last week.

Alvin Corn is having an addition built to his barn, which will add to its appearance.

This little town boasts of a very fine barber shop.

Clore & Snyder are buying considerable tobacco.

J. D. Conner had some of his carpenter tools stolen one night last week.

The streets in our town are in a bad condition since the late rains.

It is rumored that there will be a telegraph line from this place to Hebron in the near future.

Mrs. Chas. Balsly was highly entertained by a number of young folks last Saturday evening.

Normansville.

A few evenings since, Signor Chillo and little brother, Geo. Chillo, both of whom are natural ventriloquists, arrived at this place and gave an interesting entertainment in the old school building, which, since the completion of the new house has been fitted up and serves excellently for an opera house.

Mrs. Saunders, of Winfield, W. Va., is visiting her brother-in-law, Mr. D. L. Saunders, of this place.

Miss Susie Woodyard, who has been for several weeks with friends here, will return to her home and friends at Broadhead, Ky., in a few days.

Mr Hugh Matson, of Walton, has been making frequent visits to our town.

Mr. C. Gibson and family, of Missouri, have been visiting the family of Mr. J. W. Kennedy.

The Masonic Hall, of Hamilton Lodge, is at last finished and has just been received by the commissioners.

Beaver Lick.

The big freshet of last week did considerable damage in its course, especially in the valleys of Big Bone, where corn was standing ungathered. A lot of fencing, timber and other valuable property were swept away by that raging, famous old stream, Big Bone Creek.

As Mr Z. T. Baker was leisurelly wending his way along the meanderings of Gum Branch recently, something of a bright she'ly appearance caught his attention, which, upon close inspection proved to be the butt of a mastodon tusk of huge dimensions, protruding from the bank of the stream. Z. T. soon raised its tuskship from its bed where it, in all probability had been resting for lo, these many centuries. He forthwith conveyed it to his private museum, where he takes pleasure in showing it to the curious, gratis.

Babe Stevenson, one of Covington's young huxters, came through here last week with his big, new wagon filled with choice Thanksgiving turkeys.

The past week has been unfavorable for work on our pike, the road being too wet to handle. Superintendent Piatt has begun digging for the piers of a bridge across Gum Branch at this place. It will be a pretty big affair, having one forty foot span. Many thanks are due our commissioners who have performed their duty with unceasing diligence.

Our local tobacco buyers are still scouring the "deadnings" in search of the filthy weed; they seem determined to grasp every "crap" before it gets any lower. For their benefit we hope the boom in prices will, like Tennyson's river, "Go on forever."

Florence.

I would offer an apology for failing to contribute anything last week in the way of news (for we always have something, whether good or bad), if I entertained for a moment the thought that the reading public had suffered any material loss by my tardiness. But, as I noticed the RECORDER making its usual welcome visitations in "full dress," suffering no discomfiture whatever, I concluded that if I should secede, this beautiful planet of ours would still make its annual and diurnal revolutions; and our great country, with its agricultural, manufacturing, mechanical and banking interests, still stand at the head of the nations, and THE BOONE COUNTY RECORDER be as eagerly sought for as ever. Even our good-humored contributor from Plattsburg, who has been a "little off" of late, had filed in again with his ever interesting and spicy articles. I was in the act of complaining, but heard that he was lately married, and, of course, I can appreciate his condition, and pardon him for any dereliction of duty in the way of writing, when there are so many little duties to attend to in his new relation, such as getting dry stove-wood, tying up the clothes-line, churning, &c.

I had an item or two for last week, and I had spread out my paper and seized on my pen, when I was startled by a loud wrap on the door, followed by the interrogatory, "Mr.—, will you please loan me your RECORDER?" "Certainly," said I. Started to write again; "Halloo!" was sounded at the fence. I answered the call. "Have you this week's RECORDER?" "Just loaned it to Mr. —." "Can I get it when he is through with it?" "You can" I tried to write again—another call. "Ma says 'please loan her the Burlington paper, that she will take good care of it and send it back.'" "Tell your mamma, as soon as it gets home, she can have it, with pleasure." Thus, one wanted to see if the potato crop would ever give out; another, what price Conner & Sleet were paying for hogs and cattle and a third, what Frank Walton is paying for tobacco. Some wanted to know whom ManGarnett had licensed to marry; some, how many additions at the great revivals, and who were the belles and beaux at the parties, while a few wanted to see if their claims were allowed. A thousand wants are wanted, and the paper is the place to get them supplied. By the time I got through with this little entertainment, I was too late for the mail. Now, we don't object to loaning our paper—for they are all going to subscribe soon—but this kind of business won't buy the editor's good wife a new dress, nor paregoric for the babies (I'm not certain as to the number, but being enthusiastic on the subject of babies, I always use the plural form). If you are sick, $1 50 invested in the RECORDER will tell you the remedy. If you want to buy a farm in the county, the same will tell you where to find it. Would you be familiar with the agricultural and commercial intercourse of the country, only $1 50. If you would marry a wife for riches, the RECORDER will show you the locality, and you'll get your money back. If for love, you won't want it back. Do you want to be sent to the legislature two consecutive terms? take the RECORDER. In short, if you would know everything that is transpiring in the county, and the important news of the whole country, subscribe. Aside from the addition to the social and family circle, and the literary and monetary advantages thus afforded, pride of county should stimulate every citizen to support his own paper. Just think of it! Boone county, named in honor of Col. Daniel Boone, the old pioneer, who watched by the cradle of this now great Commonwealth, and shielded it from the savage hostilities with his body, the mortal remains of whom now sleep in a chosen spot in the beautiful cemetery at Frankfort, Ky. Nor is this all. We have the honor of receiving the visit of the first white woman of Kentucky—Mrs. Mary Ingles in 1756; the first Baptist preacher, the Rev. John Tanner, about 1790, who founded Tanner's Station, now the pleasant town of Petersburg; the first Baptist church, organized in 1794 at Bullittsburg, the first members being Rev. Lewis Dewees, John Hall and his wife, Elizabeth, Chichester Mathews and his wife, Agnes, Jos. Smith and wife, Leannah, all of whom were the principal residents of North Bend. Since which time nature has bestowed her blessings upon us with a lavish hand. And shall we not respond by publishing to the country our progress and developments through our home journal? The readers will please pardon this desultory article, as it is purely gratuitous. I have adopted the axiom or Rev. Sam'l Glassford, viz.: A crooked stick thrown will strike in more places than a straight one.

Those rascals tried T. L. Swetnam's store again on Saturday night or Sunday morning—though I don't suppose they would break the Sabbath. They used an auger around the lock, but found too much iron, so they fell back for repairs.

GAS OMETER.

Judge Riddell's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Gibbs, of Ind., is his guest.

An early train on the Southern run over a man near Erlanger, Monday morning, killing and fearfully mangling him. He was a stanger, and his companion was a jug of whisky.

BORN—On the 26th inst., to F. A. Hall and wife, a fine daughter that kicked the beam at 10½ pounds.

Now, dear readers, this event calls for an addition of 500 new subscribers to the RECORDER.

Out on the Prairie.

Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied;

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time"

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything should happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC, is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the torpid organs into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

But take it into your house, and it will speak for itself. Once used, will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price, 50 cents and $1. Hiscox & Co., Chemist, New York.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Stewart Baker Plff.
vs
James Marshall, Deft.
} Notice of sale in equity

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the Oct., term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Dec., 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6 and 12 months at the Court-house door, in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

Being a portion of the farm on which the defendant James Marshall now resides near Richwood church this county and is bounded thus: Beginning at a mulberry tree a corner between the James Marshall and James Rice tracts of land; thence with the line dividing the same N 77¼ W 4.08 ch. to a stone near the edge of the Richwood pike a corner between James Marshall and L. B. Stephens; thence S 1½ W 23.80 ch. to a stake; thence N 59 E 28.12 ch, to a stake in Robt. Cleek's line; thence with his line N 4 E 21 ch. to a stone; thence S 59 W 24.30 ch. to the beginning containing 50 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Amount to be raised by sale, $825 85

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Virginia M. Huey, &c. Plffs.
vs
Laura Huey, Deft.
} Notice of sale in Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the Oct., term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 3d day of Dec. 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6, 12 & 18 mos. at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit:

101 acres of land being the farm upon which William S. Huey resided at the time of his death and now occupied by John Humphrey and bounded by the lands of T. P. Marshall, the Bradfords, J. T. Ryle, Geo. Smith, &c.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 16 page paper, filled with charming serials, stories, choice miscellany etc., is sent 3 mos. on trial for 25 cents; and we send every subscriber FREE our new HOLIDAY PACKAGE, consisting of 10 pieces popular music 10 interesting games, 1 pack of age and fortune-telling cards; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards, 1 pack fun & flirtation cards, 1 set chromo cards, 13 new tricks in magic 5 new puzzles, game of fortune, the mystic oralce, 25 ways to get rich, Heller's wonderful delusion cards, etc., etc. Endless amusement! Agents wanted. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO., Augusta, Me.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR,
Hebron, Ky.

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,	J C Jenkins,
J E Duncan,	Oscar Gaines,
G C Gaddy,	Ben Clore,
Noah Craven,	Wm. Clore,
C S Balsly,	A S Gaines,
George Gaines,	C S Gaines.
Absalom Aylor,	J. B. Winstoh,

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Wm. N. Aylor. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly proven according to law to the undersigned at No. 7 Pike Str., Covington, Ky. R. L. CRIGLER,
5-4t Assignee.

WANTED BOOK Canvassers.

MALE and FEMALE

To engage in the sale of our new and important works of standard character. **large profits and immense selling qualities.** We offer a **permanent and lucrative business.** Address **The CINCINNATI PUBLISHING CO.,**
174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 46 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

$7 for $3.50.

The Organette has gained such a world-wide reputation that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays *mechanically* all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc. etc. It consists of three strong bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION box and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, *perfect in time, execution, and effect*, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer; even a little child can operate it; as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFORDS HOURS OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT. The Organette is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of *solid black walnut*, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been $8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 75,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organetta on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organetta though similar in construction is an *improvement* upon our well-known Organette, which sells for $8 and $10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of $7 we will send the Organnetta by express to any address, and include FREE $2.50 worth of music, or on receipt of $5 we will send it with over $1.50 worth of music FREE, or for $3.50 we will send it with small selection of music FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. *These are agent's prices*, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if he so desires. Address,

AN ORCHESTRA IN EVERY HOME.

The Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

J. W. KIRKPATRICK & SON,
—BURLINGTON, KY.—

UNDERTAKERS

We have purchased a nice new hearse, and are prepared to attend funerals in regular city style, at the lowest prices.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

ALBERT W. GAINES,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.

Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.

Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.

E. E. IGOE,

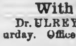
Resident Dentist,
Rising Sun, Ind.
WITH
J. P. Ulrey.
Monday and Tuesday at Rising Sun, Ind.

L. O. NORMAN. [illegible]

NORMAN and STEPHENS,
ATTORNEYS at LAW,
UNION, BOONE CO., KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boone Kenton and adjoining counties. Collections solicited and made throughout the State. 24 tf 81

DR. A. B. HARRY AN



RESIDENT DENTIST.
Aurora, Indiana.
(Office Over Postoffice)
With J P. ULREY.

Dr. ULREY'S days, Wednesday and Saturday. Office open at all hours. 8-1y

J. J. Landram. G. G. Hughes.

LANDRAM & HUGHES.
ATTORNEYS at LAW.

Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

S. W. TOLIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BURLINGTON, - - Y

Office in Court-house on 2d floor.

Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street.
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.

Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

AURORA
MARBLE
AND
GRANITE
WORKS,
Aurora, Ind

Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.

I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,

F. W. KASSEBAUM.

FALL FALL FALL FALL

AND

Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notic .

H. F Blase,
540 Madison St. - COVINGTON. KY.

Stop! Don't Read This.

S. C BUCHANAN takes this method of notifying his patrons that he has enlarged his room and now has the best and most complete stock of Drugs in the county, consisting of Drugs and Medicines, Standard Patent Medicines, &c.

Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit.

When in need of anything give us a call, at the Petersburg Duru Store, and be convinced that our Prices are as Low or LOWER than can be found.

Don't Read Any Further.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.

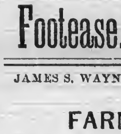
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

MOTHER NOBLE'S



HEALING SYRUP.
20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years. A certain Cure for Dyspepsia, all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Blood, Skin and Bowels.
Can Produce Thousands of Letters proving its Curative Powers.
AN OLD AND LONG TRIED REMEDY.
LABORATORY 77 AMITY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cornease.—The King of Corn Killers. The most desperate Corns, BUNIONS, WARTS &c., SPEEDILY *cured*. Price 25 Cents.

Footease.—An Unfailing Remedy for Hot, Swollen and Tender Feet, Chilblains, &c. Price 25 Cents.
Cornease Manuf'g Co., 236, 5th Ave. Place, N. Y. City.
For Sale by Agents, Druggists and Shoe Dealers.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK.
Covington, Kentucky.

DIRECTORS.

James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green
J. S. Matson, J. H. Mersman, J. L. Sandford, L. H Dills, F. P. Helm
L. C. Stephens.

The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

mar7-tf23 **J. W. Talbott.**

UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets,
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

An Auctioneer's Miss.

Soon after an auction-store on Monroe avenue had opened for business the other morning an old farmer and his wife dropped in and began inspecting goods. The auctioneer thereupon mounted his box and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I desire to call your attention to this sample pair of suspenders. Who starts them at fifteen cents?"

"Did you hear him call me a lady?" whispered the woman to her old man.

"And he called me a gentleman!" replied the husband, as he grinned his delight.

"Who says fifteen cents to start 'em going? Who says? Who says? You can't buy 'em anywhere else in the world for half a dollar! Don't want 'em, eh? Very well; here's a hat which was never made for less than seventy cents. Who starts it at a quarter—a quarter—a quarter? Ladies and gentlemen, who bids?"

"Called me a lady again!" cackled the woman, as she nudged her husband.

"Yes, but he bore on pretty heavy when he said gentlemen," replied the man.

"I guess he knows a lady when he sees her!" she tartly remarked.

"Perhaps he does, and perhaps it's all soft-soap. Don't be stuck up."

"Or, perhaps you want a watch," continued the auctioneer. "Let me show you a reliable time-keeper which cost $8 by the dozen. Who starts it at $1? Ladies and gentlemen, let me hear a bid!"

"That's three times he has called me a lady!" grinned the woman. "I've allus told yer I was just as much a lady as if I lived in the city."

"He's soft-soaping."

"I don't believe it."

"Of course he is. Have you got silks and jewelry and white hands and a gay bonnet? You ain't no lady, and you orter know it!"

"Then you ain't no gentleman!"

"Yes, I am! He bore on when he said it. He said ladies just because that begins the sentence."

"So you don't want a watch?" queried the man on the box. "All right—all right. What you don't want don't buy. Here's a bankrupt stock of table linen, and over there is a box of cowhide boots at your own price. Will the lady step this way while the man examines the boots?"

"There, there," gasped the woman. he means me, and he called me a lady!"

"Yes, and bust his pictur' he called me a man!" growled the husband. "Susan, come along!"

"Where to?"

"Out of this!"

"Oh, no!"

"You jog! If you don't come along you'll foot it home! When an auctioneer begins to soft-soap a gentleman's old woman and insult the gentleman himself it's time to go, towels or no towels!"

"My dear friends—ladies and gentleman—" called the auctioneer, but he was too late. The man marched out, head erect, and shoulders up, and the wife followed with her finger in her mouth and a coy, pleased look on her face.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Early Forms of Fever and Ague.

In the early days of the country the paroxysms were more distinctly marked than now, and the intermission more distinct also. Thus it was no uncommon thing for persons afflicted with ague to be around and attending to their avocations on their well days. The cold stage continued from half an hour to an hour or more, when the fever came on and continued three or four hours. The sweating stage then set in, and passed off in varied periods, varying from two or three to four or five hours, often leaving the patient apparently well. "Shaking ague" was a common term. The cold stage, or chill, sometimes became so violent as to cause the teeth to chatter, the knees to smite together, and the whole body to shake and quiver as if in convulsions. This type was most easily managed.

The distinctive types were *quotidian*, or every day ague; *tertian*, or every-other-day ague; and *quartan*, as when the attacks came on every fourth day. When the paroxysm occurred twice each day, with the alternate ones lighter, it was a double quotidian; if once one day and two on the alternate day, it was a quotidian and tertian running together. The quartan also occasionally became mixed with the other types. Sometimes either of the types gave way to another and distinct type.

These were the early forms of "fever and ague," or chills and fever, sixty years ago and more. They are scarcely recognized now. A distinctly intermittent case is seldom seen in these years, and an old-time shake not at all. The malarial attacks of the present assume the remittent and continued forms and have difficult and dangerous complications. Why this is so is an inquiry for the medical profession. It may be suggested, however, that the greater severity and persistence of modern cases indicates an increased intensity of the poison.

The treatment of the ague during the pioneer age, which may be fixed from 1800 to about 1825, was almost wholly domestic, especially in the more rural sections of the country. The doctors had little to do with it. There were not many of them, and they were confined to the county seats. The remedies were bitter barks and roots, mostly made into what was called "bitters," by infusing them in whisky. Sometimes sweating and emetics were used with advantage. Charms and amulets, and incantations were, by a few, resorted to, and were actually believed sometimes to be efficacious. As prophylactics, or preventatives, wild cherry bark, dogwood bark, columbo root, and the snake roots, were used as bitters, by infusion in whisky. There were few families who did not have their bitter's bottle, or jug, and drank from it in the morning during the sickly season.

In some localities, where ague was most prevalent, the people so confidently looked for its return in August and September, that they actually took time by the forelock and set their houses in order, so as to be ready to begin to shake when the time came round. The writer recalls a time when, without one exception, every member of his father's family had the ague at the same time. And there were afternoons, when the fever was up, that not one out of a family of eight was able to go four rods to the spring for cold water.—*Dr. H. Scott, in Toledo Blade.*

—From all accounts, at least five thousand hotels will be built in Georgia this year, each larger than the other.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Tillage operations tend to increase plant food in the soil.

—Basswood trees which grow rapidly and make beautiful roadside trees are not to be excelled as bee food.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The chickens most likely to fatten well are those first hatched in the brood and those with the shortest legs. Long-legged fowls as a rule are by far the most difficult to fatten.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A good way to extract the juice of beef for an invalid is to broil the beef on a gridiron for a few minutes, and then squeeze the juice from it with a lemonade squeezer; put a little salt with it. This may be given as the sick one prefers, cold or hot, or it may be frozen and given in small lumps.—*Exchange.*

—To avoid liability to crusting with salt the churning should be done at as low a temperature as it will bear; and by reducing the temperature when the butter begins to form to fifty-four or fifty-five degrees the butter will form in fine granules and be in its purest and best condition. Butter should always be churned and gathered in this way to get the best quality.—*The Household.*

—The relative profit is much greater from a small flock than a large one, says the *Rural Home.* The grain farmer, no matter how few his acres, can make money by keeping a few sheep. There is always room for them somewhere, and they consume and turn into money food that otherwise would waste. But he must be careful not to overstock.

—For boiled bread pudding, crumb your stale bread into a pudding-pail, cover with sweet milk and set by the stove to warm and soften. Then to every quart of the milk and bread add two well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar and a handful of raisins, or sweet dried fruit of any kind. Do not have your pail full, as it needs some room to rise. Put the cover on tightly, set into boiling water, and do not allow it to stop boiling until it is done.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mutton pie makes a welcome dish for the children's dinner; cold roast or broiled mutton should be used for this purpose. Trim off nearly all the fat, cut the clean meat in small pieces and put it in a pudding-dish; if you have any gravy or soup stock pour that over it; put in a little butter, and season with pepper and salt, and a little parsley chopped fine; cover the top with a thick paste made just as you make baking-powder biscuits; brown nicely in the oven.—*Detroit Post.*

—Have horse stables warm enough so that the horse will scarcely ever need a blanket. An earth floor is preferable, but if of wood, have the stalls nearly or quite level, and slatted to keep dry. No rack to draw hay from, but a box or manger of medium height in which to insert his head freely, with tubes from above coming into opposite ends for hay and grain. By all means have the room of good height, well lighted and ventilated, windows in front of stalls if possible, with space wide enough for a walk. a desirable access to the stalls when a horse is cast or vicious.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Forethought in Farming.

Perhaps of all the industrial people farmers exhibit the least forethought in regard to their work. The changing of the seasons warn them to be ready to put in this crop or harvest that; but beyond a little skill in these farm operations, a large proportion of the farmers do not work to the best advantage; and the reason of it is because they do not plan their work previous to its commencement—they have very little method or system, especially about the small things of the farm. If a merchant or a newspaper publisher or a real estate dealer was to be correspondingly heedless in his business, he would become bankrupt in a short time. A constant devising, a shrewd, calculation of the time to be employed in this job or in that, a careful employment of the "slack" days in numerous little important pieces of repairing, hauling, digging, etc., are needed to keep a strong grasp on the farm and not let it get the start of you. The real estate dealer or the average lawyer goes to his office in the morning, attends to his large correspondence, keeps his necessary business engagements (duties as hard in themselves to conduct in an orderly way as are farm operations), and goes home at night unharassed by thoughts of unperformed work that will hinder him in some busy season. It is because they have trained, orderly minds. The farmer may claim that the number of different things on the farm demanding attention is much greater than in any other calling. While this may be disputed, yet even granting it, there yet remains the truth that most farmers do not show an equal amount of administrative ability with the business men of the cities They may be "chock" full of more hard days' work than the city office people, but they can not make the work round up so well, and present so finished an appearance.

Thus how many farmers there are who fail to employ the spare time after corn-husking in attending to such seemingly but by no means unimportant things as mending a harness, repairing a fence or shed, examining the tools and implements, and oiling, painting and mending them if necessary; in looking after the fuel supply for the next year; in digging an ugly-looking stump, or removing a bad heap of stone and rubbish; in beautifying the house and grounds; and in many other matters, some of which, if not attended to then, may be the cause of serious loss of time and a sad outburst of impolite language in the busiest part of the year.

A great mistake lies in supposing that good farm management does not require a thinking, orderly and able mind as well as other pursuits. It is just because the farmers, as a class, are not of that description that they are not adequately represented in our representative halls, and do not seem to wield their proper share of influence. The higher the ideal of agriculture becomes, and it is yearly rising, the more is the fact recognized that it requires no mean order of ability to properly manage a farm. There is room in it for all, and it affords a chance for the development of the higher qualities of the mind.—*Lansing Republican.*

—They have a peculiar but effective way of adjusting drunken brawls at the new camp Anaconda, in Montana. It is accomplished as follows: When one of a gang fills up and concludes he can whip the whole United States, his most intimate friend takes him out in the rear end of the saloon, "puts a head on him," and then quietly assists him to bed. The remedy is a good one and ought to come into general use.—*Chicago Times.*

—In a communication to the Academie des Sciences, M. Krechel has drawn attention to a new method of adulterating milk. It consists in adding to it an aqueous solution of glucose having the same density.

Algerian Desert Grass.

If nothing else prospers in Algeria, at least the culture of desert grass seems to promise an increasing source of wealth to the colony. There are two kinds of this alfa grass—the *Stipa tenacissima* and the *Lygeum spartium*—both plentiful on the shores of Spain and Algeria. It is computed that a million of hectares of the high plateaux bordering the Sahara are covered with these grasses, not to speak of vast tracts of the Tell. It is only within recent years that the exportation of alfa has reached high figures, in 1881 upward of 200,000 tons being shipped for Europe. The price also has proportionately increased; but not in the manufacture of paper alone is this grass so valuable—various textures are made of it, notably very pretty substantial curtains, sold at a few shillings the pair. The colonists, however, demand greater facilities of transport in order fully to develop this industry, which must still be considered in its early stage. The grass requires no care when once planted, but can only be cut in the third year. Cotton rag is mixed with the fibre in order to afford a softer, more yielding texture.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Cotton Seed Oil.

It is only a very few years since cotton seed was looked upon as waste material, to be put out of the way with as little expense as possible. Great heaps of the seed could be seen near every cotton gin in the South. Scarcely any one thought of or attempted to utilize it. But a great change has recently taken place in regard to the value of this seed, and now it is considered a valuable part of the crop, for it is not only employed as a general fertilizer in many plantations, but thousands of tons are sold at the oil mills, and after the oil is expressed the cake is utilized for feeding almost all kinds of stock. It is shipped not only to all parts of our own country, but large quantities go to Europe. Oil mills are being erected in all the cotton-growing States, and in some quite a large number have been in operation for several years. One firm in Arkansas is reported to have eight mills either finished or in process of erection. One of these, now in full operation at Fort Smith, turns out thirty-six barrels of oil per diem. There is a good demand and at remunerative prices for all the oil and cake that can be produced, and it is likely to continue for many years to come.—*N. Y. Sun.*

In Court.

"I would not believe that man under oath," said a witness, excitedly.

"Do you know him well?" was asked.

"No; I never spoke to him."

"Do you know that he ever broke an oath?"

"Well, no."

"Then why do you believe that his testimony is unreliable?"

"Because he is the man that comes around every month to inspect my gas meter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The report that a lion was loose in the neighborhood of London, O., turns out to have had this origin: Some waggish fellows at Lafayette, full of sport, made what they call a "bull-fiddle," by stretching a sheepskin over a nail-keg, through which they put a thong of rawhide, and by the use of a bow and resin they could produce the sound which alarmed the people and sounded like a lion's roar. This they carried around at night, and when in a good place gave the fiddle a tuning, sending terror to those who heard its beastly noise.

—A correspondent seeks information as to the origin of the accordion. It dates back to a period as remote as that of the "missing link" between the monkey and man. It is probably an invention of the latter, and a reasonable explanation is that the inventor, after having been driven out of every community into which he wandered, finally laid the responsibility of the invention on the link. This would go far to account for the fact that it has been missing ever since.—*New York Herald.*

—On a rocky cliff, in the town of Warren, Conn., sixty miles north of Bridgeport, whose summit is 2,000 feet above the level of Long Island Sound, a tower 125 feet high is to be erected, in which is to be placed a powerful telescope. From the summit of the cliff on a clear day a fine view can be had of the surrounding country for a distance of 100 miles. When the tower is erected it is believed that the Brooklyn Bridge, the Palisades of the Hudson, and many other distant points can be seen.—*Boston Post.*

—An old sportsman gives a great deal of advice to young shooters relative to the things to avoid in handling a gun, and concludes by admonishing them to do their hunting with a base ball bat. There are a good many old hunters who would be more successful if they adopted the suggestion.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, November 23, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 2 75
Choice butchers	4 00	@ 4 75
HOGS—Common	3 70	@ 4 30
Good packers	4 50	@ 4 75
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	4 50	@ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 10	@ 1 12
No. 2 red	1 04	@ 1 06
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50¼	@ 50¾
Oats—No. 2 mixed	30¼	@ 31
Rye—No. 2	58½	@ 59
HAY—Timothy No. 1	9 50	@10 00
HEMP—Double dressed	8¼	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	11 50	@11 75
Lard—Prime steam	7-55	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@ 25
Prime Creamery	25	@ 34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$2 90	@ 3 40
Good to choice	4 40	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 08	@
No. 2 red	1 09¾	@ 1 10¾
Corn—No. 2 mixed	59½	@ 60¾
Oats—mixed	36	@ 38½
PORK—Mess	12 25	@12 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	98	@ 1 00
Corn—No. 2	49½	@ 49¾
Oats—No. 2	29	@ 29½
Rye	57¼	@
PORK—Mess	11 50	@11 60
LARD—Steam	7-60	@ 7-65
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07½	@ 1 07¾
Corn—mixed	57	@ 58
Oats—mixed	37	@ 39
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 75	@
Lard—Refined	9	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No1	$ 4 70	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02¼	@ 1 03
Corn—mixed	52	@
Oats—mixed	30½	@ 31
PORK—MESS	12 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2. red, new	$ 1 01	@
CORN—mixed	50	@
OATS—mixed	29¾	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald,* Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoroughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

A PAIR of suspenders—The hangman and his assistant.—*The Judge.*

JOPLIN, MO.—Dr. J. B. Morgan says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

CHICAGO papers call Cincinnati the "Plaster Paris of America."

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

IF you have nothing to do, get it done as quickly as you can.

RHEUMATISM, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters."

CAN an upright man be downright honest?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.

IS THE black man who runs the three-card game a native of Monte-negro?

FAIRFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. J. L. Myers says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

HOW OLD is a tree when it reaches the foli-age?—*Merchant Traveler.*

I WAS TROUBLED with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health. C. J. CORBIN, 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager, Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa.

BOUND to make a man cross—Getting to the other side of the street.

IF the blood be impoverished, as manifested by pimples, eruptions, ulcers, or running sores, scrofulous tumors, swellings or general debility, take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

THE Chicago girl who wears number tens is still able to stand considerable x-her-size.—*Boston Traveler.*

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) has cured me of hereditary Scrofula of the worst type. The medicine is more than you claim for it, and I hope any who doubt will write to me. E. C. HAWES, JR., Clarksville, Ga.

REDDING'S Russia Salve has proved its efficiency by a test of 75 years' constant use. Try it.

I USED Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) for a bad case of Blood Poison from Malaria, and am satisfied that it saved my life, as I was given up to die. C. G. SPENCER,
Sup't Gas Works, Rome, Ga.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

A Well-Known Gentleman's Philanthrophy and the Commotion Caused by One of His Letters.

[*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*]

We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations;" therefore, to confirm beyond a doubt the authenticity of the letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Clifton Springs, saw the author of the letter, and with the following result:

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is 63 or 64 years of age and has an extremely cordial manner. He presides as superintendent over the celebrated sanitarium which accommodates over 500 guests and is unquestionably the leading health resort of the country. Several years ago this benevolent man wisely determined to be his own executor, and, therefore turned over this magnificent property worth $300,000 as a free gift to a board of trustees, representing the principal evangelical denominations. Among the trustees are Bishop A. C. Coxe, Protestant Episcopal, Buffalo; Bishop Mathew Simpson, Philadelphia, Methodist Episcopal; President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Clark, Secretary of the A.B.C.F.M., Boston. The benevolent purpose of the institution is the care: 1st—of evangelical missionaries and their families whose health has been broken in their work. 2d—of ministers, of any denomination, in good standing; 3d—of members of any church; who otherwise would be unable to secure such care and treatment. The current expenses of the institution are met by the receipts from the hundreds of distinguished and wealthy people who every year crowd its utmost capacity. Here come men and women who were once in perfect health, but neglected the first symptoms of disease. The uncertain pains they felt at first were overlooked until their health became impaired. They little realized the danger before them, nor how alarming even trifling ailments might prove. They constitute all classes, including ministers and bishops, lawyers, judges, statesmen, millionaires, journalists, college professors and officials from all parts of the land.

Drawing the morning *Democrat and Chronicle* from his pocket, the reporter remarked: "Doctor, that letter of yours has created a good deal of talk, and many of our readers have questioned its authenticity."

"To what do you refer?" remarked the doctor.

"Have you not seen the paper?"

"Yes, but I have not had time to read it yet."

The reporter thereupon showed him the letter, which was as follows:

CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO.,
CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y., Oct. 11, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I am using Warner's Safe Cure, and I regard it as the best remedy for some forms of kidney disease that we have. I am watching with great care some cases I am now treating with it, and I hope for favorable results.

I wish you might come down yourself, as I would like very much to talk with you about your sterling remedy and show you over our institution.

Yours truly,
[Signed] HENRY FOSTER, M. D.

"I do not see why anybody should be skeptical concerning that letter," remarked the doctor.

"Isn't it unusual for a physician of your standing and influence to commend a proprietary preparation?"

"I don't know how it may be with others, but in this institution we allow no person to dictate to us what we shall use. Our purpose is to cure the sick, and for that work we use anything we know to be valuable. Because I know Warner's Safe Cure is a very valuable preparation, I commend it. As its power is manifested under my use, so shall I add to the completeness of my commendation."

"Have you ever analyzed it, doctor?"

"We always analyze before we try any preparation of which we do not know the constituents. But analysis, you know, only gives the elements; it does not give the all important proportions. The remarkable power of Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly consists in the proportions according to which its elements are mixed. While there may be a thousand remedies made of the same elements, unless they are put together in proper proportions, they are worthless as kidney and liver preparations.

"I hope some day to meet Mr. Warner personally, and extend fuller congratulations to him on the excellence of his preparations. I have heard much of him as the founder of the Warner Observatory, and as a man of large benevolence. The reputed high character of the man himself gave assurance to me in the first place that he would not put a remedy upon the market that was not trustworthy; and it was a source of a good deal of gratification to me to find out by actual experiment that the remedy itself sustained my impression."

The conclusion reached by Dr. Foster is precisely the same found by Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, ex-Surgeon-General Gallagher and others, and proves beyond a doubt, the great efficacy of the remedy which has awakened so much attention in the land and rescued so many men, women and children from disease and death.

DON'T Die in the House. "Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

YOU would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good 'twould do you.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple, effectual and superior remedy. *Sold only in boxes.*

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic

Cures fever, ague and biliousness. Take Colden's; no other.

Stinging, irritation, all Kidney and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

EVEN rival manufacturers admit that the best pianos in this or any country are made by Steinway & Sons, New York City.

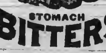
FIRST effectual, then good to take, then cheap—Piso's Cure for Consumption.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.,
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM
when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will positively cure.* Agreeable to use.
HAY-FEVER
Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS
Though shaken in every joint and fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



DR. HORNE'S ELECTRIC BELT
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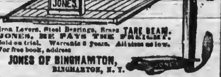

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He was a hard-working man, and for a good many years he had been working twice as hard as any man ought to work.

He said he had a splendid constitution, and that he could stand it.

He forgot that as years passes on the waste of the system is much greater than in youth, while the repair of it is less.

He became weak, debilitated, nervous, and despondent. He regarded the future with dread, and said he had worked himself into an untimely grave.

But he was not taken to the cemetery at all. Instead of that, a good friend brought him some Brown's Iron Bitters.

He began to pick up strength. That was what he wanted. Brown's Iron Bitters enriched his failing blood and put new life into him. It toned up his digestive organs so that his food began to nourish him and do him good. Most heartily does he recommend Brown's Iron Bitters. 13

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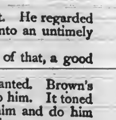

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VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1883. NUMBER 6.

WHAT FOUR MAIDENS CAUGHT.

Four marrying maidens summering went,
Each cast her little net;
Returning, they relate to "Ma"
What fortune each has met.

"O, ma!" said intellectual Jane,
"I caught a college man;
No money—but his stock of brains
Would load a caravan."

"O, ma!" remarked young Sophy Ann,
"I caught a splendid dude;
No brains—but lots and lots of cash,
And bluest sort of blood."

"O, ma!" said delicate Louise,
"I gained some strength and health;
I also caught a journalist
Whose brains will gain him wealth."

"No time to fish had I," said Nan
(Some thirty-four years old),
"Yet staying out to watch these girls
I caught a dreadful cold."
—*Boston Budget.*

STRASBURG CLOCK.

A Wonderful Piece of Mechanism—Evolutions of Its Automata—The Savior and the Twelve Apostles—A Life-Like Chanticleer.

The Strasburg clock has always had a prominent place in all books on the "wonders of mechanics" and has been written and talked about so much that one has an idea that it is one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism ever put together by the hand of man. And I guess it is tolerably complicated. What with indicating the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week and months, and setting in motion a complete planetarium and perpetual calendar, besides holding a sort of a marionette show once in the twenty-four hours, one must, perforce, admit that the man who built it must have had his wits about him and was not to be sneezed at as a mechanic. But then, one hears comparatively little about the really wonderful parts of the clock. Writers some way or other, have always sort of slurred over the planetariums, calendars and such things, and have given their whole attention to the automata which go through their evolutions at noon every day. So that one more than expects to see a wonderful exhibition when the hour and minute hands point to the figure twelve on its dial, and gives hardly a thought or a glance to the rest of the clock. What a glorious thing it would be if one had this clock set up in his hallway. Besides having the correct time, he would be totally independent of almanacs and the like, in keeping track of moonlight nights and the day of the week and month. The only thing needed to make the clock a perfect substitute for a modern almanac would be a patent-medicine and ancient-joke attachment. But then, Yankee ingenuity would soon apply these if the happy owner desired it. Besides all these advantages and disadvantages, the clock is so constructed that all of its different parts regulate themselves and also adapt themselves to the revolutions of the seasons for an almost unlimited number of years. So that, with this clock in its possession, a family would be safe from those periodical disturbances which call up so much ill feeling when all hands start in to regulate the clock. It would soon pay for itself in the saving which it would accomplish in ill temper and family jars. But if it ever broke down, as clocks often do, it would bankrupt anybody but a millionaire to get it mended.

THE CLOCK AND ITS PREDECESSORS.

The clock, as it now stands, is not the original one; in fact it is the grandson—or, if one wants to be a little Germanized in his expressions, the granddaughter—of the Strasburg horological pioneer. The present clock was begun in 1838 and was finished four years later. The man who had the matter in hand rejoiced in the uncommon name of Schwilgue. The immediate predecessor of the present clock stopped short in 1789, after a long run of 218 years. It was constructed by a man who was compelled to go through life bearing the name of Dasypodius. The grandmother of the present clock was ticking merrily away and numbering the life seconds of men who lived and died in the thirteenth century. Just when it was built no one seems to have any settled idea; and the name of the maker is also lost, though if one may judge by his successors' queer names, it is safe to say that his cognomen must have been a regular jaw-dislocator and tongue-paralyzer. The present clock, though the lineal descendant of the two preceding ones, contains but little of the works of these two—which, one may well suppose, were pretty well worn out by their long use, as well as being, in all probability, tolerably clumsy in the beginning. Only a few of the less important wheels which were contained in the handiwork of Mr. Dasypodius still do duty in that of Mr. Schwilgue; while the case, with the exception of a few decorations and a couple of paintings, is entirely new—that is, new in 1838. So that when one wonders at the skill of that master workman who constructed so wonderful a piece of machinery so long ago, when man, compared to the craftsmen of to-day, is supposed to have been a sort of mechanical barbarian, he wonders at something which has no foundation in fact and wastes lots of time in sentimentalizing.

WAITING TO SEE THE AUTOMATA.

The little wooden images connected with the clock and going through their performance in illustration of a Biblical event, and, allegorically, the flight of time, have really given the Strasburg clock its reputation. Every writer and observer has followed the fashion set by the first one who wrote about them—to whom in all probability, they did appear wonderful—and praises their evolutions without stint. So that when one hears or thinks of the "Strasburg clock" he has a mental picture of a splendid pageant of automatons, which are so skillfully and deftly constructed and whose every motion is so perfectly natural as to almost deceive even the most observant. That is, I had that sort of a mental picture, and when one goes to see the clock he goes to see the wonderful pageant and does not think a thought nor care a rap about the rest of it. That is, I went there with that idea, and I stepped into the dimly lighted transept of the great cathedral where the clock is and found myself on the outskirts of a large crowd of tourists of almost all nationalities, who stood with uncovered heads in the cool darkness of the place, anxiously waiting for the moment to arrive when, high noon having struck, they could see with their own eyes the things which had caused them so much wonderment when read from the pages of a book. It is rather an impressive moment, that's a fact. One goes there with his mind full of expectation, hardly knowing what to look for; stands there on the outskirts of an expectant crowd, hushed and silent save for now and then a shuffling of feet, as some tired pilgrim changes his position to rest himself, a suppressed whisper from some female pilgrim who can't keep still any longer, or a half-smothered sigh from some tourist who wonders when it will begin; stands therein the enshrouding gloom of the place, not knowing at what instant the performance may begin and catch him blinded with the darkness so that he can see nothing of it; stands there for long minutes, his eyes gradually becoming used to the gloom until the indistinct outlines of the dim shape in front of him gradually resolve themselves and he sees the famous clock in all its particulars, his eager eyes glancing hastily over it and taking it all in. But there is nothing very wonderful about the outside of the clock and one feels a little disappointed at the twelve or fifteen feet high and eight or ten broad structure, its front adorned with [illegible] dim decorations and cut up with [illegible]ous nooks, crannies, pigeon-holes and galleries and with several wooden figures five or six inches high stuck around over it. At one side stands a tower surmounted by the figure of a rooster—"chanticleer" the guide-book calls him—and containing the weights which give motive power to the whole mechanism. On the front of the main edifice, some three or four feet from the ground, are the dials which indicate the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week and month and the movements of the planets.

THE HOUR OF TWELVE.

When the hour of noon comes there is a preliminary whirr of machinery set in motion and a silvery-toned bell begins to strike the four quarters of the hour. At each stroke of the bell the figure of an angel raises a hammer held in his right hand and strikes a bell held in the left. At first glance one would suppose the sounds came from the bell the angel holds, but this turns out to be an illusion, for one soon notices that the angel's hammer does not quite touch his bell when he makes his stroke, and that the sound and the stroke do not quite correspond in time. In short the angel's bell is a dummy bell and a wooden dummy bell at that. This discovery sort of rouses one's suspicions, and he notices that the angel's movements are stiff, hesitating and "woodeny," so to speak, and do not at all represent the movement of a human being, unless it be a human being badly stiffened by rheumatism. One comes to the conclusion that the angel is badly in need of oiling. At the side of the angel is the figure of a Genius, which, as soon as the fourth stroke comes from the bell, stiffly and jerkily turns over an hour-glass and resumes his former immovable position beside it. Higher up is the figure of Death represented by a skeleton, and around this skeleton are grouped figures representing Boyhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age—the four quarters of the hour. The skeleton has a thigh-bone in his right hand, and with this bone—the head of it—he is supposed to strike the hours upon a bell at his side, but he really doesn't do anything of the kind. His bell is also a wooden one and his bone does not reach the bell by an eighth of an inch when he aims those slow, hesitating, jerky blows of his at it. Besides he gets a little premature once in awhile and strikes his bell before the real one goes off; at other times he is a little behind hand and brings his bone down an instant after the real bell has sounded. It would be superfluous to say that the skeleton not only needs greasing but also regulating.

THE SAVIOR AND HIS APOSTLES.

While the skeleton is going through with his dumb show and pretending to strike the twelve strokes of noon a door at the upper part of the clock suddenly pops open and a figure of the Savior appears and moves stiffly and jerkily forward a few inches. Then at the left hand of this figure another door opens with a snap and a figure of one of the Apostles appears. He springs forward a few inches, stops as if surprised to find himself in the presence of so many profane tourists, hesitates a single instant, as if debating whether to retreat or put a bold face on the matter and go ahead, finally resolves on the latter course, makes another jerk forward and advances unsteadily until opposite the Savior. Here he makes a full stop, turns suddenly with a snap which would decapitate a living man, faces the Savior, makes a clumsy movement which might pass for an obeisance if one did not know any better, receives the stiffly given benediction, jerks himself around to the left, resumes his halting, rheumatic journey toward an open door on the Savior's left and disappears. In the meantime another figure of another Apostle has followed that of the first, goes through with the same jerky, uncertain pantomime and takes his exit in the same rheumatic manner. So it goes on until all of the Twelve Apostles have passed in review. Then, the door having slammed behind the last Apostle, the figure of the Savior raises his wooden arms in a very wooden way, bestows a blessing on the assembled tourists—most of whom are sadly in need of a real one—and is whisked jerkily away. I hope that no one will accuse me of irreverence or blasphemy if I suggest that it would be a fine idea to extend the lubricating of the figures on the clock so as to take in at least the Twelve Apostles.

THE CHANTICLEER.

When the figure of the Apostle Peter appears the chanticleer on the summit of the weight-tower begins to bestir himself. He raises his head, ruffles the feathers on his neck in a very natural manner, claps his wings over his face until the whole cathedral re-echoes with the sound, claps them three separate, distinct and deliberate times, and proceeds to crow. His head goes far back, his breast protrudes, his beak opens to its widest extent, his white tongue shows plainly and he delivers his crow from out "his lofty and shrill-sounding throat" with that peculiar forward duck of the head one sees in the living barnyard champion. Twice does he repeat his crow, with all the accessories, and a pretty fair sort of a crow it is, too, even if it does sound a little like the first untutored attempts of the aspiring cockerel. But there is a peculiarity about him which strikes the observer as being rather queer. He goes through all the motions, but the crow does not sound until he is half-way through, and it continues an instant after he has resumed his position of repose. In short, the chanticleer is a dummy, too, and his crow comes, not out of his throat, but from an arrangement somewhere within the clock. He does not need greasing, but a little regulating would not hurt him. I know that it is rank heresy to talk of the famous "Strasburg clock" in such a plain, matter-of-fact way, but Californians are generally matter-of-fact people, and if there ever was a true-born Californian and one proud of the fact that one is the writer.—*Strasburg Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Growing Child.

The discussion of the formation and development of character can not be otherwise than interesting to the earnest mothers who turn to this column, and who must daily have this question in their own minds while bringing up their families. None more than they feel the need of wisdom to direct, of patience to labor untiringly and to wait, of well-balanced judgment and impartial decision in the duties and responsibilities resting upon them. So we offer no apology for presenting a few thoughts on a subject, trite indeed, but in the nature of things as fresh as each day's need and incapable of being worn out. Are we not all children? Are not the most "grown up" of us still forming and developing character? Still trying to "walk by the same rule and mind the same thing" as when our feet first sought the paths of virtue. Must we not still keep "chiseling away to keep the fine lines fine," to keep the inscriptions on our souls clear cut and clean from the mosses that custom and carelessness cause to grow over them?

We all know that the man who habitually and from principle speaks the truth believes that there may be truth-speaking people in the world beside himself. The student of human nature at once writes down one who is always accusing others of falsehood as incapable himself of adhering to the truth; one who is always suspecting the purity of others is himself impure. The honest man believes other men may be honest, while the thief doubts everybody. And this principle applies to every one of the virtues and vices. We are always ready to believe of others what we know to be true of ourselves. The liar will find excuses for his lying, the thief for stealing, and even the murderer thinks his crime ought to be condoned. No sooner has a man entered upon an evil course than he tries to excuse or justify himself, or palliate his misdoing. After a time his conscience becomes seared, and he rests easy in opinions that are conformed to his character.

A child that is taught and trained to tell the truth, to keep the Sabbath, to refrain from taking things that do not belong to him, to render unquestioning and ready obedience to his parents, reverence to the name and worship of God, will have very positive opinions concerning the right and wrong of these things. He can't help himself. His character forms his opinions. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Just here comes in the work of the father and mother, the teacher, the guardian. Many parents say, "O, I hope when John grows up he'll see the right way and come out all straight." But when John grows up, his character be will formed, and he will see the moral truth in the light of his character. Or, if he sees it in its true light, he may be compelled to say with Cicero, "I see the right and approve it, but I pursue the wrong."

Says one: "This child was born with a proclivity for theft, for falsehood, for anger, and can these original tendencies be taken out of him?" Perhaps not entirely, but right alongside these evil tendencies may be planted germs of principle, of impulse and action that shall by proper cultivation develop and overshadow and neutralize the evil tendencies. A great ambition will lift a man out of a thousand narrownesses and meannesses. A great love will consume in its fire the roots even of selfishness. Acquisitiveness may be checked by the cultivation of benevolence; exact conformity of words to facts may be taught in a great variety of ways; and as a failure to speak the exact truth is the commonest vice of childhood (and of all morally weak persons) it may be well to enlarge here on methods of teaching children to speak the truth. In the first place, the parent must set the example. If there are degrees in wickedness, it is more wicked to lie to a child than to an adult, yet many parents constantly deceive and prevaricate when dealing with their children. In the second place, the first and smallest departure from the truth in the child must be noticed and corrected, gently, kindly and from high moral conviction. The child should never be driven to tell an untruth by fear, and should in every case be made to know that his untruths do not in the least deceive. Learning to read with perfect accuracy will help a child tell the exact truth, because it will form in him the habit of calling words what they are, and train him in observing distinctions between things that are different, and between things that are similar but not identical. Teachers will observe that children who are careful to speak the truth are always better readers and better scholars than those whose word can not be depended on. Holding children to a high standard of recitation in their various studies aids in forming the habit of veracity.

It is only by the utmost painstaking, continued day after day and year after year, that great virtues grow from little seeds and great vices are choked, little by little, till they are finally extirpated. How long the labor, but how noble the reward! "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Our Young Folks.

HER MAJESTY.

She wears a royal, golden crown,
Our little, laughing, shy-faced queen,
The clust'ring curls o'er eyes of brown
Are bright as summer starlight's sheen.

She sways a scepter o'er us all,
And we obey each proud command;
For we are held in slavery's thrall
By that imperial, dimpled hand.

Her robes of state are pure as snow,
In every heart she finds a throne.
In all the land she has no foe;
The name of rebel is unknown.

Her loyal subjects, low and high,
Full many a costly tribute bring;
The glories of her kingdom, I,
Her humble poet-laureate, sing.

Around my neck her soft arms twine,
My song is smothered in her curls;
Her sweet, fresh lips are pressed to mine.
Oh, Baby—little queen of girls!
—*Golden Days.*

DOWN CELLAR.

Once, not very long ago, little Tommy Tucker cried because he couldn't have a whole mince pie and a big piece of cheese for his supper.

"Jack Horner did," he pouted.

"Then Jack had the stomach-ache afterwards," said Mamma Tucker. "You'd have to take castor oil, Tommy. How would you like that?"

But Tommy didn't have to take castor oil, because he didn't have the pie; and because he did'nt have the pie he got up in his high chair behind the door and cried as loud as he could cry. Wasn't he a foolish little boy?—because crying wouldn't help things a bit, you know.

After a while Tommy began to understand that, so he stopped crying and began to think, with his lips pouted out and a scowl on his face; and he thought he would go away and stay so that Mamma Tucker would think he was lost, and then she would feel, oh, dreadfully; and the next thing would be a mince pie for his supper.

"I'll go up to Uncle Dar's," said Tommy; but then he thought they would find him there, first thing. Besides, it was cold and stormy.

"I'll go down cellar and hide in the brick closet," said Tommy, then; and there was just where he did go, creeping down the stairs as easy as a mouse. He didn't believe anybody could hear him; but somebody did. Somebody saw him, too. It was Papa Tucker, who was stopping a leak in the cistern.

It was very dark in the brick closet, because there wasn't any way for the light to get in when Tommy had shut the little door behind him. The brick closet was made in one of the three great chimneys, under the parlor fire-place. Sometimes pies and cakes were kept there; but the pies and cakes and Tommy didn't happen in the closet at the same time. That was a trial, but Tommy didn't have a great while to think about it. The floor of the closet was hard, but Tommy was sleepy—it was past his bed-time—and while he was wondering why Mamma Tucker didn't come to find him, he went fast asleep.

I will tell you the reason Tommy Tucker's mamma didn't wring her hands and go looking up-stairs and down-stairs for her little boy, when she found he wasn't in his high chair behind the door. It was because Papa Tucker had seen Tommy and heard him; and knew just where he was.

"We'll have to teach him a little lesson," said Papa Tucker. So he didn't go to bed when everybody else did, but locked the cellar door and sat down before the fire to read, right over Tommy's poor little sleepy head.

By and by Tommy waked up. At first he couldn't think where he was, but pretty soon he remembered. Poor little Tommy Tucker! He was so hungry he didn't know what to do—because he hadn't had his supper, you know; and he ached dreadfully, the floor was so hard. But the floor didn't seem so hard to Tommy as the thought that his mamma hadn't tried to find him—nobody had tried to find him. And they had all gone to bed, and left him alone; he knew they had gone to bed—everything was so still.

Tommy began to cry again.

"Oh dear, dear me!" he wailed. "I wish I didn't be down here—I *do!*" But wishing, all alone, doesn't do any more good than crying; and may be Tommy wouldn't have done anything but wish, if he hadn't just at that minute heard a little rustle somewhere around—anyway he thought he did; and a rustle in a cellar where there isn't anything to rustle, you know, is a dreadful thing. So Tommy Tucker thought.

"Oh dear," he cried again; and he pushed open the closet door and went out and felt along in the dark to the cellar stairs; and he went up the cellar stairs and tried to open the door, which was locked, as I have already told you.

How Tommy screamed when he found he couldn't get out himself!

"Papa! mamma! O mamma!"

And, of course, then Papa Tucker came in haste to unlock the door.

"Why, Tommy," said he, "how came you here?"

"I—I was down in the brick closet," said Tommy, with a sob; "and I was scared—orfle scared. And I want a piece of bread and butter, papa—a big large piece."

And so that's what Tommy Tucker had for his supper—though his name wasn't really Tommy Tucker.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Talk with the Boys.

"I don't know what to do," said one just stepping from the threshold of boyhood. "My ability is not great. If I enter college there must be long years of preparation. The fitting school, the college, the professional school each demand their weary years.

"If I engage in mercantile business, I must commence at the bottom round, I must sweep the store and run errands and do up bundles. I must slowly rise if at all. How do I know I shall rise, I have no capital and my business capacity is not wonderful.

"If I engage in manufacturing, there, too, I must begin low if I would rise high. I must go into the lowest room of the mill. I must learn all of the disagreeable details of the business. It will take me years to learn, and after all I may fail.

"If I am to be a farmer I must have long years of disagreeable plodding. I must pick up stones and drive cows and water horses, and do a thousand unheard-of chores, before I am prepared to even run in debt for a farm and go into business for myself. It is a hard row to hoe. The field of life is a rocky one. I believe I'll settle down in my little corner, do as well as I can the humble work that comes to me, take the bitter with the sweet, be content with a lowly lot, and fling ambition to the winds. I am a common boy—I might as well recognize the fact now as ten years hence."

Let me speak, as a friend, who has traveled this rocky road many years before you. Let me tell my little story. Let me give you a big dose of that medicine so often prescribed, so seldom given—*advice.*

And first, I would say, the way is *rough.* There is no flowery path to success. The road to honor and usefulness is not a paved one. Whatever vocation you choose, be it law or medicine, or the ministry, or agriculture, or merchandise, it is work, work, hard work and up-hill work at that.

"I don't know *what* to do," you say.

It may not be time for a final decision. There are many lessons you ought to learn, no matter what pursuit in life you follow. Have you learned those? But if you feel that the time has really come, that you must decide and yet you can not, then ask advice, ask some one in whose judgment you have confidence. Think over it. Pray over it. Take it. Once taken, don't stop to look back. Go to work with a will. Don't say: "Oh, dear, I wish I had done something else;" or, "I am not suited to this business;" or, "I don't believe I shall succeed." Unless health fails, or facts show *unmistakably* that you are on the wrong track, *push on.*

"How do I know I shall rise?" you say.

Resolve that you *will.* Where there is a will there is a way.

Those who have made their mark in almost every calling are not those who have the quickest apprehension, nor the most retentive memory, nor the most nimble fingers, nor the most unerring judgment. They are those who have persevered. They did not fail, because they would not fail.

The boy who can work steadily, with one purpose in view, who can do little by little his work, and can keep on trying till he does it well, that boy has no right to say: I have no ability. He has ability, the highest kind of ability, and it is his duty to make the most of it. He owes it to himself. He owes it to the world. He owes it to his God, and to those he loves next to God.

Make, then, the most of yourself, my young friend. There is more good material than you think. The steel needs tempering, the iron needs working, and it will take time, but it is good solid ore. Work it well.

The strongest, the bravest, the best men have been those who had a hard row to hoe, and who hoed it. Hoe away, my boys. Pull out the weeds. Work hard. Don't be discouraged. There is sunshine on the hilltops. There are flowers by the roadside. You shall not want a loving word, and, if need be, a helping hand.—*Golden Rule.*

Johnnie's Recreation.

"Johnnie," said a father to his handsome young son one evening as they were sitting together, "can you count a billion?"

"Certainly, papa; that's no great feat," was the reply.

"Do you know how many make billion?" the father next queried.

"Not exactly; but I will see what Webster says in his dictionary. Here it is—'A million of millions; as many millions as there are units in a million.'"

"Now, my son, this is a very large number, and do you think you can count it?"

"Certainly I can."

"How long do you think it would take you if you do nothing else but count?"

"Perhaps all day, or easily in two days," replied the son.

"Take your slate and pencil and let us make a little calculation. As your tongue is very nimble, I will allow that you can count two hundred a minute. How many will this give you in an hour?" asked the father.

"Why, only twelve thousand."

"And how many in twenty-four hours?"

"Only two hundred and eighty thousand," replied the boy.

"This tells you that two days are not enough, even if you count without eating or sleeping, for it would only give you six hundred and seventy-six thousand, which is very far short of a million, you see."

"Give me a whole year and I will count it," said the son.

"If you do," said the good-natured father, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will give you a hundred pounds, and take you to France and Italy next summer. Come, use your pencil again, and see how far a year will carry you towards the billion, allowing that you work three hundred and sixty-five days, and twenty-four hours each day. Multiply two hundred and eighty-eight thousand counted in a day, by three hundred and sixty-five, and what result will you have?"

"Why, papa, only one hundred and five million, one hundred and twenty thousand. I give it up, for I believe I could not count it in my whole lifetime."

"This is very probable, my son; but now you are at it keep up the calculation, and find out how long it would take to count a billion. Be careful in your multiplications and additions, for a small mistake where the figures are so many will make a great difference in the result. I will look over you. You have made the calculation, and what result have you?"

"Perfectly amazing! To count a million times a million would most certainly take nine thousand five hundred and twelve years, twenty-four days, five hours and twenty minutes, at the rate of two hundred every minute."—*Baptist Weekly.*

—The meanest man has been found in Atlantic City, N. J. He pulled his daughter's teeth out to keep her from going with a young man.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Religious.

COME NEAR!

Come near to me! I need Thy glorious presence
Through the dense darkness of this troubled hour.
Shine on my soul, and fill it with the essence
Of Thy pervading and uplifting power.
Come near, come near to me!

Come nearer yet! I have no strength to reach Thee.
My soul is like a bird with broken wings.
Lean down from Thy fair heights of peace and teach me
The balm Thy touch to mortal beings brings.
Lean down, O God, lean down!

Come near! And yet if those eternal places
Hold greater tasks to occupy Thy hands,
Send Thy blest angels whose celestial faces
Smile sometimes on us from the spirit lands.
Send one, send one to me.

I must have help! I am so weak and broken
I can not help myself—I know not how.
That moral force of which so much is spoken
Will not sustain and fortify me now—
I must, I must have help!

Some outside aid, some strength from spirit sources,
We all must have, in hours like this, or die.
To One, to all, of those mysterious forces
Which men call God, I lift my voice and cry:
Come near, come near to me!
—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Advance.*

THE THEOLOGY OF THE HEART.

There is a dogmatic theology of the church creeds which has been derived with more or less of accuracy from the Scriptures, and teaches the existence, character and attributes of God. There is also a theology of the heart which is as old as humanity, and confirms all that the Scriptures teach of the existence and perfections of God. The belief that there is a God and the yearning to know Him are intuitive and universal. It was this heart-theology that led the psalmist to say: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." It was the same heart-hunger and belief that caused Job to say: "Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and desire to reason with God. O that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat. I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." It was an intuitive conviction of His existence that led the Greeks to erect an altar to the unknown God, and inspired the profound speculations of pagan Plato concerning His being and attributes.

St. Paul teaches that the common constitution of "all nations that dwell on the face of the earth" leads them to "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him." This perpetual search proves that atheism is repugnant to the human heart, and does violence to the moral nature of man. It is in conflict with his ineradicable instincts, desires and hopes, which all require a personal, living, loving God as the author, preserver, and savior of the race. God is the felt necessity of every rational soul. A sane man may imagine he has reason to doubt the existence of God, but his heart belies his conclusion by still yearning for the living God. Only the fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God." So universal is the longing for God and the belief in His existence that it is not without reason that many Christian thinkers doubt either the entire sanity or the entire sincerity of those who profess to agree with the fool. There is a strong probability that, notwithstanding their professions of atheism, few sane men are quite as far from God as they aver. Their hearts protest against their theory. In many cases the faith of childhood and of a godly ancestry lingers to utter the same protest; and where the deepest instincts of the soul unite with the influences of Christian nurture against it, a perfectly sincere and unwavering belief in atheism is impossible.

The heart clings to a belief in God as the only ground of hope for the future. To be without God is to be without hope in the world. If there is no almighty creator and preserver of man, there is no power to deliver him from death. If he does not possess an indestructible life derived from God he can not hope to survive the death of the body. The hopelessness of atheism is, therefore, essential to it. To unsophisticated minds, this hopelessness is appalling. It deprives the soul of its only sufficient support in sorrow, pain and death. It takes away the strongest incentive to noble endeavor and patient endurance. To those who sorrow without hope, the anguish of bereavement is unutterable, and the thought of their own death horrible. Few men can face death and annihilation with composure. Byron's assertion: "I have no conception of any existence which duration would not make tiresome," reveals his despair, rather than his satisfaction, at the prospect. Even the Stoics were sustained in their contempt of pain and death by the vain hope of eternal union with the immortal gods.

The loss of a great hope is like the setting of the sun: it leaves darkness behind. The confessions of Atheists reveal the fearful gloom of those who have lost faith in God and a future life. Strauss affirmed that he was going into darkness. The dying Atheist, Clifford, said: "I have lived to see the sun shining out of an empty sky." Another says: "The theory of Atheism in any shape is, scientifically considered, superfluous; and I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and when at times I think, as think I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which was once mine and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it, I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my soul is susceptible."

In striking contrast to the gloom of atheism is the testimony of Heine, the German poet, who had lost his faith in God and a future life, but afterward regained it by the study of the Bible: "He who has lost his God may find H[illegible] again in this book; and he who [illegible] never known Him is here struck b[illegible] breath of the Divine word. Yes, I have returned back to God, like the prodigal son, after having kept the swine with the Hegelians for some time. Was it my wretchedness that drove me back? Perhaps a less miserable reason—a sort of Heavenly home-sickness fell upon me and drove me forth." It was the theology of the heart that led to the recovery of his lost hope. His moral nature could not be satisfied with the swine's food of atheism, but persisted in its yearning for the living God, who "satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with His goodness."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

The Bible and the Monuments.

Sennacherib's own story adds much of interest to the Bible account. The Bible says that Sennacherib was at Lachish while Jerusalem was invested. We have an actual picture preserved, made by order of the Assyrian King, of his victory at Lachish. He does not claim to have captured Jerusalem, but only that he received tribute. The Bible says that Hezekiah gave him thirty talents of gold and three hundred talents of silver. Sennacherib, in his own account, says it was thirty talents of gold and eight hundred of silver. But there were two sorts of silver talents, a large talent and a small talent; and eight hundred of one is just equal to three hundred of the other, so that the two accounts tally to a shekel. In two cases in the Bible story of the Kings it has seemed like a plain mistake that Babylon is mentioned instead of Nineveh. How could Hezekiah have sent Ambassadors with presents to Meredach-baladan, King at Babylon, while Nineveh was the capital? The monuments solve the riddle. They tell the whole story of the revolt of Meredach-baladan at Babylon against the King at Nineveh. The Embassy sent to the rebel was a great political blunder, and Isaiah was right in rebuking it. The other case of difficulty is where the Bible tells us that Manasseh was taken captive by the King of Assyria and carried to Babylon. The annals of Esarhaddon are very imperfect, but they mention Manasseh as a tributary King, and we learn from them that he (Esarhaddon) was the only King of Assyria who held his court at Babylon. The Bible is confirmed on both these points. Before passing from the monuments of Assyria to those of Babylon, we may recall briefly the now well-known Moabite stone, with its remarkable confirmation of the Bible story. The Bible tells us that after the death of Ahab, and the accession of Jehoram, Mesha, King of Moab, rebelled. There was discovered, ten years ago, in Dibon, the capital of Moab, a stone column on which this very Mesha, otherwise unknown, had given an account, engraved nearly nine hundred years before Christ, of the success of his rebellion. In a long story, which reads like a chapter of the Bible, he tells of his victories, and how he captured the cities of Israel by the help of his god Chemosh.—*S. S. Times.*

Choice Extracts.

—The fewer the words the better the prayer.—*Martin Luther.*

—Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined and cultivated, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth shed from Heaven.

—Let not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children, and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

—The best things are nearest; light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

—There are no fires that will melt out our drossy and corrupt particles like God's refining fires of duty and trial, living as He sends us to live, in the open field of the world's sins and sorrows, its plausibilities and lies, its persecution and animosities and fears, its eager delights and bitter wants, if we still keep Him in view in all.—*Bushnell.*

—As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor, weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of love.—*Kingsley.*

—By going a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend on the corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word, "Providence."—*Longfellow.*

—In the long run we can do more by what we *are*, than by what we *attempt;* more by our characters than by our activities. To others as well as to ourselves, there is inspiration and inducement in a noble or a lovely character. If we stop and consider what it is which has done most to shape our thought and purpose in life, we shall see that it is some winsome and impressive character, which has been uplifted before us, and which has drawn us by its pre-eminent attractiveness, rather than any precept or injunction which has been spoken to us by instructors. And as it is with ourselves, so it will be with others. Everything that raises our personal standard of thought and purpose, everything that brings us nearer to the stature of the completed one in Christ, increases our power for good, and makes us more and more a power in the world about us. When we crave the privilege of *doing* for others, it is well for us to realize the privilege of *being* for others, and for our Master, whose assurance to his loved ones is: "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples;" [illegible]t, that ye sow much seed, but that in [illegible] characters ye bear much fruit; [illegible] the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth."—*S. S. Times.*

—The late Bishop Hunter, of the Mormon Church, was born and reared a Quaker.

THE RECORDER.

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PROF TICE, the great weather prognosticator, died in St. Louis, on the 30th ult.

SOME of the land on this side of the river at Lawrenceburg ferry has been leased to the oil prospectors.

THE Speaker, Doorkeeper and the Clerk nominated by the caucus last Saturday night, at Washington, were born in Kentucky.

THE Speakership having been settled, the people of Kentucky will now turn their attention to the election of a United States Senator.

THE Frankfort Yeoman did not know that it was loaded when it went off on the Tom Henry question, on the 27th ult., and in the next issue it took a large dose of crow.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, of New York, is a candidate for President. His friends claim that he can command Tilden's strength, whom they consider physically unable to make a canvass.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 20@5 40; fair to good packers, at $5 00@5 30; fair to good light, $4 50@4 95; common, $3 50@4 45; culls, $3 00@3 75: stock hogs, $3 65@4 60.

JUDGE DENNY, of Lancaster, and chairman of the Republican executive committee of this State, shot and killed James H. Anderson one day last week. The Judge's defense is self-defense. Denny defended Phil B. Thompson for killing Walter S. Davis.

H. CLAY WHITE has been solicited to make the race for Representative to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of W. N. Hogan, of Grant county. Mr. White would make the county a good representative, and he has many friends in Boone, his native county, who would be glad to see him thus honored.

A NEGRESS, who was delirious from small-pox, made her appearance on the streets in Louisville one day last week, and exposed thousands of people to the dreadful disease. She was circulating on the principal streets about two hours before the authorities succeeded in having her captured and taken to the Eruptive Hospital.

THE Board of Health of this State is out in a circular addressed to the local Boards of Health, requesting them to urge vaccination and re-vaccination for the prevention of small-pox, which, during the past year, has given some localities in this State so much trouble. The Board wants decisive action taken that the scourge may be baffled at once upon its appearance in a community.

THE News Journal of the 2d inst., headlines under its rooster thusly:

He Crows! Because In Carlisle's Election as Speaker The Right of the People Triumphs Over the Might of Monopoly, Insuring an Honest Readjustment of the Robber Tariff, And a Cutting Down of Taxation to the Actual Needs of Government. The New Speaker's Sound and Conservative Views on the Duties of Democracy. Westward the Star of Empire Takes it Way, and Pennsylvania Mourns.

NOTWITHSTADING the fact that our country tobacco buyers have paid such high prices this season, there is complaint among them of deliveries in too high case. The preasant high prices in the country are due, in a great measure, to our home buyers, who are willing to work on smaller margin than those who bought before them, and they ought to be encouraged and upheld by their patrons. They have a remedy in docking, which they are resorting to quite freely, but it is difficult to estimate the damage done a crop of tobacco by handling it when too high, and it alway results in dissatisfaction. Tobacco, this early in the season, should be hung up as soon as it is stripped out and allowed to dry out, and then as it comes in, it may be bulked down on the sticks, and delivered in good winter order.

IN regard to the Capt. Tom Henry affair, the Frankfort Yeoman of the 27th ult., says, among other things:

"It has been understood in Frankfort for some time that Capt. Henry would assume no further personal control of the business of the office, the power to act in all matters having been delegated to these parties."

"The inability of Capt. Henry to abstain from liquor, and the scandal which results from his drunkeness, has made this arrangement necessary. The courts would not have tolerated his presence, and he had the discretion to arrange for the performance of the work by others. This we think he had a right to do, and if it satisfies the Judges, who are most concerned, it ought to satisfy others."

"From his past life and his late conduct, it is clear that Capt. Henry is not a proper man to have personal charge of a business involving so much."

In its next issue it virtually says, "We didn't intend to say that about you, Capt. Henry."

THOMAS J. HENRY, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, has been imbibing to such an extent as to wholy incapacitate him for business, and has, therefore, turned his office over to his two deputies, Gaines and Poore. Henry denies all the charges brought against him, and says they are made by his enemies who want him put out of office. It seems that the escapade that has gotten him into trouble is equally as disgraceful as that with which he was charged during his canvass. His recent conduct having rendered him liable to removal from office, the friends of Poore and Gaines who traded Henry into office, are alarmed, and claim that in as much as the affairs of the office are being promptly and satisfactorily administered by his two very efficient deputies, there is no necessity for Henry's removal. Such an argument does not ameliorate the law which says plainly what course shall be pursued when an officer's conduct is such as disqualifies him for his office. It matters not how efficient Henry's deputies are, when his conduct is such that it brings him within the perview of the statutes that provide for the removal of Clerks from office, he ought to be made go.

THE following is the number of votes each State cast for Speaker, in the caucus at Washington last Saturday night:

STATES	Carlisle.	Randall.	Cox.
Alabama	8	4	1
Arkansas	5	...	
California	2	1	8
Connecticut	...	8	...
Delaware	1	...	...
Florida	1	...	...
Georgia	8	1	...
Illinois	7	...	1
Indiana	7	1	1
Iowa	8	...	1
Kentucky	8	...	...
Louisiana	4	1	...
Maryland	...	...	...
Massachusetts	1	...	2
Michigan	6	...	...
Mississippi	6	...	...
Missouri	11	...	2
Nevada	1	...	...
New Jersey	...	8	...
New York	...	6	18
North Carolina	4	2	...
Ohio	2	6	5
Pennsylvania	...	11	...
South Carolina	4	2	...
Tennessee	7	2	1
Texas	10	...	...
Virginia	1	8	...
West Virginia	2	1	...
Wisconsin	5	...	...
Total	108	52	30

Mr. Carlisle's election was made unanimous and being escorted to the hall where the caucus was held he made the following brief speech of thanks:

"Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Caucus: Your committee has just notified me of my unanimous nomination for Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Forty-eighth Congress; and I am here to thank you very briefly, and very earnestly, for the confidence reposed in me. If this had been a mere personal contest between me and either of the three distinguished gentlemen whose names were mentioned in connection with this nomination, I should have had little hope of success. They are all gentlemen of great ability, long experience, and undoubted integrity; and I assure them and their friends that this contest closes, so far as I am concerned, without the slightest change of the friendly personal relations heretofore existing between us."

After Mr. Carlisle's speech each of his opponents made short speeches in which they pledged a hearty cooperation with him in the discharge of the duties of Speaker.

4

MALARIA, indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

SPARTA, TENN.—Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters, and recommend them."

LEWISVILLE, IND.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration, and found it entirely satisfactory."

For Rent.

35 acres of land adjoining Lewisburg, Kenton county, Ky., 10 acres of which is fine tobacco land. On this land is a pear orchard of about 400 trees, select varieties. This land is all well suited for gardening or other tillage, and has on it a good house and other suitable conveniencies for a family residence—Enquire of RUFUS LIGHT, on the premises.

Out on the Prairie.

Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time"

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything should happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC, is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the torpid organs into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

But take it into your house, and it will speak for itself. Once used, will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price, 50 cents and $1. HISCOX & Co., Chemist, New York.

Posted.

Notice is hereby given that our lands in Boone county, are posted and all persons ara warned not trespass thereon.

MRS. E. J. PIATT, JOHN McCONNEL.

For Sale.

Two good work horses, single or double, one is a black 16½ hands high, the other is a bay 15 hands high. For further information call on or address

RICHARD RYLE, Burlington, Ky.

Administrator's Notice,

Those having claims against the estate of W. S Ryle, dec'd., are hereby notified to present the same, proven as by law required, to the undersigned before December 25th, '83. B. H. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR, Hebron, Ky.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Wm. N. Aylor. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly proven according to law to the undersigned at No. 7 Pike Str., Covington, Ky. R. L. CRIGLER, Assignee.

5-4t

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,	J C Jenkins,
J E Duncan,	Oscar Gaines,
G C Gaddy,	Ben. Clore,
Noah Craven,	Wm. Clore,
C S Balsly,	A S Gaines,
George Gaines,	C S Gaines,
Absalom Aylor,	J. B. Winston,

TWO Fams for Sale.

One contains 36 acres, 9 acres of which is good creek bottom and 27 acres, hill land. This land is under good fence, well set in grass, has lasting water for stock, fine lot of timber, much of which is locust. It is part of the W. B. Ryle homestead, lies on Gunpowder Creek and joins Leander Setters.

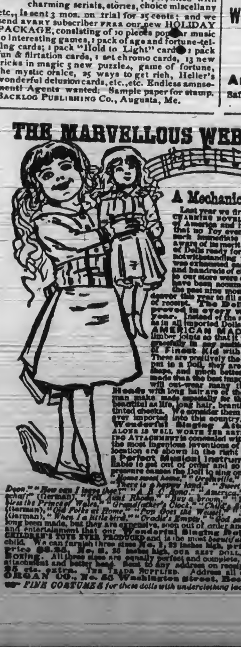
The other farm contains 126½ acres, is 2½ miles south west of Burlington, has all necessary buildings in good repair, fencing good, has a good well and cistern, besides never failing water for stock, a nice young orchard, and some hedge fence. This land is all in grass except 25 acres which ware cultivated in corn this year. For terms apply an the last named premises to

6-2m W. S. WHITE.

PATENTS.

For new inventions and novel designs obtained in the United States, Canada and Europe. Trade Marks and Copyright—Labels secured for Merchants and Manufacturers who wish protection against imitators of their goods, packages or articles of manufacture. We are located opposite the United States Patent Office, have quick access to its records, and can give prompt and reliable answers to inquiries. Of our firm one has had thirteen years' practice in the highest courts, another several years as an Assistant Examiner in the United States Patent Office and many years experience as solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. Fee reasonable and full satisfaction or no fee. Best reference given. Our little book "on patents" sent free on receipt of one cent stamp.
W. A. COULTER & CO., Solicitors of Patents,
23 St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 16 page paper, filled with charming serials, stories, choice miscellany etc., is sent 3 mos. on trial for 25 cents; and we send every subscriber FREE our new HOLIDAY PACKAGE, consisting of 10 pieces popular music 10 interesting games, 1 pack of age and fortune-telling cards; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards; 1 pack fun & flirtation cards, 1 set chromo cards, 13 new tricks in magic 5 new puzzles, game of fortune, the mystic oracle, 25 ways to get rich, Heller's wonderful delusion cards, etc., etc. Endless amusement! Agents wanted. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING Co., Augusta, Me.



THE MARVELLOUS WEBBER SINGING DOLL.

A Mechanical Wonder.

"A PRIMA DONNA IN EVERY HOME."

A. L. Brown,

THE HATTER,

Cor. Pike and Washington Streets
COVINGTON, - - KY.

Has always on hand a large variety of Men's, Boys' and Children's Hats, and prices GUARANTEED to be as low as the lowest.

Gents' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.

BOONE HOUSE,

BURLINGTON, KY.

C. L. CRISLER, Prop'r.

No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

LUMBER.

Geo. M. Bedinger & Co.,

Erlanger, - - Ky.

We keep constantly on hand all kinds of Lumber, Laths and Shingles. Also Builder's supplies of all kinds.

—Come and see Us.—

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W. J. RICE,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
BULLITSVILLE, KY.

Is prepared Raise or Move
EITHER LOG or FRAME BUILDINGS
On Short Notice.

And at the Lowest Possible Figures.

33-tf Your orders respectfully solicited

INSURE AT HOME

The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County

Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.

Its Rates are Lower

Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County a

HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE

In keeping their property insured.

EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY

should take a policy at once.

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R. RANDALL, Treasury.

DIRECTORS.
LEGRAN GAINES, Jeff Utz,
JNO. M. MOODY.

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MALE and FEMALE

To engage in the sale of our new and important works of standard character, large profits and immense selling qualities. We offer a permanent and lucrative business. Address The CINCINNATI PUBLISHING CO., 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 46 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Billious Complaints

Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

High Prices All Sat Down On and Crushed Out of Existence!

COLTER'S Shoe Department is turning out stacks and piles of good solid Boots and Shoes, and the best all-Leather solid Goods. This house now shows the best and double the amount of stock that was ever kept in Rising Sun, is doing a strictly cash business, and selling Boots and Shoes at the same low per cent. that Dry Goods are sold at. People are getting tired of paring exclusive shoe dealers' prices for Boots and Shoes when they can go to COLTER'S general store and get the best of goods at the same profits that Dry Goods are sold at

"I told you to go to COLTER'S. I told you that you could get good solid goods at Colter's, and at reasonable prices. Here I have toiled day after day to get a little money ahead, and you went to——and paid the regular shoe dealers' prices for those boots, and now look at them. Three dollars and twenty-five cents gone, and look at those boots. If you had gone to Colter's, as I told you to you would have got a better pair for Two Dollars and Fifty cents."

"Well, Father, I went to Colter's and they were so busy I went out, expecting to go back. But seeing a shoe store that wasn't busy, I just got them there. Next time I'll go to Colter's and wait till my turn comes."

CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS.

Over Twenty-five Hundred Full Suits of Ready-Made Clothing and over Fifteen Hundred Overcoats to select from and get a fit

At COLTER'S MAMMOTH CHEAP CASH STORE,
—Rising Sun, Indiana.—

Men's Full Suits, commencing at $4 a suit and up to $6, $7, $10, $12, and as high as $22. Grand snaps in

OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats, commencing at $2 25 and up to $5 for a real good, warm and durable Coat; next grade at $6 to $9; next $10 to $16. Always try COLTER'S for Clothing.

CLOAKS AND JACKETS — DOLMANS AND Ulsterettes.

"Well Mary, I am glad you had supper ready when I came home. When a person goes to town and is busy buying goods all day, she comes home feeling very tired and hungry." Yes, indeed, Jane, I expected you would feel tired and need refreshments, so I had tea ready for you. Where did you trade?" "Where did I trade?" "Yes." "Why, at Colter's; yes, indeed, every time, and I guess nearly everyone else trades there too, from the way the store was jammed to day. I tell you, Mary, there were no less than 100 people in that store trading this day. The first room we go in was full, the Cloak room was jammed full and the Millinery room was crowded the Boot and Shoe room had a rush, and I was surprised when they took me up stairs to get a bit of floor oil cloth. I believe there were more than a dozen persons up there buying Overcoats, Pants, some buying Hats, some a Suit of Clothes and some buying two or three suits. Yes, indeed, they do business in that house, I'm a tellin' you. It kept a nice looking gray whiskered man busy making change." "Well, how are goods selling now?" "Cheaper than I ever saw them. Colter is making an extra effort to sell more goods than they did last year, and is offering extra inducements. I bought good Sheeting at 7 and 8 cents, splendid Canton Flannel at 10 to 11 cents. Thread 4c. Sheefield's Yarn 75c. a pound. Flannels 30, 37 to 40c, all-Wool Blankets $4 and $5. I got a nice Dolman for $9. Jennie's Hat with two Feathers on for $2, Floor Oil Cloth 25c, Jennie's Shoes, custom-made, sewed Calf, for $2, Johnnie's Boots at $2 60, and they are extra. I don't know what all I did get. You should all trade at Colter's.

BOOTS AND SHOES
At COLTER'S
Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

Solid Goods at Bottom Prices
IS OUR MOTTO,
And by standing to this rule we gain trade year after year. When we sell one pair of Solid Boots or Shoes, that invites the Customer back again. Patronize
COLTER'S,
MAMMOTH
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Rising Sun. · Ind.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.

CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

SUCCESSORS TO Dr. BUTTS' DISPENSARY. OFFICE & ROOMS, No. 620 LOCUST ST.
CHAS. L. LaBARGE, M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHEESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma. BLOOD IMPURITIES, inherited or caused by impure associations, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc. DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc. WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs. FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.

Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.

(The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Chesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.)

Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS

by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

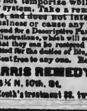
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free-indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSONS INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

E. W. Smith is home for a few days.

The crowd in town Monday was very small.

Esq. Loder, of Petersburg, was in town, Tuesday.

A. W. Smith has a position in a large drug store in Sanford, Florida.

The weather the past few days has been the delight of the farmers.

Keene Robbin's father has been attending to Keene's business during his illness.

The corn bin at the Boone Hotel was relieved of its entire contents a few nights since.

A new lot of Dress Goods and Ladies' Underwear just received at Heyn's, Rising Sun, Ind.

Mr. Frank Kirk and sister, Miss Gussie, spent Thanksgiving day with Miss Maggie Rabb, of Rising Sun, Ind.

Ladies admire Ayers' Hair Vigor for the rich lustre it gives the hair. It restores color, and promotes growth.

Mr. S. P. Brady and wife are now citizens of Burlington. We are glad to welcome such citizens to the town.

Watts and Balsly are at home in the bosoms of their families again. They did not bring much Arkansas meat with them.

Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind., are doing a thriving business this fall. Just think of it, they sold 64 Overcoats in one day.

Those who live on dirt roads will deliver their tobacco to the buyers as soon as they can. They know how bad the roads get.

Geo. Kreylich and Sam Kyle, two of Kenton county's handsome and popular gallants are taking in Boone county this week.

For Schofield's Jeans, Flannels and Yarns at Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, Ind. is the only reliable place, good Jeans for 40 cents.

Heyn & Bro., are taking the lead in Dolmans and Cloaks. To look at them and see the prices is to buy. Rising Sun, Indiana.

We find the card of Mr. William Sayers, of the Commonwealth, on our desk. We are sorry that we were absent when he called Monday.

For real Schofield Blankets go to Heyn & Bro., Rising Sun, and if you ask for them you will get no other. Price $5 and upwards.

The Grand Rapids, Michigan, Baseball club is negotiating with Quick, catcher for the Boones last season, for his services next season.

The Farmers' Insurance Company, has supplied itself with an abundance of policies, and its taking long strides in the insurance business.

Our turkey brokers did not realize enough on their Thanksgiving stock to start a bank, They didn't have license and couldn't cross the big bridge.

This week the squeal of the porkers has been heard in every direction as they started on their journey to the "scalding-box" and sausage mills.

A negro man from down among the Gunpowder deadnings delivered his tobacco here last week, for which he chucked $400 down into his breeches.

Z. T. Kelley, of East Bend, was in town Friday, increasing his supply of elbow-room by purchasing Mrs. Noah Craven's lot in the division of her father's estate.

On their return from Arkansas, Watts and Balsly met Garnett Riley with his produce boat at Cotton Wood Point, half way between Cairo and Memphis. All well and in the rain.

Peter Webb, colored, who has been a general errand dispatcher for the citizens of Burlington, has, at last become a bankrupt in health, and was last Monday assigned to the Poor-house.

John Reed, the wide-awake cigar maker, of Florence, was in town one day last week working up a sale for his cigars. By industry and square dealing John has worked up a good trade.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

Mr. Frank Kirk brought to this office the other day an ear of corn that measured 13 inches in length and 8 inches in circumference, and has 1,006 grains. The corn was raised on Mrs. Rabb's farm, just below Bellevue, on the Indiana side.

Rubber slings have made their appearance, and window glass will begin making their disappearance. These rubber slings are both dangerous and a nuisance, and parents would be doing their neighbors a kindness if they would prevent their children's using them.

Mr. Wm. Jolly, a representative of the Maysville Masonic Mutual Insurance Company was canvassing among the brethren of the mystic tie at this place last week. He requested us to say that he was under many obligations to the fraternity in this county for their cordial reception.

It is said that on the first of next month Mrs. Green, proprietor of the Central Hotel, will retire from business, not on account of its failing to pay, but because the labor it requires on her part is more than she is able to perform. We have not learned what disposition, if any, she will make of her house.

Tom Cowen has taken a contract for building a line of plank fence for Esq. Baker on Gunpowder, and those having a lot of good, second-hand post-holes can dispose of them to Tom at figures a little arise of the market price.

The School Commissioner and examiners will be at this place on the 3d and 4th Saturday's in Dec. and January. Teachers will please avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will be the last examinations during the school year.

So great has been the success of the finance committee appointed by the Sunday-school Sunday week, that a full crop of fruit is assured for the Christmas tree, which will probably lessen the responsibility of Santa making so many chimney excursions in Burlington this year.

Turkey "culture" in this county has assumed considerable dimensions, and large flocks of that specie of gallinaceous fowl are to be found in every neighborhood. Their "accomplishment" of scratching for their own rations—even if it is on a neighbor's wheat stack—combines with their production cheapness and profit.

Fielding, a sachem who hails from off the hights that tower aloft and overlook the classic stream of Gunpowder, came to town Saturday, and had been here but a short time before he was decoyed into a back room, where he was held up and his pockets relieved of their contents. If Field will bring a sack of *Mephitis Americana*, and let the boys attempt to rob that once, he can thereafter come laden with hickory nuts without fear of molestation.

Taylor & Riggs will give away next Christmas 1 Fine Piano, 2 Gold Watches, 1 Sewing Machine, 1 Breech Loading Shot Gun, 1 Bicycle, 1 Velocipede, 1 Hobby Horse, 1 Rocking Chair, 10 Bolts Muslin. Will give one chance in above presents for every dollars worth you buy. Visit their six stores at Madison and Pike Streets, Covington, Ky. The drawing takes place Christmas week. This paper will publish the lucky numbers.

The blacksmith was found at his anvil; the merchant, behind the counter; the printer, at his case; the shoemaker, pegging away; the harness-makers, with needle and awl in hand; the lawyer, investigating authorities; the tobacco buyers, receiving the weed; and the teamster, with his wagon, at this place Thanksgiving day. The only thing out of the usual order was the dismissal of the schools, and a couple of tin cans following a country dog out of town at a 1:10 gait.

We have a letter dated 25th ult., at Brinkley, Ark., and from Watts and Balsly, Boone county nimrods. They had a delightful trip, enjoyed many exciting chases and captured considerable game, such as fawns, deer, panthers, wild cats, turkey, ducks and squirrels. A panther murdered one of Irwin's fine dogs, and Watts says Irwin shed tears and declared he would rather have lost his 400 mules. They dug a grave with their butcher knives, and laid in its last resting place Irwin's favorite, 900 miles away from home and among strangers. The boys say they have the wettest rains in Arkansas, they ever saw

There was very little business done in the County Court Monday:

W. L. Vest, Ed Ransome and W. E. Vest were appointed commissioners to divide the lands of James Vest among his heirs.

The commissioners in Nancy Snyder's land division filed their report which was confirmed and ordered to record.

Sydney Gaines, under 21 years of age, was released from paying poll tax.

James Hoffman's will was admitted to probate.

S. P. Brady was appointed public administrator and guardian for Boone county.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Scattersville.

We are having fine weather for work.

We understand J. O. Huey is building a tenant house on his place.

Some of our neighbors have killed their hogs, while others are still feeding.

Mrs. Agnes Lawell, of Lexington, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Our batchelor friend, Peter Lawell has left our part of the country and gone over on the other side of the creek to make his future home.

Our roads are all cut to pieces by the farmers hauling corn and tobacco. There were five loads of the weed hauled through our little burg the past week.

Bullittsville.

James Steward and family, of Owensburg, Ind., are visiting Joel D. Conner's

The Bullittsville and Dry Creek Turnpike Company are having considerable stone put on this end of the pike.

Bullittsville wants a bank, public library and an opera house.

Miss Annie Clore entertained quite a number of her young friends the other night.

A large number of young folks assembled at John S. Gaines' Saturday night, and enjoyed themselves hugely.

James Clore, the favorite of our town, will not go to Florida this fall as reported.

Hebron.

Farmers have been taking advantage of the fine weather for gathering corn.

The old ticket for President and Vice-President is good enough.

The Hebron Sunday-school will have a Jacob's ladder Christmas day at 2 p. m.

Prof. I. J. Daughters is teaching a night school on Friday nights.

John Rucker and James Riley are building a large fish pond near Anderson's ferry.

The bad weather checked work on the Hebron pike.

Thomas Rouse's buggy spinnel broke last Sunday, and the buggy's dropping frightened the horse, and before he could be gotten under control, Mrs. Rouse and her little child were considerably injured.

The crop of stock-hogs will be short in this locality.

Saturday night George Hafer gave the young folks a nice entertainment.

The wedding season seems to have come to a close. [There's generally a calm just before a storm.—Ed.

Bellevue.

Having occasion lately to pass through various parts of this neighborhood we find an unusual amount of grain sown, most all of which has made a fine growth and is passing into the winter season in fine condition. Pastures that have been so abundant, for the past two months, are still furnishing good grazing. Stock of all kinds is in fine condition to enter the winter.

On account of the late season for planting, and the unusual wet fall, most of our farmers have the greater part of their corn in the field, the grains being to wet to house. Dry corn is selling at 45c per bushel,

Quite a number of fat hogs have been shipped from here since Nov. 1, we believe more than for several seasons past. Last week Conner & Walton shipped about 75 head of heavy hogs.

The tobacco buyers have been very busy the past two weeks sampling and prizing the weed in our neighborhood, and a number of crops have been sold at good prices.

Will Wingate and family now occupy the Moody house......B. F. Corbin and family expect to move into his new residence on Fifth and Sycamore Strs. this week ... J. W. Rice has gone West to look out a location for his future home......Several turkeys have seen their last Thanksgiving day...According to our old weather bird we are to have a wet, open winter. He says "A black forest, (that is trees bare of leaves) to Christmas will give us to michaelmas" Now, Mr. Eds. if we do not have those "14 snows" do not dub us that old prophet. It is only an old saying we repeat......Uncle Robt. McMurray died Monday morning of cancer of the stomach.

Plattsburg

James Fullilove, of Union, was here last Wednesday.

Jim Minor is very sick with measles.

Rev. Taylor of the Christian church is preaching at Ashbyfork every 4th Sunday.

Mrs. Martha Foster and daughter, Annie are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Jack Icenogle put two bdgs. of tobacco on the breaks not long ago, one brought $14 per cwt. and the best $16 75.

Clay Hersley is talking of starting a first-class sample room in Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Mark Twain's latest work is very interesting reading, but, we would prefer a copy of T. L. Swetnam's poem, title, St. Jame's Old Boy.

On the Rucker farm just west of W. H. Grants, are two branches of water in the same field, and running along side of each other, one directly south and the other north.

Sim Baldon has been a tobacco raiser for twenty-five years, and he says he raised the finest crop this year he ever raised. He sold for $15 all around

Gen. Williams and Joe Blackburn are both good Democrats, but, we prefer Judge Lindsay for U. S. Senator, as John G. Carlisle is off.

There seems to be a mist or something of the kind following the sun, which causes a very brilliant light in the West just after sunset. Look, and what your eyes see your heart is sure to believe.

Dr. E. L. Grant is the largest tobacco raiser in this part of the county. His crop this year is estimated at 32,000 pounds.

Chas. Sebree and Jack Finn could not agree as to whose hogs should have the grass in Finn's pasture, so they agreed to settle it Sullivan-Slade style. A ring was formed and the two young Sampsons went in. One of them now carries his smiling aparatus in a sling while the other is minus a finger.

Petersburg.

Frank Colcher was the guest of Judge Shepherd last Sunday. The Judge says Frank lives in the South.

J. D. Norris has leased 50 acres of his land for oil purposes.

Elder Taylor assisted by Elder Howe began a series of meetings at the Christian church on Tuesday night, Dec. 4th. Quite an interesting meeting is expected, as they are both able speakers.

Ask Maj. Stott and Ed Chapin how the insurance business is.

Several of the boys took in the hop at Aurora, Thursday night.

The sewer is now completed and is quite a success. Thanks to the trustees.

Mr. Longabaugh, representative of the Pennsylvania and New York Oil and Gas Company, has leased several tracts of land in this neighborhood with the intention of sinking oil wells.

Frank Cox, who has been confined to his bed for several days, is able to be on duty again.

From the shooting of anvils, fireworks, and the noise made generally, a person would suppose that Christmas, New Year, the fourth of July and all other holidays had combined and arrived last Saturday night.

Since the oil fever has been raging property has increased in value 100 per cent. This place is older than Cincinnati, but if we find oil, the Queen City will not be a circumstance.

Elder Taylor preached in the Christian church, Thanksgiving day.

Capt. Bradley received a fine pair of deer horns from Montana, last week.

John Carson has purchased a fine saddle and harness horse. He's a beauty.

Harry Piper is in town.

Congress is now making ready for business.

The protracted effort at St. George's Chapel continues to protract.

Business with the local Insurance Company was very brisk Monday.

The juvenile population has commenced gossipping about Santa Claus.

Read all the farmers' advertisements this week. There are several new ones this week.

Rev. Dicken's health would not admit of his filling his regular appointment last Sunday night.

The dispatch reporting Carlisle's nomination, Saturday night, made Covington extremely hilarious.

The sun has not adopted the standard time yet, and continues to rise and set as of yore. But we know of a "son" that has adopted the "standard" time, and he still continues to set and rise as before.

We understand that Prof. Gallagher, assisted by other teachers, will give an entertainment in the Morgan Academy during the latter part of the holidays. The programme will consist of music and literary exercises.

Thieves visited the Florence vicinity again last Saturday night, and attempted to enter Mr. Abel Carpenter's house by way of the cellar, but changed their notion and left without any booty. Mr. Carpenter and his old musket were on guard that night, and had they got in he'd had a regular picnic with them. They had better luck at Erlanger, and stole some money from a Mr. Riggs, but were given the bounce at Dr. Stevenson's.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

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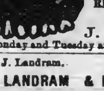
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
LAWRENCEBURG, - - - IND.
Will practice in the courts of Boone county, Ky., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dearborn and adjoining counties, Ind. dec-6-82

W. E. VEST,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
WALTON, KY.
Is prepared to do all kinds of surveying. All orders sent him through the mail to Walton, will receive his prompt attention.



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Will practice in the Boone Circuit Cour and the Court of Appeals. Prompt attention given to Collections, on application t G. G. Hughes, Burlington, Ky.

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Office in Court-house on 2d floor.
Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. A prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

H. KASSEN & CO.
(Formerly of Covington.)
—Dealers in Fine—
BOOTS AND SHOES,
106 W. 5th Street,
CINCINNATI, - - - OHIO.
Custom made work a Specialty. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. dec. 20-1y

AURORA MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS,
Aurora, Ind.
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
Italian & American Headstones, &c.
I am ready to do all kinds of Stone Work on short notice and at low prices Hoping to receive the patronage of Boone County, I am respectfully,
F. W. KASSEBAUM.

HEYN AND BRO,
Rising Sun, Indiana.

Great reduction in prices of all Seasonable Goods.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE BARgains offered in Overcoats And READY MADE CLOTHING To Suit Everybody.

All Prices Marked Down.

A full line of Ladies' Black and Light Colored
Cloaks,
Dolmans,
Newmarkets,
and Jackets,
In all grades, at prices that will make them sell.

Owing to the advance of the season we are making sacrifices in order to reduce Stock, as it is our aim not to carry any goods over for next year. We are selling BLANKETS, SHAWLS, FLANNELS, and JEANS at astonishingly low prices

Our Stock of Domestic Cotton Goods at wholesale prices: Canton Flannel commonly sold at 10c. at 7½c. and other grades in proportion. See our Calicos at 5c. and you will buy them. Indigo Blue Calico, commonly sold at 9 and 10 cents, now 7½ cents. A full line of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods and Knit Goods, to dispose of. We mean and do business, and it will be to everybodys advantage to give us a call.

HEYN & BRO.
Rising Sun, Ind.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organette has gained such a world-wide reputation that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays *mechanically* all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc. etc. It consists of three strong bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION box and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, *perfect in time, execution, and effect,* without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer; even a little child can operate it, as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFORDS HOURS OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT. The Organette is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of *solid black walnut*, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been $8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 75,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organette on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organette though similar in construction is an *improvement* upon our well-known Organette, which sells for $8 and $10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of $7 we will send the Organette by express to any address, and include FREE $2.50 worth of music, or on receipt of $5 we will send it with over $1.50 worth of music FREE, or for $3.50 we will send it with small selection of music FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. *These are agent's prices*, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if he so desires. Address,

$7 for $3.50.

AN ORCHESTRA IN EVERY HOME.
The Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

FALL
AND
Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.

H. F Blase,
540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY

Stop! Don't Read This.

S. C BUCHANAN takes this method of notifying his patrons that he has enlarged his room and now has the best and most complete stock of Drugs in the county, consisting of Drugs and Medicines, Standard Patent Medicines, &c.

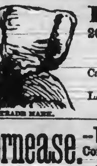
Notions and Fancy Goods, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders Perfumery, Toilet and Medicated Soaps.

Also Spices of all kinds, Flavoring Extracts in bulk, Horse and Cattle Powders and many other things that we have not the room to mention here. If you call for anything not in Stock we will get it for you at the regular price, if it takes all the profit.

When in need of anything give us a call, at the Petersburg Duru Store, and be convinced that our Prices are as Low or LOWER than can be found.

Don't Read Any Further.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.



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20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years. A certain Cure for Dyspepsia, all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Blood, Skin and Bowels.
Can Produce Thousands of Letters proving its Curative Powers.
AN OLD AND LONG TRIED REMEDY.
LABORATORY 77 AMITY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cornease.—The King of Corn Killers. The most desperate Corns, BUNIONS, WARTS &c., SPEEDILY *cured.* Price 25 Cents.
Footease.—An Unfailing Remedy for Hot, Swollen and Tender Feet, Chilblains, &c. Price 25 Cents.
Cornease Manuf'g Co., 236, 5th Ave. Place, N. Y. City.
For Sale by Agents, Druggists and Shoe Dealers.

JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier
CAPITAL $300,000.
FARMERS AND TRADERS
NATIONAL BANK.
Covington, Kentucky.
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James S. Wayne, M. C. Motch, Sam Hind, E. J. Hickey, E. J. Green
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The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank. dec. 20-6m

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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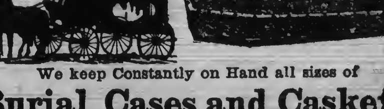

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We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

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RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

A Rattlesnake Catcher.

John C. Geer, of Long Eddy, a veteran rattlesnake catcher, has just shipped four rattlers, averaging over four feet in length, to a museum in Rochester. Mr. Geer does a lively business in rattlesnakes. He catches them for traveling shows and menageries, and sells them at a good round price. His method of capture is very simple. With his feet encased in a pair of heavy cowhide boots, through which the fangs of the snakes can not penetrate, he goes out into the woods only a short distance from his farm-house. Armed with a heavy cane he walks along until he sees or hears a rattler. If it is coiled up a blow with the cane will straighten it out, and while it is uncoiled it can not strike. Holding it firmly back of the head with the cane, he slips a small hood of thick woolen cloth over its head and ties it fast. The snake can then wiggle and strike as much as it pleases—it is harmless. After two or three are captured they are put into a bag and carried home. There they are put into a box specially prepared for their reception, having a front of thick plate-glass. At first they are furious, and writhe and plunge about, striking at the sides of the box in a most extraordinary manner, but they finally quiet down and take kindly to their new quarters. They are fed three times a day regularly. Their food consists of frogs, mice, gophers, and sometimes small birds. Mr. Greer says August is the most dangerous of all months for capturing the snakes, because they are shedding their skins and can not see; and so do not give the customary three alarm rattles. "Snakes is curious," said Mr. Greer. "Snakes is curious and no mistake. These varmints never think of biting at any other time of the year without calling out a warning 'cept in August, and then they are fearfully touchy. I suppose it's because, as they can't see, they are afraid of being hurt all the time. More people get bit by rattlesnakes in August than in all the rest of the year put together. You see, the varmints, bein' so blind, don't know where they crawl to, and often they curl themselves up right alongside of a road, and sometimes in the middle of it. They are very sensitive, and the minute they hear any one near them they try to bite. That's why so many of these city folks who come up in the Sullivan County mountains for rest, as they call it, get poisoned, and once in a while die. Most of 'em dies from fright, though, 'cause with proper care they can always be cured. After dark is the meanest time with rattlers in August. You see, generally the rattler goes to sleep at sundown, or if he is awake he is afraid and keeps quiet. But in August his tender hide and his eyes pain him so he can't sleep well, and he is just as apt as not to stretch himself out on one of the footpaths. If he does you can just bet that the man or woman who comes in his way gets bit."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Is Water Power Disappearing in New England?

There has not been a time in many years when the water in the various streams and rivers has been so low as this season. Streams which have never given out before have been so low that they were practically worthless, and this emphasizes the fact that the steam engine is the coming power, for the long-vaunted water power of New England is giving out. Various causes have appeared to make the water power less, and even less than it was supposed to be, and these causes have been working all the time and increasing in practical effect, so that now it is giving out almost in every place of any account, with some very few exceptions, where the timber has not yet been cut off back in the sources of supply on the hills or mountains. The effect upon the goods trade upon this account is already appreciable, and there is a demand for the best kinds of cotton, which was not expected so early in the season, if we are to take all the views which are expressed upon this matter and put them together. The curtailment of production on account of the drought will work in the present state of the market, a very great advantage, and really it will be out of the reach of buyers to make a very large break in prices of manufactured cottons, for the reason that the supply is very much cut down at present. In this way it will make a brighter fall trade and a better outlook for the winter trade, more especially if we have such a winter as we have had in two or three instances where the water has not been in its usual quantity until almost spring, instead of early in the fall, as usual, and it will be another instance of exceptional conditions to prevent the market from breaking down under the load of accumulated goods. One thing is far beyond question now, and that is that the water power of the Eastern States is fast fading away, and that it is less than it was a few years ago, and is growing less each and every year. Let us look, therefore, to steam with a clearer eye, and learn more of it, and how to handle it, so that we can keep up the busy wheels of the million of cotton spindles and thousands of sets of woolen machinery. Water power in the Eastern States is doomed, and it will not be long until we are a steam spinning section of the country.—*Cotton, Wool and Iron.*

A Pun Extraordinary.

They were talking of puns. She said when a man made a pun he was always proud of it, but when a woman made one she had the grace to be ashamed of it.

He said that woman was justly ashamed of her puns, for they were invariably wretched; that a woman could semi-annually make a good pun, but she had to bend her whole mind to it, and sometimes sit up all night to make it work smoothly, while man could always make a first-class pun off-hand.

She said it was no such a thing. She could make as good a pun on any word as fast as any horrid man.

"Well," said the skeptical wretch, "make a pun on horseshoe."

"If you talk until you're horseshoe can't convince me," said the feeble-minded woman.

And he died.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Creamy sauce: Half a cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar, one-fourth of a cup of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract. Beat the butter to a cream; add sugar gradually, beating it all the while. When light and creamy, add extract and cream a little at a time. This is a delicious sauce, and when well beaten will be white and foamy all through.—*Boston Post.*

Expensive Mining in Montana.

Near the Anaconda is the Colusa Mine—also copper. It runs its ore directly into smelting works of its own. For the year ended September 1 it had shipped 8,100 tons for export, which averaged 65 per cent. copper and 55 ounces silver per ton. Within five minutes' ride of the Anaconda are the Lexington, Alice and Moulton, all silver mines. The first named, after yielding $1,800,000 to its owners, was sold to a French company for $3,000,000. It runs sixty stamps. Its works cover several acres. Its monthly production of silver bullion now averages $1,106,000—about half profit. The Alice Mine produces $100,000 monthly, the Moulton $65,000, the Silver Bow Company $35,000, and so on through a long list of smaller properties, until the mind is bewildered, and millions begin to seem the unit of counting. The shipments of gold and silver bullion, chiefly the latter, average about $500,000 a month. The weekly shipments of copper ore and matte—as the product after smelting is called—averages 100 car-loads, or about 3,000 tons per month. There are forty mines equipped with steam-hoisting machinery, and over 100 smaller mines, all worked at a good profit.

While individuals by prospecting have made valuable discoveries, and attained a moderate competency, the great results mentioned above are only possible where enormous capital can be commanded for the development. Most of these great mines were sold by their first discoverers for $33,000 and less. Then capital stepped in, and began its work. One of those above expended $1,700,000 in preparation. One paid $95,000 freight on the machinery and material for its buildings. The silver ore in its reduction requires a ton of salt to each ten tons of ore. The salt costs $30 per ton. Each "pan" of 3,000 pounds of the ore prepared for the action of quicksilver requires 300 pounds of the latter article every hour. Wood costs $6.50 a cord. The Alice, Lexington and Moulton burn 3,300 cords per month. One mine returned $100,000 to the assessor as the value of its wood on hand. The Colorado and Montana smelters consume each 25,000 cords per year. Coke is brought from Pennsylvania for the smelters, and coal from Utah. The mines and reduction works employ about 2,500 workmen, and their weekly pay-roll is about half a million dollars.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Angora and Persian Cats.

"Are Angora cats getting to be fashionable for pets?" asked a reporter of an East-side dealer.

"O, yes, indeed," was the reply; "within the last month the demand has been quite large, and, strange to say, I sell as many by mail as I do in the city. Only yesterday I sent one to New Orleans, and last week one to Chicago. They seem to be rapidly taking the place of pugs. Come in and see the cats."

So saying, the reporter was shown into a room where a dozen or more animals with long tails and hair sweeping the floor were playing together or sleeping on hair cushions. Some were white, some tortoise, and others mouse-colored, or blue, in the parlance of the trade.

"There are also black and chinchilla cats," said the dealer. "These blue ones are the rarest, but the white cats seem to be greatest favorites. Some people maintain that only the white cats are the pure bred, but that is not so, as quite frequently white cats will have different colored kittens."

"What is the most valuable cat you have?"

"This large white Tom is the most expensive; he is worth $50. The other cats are worth from $40 to $50. The kittens are worth $20 for the males and $15 for the females."

The dealer then explained the difference between the Angora and Persian cats, which is very slight, the Persians having a longer face and longer ears. The animals are very delicate, and require great care in raising, colds being the chief enemies of the feline kind. Each cat must have a hair-cushion and be washed regularly and rubbed with cocoanut oil. Birds and scraped beef are found to be the best food for them. A few cats are imported from England, but most of them are raised by a man in Maine.

"Do you have any trouble in disposing of them?"

"O, no; I can sell more than I can get. A great many are bought for Christmas presents, and from now until New Year's the demand will be very large. I shall probably sell several hundred. Yes, the profit is good, especially on those I raise myself.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

How Tally is Kept of the People in Hotel Dining Rooms.

The opportunities for stealing a dinner in one of the big New York hotels are not promising. The arrangements have been so thoroughly perfected that it would be pleasanter for a man to suffer the pangs of incipient starvation than risk the mental wear and tear and physical harm incident to the theft.

For some years hotel beats flourished in New York. They lounged about the corridors of their favorite hostelries, often had their letters addressed to the office, and were so much on hand that the employes of the house supposed they were regular patrons. Then the hotels began a regular crusade against them, and they have been relegated to the free lunch counters of the more prosperous saloons.

The same system is now in vogue at all of the city hotels. The head waiter is the sentry of the dining room. Five minutes before the dinner hour a list of the guests of the hotel is sent up stairs by the clerk. On the list is the number of every room in the house with the name of the occupant (if any) opposite. The head waiter stands by the door, and when a guest comes in he is asked quietly the number of his room. He gives it, and the waiter instantly sends him to a table. The man, if he thinks of it at all, supposes that the number of his room has something to do with his seat and passes on. The instant his back is turned the head waiter consults his list, and if the room of the number given is vacant, or if it is occupied by some one known to the waiter, he goes at once to the man, and while deftly rearranging the napkin or placing the knives and forks in neat rows, asks him seductively his name. If the name fails to clear away the doubt the clerk is sent for. He may recognize the man. If he does not an investigation is made at once, and if the man is proved a fraud he is taken out and handed over to the police.

The head waiters of the hotels are usually men of great discrimination, and accurate judges of character. They seldom make mistakes, but when they do slip up their errors are clothed in such suavity and gentleness that even the professional beats can not get angry with them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Eggs are often laid before the shell has had time to form. Sometimes it is caused by overfeeding, the ovaries being stimulated beyond their natural degree, and sometimes on account of deficiency of calcareous matter.—*Troy Times.*

—It is a good plan to make a little pair of sleeves to draw over the baby's arms when he is playing on the floor; a rubber cord may be run in the top if care is taken not to have it too tight; sleeves made of stockinet draw on and off easily.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Lumps felt in cows' teats are caused, says the *Mirror and Farmer*, by impure circulation of the blood. Give the following: Emetic tartar, four drams, iodide of potassium, four drams; mixed and divided into eight powders. Give one night and morning in bran. Do not feed any corn meal or vegetables.

—Steak pie: Cut a tender steak into thin slices and sprinkle them with a little finely-chopped mushroom, onion and parsley, season well with pepper and salt, rubbing the seasoning thoroughly over them on both sides; then roll up each slice of beef. Put into a saucepan a layer of bacon, then the rolls and just enough water to cover them: simmer gently until tender, but not overdone, with the lid on the saucepan. Have ready a pie dish lined and bordered with paste, put in the meat and a few hard-boiled eggs quartered; reduce the gravy, pour it over the meat, cover with paste and bake in a quick oven.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A new pest has come to trouble the farmers of the Guadalupe and Oso Flaco region, San Luis Obispo County, Nev., which they call the "bean bird," as it is very destructive to the fields of that plant, and in the past season has totally destroyed the beans of some fields and greatly injured all. The bird resembles the wren, is a tiny little animated lump of gray feathers, appearing in great numbers, but not in dense flocks, never alight in trees, but make their nests and roost in the ground.—*Chicago Times.*

—A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether: cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub as dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.—*Boston Transcript.*

—As a matter of economy and good management, says the *Rural Messenger*, be sure to have a rat-proof crib. This can be done at very little trouble or expense. Build the house of skinned poles or lattice-work plank; let the sills rest on small blocks four feet high, capped with sheets of tin or large tin pans inverted, and be guarded to leave nothing leaning against the house but a step-ladder, and this must be kept under the house except when in use to get out corn. This being done, you will no longer be pestered with the filth and waste of rats and mice. This is the year to have you a cheap rat-proof crib and help to save your shelled corn crop.

The Mechanical Efforts of Roots.

The true mechanical efforts of roots are exerted in their struggle for progress through the soil, and examples for illustration are many. To understand the magnitude of their work, we must bear in mind that each root displaces an amount of soil equal to its own bulk. Take for instance a crop of mangel wurzels, and imagine what an upheaval must have been produced in the soil by the growth of its enormous mass. The whole surface of the field is raised and its particles loosened.

In practical questions of the farm, this power is of value. Those who give turnips and mangels a place in their system of rotation, do so ostensibly for their feeding value, but beyond this their mechanical effect is also of much importance.

The most striking results of the mechanical power of roots are seen when they come in contact with the most resisting obstacles. They have been unearthed from compact gravelly soil, where the struggle for room had been so fierce that they became distorted out of all natural shape. It is not unusual to find trees growing in the clefts of ledges showing unmistakably that the expansion of the roots has forced the rock apart. A case is cited, on good authority, of a root of the sugar maple that had pushed its way under a rock weighing nearly two tons, and by its enlargement lifted it entirely from its bed. Trees have been observed growing on the bare rock, resting upon their roots which ran out into the soil on either side, and yet these roots, supporting the enormous weight of the tree, formed each year new growth on their underside, and lifted the tree by the space of its thickness until seven inches of wood had been formed under the severe pressure.—*Mr. W. E. Stone, in American Agriculturist.*

Frozen Grass.

Frozen grass is not wholesome food. The hoar frost upon it chills the stomach and causes indigestion. It is not that the grass has been frozen, but its frozen condition, which is injurious, and the injury arises from the chilling of the stomach and the blood. The blood is soon chilled. One may discover this by pouring ice-cold water upon his wrists when heated, in the hot summer weather, when he will very soon feel the cool current flowing through his whole body. This sudden cooling may be easily overdone and produce serious mischief, driving the blood to the brain and causing fatal apoplexy, or at least alarming giddiness and pressure. In the cow's stomach the cold from frozen food or ice-cold water produces the same effect. The blood is driven from the stomach, digestion is arrested in consequence, and the animal may have an attack of apoplexy which is commonly known as "staggers." But although this may not happen, the digestive function is paralyzed and there is danger of impaction of the stomach, which is commonly known as dry murrain. One can not be too careful in avoiding this danger by keeping the cows in until the frost has disappeared and the grass has been warmed by the sun. The same care should be observed with sheep and horses, and especially colts, which are quite easily injured in this way.—*N. Y. Times.*

—David Lincoln, a pioneer of Chautauqua County, New York, though seventy-two years old, can lift readily a thousand pounds, and there is not a youth in Mayville, where he lives, that can chop a big hickory log in two as quickly as he.—*Buffalo Express.*

Let Well Enough Alone.

"Now, sir," said an Austin aurist to a gentleman whose wife's organs of hearing were being treated, "I can safely assure you that one of your wife's ears is as well as ever, and I hope to soon have the other one in the same condition."

"O, don't mind that, I beg of you," said the husband.

"Don't mind it! What do you mean?" exclaimed the surprised physician.

"Let her remain as she is now. Give her back to me in her present condition. I want her so that there will be no danger of what I say to her going into one ear and coming out of the other. If she keeps one ear stopped up, she will become a very wise woman. She will know as much as I do after awhile."—*Texas Siftings.*

He was Misunderstood.

"I have something—particular—to say to you, Miss Edith," said Elmer de Garcelone, as he drew himself where he could watch the firelight play in her face. "Well, I've been expecting—something—of the kind," replied Edith, and she tried to stare a live coal out of countenance. "There's a change come over my prospects—I'm no longer the wealthy de Garcelone who paid you court at Saratoga the past season." "Don't mention it. I know all. I have determined that I shall still be true to you." "Heavens! but that's just what I don't want you to be. I've fixed up a match with Ethel de Bullion, worth a million and a half, and I just dropped in to tell you about it." Breach of promise suit now on.—*Hartford Post.*

—The Kingston *Whig* says that the Marchioness of Lansdowne, who succeeds the Princess Louise as the first lady in the Dominion, by virtue of being the wife of the Governor-General, is the youngest daughter of the present Duke of Abercorn, who claims direct descent from the Stuarts, and who is the "living image" of the luckless Charles I. She is not by any means a handsome woman, but she is intensely aristocratic looking. She is one of the great leaders of fashion in the upper ten thousand. As Lady Hamilton she resided with her father during his occupancy of the office of Viceroy of Ireland, where she was exceedingly popular with the inner set of English officials.

—A paper in Mount Carmel, Mo., records the the marriage of a gentleman and lady for the third time though they had never been divorced, and had lived together for seven years. The first time they were married they procured their license to marry in Edwards County, and unthinkingly crossed over the line into White and had the ceremony performed. Learning of their mistake they the same time day returned to Edwards and a second ceremony was gone through with. The man is a Catholic, and, as those of that faith do not regard a marriage as binding unless performed by a priest (and Sunday being the first time they had found it convenient to find such a person), to please him another ceremony was performed.

—A victorious defeat: "Miss Belle Fisher—"I cannot tell you how sorry I am! I never suspected for a moment that——" Young Jameson, from Indiana—"Oh! that's all right; don't let that worry you. Why, Miss Fisher, I have been refused by nine girls in one summer! I pop to 'em before they are ready—they, of course, say no, but generally in a way that might mean yes later." Miss B. F.—"That is not the case this time, I assure you." Young J.—"Oh, that's what they always say, and I pretend to take it *au serieux*. Gives me time to think it over, you know. Isn't this a glorious afternoon?"—*Life.*

—By the will of Oakes Ames a large fund was left for the benefit of the children of North Easton, Mass. The trustees have decided to continue to use some of this money in subscriptions for a magazine for every family having school children in the village. In order that the children of other parts of the township may enjoy the same privilege, Lieutenant-Governor Ames has contributed for the third year the amount needed to furnish them also with magazines. There are four hundred and thirty-two copies of magazines distributed in Easton.—*Boston Herald.*

—In Paris a light cane is considered an indispensable part of the outfit of the fashionable theater-goer, who takes it to his seat; the umbrella, however, is strictly banished even from the minor theaters by a police regulation which dates from the reign of Louis Phillippe, the "umbrella" king.

A Voice From the Northwest.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The *Daily Sentinel*, which is the leading morning paper of this State, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous."

THE impecunious man who married an heiress always spoke of her as a capital wife.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, November 30, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 2 75
Choice butchers	4 00	@ 4 75
HOGS—Common	3 70	@ 4 30
Good packers	4 50	@ 4 75
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50
FLOUR—Family	4 60	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 2 red	1 04	@ 1 05
Corn—No. 2 mixed	53½	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	32	@
Rye—No. 2	60	@ 61
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 00	@13 25
Lard—Prime steam	7-70	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@ 25
Prime Creamery	25	@ 34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$2 85	@ 3 30
Good to choice	3 50	@ 4 20
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 06	@
No. 2 red	1 11¾	@ 1 12¾
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62¾	@ 64
Oats—mixed	35	@ 38
PORK—Mess	12 25	@12 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	98	@ 1 00
Corn—No. 2	53	@ 53¾
Oats—No. 2	30	@
Rye	58	@
PORK—Mess	12 80	@12 90
LARD—Steam	7-60	@ 7-65
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07½	@ 1 07¾
Corn—mixed	57	@ 58
Oats—mixed	37	@ 39
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 25	@
Lard—Refined	9	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No. 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 04½	@
Corn—mixed	52	@
Oats—mixed	30½	@ 31½
PORK—MESS	13	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 03	@
CORN—mixed	51½	@
OATS—mixed	29½	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

"A Drop of Joy in Every Word."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly,

JAMES O. BELLIS, Flemington, N. J.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

ENGLISHMEN when traveling through the boundless West are struck with the enormous amount of land to the acre.—*Chicago Herald.*

FROM MAJOR DOWNS, Military Instructor, Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y.: During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first application I felt relieved, the pain began to subside. In a few days I was entirely cured. W. A. DOWNS.

SAID an English peer, amid the Pyramids: "I see that here mummy's the word."

DR. R. V. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

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One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

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WEAK lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE canned fruit market is said to be jammed.—*N. Y. News.*

NEW BERN, N. C.—Rev. G. W. Offley says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters, and consider it one of the best medicines known."

IS a discarded lover a beau not?—*Oil City Derrick.*

REMARKABLE for overcoming diseases caused by impure water, decaying vegetation, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

BILL-COLLECTING is easier said than "dun."—*Chicago News.*

ROCK HILL, S. C.—Rev. J. S. White says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility. It restored me to strength and vigor."

IT takes a "bucket shop" to make a man turn pale.—*The Eye.*

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Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y.

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SWIFT'S Specific (S. S. S.) has relieved me of an obstinate case of Dry Tetter, which had troubled me for twenty-five years, and had baffled all sorts of treatment.

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AFTER long Mercury and Potash treatment, I found myself a cripple from Mercurial Rheumatism. Tried Hot Springs two years without relief, and was finally cured sound and well by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

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BACKACHE,
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SORE THROAT,
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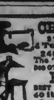

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13 Strike at the Bottle.

A nervous and disease-stricken old gentleman was sitting in his room on an easy-chair, his physician being at his side.

Said the old gentleman, "Now, doctor, you have been treating me for a long time, and haven't done me much good. I'm tired of all this. I want you to strike at the root of all my disorders."

Said the doctor, "Do you mean exactly what you say?"

"To be sure I do," said the venerable invalid.

"Well, here goes!" said the doctor;—and with one whack of his cane he broke to pieces the brandy-bottle which stood on the mantel.

The old gentleman was angry and excited, but he had a good answer ready for the doctor. "Doctor, if it hadn't been for your doctrine, I never would have got into the habit of drinking."

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VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1883. NUMBER 7.

THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Across the grass I see her pass;
She comes with tripping pace—
A maid I know—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face;—
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go!
Her eye is brown, and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down
(To those who see it near!)—
With a hey, etc.

What has she not that they have got—
The dames that walk in silk!
If she undo her 'kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.
With a hey, etc.

Let those who will be proud and chill!
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune—
With a hey, etc.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear!
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine—
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.
—*Austin Dobson, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE AUCTION OF MAIDENS.

"Althea! Althea! Where art thou!"

It was Beleses who called, in a stern and angry voice; and his daughter vainly strove to check her sobs in order that she might answer him; for the tears of maidens fell as easily then as now, and young hearts were as soft and old heads as full of plans for worldly gain and as forgetful of the power of love as in this year of our Lord, 1883; though the scene was Babylon, and the time five hundred years before the day on which the infant Jesus opened his eyes in the manger at Bethlehem.

"Althea! Althea!" called Beleses again; and Althea drew the veil of silver tissue across her face, and entered the presence of her father.

She stood before him, her willowy figure clad in rich stuff, her face faintly outlined beneath her veil, the dusky plaits of her long hair falling to her knees, and with bent head made him the reverence a girl always offered to her father. But she could not speak; sobs still choked her voice.

Beleses looked at her with mingled emotions. She was lovely as a dream, graceful as a willow branch; but she had resisted his command, opposed herself to his will. He stretched out his hand in a paternal caress, but ere he touched her anger overcame affection, and he struck her, though lightly, upon the shoulder.

"Again a drooping head?" he cried. "Again a weeping eye? Again an air as though I had given command that thou shouldst be put to death, instead of ordering all things well for thee? Why, girl, thou art seventeen, and unwed! In a year or two thy beauty will fade. Thou wilt be a maiden in the house of thy father, and a reproach to thy parents. And Arbaces is a man of might and rich beyond compare. Thou wilt have slaves, and jewels, and honor. Go to thy mother, girl, and tell her thou hast listened to my words, and bid her see that thy robes are of the finest and richest stuff. I grudge nothing when I give my daughter to Arbaces, for he will be a son to be proud of—a fitting spouse for thee, and thou must wed him."

But Althea at this uttered a little scream.

"Father," she cried, "I will never marry Arbaces. Rather I will take my own life. Arbaces is rich and powerful, and not ill to look upon, but to me he is nothing. Father, I love Balinea, and shame would be my portion should I wed one man while I loved another. And my Balinea would die. He has told me so. Father, have pity on me!"

But the old man only laughed sarcastically.

"Thy Balinea would die?" he answered. "The prate of a fortune-hunter, who has made a silly girl believe that he loves her. For the sake of this Balinea, who has neither money nor the esteem of men, nothing but a face like a woman's and the gift of song, which he shares with the wild birds, thou hast refused to wed more good men than I can now recall by name. This time I will be obeyed. I will consult an oracle as to the day of thy wedding, and on that day thou shalt become the wife of Arbaces."

"Not while there is poison in Babylon, or a river about its walls," said Althea. "I will live unwed, rather than disobey my father, but I will be the wife of no one but Balinea."

She spoke as only those speak who have formed unalterable resolutions, and her father listened with an angry comprehension of the fact.

"Thou canst be resolute, Althea," he said, "but so can I. Mark me, for what I say shall be so. If by to-morrow's dawn thou dost still repeat that which thou hast but just uttered, I will send thee this year to the auction of maidens, and there thou wilt be sold. Thou, the loveliest maiden to-day in Babylon, to whom bids for thee. Thou wilt bring a fine price—a portion for some ugly or deformed woman who has had no wooers; for at this auction of maidens, wisely instituted that the women of Babylon should all have husbands, while for the beauties rich men pay great sums, poor ones receive money to take to wife uncomely creatures, and so become rich. Thy Balinea may go thither if he pleases, and bid for the hunchbacked Gissa. He would gain a fortune so; but he will not be able to bid for thee; his purse is too small."

"Father! Father!" screamed Althea.

But old Beleses flung her from him as she clung to him, and left her lying prostrate on the floor. Sobbing and weeping, she crouched there until day faded and twilight fell. Then a female slave, bearing a silver lamp, entered the room, ushering in Althea's mother, Nasara, who much alarmed, had been searching everywhere for her child. She bent over the weeping girl, lifted her in her arms, and bore her away to her own chamber. There, amongst the silken pillows, she soothed her to rest, and to dreams of love and Balinea. But Nasara had no power to induce her husband to forgive this beautiful daughter, or to give her, with a fitting dowry, to the man she loved.

Time passed on, and brought the day of the year on which the auction of maidens was held in Babylon in those days. There were fifteen women to be sold to the highest bidder that day, and a great concourse had gathered in the open space devoted to that purpose, not only those who desired to pay for lovely wives or receive much needed money with unprepossessing ones were there, but many who came from curiosity; and through the crowd went the whisper that, in his anger, Beleses, one of the best-known citizens of Babylon, had sent his only daughter, the marvelous beauty, Althea, to be sold to whoso desired her for a wife.

Girls who were pretty and girls who were not sat together on a long stone bench, closely veiled and utterly silent. The auctioneer walked about with an air of importance. Anxious parents whispered to the children. An old man, with a long white beard, chuckled to himself over a bag of gold. A poor man, whose necessities were known to all Babylon, though he was virtuous and of good character, solemnly stared at the little crooked figure of Gissa, who had come to be sold of her own accord, and who, doubtless, would bring the greatest sum with her.

The green and white robe, belted with embossed silver about the taper waist of Althea; the white hands, the gorgeous armlets, the long earrings of rich gold, distinguished Althea from her companions, though she was closely veiled.

Those who were buyers were permitted to speak to the maidens. Arbaces approached Althea first.

"If all my fortune must be paid for thee I will win thee, beautiful Althea," he whispered.

She answered by a bitter laugh. Then, trembling and pale, Balinea came forward.

"Althea, best beloved," he whispered, "I have sold all I have, but the sum is a mere trifle. I shall lose thee, for thou art fairer than all the women of Babylon. Arbaces will have thee. Farewell. When thou art his I will kill myself;" but Althea caught him by the wrist.

"Listen, Balinea," she said. "When the time comes Arbaces will have none of me. Then thou also mayest refuse to take me. It is possible. Remain, but swear that thou wilt keep silence until I place my hand thus upon the other. Then, if still thou wouldst have me, cry out: "Give me Althea." If not, go thy way, and I will live a maiden in my father's home forever."

"What dost thou mean, Althea?" cried Balinea: but she made no answer.

And now the crowd was bidden to silence, and driven back to a certain distance—and a crier spoke thus:

"The rulers of Babylon, believing that women should be wed, for that they are feeble, helpless creatures, unfit to labor for themselves, unlearned and weak of will, so that they need protectors and directors, have instituted this auction of maidens, that no woman in Babylon need lack a husband. For the beautiful must a great price be paid, but with the ill-favored we give the sum paid for the others, that each man may have some advantage. To-day, our highest price is asked for Althea, daughter of our good citizen Beleses and his wife Nasara. Althea, unveil thyself."

Althea, at this bidding, arose and advanced. She lifted her white hand and tore the veil from her head. A shriek arose as she did so, and the lookers-on stood petrified. Instead of the beautiful face they expected to see, they saw a torn and bleeding countenance; and a head destitute of every hair. Two great braids, which she cast on the stones at her feet, alone remained of her plenteous tresses.

"People of Babylon!" she cried, "this have I done that I may not wed a man I hate! How now, Arbaces? Wilt thou bid for me?"

A roar arose from the crowd and Arbaces fell forward in a swoon, and was borne away by his friends. Balinea started forward, but was checked by the soldiers.

Again the crier spoke:

"She who was loveliest is now become the most hideous! Veil thyself, Althea."

Then another name was called. The sale proceeded. Vast sums were paid for two beauties; moderate prices for others. Even Gissa, with her little pointed face and pretty hair and eyes, was not too ugly in the eyes of the man who received a fortune at her hands. Only Althea remained unsought—too hideous for any to desire. And now she lifted her hand, and at the signal Balinea strode forward.

"Give me Althea," he said—"Althea who has done this for me—Althea, beautiful forever to my heart. Give her to me, and keep your base gold. I'll none of it."

But Althea, giving him her hand, and still remaining veiled, spoke quickly:

"I claim my portion," she said. "Such is the law of the Babylonian sale of maidens." And she gathered the gold into her veil as her lover led her away.

And so sayeth tradition, the gods smiled upon the lovers; and all Althea's beauty returned—the lovely hair grew long again, the wounds healed without a scar, and the constant Balinea had a lovely wife as well as a fortune. And though old Beleses might vex himself, he could alter nothing, for the woman who was sold at the yearly auction of maidens could not be taken from her husband. And they lived and loved for many happy years in the old city of Babylon.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

—During the argument in the United States Supreme Court against the Brooklyn Bridge, Justice Miller said that it was a waste of time to argue upon obstructions to navigation apart from the fact whether Congress had authorized the obstructions; and Justice Gray drew from the counsel the admission that the Secretary of War was authorized by Congress to determine whether the bridge was a nuisance, and had decided that it was not, and had approved the plans. All of which goes to support the prediction that the bridge will not go.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—John Sellers an eccentric farmer near New Philadelphia, O., who never shaves nor cuts his hair or nails, has a flock of sheep which have not been shorn for six years, the old man contending that God gave them the wool to keep them warm.—*Chicago Times.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Jesse George is the pioneer peanut-raiser of Tennessee. He made his first crop in 1850, and now has immense fields under cultivation.

—Dr. Werner Siemens has demonstrated by experiment that intensely hot gases do not emit light, so that light given by heated gas must come from solid impurities.—*Chicago Times.*

—Some friend of mankind has invented a bed-room alarm by which the clerk in the office can wake a guest at any hour without sending a stalwart porter to alarm the entire hall.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Date palm trees have been successfully grown in California. They are of slow growth, and do not come up until the fourteenth year. A man in Salano County has two of the trees in bearing condition, with handsome crops of fruit on them.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—In bean-growing districts the crop is now mainly harvested by a machine drawn by a single horse, which cuts the stems of the beans just below the surface, leaving the crop standing. It greatly decreases the labor of harvesting and saves the bean stems and leaves from being mixed with dirt, as in the old method of hand-pulling.—*Exchange.*

—A new industry has recently sprung up in Eastport, Me., which consists in boxing herring. Seventy persons, mostly women, are employed in this work, and 12,000 fish are prepared every week. They are carefully freed from all cartilaginous matter, thoroughly cleansed, divided and packed in bunches in boxes lined with tinfoil.—*Portland Argus.*

—Judge Swan, who has passed some months on the Queen Charlotte Islands in the interest of the United States Fish Commission, reports the discovery of a new food fish, which he calls the black cod. He says it is one of the finest fish he has ever seen, and is caught in great numbers by dredging in deep water, and, when salted, is more tender and palatable than codfish.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The *Scientific American* mentions the decline in the price of copper as likely to lead to an increased demand for that material in building. At present the material for a copper roof costs only about half as much more as tin, and as the latter must be replaced and repainted about once in three years and in fifteen or twenty years needs replacing altogether, the copper, which never needs painting, and which is practically indestructible, is much the cheaper material in the end.

—Useful applications of electricity continue to multiply. One of the latest is to use it for running a pump for raising water. A machine invented in Vermont has been tested at Middlebury during the past summer, with very satisfactory results. It forced water from a creek through 700 feet of pipe up an elevation of eighty feet, delivering sixty gallons per hour. The comparative cost of this power over the wind-mill has not yet been determined, we believe; but it has the advantage of being constant, and doubtless will become, if it is not now, a cheap as well as an effective source of power.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The best recipe in the world for making buckwheat cakes is the one which tells the poor man how to get the buckwheat.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One of the first things a new railroad acquires is a deficit. We don't know what it is used for, but it's part of the equipment the first year.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks "Good common sense is better than a college education." Of course it is, and a good deal rarer and much harder to get.—*Boston Transcript.*

—No matter how long a man may have been called Bill, he rises to the dignity of William when he comes in for $100,000. There is a good deal of lift to money.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Our national paper currency is said to be poisonous from being colored with arsenic. That's where the poor editor's revenge comes in. He doesn't have to handle the stuff.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"My son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young, like you, I was smitten with a beautiful creature, and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again.—*Boston Times.*

—A man will burn his fingers lighting a cigar with a piece of paper and make no fuss about it, but when his wife asks him to set the tea-kettle over, and he takes hold of the warm handle, he is mad enough to wreck the kitchen.—*Detroit Post.*

—The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

—A Kansas miller drowned himself in his mill-pond because a dam he had just built failed to collect water enough to turn the wheel. He exhibited good sense. Some men would have gone home and jawed their wives and kicked the dog clear across the room.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A lawyer upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms and presented it to the jury suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child, "What makes you cry?" "He pinched me," answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

—"No, I am not honest," says Scribbins; "but I am dishonest from the best of motives. Suppose a man pays me forty dollars instead of thirty, and it's a mistake he might never discover. If I give him back the ten dollars, he will say to himself, 'There is an honest person. The world is not so bad, after all.' This will give him confidence in mankind, and the next man he deals with may cheat him out of his eyes. No, sir, I don't want to give any man confidence; it might wreck his whole fortune. I don't want my fellow-beings cheated, and I must continue to do nothing that will put them off their guard." *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Our Young Folks.

CAT'S-CRADLE.

"It's criss-cross high, and it's criss-cross flat;
Then four straight lines for the pussy cat;
Then criss-cross under; ah, now there'll be
A nice deep cradle, dear Grandpa! See!

"Now change again, and it's flat once more—
A lattice-window! But where's the door!
Why, change once more, and, holding it so,
We can have a very good door, you know.

"Now over, now under, now pull it tight;
See-saw, Grandpa!—exactly right!"
So prattled the little one, Grandfather's pet,
As deftly she wrought. "See, now it's a net!

"But where did you learn cat's-cradle so well?"
She suddenly asked; and he could not tell.
He could not tell, for his heart was sore,
As he gravely said: "I have played it before."

What could the sweet little maiden know
Of beautiful summers long ago?
Of the merry sports, and the games he played,
When "Mamma," herself was a little maid?

What could she know of the thoughts that ran
Through the weary brain of the world-worn man?
But she knew, when she kissed him, dear Grandpa smiled,
And that was enough for the happy child.
—*M. M. D., in St. Nicholas.*

WHY WINNIE DID NOT GO.

"Oh! now tell me another story, please do, Uncle Will, before it is time for me to go to bed," Mabel pleaded, as her uncle seated himself in the parlor after tea. Uncle Will had read the Peter Parley books when he was a boy, so he knew just how to make delightful stories out of what little folks usually think is very dry, indeed.

But then anything that her beloved new Uncle Will told her would be pleasant to Mabel. Only a few months before he had married her dearest, best, sweetest auntie, who had always been good to her, and from that day, curious as it may seem, Mabel took him into her heart, and gave him just as much love as she did Aunt Alice, though auntie seemed to get just as much as before. And so there is no end of loving, is there? Nobody found it a very hard matter to love Uncle Will, he was so merry and bright, and there was no end to the things he knew and could tell about. Then he was unselfish; he would give up his own pleasure any time to amuse a child, or cheer up somebody in trouble.

Before Uncle Will could answer, grandma spoke up. She noticed that he had just pulled the evening paper from his pocket, so she said as she drew her rocking-chair near the fire—the very first fire that had crackled in the grate that autumn:

"Come over here, Mabel dear, I will tell you a story."

"Will it be nice, like Uncle Will's stories?" Mabel asked, coming slowly across the room.

"I will let you answer that question after I have told it," said grandma, reaching for her knitting-bag.

"Will it be a history story?" asked Mabel, again.

"What is a history story?"

"Why, all about something that truly happened a long time ago, to a truly somebody," said Mabel.

"Must it have happened a long time ago to make it history? Don't you know history is being made every day? You remember all about our dear President Garfield, don't you? It is only a short time since those sad days, but the story is published now in a book, and that is history."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Mabel, eagerly—some of the things Uncle Will had taught her just coming into her head—"I know; anything that happened hundreds of years ago is ancient history, and what happened lately or the last hundred years or so is called modern history."

"That is right," said grandma; well, now, I will tell you a story of modern history.

"Once upon a time—not a hundred years ago—there was a little girl by the name of Winnie.

"Her home was a handsome house in the city. There were many pleasant rooms in it, but on this particular morning, Winnie was sitting in the attic.

"She had not been sent there as a punishment, it was the place she chose to be. There was a pretty window in one end of the long low room. It had small panes of glass; some of them were colored. When the morning was chilly, Winnie liked to get off up there, for the sunshine came with a rosy light through the red glass. There was a large old chair by the window, and Winnie said it was a cozy place. So she had brought her slate and arithmetic and geography, to study her lessons. She always studied a couple of hours in the morning, then recited to Aunt Lena; after that the time was her own to walk or play as she chose. She curled herself up in the large chair, and opened her book, but did not look in it; she looked out of the window, and saw up in the eaves little brown sparrows fluttering and twittering. She dropped her books and climbed up on the chair and watched them a long time. At last she tried to count them, and that made her remember that she had better be learning her multiplication table, so she slid down into the chair again and opened her book.

"It was a queer kind of multiplication table she found, though. With one eye on her book, and the other roving about the room, it went something like this:

"'Seven times four are twenty-eight. I wonder if that's a big spider?'

"'Seven times five are thirty-five. What a funny looking old bureau that is!'

"'Seven times six are forty-two. I do b'lieve I hear a cricket!'

"'Seven times seven are forty-nine. Oh dear, what is the use of this old multiplication table?'

"'Seven times eight are fifty-six. Wonder if grandma's old chest is locked—mean to see!' and with that down went her book and away she skipped across the floor to the blue chest standing in the corner. It was quite large, but she tugged with all her might at the heavy lid and it flew open.

"She did not more than half expect it to, but somebody who had been there last had been careless and left the key in the lock.

"Winnie stood still a minute and stared in, her bright eyes very wide open with delight.

"'Oh! oh!' What treasures! Flowered brocade and gold-colored satin. A straw bonnet and a blue satin bonnet, laces and flowers, and slippers and fans

"Dear grandma had carefully kept some of the pretty things she used to wear when she was a girl, with rosy cheeks and brown hair, to show to her grandchildren when her cheeks should be wrinkled and her hair turned into white silk as it was now.

"Winnie had seen all these things before, but it was a long time ago, and grandma had taken them carefully out, just for a few minutes, and put them back again. It was not like having them all to yourself. She drew a long breath and looked around the room. It was all still, nobody would come up there; what if she just looked at them a little? It would do no harm, grandma wouldn't care; no, indeed, grandma loved her. So she lifted up the yellow satin dress. How it shimmered and shone, though it had lain there years and years, and it was so stiff and heavy it would almost stand alone. What a beauty it was! What if she should just slip it on for a minute? 'You ought to study your lessons right away,' conscience told her, but she answered: 'I will in a minute; I almost know that hard seven line now'—seven times nine are—are—well, I'll have time enough,' she gasped, as she tried hard to make the dress that had fitted the slender waist of her grandmother come together about her own stout little body. It was much too tight over another dress, and the sleeves were too long, but she pushed them up, then she slipped off her shoes and put on a pair of cunning little slippers with high heels, then tied on a big satin bonnet, and with a dainty little fan in her hand she was ready.

"She trailed up to an old looking-glass that hung on the wall, and was perfectly astonished. What a beautiful little lady she made with those pretty things on! She paraded up and down Broadway, smiled, and bowed, and courtesied, and then imagined that she was at a party sweeping about with a long train, chatting and laughing with most charming people. It became so real to Winnie that she actually talked it all out. She sailed up to a bag of feathers, bowed low, and inquired after the health of Mrs. Fitzallan and her children.

"But hark! what noise was that? Was somebody coming? Yes, somebody was coming up stairs as fast as possible—two somebodys, and they walked straight into the room. It was mamma and Mr. Denise; Mr. Denise was an artist.

"A large old oil painting stood in the attic. It had been injured in some way and mamma wished him to see if it could be restored.

"Poor Winnie! She gathered up her long trail and scampered as fast as she could, with such high heels clattering behind her. It was of no use to try to hide, though, they were right upon her. Mr. Denise laughed heartily, and declared he must have her picture in that dress, but Winnie saw something in mamma's eyes that perhaps the gentleman did not. Mamma was certainly very much surprised, and not pleased.

"They soon went away, and just as Winnie had put the last thing back into the chest Aunt Lena's bell tinkled up the stairs as a signal that recitation hour had come.

"That afternoon, just after dinner, a fine carriage drew up before the door, and took in mamma, grandma and Aunt Lena; then it rolled off through handsome streets, out of the city, over smooth roads, to Clifton Park; a long ride on a lovely afternoon, that is what Winnie lost. This drive had been planned a week ago and she had looked forward to it with delight. But on they went among trees and flowers and sweet air, while she sat at home trying through her tears to make out 'seven times nine.'

"It was hard. But when mamma had heard her blundering and stumbling through her lesson, she had said to grandma: 'It will almost break my heart to leave that dear child at home this afternoon, but something must be done to break up this miserable habit she has of dallying over her lessons and playing, when she knows very well she should be hard at work. My little girl may better shed a few tears to-day than to grow up disobeying her conscience—'"

"Did she grow up to be a good woman?" Mabel asked.

"Ask Uncle Will," grandma said, with a sly glance that way.

"Did the artist ever paint her picture with the gold satin skirt and the blue satin bonnet?"

"Yes, he did."

"Have you ever seen it?"

"Yes; and so have you."

"Where?" said Mabel, with wide-open eyes.

"In this very room."

"Why grandma! Do you mean that picture over the piano? Why, that is Aunt Alice."

"Didn't you know," whispered grandma, "that your auntie had two names—Alice Winifred?"

"O-h!" said Mabel, and then she sank back in the large chair and looked at Aunt Alice sitting by her husband's side reading.

The gas light shown upon her bright hair and made it look like gold, and her white dress fell about her in soft folds. Her happy face looked as if she never disobeyed her conscience.

Mabel thought within herself: "I am glad I know that good, dear, sweet Aunt Alice was naughty sometimes. It won't seem such an im-pos-si-bil-ity for me to be good some time." But she only said: "Grandma, I believe I like modern history best, and I shall tell that story every single word to Joe and Teddy and Mabel when they come over to spend the day. Every word, grandma."—*Mrs. C. M. Livingston, in The Pansy.*

—Advertising made a fortune of a clear $4,000,000 for J. C. Ayer, and his wife inherited it. This teaches that the wives of business men should persuade them to advertise largely.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The works for building iron ships in San Francisco will be, the *Bulletin* says, the most extensive of any in the United States.

Religious.

THE RUSTY VANE.

Such a lovely day,
Sky unclouded blue,
Like an arching mirror with
Glory shining through.
Wind like airy wine,
Soft as lover's kiss,
Everywhere the sense
Of growth and life and bliss.
Still one sulky vane
Points to the north-east,
Like the skeleton
At the monarch's feast.

Though the sunshine lingers,
Grieving, as it were,
And with coaxing fingers
Every passing air
Urges it with gentle stress
Full of pitying ruth,
Toward the way of righteousness
And the point of truth,
Still the moveless weather-cock
Stands implacably.
Pointing to the due north-east,
Witnessing a lie.

And I think of souls I know,
Grim and out of joint,
Which, whatever wind may blow,
Keep the stormy point.
Deaf to every bird that sings,
Blind to blue and sun,
Prophesying evil things,
Saddening every one:
Smileless in the smiling air,
Hopeless in the rain,
Influenced by nothing fair,
Like the rusty vane.

Give us, Lord, that hopefulness
Which, made wise in Thee,
When Thy hand is stretched to bless,
Greets it thankfully.
When it storms, as storm it will,
Bravely can endure,
Knowing and believing still
In the promise sure.
Quick to mark Thy guiding sign,
And for doubting eyes
Pointing to the hope Divine
In the brightening skies.
—*Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.*

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Dec. 9—David's Friend—Jonathan	1 Sam. 20:32-42
Dec. 16—David Sparing His Enemy	1 Sam. 24: 1-17
Dec. 23—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30—Review.	

IS CHRISTIANITY DYING IN OUR LAND?

Superficial observers of anti-religious tendencies and Christians inclined to pessimism have talked much about the decadence of the Christian religion in this country. The former, with a few local or partial statistics, or their own imaginings as a basis, write persuasively of the failing influence of the Churches. The latter, regarding the days of the fathers as better than these, can not too loudly bemoan the accommodating spirit of the Churches in suiting themselves to the world at the cost of their spiritual power.

If the Churches were really failing in spirituality, in genuine religion, the results must soon become manifest in decreasing membership, in the breaking up of congregations, and in many other ways. If, on the contrary, they are steadily increasing in communicants, in church-buildings, in contributions for church and benevolent purposes, the conclusion is inevitable that they are gaining in spiritual power; for if men lose confidence in Christianity they will inevitably fall away from its support. The statistics of all our Churches, with only a few insignificant exceptions, easily explained, exhibit a steady growth, either by years or decades. They never did so much for foreign missions as in the past year; they never had so many members, ministers and churches.

Go over the country and you shall find halls, formerly occupied by non-religious societies of one kind or another, now put to other use. One organization after another in secular societies has risen and fallen; but where are our decaying Christian churches? Hinduism and Buddhism are dying religions, and their deserted temples are turned to other and sometimes less sacred uses; but only the movement of population causes a Christian congregation to surrender, in order that they may build another, a consecrated edifice for business purposes.

If the anti-religious prophets of Christianity's doom want intelligent people to believe their statements and prophecies, they must get at the census reports, they must examine the Church year books, and give the statistical grounds of their conclusions. As it is, their conclusions are like Mohammed's coffin; they hang between heaven and earth, resting on nothing. The *Evening Post*, of this city, furnished an illustration of this sort of reasoning in its remarks last Saturday about the Protestantism of Germany, which, we feel sure, it would have no little trouble to support with the hard facts. It said that the great bulk of those who celebrated on that day the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth "have no more faith in his doctrines than he put in Tetzel's, and care no more for his Bible than he cared for the Missal." It added that "there is now but little religious belief of any kind to be found among the educated classes of Protestant Germany." We can give what is to us conclusive proof that Germany, the most inclined of all Protestant countries, we readily grant, to indifference in religious matters, is misrepresented by the *Post*. Where is the best Biblical and theological literature produced, if not in Germany? Where are the best theological schools, if not in Germany? Are these not by and for the educated classes? If our present purpose warranted it, we could give many facts which are not reconcilable with the *Post's* statement.

If those who are devoting themselves to the abolition of religious belief as an enslavement of the human mind—which reaches, they would have us believe, its truest nobility and its highest development in utter unbelief—are anxious to get for the first time, perhaps, a glimpse of the task they have assumed with such beneficent purpose, in all its magnitude, we offer them the following table for close study. If those who think we can not sleep with a good Christian conscience until God is recognized by name in the Constitution of the United States wish for a comforting thought against the day of their final disappointment, we give them this table with the suggestion that it shows that God's name is ineffaceably written in the heart of the people. Those who, like Eli, are trembling for the safety of the ark may be reassured and may thank God and take courage from these figures extracted from four pages of statistics carefully prepared for the "Independent Almanac," which is shortly to appear:

GENERAL SUMMARY.

	Churches.	Ministers.	Communicants.
Adventists	1,344	775	91,769
Baptists	27,154	26,545	2,376,553
Congregationalists	3,936	3,723	387,619
Friends	332	[illegible]	96,000
German Ev. Church	550	430	80,000
Lutherans	6,120	3,429	785,387
Methodists	41,271	24,485	3,943,875
Mennonites	500	450	80,000
Moravians	84	70	9,928
New Jerusalem	87	92	3,904
Presbyterians	11,768	8,884	966,437
Protesta't Episcopal	3,169	3,664	351,659
Reformed	1,962	1,330	243,835
Roman Catholic	6,241	6,546	6,832,954
Schwendfeldians	....	....	300
Unitarians	362	434	20,000
Universalists	719	713	36,258
Total in the United States	115,610	81,717	17,267,878

Here we have seventeen million and a quarter communicants, including the Catholic population, in a total population of 50,000,000. If we subtract the Catholic population from the seventeen millions we have in round numbers 10,500,000 Protestant communicants. Three children adherents to each communicant is not a large ratio. It is probably lower than the fact. Upon this basis the Protestant population is 42,000,000, to which add the Catholic population of 6,832,000, and we have a total Christian population of 48,832,000, leaving the Jews, Mormons and other classes besides the non-religious to make up the small balance of 1,000,000. Is not this wonderfully encouraging when the complex character of our population is considered?

It will be observed that there are nearly 82,000 ministers. If they are paid an average of $500 a year the Churches must raise for this one item nearly $41,000,000 yearly. The amounts raised for the running expenses, for repairs, for new churches, for the benevolences, we dare not undertake to compute. The aggregate must be an enormous sum. Now tell us, reader, would a people who had only a superficial attachment to a religion support it with such an amazing generosity?—*N. Y. Independent.*

Little Things.

Whosoever despises the worth and influence of little things fails to understand the Divine method of working in nature, history and character. In the search for the hiding places of life the microscope discloses the bioplasts, the builders of all organic tissues, working within cells so minute that their diameter is from six to three times less than the edge of a razor's blade. And yet these almost infinitesimal life-forces construct the entire fabric of the vegetable and animal kingdom. Endowed and guided by the power of their Creator, they erect the monarch of the forest trees, fabricate the most exquisite forms of beauty in flower and leaf, or weave the brain of a Shakespeare. One of the most impressive lessons that history teaches is the part that comparatively trivial circumstances have played in directing and changing the course of events that have culminated in epochs that are the tide marks that distinguish the world's progress in civilization as represented in government, art, literature and religion. Failure in the discharge of little duties has often ruined the best laid plans of the wisest statesmen and bravest Generals. Attention to the smallest details is found to be a characteristic of those whose uniform success has been the puzzle and admiration of the world.

It is, however, in the realm of personal experience and character that the influence of little things is most potent for good or evil. This truth is impressively illustrated by the Apostle James, who, in writing of certain rich men, says their "garments are moth-eaten." This pest among insects is diminutive in size, but its capacity for destruction is dreaded by every careful housekeeper. The costly furs that were laid away in the spring, when taken from their place for use again, seem at first glance intact, but, under the light, the first vigorous shake to remove the dust discloses innumerable rents, and the once valuable garment is found to be worthless. Stealthily and in the dark the tiny insects have accomplished their work of destruction.

How often it happens that the community is startled by some story of crime, and the surprise is expressed that such an act should have been committed by one whose outward action had heretofore been decent and respectable. It is only the true character come to light. In a manner concealed from the eyes of the world moth-like sins have been eating into the woof and warp of character, and when an overt act has brought it into the light of truth the real worthlessness is made known. Little sins, or rather, sins often repeated, are the strands that form the chains of habit that enthrall the soul in a bondage worse than death.

On the other hand, noble character and the fruit of its service is the result of faithfulness in little things. There is no realm in experience or period in life where the most trivial circumstances may not prove of vast importance, or where little things do not make up the sum and product of the noblest achievements. Our acts from moment to moment are the shuttle that carries the threads that are weaving the pattern of an immortal life. Care and thought in the little details of the present duty is the true test of character. In the light of this truth every position and service in life is recognized as full of gracious opportunity. Trivial circumstances prove to be turning points in experience. The faithful discharge of little duties leads to the highest promotion, and those who are faithful in the use of their one talent often prove that the "last shall be first."—*Rev. E. B. Sanford, in Christian at Work.*

—It requires less grace in reality to be a martyr for Christ on a public stage than to be kind and considerate in the familiar intercourse of domestic life, or to maintain a guileless integrity in the ordinary transactions of business. The Christianity that is faithful in that which is least is a more difficult Christianity than that which glows and triumphs on grand occasions. Little love can perform great actions; but it requires great love to present like little children small offerings, and to devote every moment and task of our life to God.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

THE RECORDER.

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1 Column	1 year	$80
1 "	½ "	40
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For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

HAS the father of time adopted Standard?

LOUISVILLE is considerably annoyed with small-pox.

THE cadaverous office seekers in Washington are as thick as flies in summer.

PAYNE is ahead with the Enquirer in the race for United States Senator in Ohio.

IT is difficult for some people to see the difference between revenue reform and free-trade.

THE present Congress will doubtless legislate that fraud, the Trade Dollar, out of existence.

A MAN in Bourbon county has a crop of tobacco for which he expects to receive forty cents a pound.

INDIANAPOLIS wants both national conventions in 1884. It is very greedy for a town of the third magnitude.

AN earthquake visited Rovender Springs, Arkansas, last week, and gave that locality seven shocks in 40 seconds.

JOHN SHERMAN considers Carlisle the ablest man the Democrats have in Congress, and regards him as the proper man for Speaker.

STANDARD TIME is not gaining popularity very rapidly, and some towns that had adopted it are backing down from their undertaking.

GRANT, Blaine, Sherman, Conklin, Logan, and others of the Republican leaders have adjusted their presidential lightning pursuaders, and are awaiting results.

AFTER all the Courier-Journal's labored editorials in opposition to Federal aid for schools, Congressman Willis of that city will use his influence to bring about that result.

KENTUCKY has fifty-nine tobacco factories, using over 9,000,000 pounds of tobacco annually, making over 8,000,000 pounds plug and 1,000,000 pounds each fine-cut and smoking tobacco.

THE Courier-Journal has notified several of its employes that they will be given the bounce on the first day of January. The Commercial says it is on account of their being Republicans.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 65@5 85; fair to good packers, at $5 40@5 75; fair to good light, $4 90@5 40; common, $4 10@4 85; culls, $3 00@3 75: stock hogs, $4 00@4 90.

THEY had a doctor at the Anchorage asylum, who was suspicioned of being a little "off" mentally, and he was given the privilege of resigning, which he did. He should have been put under treatment.

THE plans for the building of the World's International Exposition, to be held in a little over a year hence at New Orleans, have been furnished by a Mississippi man. It will be the largest building ever erected in America.

LAST Friday night, James Morrison, one of the notorious Barnett gang was captured in Menifee county, having evaded the officers for the past six months. He will no doubt join his comrades in the pen. John Prophet is the only one of the gang now at large.

JUDGE BARR, sentenced a batch of sixty-seven moonshiners in the United States Court at Covington, last Saturday, their ages ranging from nineteen to sixty-nine. Their punishment ranged from thirty to sixty days imprisonment and one hundred dollars fine, which will furnish them their winter's board and clothing.

THE Farmer's Congress in session at Louisville, last week, passed a resolution demanding that the United States Commissioner of Agriculture be made a Cabinet officer. It is a just demand. The farmers should be recognized by the government in a manner becoming the position they occupy in relation to the country and its institutions.

IN South Carolina they have no divorce laws, and the legislature refuses to pass one.

THERE is such slight change in the quotations of tobacco since last week that we omit the market.

CONGRESS will not get down to work until after the holidays. The Speaker of the Lower House will not have his committees made up before that time.

FANK JAMES will give bond and be released from jail in a few days. It is expected that the government will then arrest him for stopping the mails.

THE Grant county Democrats nominated C. C. Cram for representative. Mr. Cram is a prominent attorney at the Williamstown bar, and will make a live, working member.

CAPT. HENRY has no means of finding out what a high-toned gentleman he is without going off on an occasional drunk, after which many of the State papers join in a chorus of praise for him.

IN the Circuit Court at Mt. Sterling, Mrs. Vaugh Hilton, widow of the man murdered by John Barnett and his gang in Montgomery county last year, has recovered a verdict for $3,000 against Barnett and others for damages. The defendants are all in the penitentiary, but have real estate and other property in the mountains out of which to make the judgment.

DR. CHENAULT, superintendent of the lunatic asylum at Lexington, attempted to remove receiver Reardon and appoint John Marrs; but the the commissioners refused to recognize the new receiver, and Chenault called Governor Knott in to settle the trouble; but the Governor could not reconcile the conflict of authority, which will be referred to the legislature for adjustment.

AT the meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington, to-day, an effort to change the basis of representation in the next National Republican convention, will be made, and, if successful, the Southern States will lose about sixty delegates while the Northern States will gain about one hundred and thirteen. Kentucky will lose seven The present mode does not make a proper distribution of the delegates.

A DELEGATION of Congressman headed by S. S. Cox, of New York, waited upon President Arther the other day, and appealed to him to interfere on behalf of Patrick O'Donnell, a citizen of this country, who has been tried and sentenced to be hung in England on the 17th inst., for the killing of Carey, the informer. The result of the trial of O'Donnell has created much just indignation among his countrymen in the United States.

COUNTY Judge Kinkead, of Fayette, after a study of the State revenue system, is convinced that no great improvement can be effected while the taxable valuation of property is adjusted annually by the Assessors. He suggests a commission from each county, who shall determine the cash value of all lands once in five years, said value to be basis for taxation. This is the principle advocated heretofore by the Commercial, and the only plan by which a fair valuation can be arrived at, and all property be made to bear its proper share of the burden of taxation.—Louisville Commercial.

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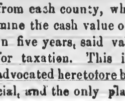

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F. W. KASSEBAUM.

For Rent.

85 acres of land adjoining Lewisburg, Kenton county, Ky., 10 acres of which is fine tobacco land. On this land is a pear orchard of about 400 trees, select varieties. This land is all well suited far gardening or, other tillage, and has on it a good house and other suitable conveniencies for a family residence—Enquire of RUFUS LIGHT, on the premises.

Out on the Prairie.
Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time"

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything should happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC, is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the torpid organs into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

But take it into your house, and it will speak for itself. Once used, will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price, 50 cents and $1. Hiscox & Co., Chemist, New York.

Posted.

Notice is hereby given that our lands in Boone county, are posted and all persons are warned not trespass thereon.

MRS. E. J. PIATT, JOHN McCONNEL.

For Sale.

Two good work horses, single or double, one is a black 16½ hands high, the other is a bay 15 hands high. For further information call on or address

RICHARD RYLE, Burlington, Ky.

Administrator's Notice,

Those having claims against the estate of W. S Ryle, dec'd., are hereby notified to present the same, proven as by law required, to the undersigned before December 25th, '83. B. H. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR, Hebron, Ky.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Wm. N. Aylor. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly proven according to law to the undersigned at No. 7 Pike Str., Covington, Ky. R. L. CRIGLER,
5-4t Assignee.

Posted.

We the undersigned hereby give notice that our farms are posted against hunters:

Templeton Gaines,	J C Jenkins,
J E Duncan,	Oscar Gaines,
G C Gaddy,	Ben Clore,
Noah Craven,	Wm. Clore,
C S Balsly,	A S Gaines,
George Gaines,	C S Gaines,
Absalom Aylor,	J. B. Winston,

TWO
Fams for Sale.

One contains 36 acres, 9 acres of which is good creek bottom and 27 acres, hill land. This land is under good fence, well set in grass, has lasting water for stock, fine lot of timber, much of which is locust. It is part of the W. B. Ryle homestead, lies on Gunpowder Creek and joins Leander Setters.

The other farm contains 126½ acres, is 2½ miles southwest of Burlington, has all necessary buildings in good repair, fencing good, has a good well and cistern, besides never failing water for stock, a nice young orchard, and some hedge fence. This land is all in grass except 25 acres which were cultivated in corn this year. For terms apply on the last named premises to

6-2m W. S. WHITE.

PATENTS.

For new inventions and novel designs obtained in the United States, Canada and Europe. Trade Marks and Copyright—Labels secured for Merchants and Manufacturers who wish protection against imitators of their goods, packages or articles of manufacture. We are located opposite the United States Patent Office, have quick access to its records, and can give prompt and reliable answers to inquiries. Of our firm one has had thirteen years' practice in the highest courts, another several years as an Assistant Examiner in the United States Patent Office and many years experience as solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. Fee reasonable and full satisfaction or no fee. Best reference given. Our little book "on patents" sent free on receipt of one cent stamp.
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BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 16 page paper, filled with charming serials, stories, choice miscellany etc., is sent 3 mos. on trial for 25 cents; and we send EVERY subscriber FREE our new HOLIDAY PACKAGE, consisting of 10 pieces popular music 10 interesting games, 1 pack of age and fortune-telling cards; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards, 1 pack fun & flirtation cards, 1 set chromo cards, 13 new tricks in magic 5 new puzzles, game of fortune, the mystic oracle, 25 ways to get rich, Heller's wonderful delusion cards, etc., etc. Endless amusement! Agents wanted. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING Co., Augusta, Me.

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In keeping their property insured.
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WANTED BOOK Canvassers.
MALE and FEMALE
To engage in the sale of our new and important works of standard character, large profits and immense selling qualities. We offer a permanent and lucrative business. Address The CINCINNATI PUBLISHING CO. 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French, and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 46 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Bilious Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

High Prices All Sat Down On and Crushed Out of Existence!

COLTER'S Shoe Department is turning out stacks and piles of good solid Boots and Shoes, and the best all-Leather solid Goods. This house now shows the best and double the amount of stock that was ever kept in Rising Sun, is doing a strictly cash business, and selling Boots and Shoes at the same low per cent. that Dry Goods are sold at. People are getting tired of paring exclusive shoe dealers' prices for Boots and Shoes when they can go to COLTER'S general store and get the best of goods at the same profits that Dry Goods are sold at

[illegible] LTER'S. I told you that you could get good solid goods at Colter's, and at reasonable prices. Here I have toiled day after day to get a little money ahead, and you went to ——— and paid the regular shoe dealers' prices for those boots, and now look at them. Three dollars and twenty-five cents gone, and look at those boots. If you had gone to Colter's, as I told you to you would have got a better pair for Two Dollars and Fifty cents."

"Well, Father, I went to Colter's and they were so busy I went out, expecting to go back. But seeing a shoe store that wasn't busy, I just got them there. Next time I'll go to Colter's and wait till my turn comes."

CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS.

Over Twenty five Hundred Full Suits of Ready Made Clothing and ove Fifteen Hundred Overcoats to select from and get a fit

At COLTER'S MAMMOTH CHEAP CASH STORE
—Rising Sun, Indiana.—

Men's Full Suits, commencing at $4 a suit and up to $6, $7, $10, $12, and as high as $22. Grand snaps in

OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats, commencing at $2 25 and up to $5 for a real good, warm and durable Coat; next grade at $6 to $9; next $10 to $16. Always try COLTER'S for Clothing.

CLOAKS
AND
JACKET

OLMAN
AND
lsterettes

"Well Mary, I am glad you had supper ready when I came home. When a person goes to town and is busy buying goods all day, she comes home feeling very tired and hungry." Yes, indeed, Jane, I expected you would feel tired and need refreshments, so I had tea ready for you. Where did you trade?" "Where did I trade?" "Yes." "Why, at Colter's; yes, indeed, every time, and I guess nearly everyone else trades there too, from the way the store was jammed to-day. I tell you, Mary, there were no less than 100 people in that store trading this day. The first room we go in was full, the Cloak room was jammed full and the Millinery room was crowded the Boot and Shoe room had a rush, and I was surprised when they took me up stairs to get a bit of floor oil cloth. I believe there were more than a dozen persons up there buying Overcoats, Pants, some buying Hats, some a Suit of Clothes and some buying two or three suits. Yes, indeed, they do business in that house, I'm a tellin' you. It kept a nice looking gray whiskered man busy making change." "Well, how are goods selling now?" "Cheaper than I ever saw them. Colter is making an extra effort to sell more goods than they did last year, and is offering extra inducements. I bought good Sheeting at 7 and 8 cents, splendid Canton Flannel at 10 to 11 cents. Thread 4c. Sheefield's Yarn 75c. a pound. Flannels 30, 37 to 40c. all-Wool Blankets $4 and $5. I got a nice Dolman for $9. Jennie's Hat with two Feathers on for $2, Floor Oil Cloth 25c, Jennie's Shoes, custom-made, sewed Calf, for $2, Johnnie's Boots at $2 60, and they are extra. I don't know what all I did get. You should all trade at Colter's

BOOTS AND SHOES
At COLTER'S
Mammoth Cheap Cash Store,
RISING SUN, INDIANA.

Solid Goods at Bottom Prices
IS OUR MOTTO,
And by standing to this rule we gain trade year after year. When we sell one pair of Solid Boots or Shoes, that invites the Customer back again. Patronize
COLTER'S
MAMMOTH
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Rising Sun. - Ind.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MISSOURI.
CENTRAL MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE
ST. LOUIS MO.

[illegible] facilities and an experienced Faculty. [illegible] succeeds to a large practice, which has been established for years, it [illegible] to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to
CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.
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WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.
FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, ceasing pain in the back or side, etc.
Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will assist them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.
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Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood; expelling the blood-poisons from the system, enriching and renewing the blood, and restoring its vitalizing power.

During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and a weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism since. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and think your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world. JAMES MAYNARD."
520 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles, $5.

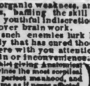
TUTT'S
PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY
TESTED FOR 5 YEARS
by use in thousands of cases. Founded on reliable medical principles. [illegible] while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. [illegible] NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and [illegible] Do not temporize while such an enemy lurks in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with your attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience. Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect health, and the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free in sea envelope. [illegible]
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and richness. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.



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COLOGNE
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FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U.S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSONS INDELIBLE INK
is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

Christmas draws nigh.

Saxony Yarn at W. E. Piper's.

We are having elaborate frosts.

Who would desire nicer weather?

Corn is selling at $2 50 per barrel delivered.

The work on the Christmas tree progresseth.

Miss Sallie Rich is visiting her sister at this place.

Considerable sickness in the Florence neighborhood.

F. P. Walton will not prize tobacco at Richwood.

The birds seem to be as cheerful as if it were spring time.

Fill your ice-houses the first time you can get the material.

Tobacco has been coming in pretty lively the past week.

New stone are being put on the Bellevue and Burlington pike.

Mack Aylor and wife have a bran new ten pound boy at their house.

A fresh lot of Prunes, Dried Apples and Peaches at W. E. Piper's.

Cranberries, Raisins, Citron and Dried Currents at W. E. Pipers.'

Some persons have lost meat that was killed during the last month.

Mr. Appleton and wife, of Petersburg were the guest of Mrs. Frances Riddell, Tuesday.

F. Dickey, of Union, was delivering his crop of tobacco at this place last Saturday.

Hon. Elijah Hogan, Representative-elect of Gallatin county, was in town last Saturday.

So far we have had an open winter, which has been greatly to the advantage of the farmers.

T. A. Snyder & Co's., Mince Meat, Apple Butter, Peach Butter and Preserves at W. E. Piper's.

Hall's Hair Renewer turns gray hair dark, removes dandruff, cures scalp humors; an elegant toilet article.

Miss B. C. Wood is teaching a class in elocution in Morgan Academy. She gave the first lesson Monday.

Jim Westbay don't want any more front seats at entertainments when the "Bald Headed Man" is recited.

Jim Conner started the hog market here Monday morning at $5 40, to be delivered by the 25 of this month.

A steamboat load of rabbits has been killed in this section this fall, and still there is no scarcity of that kind of game.

John Reed, of Florence, will give a grand ball in Odd-Fellows' Hall on the night of the 31st inst. Everybody is invited.

Call and see our Prize Doll, Auto., Photo. and Scrap Albums, Writing Desks and Box Paper at Langsdale's Rising Sun, Ind.

Some fellow out of meat has visited Ed Berkshire's flock of sheep. Ed would give the fellow the missing lamb if he knew who he is.

Corn is not of a good, sound quality this fall. A large ear can be twisted half around before the cob will snap. It seems to be spungy.

A communication for the RECORDER, mailed at Florence on Monday of last week, made the trip in exactly three days. Remarkably fast time.

The mails for this place seemed to have some difficulty in getting here last week, not on account of the carrier though, who is always on time.

Johnnie Hoggins, of Walton, recently sold to a New York man, 14 head of cattle that weighed 2,100 pounds each, and for which he realized $147 per head.

Tobacco took quite a fall last week, thought Henly Smith when the tiers gave way in Walton's warehouse and let an avalanch of the weed down on him.

The injuries received by Thomas Rouse's wife and child at Hebron, Sunday week, were more serious than at first thought, but they are both able to be about.

Debating societies properly conducted are both entertaining and profitable, and at this season of the year there should be one at every school-house in the county.

All we ask is for you to examine our stack and know we can sell you at most reasonable rates. We can satisfy any one in price and quality goods. R. G. Langsdale, Rising Sun, Ind.

Some of our young townsmen who like to attend church at Florence, had rather an embarrassing experience with their hats at church there the other evening. We refer the matter Gas Ometer.

B. B. Breed, farmer, of Dakota, and Miss Queen Grubbs, daughter of W. B. Grubbs, of this county will be married to-day. The bride has many friends who wish her a long and happy journey through life.

Our rural friend, T. D. Goodridge, you will always find equipped for a game of croquet. He carries a croquet ball (his white alley) in one pocket and generally walks with a mallet for a cane. He's hard to beat.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

We are headquarters for all kinds of Holiday Goods. Our goods are cheaper than ever before. Goods are being sold daily by us. Come early and get a good selection. A fine line of Prose and Poetry and toy books; Old Kris is in our show window, R. G. Langsdale's, Rising Sun, is the place.

Christmas goods for all. We have the largest and best selected stock ever in Rising Sun. Our Dolls are beauties; Hobby Horses, Wagons, Sleds and Doll Wagons, Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups, Saucers and Mugs. An endless variety of cheap toys at R. G. Langsdale's.

W. C. Goodridge brought to town the other day an ear of corn raised by Wm. Walton, which had 1026 grains. It was of a yellow variety, and Mr. G. says it was not the largest ear he could find in the bulk. Wonder if Mr. Walton can produce as large corn in Bates Co., Mo.

Miss B. C. Wood gave a reading in the Court-house last Falday evening. The weather was bad and her audience small. Miss Wood is a very fine elocutionist, and her readings are highly entertaining to those who hear them. We are sorry that she did not have a better house.

G. S. Lozier, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., was in this county last week, and while over here sold to Mr. Abel Carpenter, of Florence, a fine Johnston Organ, and one or two New Home Sewing Machines to other parties. When in Lawrenceburg, and wanting anything in this line give him a call.

The school-house in district No. 51, is the scene every Thursday night, of a lively oratorical display. The denizens of that neck o' woods have a debating society there, and are disposing of numerous questions. After the holidays they will collar the tariff question; so we may expect an early adjournment of the U. S. Congress, it being relieved of the disposition of that perplexing problem.

Peter Nazeras, a citizen of the northern part of the county, was arrested one day last week and lodged in the Cincinnati calaboose, charged with obtaining names to receipts under false pretenses. Some years since he and Lyman S. Cotton, of Cincinnati, had some business transactions, and said receipts are involved in it and are on file in a suit in the Boone Circuit Court between these parties.

Last Wednesday evening between eight and nine o'clock, the residence of Mrs. Ward, of East Bend, was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Ward and family, with the exception of her son-in-law, Chas. Kenner, and two children, were attending church at the time the fire broke out. Very few household articles were saved. The loss will probably reach $2,500 with no insurance. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue.

Taylor & Riggs will give away next Christmas 1 Fine Piano, 2 Gold Watches, 1 Sewing Machine, 1 Breech Loading Shot Gun, 1 Bicycle, 1 Velocipede, 1 Hobby Horse, 1 Rocking Chair, 10 Bolts Muslin. Will give one chance in above presents for every dollars worth you buy. Visit their six stores at Madison and Pike Streets, Covington, Ky. The drawing takes place Christmas week. This paper will publish the lucky numbers.

We learn from the Enquirer that Dominick Rusch, a respectable farmer of Jackson Township, is lying dangerously ill at his home and not expected to live. The cause of his sickness is somewhat peculiar. During last harvest while at work on his farm he opened up a bumble bee's nest, and was stung by the insects in hundreds of places, from the effects of which he was confined to his bed, and has ever since been slowly dying from the effects of the poison injected by the vicious stings of the maddened bees.—Lawrenceburg Register.

Cy's New Lamp-Burner.

Saturday Cy Crisler bought a double-barrel lamp-burner and put it on the lamp in the bar-room at the Boone House, and it came near being a house-burner as well. The double wick in that style burner produces a considerable degree of heat which was not provided against when the new "rig" was placed in the position occupied by its predecessor, which was too near the ceiling to insure safety, and at a late hour that night the oder of burning pine attracted the attention of Cy and Mr. Welsh, one of his boarders, who were in the bar-room, and upon investigation the ceiling above the lamp was found to be on fire and a considerable hole burned therein. This timely discovery and a few buckets of water nipped in the bud what, in a few minutes, would have developed into a conflagration beyond the control of our fire department.

He Wanted to Bleed the Town.

Last week a fellow named Roswell, who lives down on Woolper, came to town, and took on a cargo of fighting whisky which created within him a desire to cut the town loose and let it float off in its own blood. He made an assault on Henry Mallory with an angry looking pocket knife, which left an extensive opening in Henry's coat just under the left arm. The work of getting blood at that point being too slow, he closed in on Mallory, who was not in a condition to defend himself, and was in the last act of serving a jugular, when by-standers interfered and stopped further proceedings. Shortly after the attack on Mallory, Ira Marshall stepped into the bar-room at the Sandford House, when Roswell commenced interviewing him with his knife, giving him a slight cut across one wrist. Ira poured a powerful broadside into his forecastle, and Roswell fell in a heap on the floor, but was soon coming to his feet to renew the assault, when Marshall commenced smashing bar-room furniture, such as chairs, over his head, knocking him completely out of time. At the close of the second act, Constable Sandford took charge of the would-be annihilator and lodged him in the county cooler, where he remained till morning, when he was brought out very penitent, disavowing any knowledge of what had happened the day before, and plead for mercy, which Esquire Baker gave him in the shape of a $5 fine, and informed him that the next time he gives a like performance in Burlington the dose will be much larger. Roswell declared he would not repeat.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Bullittsville.

John Cropper weighed 40 hogs here last week, which averaged 375 pounds.

Geo. Kreylich and Sam Kyle, of Kenton county, were visiting in this neighborhood last week.

Miss Lou Kendall entertained quite a number of her young friends one night last week.

Mex Cleveland, of Kenton county, made our town a flying visit last week.

A large crowd assembled at the Christian church last Sunday to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. Lockhart.

Constance.

Last Wednesday night thieves entered Jeff Clayton's shop and stole a brace and bit. Same night Will Souther's chicken roost was visited and a chicken taken. The night following this raid an attempt was made to break into Davis Bros. store at this place. The brace and bit taken from Clayton's shop was brought into use for the purpose of boring through the door. Several holes were made but as an entrance was not gained it is supposed the burglars were frightened off from the fact that they left Clayton's tools on the scene of action.

We prophecy a nice winter. January will be cold. Mark that.

The toll-gate at this place is still manipulated by Will Souther, who never loses his grip on the cord until the weary traveler ponies up the sheckles.

Normansville.

Born—To Mr. J. L. Johnson and wife, a son—Chas. Frederick.

On last Friday the Rev. Taylor of the Christian Church, had an appointment to preach for us, but owing, we suppose, to the inclemency of the weather, he failed to come.

Our Sunday-school is thinking of having a Christmas tree on the evening of the 25th inst.

The primary department of the Normansville and Hamilton school will give an entertainment at the School-house on Christmas eve. All persons, patrons and friends of the school especially, are invited to attend.

J. L. Johnson a few nights ago had the misfortune to lose a very nice and valuable horse. The cause of its death is unknown.

There is much sickness in this vicinity at present.

Hebron.

As Speaker, J. G. Carlisle is giving our people entire satisfaction, and they would like to see him made President.

Our pastures look fine.

Much of the fodder is damaged.

Wheat is doing well.

Jim Conner gave Legrand Utz $20 for a pair thinrind pigs.

Turkeys are scarce now. Elijah Tanner is paying 8 cents a pound for them on foot.

Will Batterson was in our town several days last week, and he was so well pleased that he talked of sending for his family and taking up his abode here.

Rev. Shwick preached a fine sermon to a very large congregation in our church Sunday night.

Our pike is on another strike. Friends, have patience.

John Killgore sold 8 hogs that averaged 411 pounds, being the boss hogs at this place.

Abe Clore is buying all the hogs in this locality.

Petersburg.

The meeting at the Christian church still in progress, with large attendance every night.

Rev. Geo. Frob has been preaching at East Bend for several days past

Hon. N. S. Walton and Col. Charles Gaines, of the Bullittsville neighborhood, were in attendance at the Christian church last Saturday night.

J. A. Davis, of Hebron, was here last Thursday.

The Oil Fever still rages in this locality.

Robt. Sandford is the guest of G. Robert Berkshire this week.

Ed Smith has the rheumatism.

Manlius Cave says he has sold his crop of tobacco for $18, $15 and $12 per cwt.

W. E. Grant and wife, of Carroll county, were visiting friends here last week.

Frank Colcher returned home last Monday.

Will Snyder has gone to Tennessee to work at the cooper's trade.

Elijah Parker sold his hogs at $5 40.

Mrs. M. F. Wingate has the measles.

Florence.

The most notable events of late were the celebration of thanksgiving day and the marriage nuptials of Mr. Henry Meyers and Miss Minnie Ferneding, both of this place. The latter incident was consumated Wednesday the 28th ult., at the Catholic church, Father Burke officiating. Some time before the appointed hour, 4 o'clock p. m., a train of carriages were drawn up in front of the Florence Hotel in which the nervous couple were arranging their attire for the occasion that was to make them one through life. Dame Rumor and gossip had called together a mixed crowd of men, women and children which were stationed upon the corners and at the doors, and windows of such places as afforded a good view, all eager to get a glimpse of the new pair as they would appear equipped for the journey. Your correspondent took a rear seat. We don't mean a seat at the back of the house, but that my extreme modesty forced me to a position less conspicuous. We were not long in waiting, and at a few minutes after the appointed hour the bride and groom emerged from their covert and occupied a carriage. The bride was tastefully arrayed in green silk with heavy brocade velvet trimmings, the groom, in neat plain black, and to use an "Old Virginny" expression, looked "As keen as a guinea fowl." The near relatives and invited guests filled up the remaining vehicles and all moved hastily to the church. The crowd of watchers hurried around the corners, through the alleys and across the lots to the same destination. The hitherto noisy assemblage now assumed an orderly air, which they well understand to be one of the characteristics of the Catholic services. The happy pair were not kept long in suspense, the marriage now being duly solemnized and sealed with the wedding ring.

The appointed day of Thanksgiving is o'er and if our people are to be measured in their devotion by the number of turkeys slain, and the sweetmeats and delicacies consumed, surely we are a thankful community. If there is a live gobbler in this district, I must be one that is marked by the frosts of many winters and set aside as an unclean fowl.

Pap Clore's snow-bird theory is gaining votaries. The argument now is that the snow-bird is like a black horse which turns brown by the action of the sun in summer, and assumes his dark color as winter approaches. The sparrows that are noticed in winter with the snow-birds are merely sunburnt snow-birds that are too old to cast their plumage.

Constable O. H. Conrad met with an accident which may result in the loss of an eye. While out with a party hunting a few days ago, a stray shot from one of the sportsmens guns struck him in the left eye, inflicting a painful, if not a serious, wound.

Mrs. Maggie Finch, of the Grant House, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Susie Carpenter, in Saline county, Mo.

Col. Hansford, of Crab Orchard, Ky., stopped here for a day with his brother-in-law, T. H. Stephenson, on his return from Clarksville, W. Va., where he has been attending upon legal business. The Col. is a great talker and entertained us with some laughable anecdotes of the great and excentric Kentucky preacher, Raccoon John Smith, who received his peculiar name in his neighborhood.

In our article last week which didn't get to headquarters in time for publication, we, under the excitement of the moment, stated that Mr. Abel Carpenter was burglarized of a nice turkey left over from Thanksgiving. The facts are Mr. C. had that turkey covered with his old musket which he had prepared for the occasion, and the rogues were forced to take a live one from the roost.

We are not certain about Uncle Noah's bird question, but one thing we do know is, that he laid the biggest egg on Tom Swetnam's scales last Saturday, that we have seen. Weight, 5½ ounces. We don't know, but we think it was a "hard shell."

Rev. John Smith, second adventist, from Cincinnati, preached Sunday, at the Christian church. After the sermon two converts from the Hebron neighborhood were baptized. It seems to us to be a propitious time for such preachers to spread their doctrines while the horizon is presenting such remarkable phenomana evening and morning, and everything let lose generally. I would take advantage of these things if I were a sensational preacher.

Miss Delia Grogan and Miss Oceola Yager, the belles of Florence, spent a few days, last week, with friends in Cincinnati.

Capt. H. T. Snyder and wife started, last Thursday, for the Old Dominion, where they intend to spend the winter with relative and friends.

GAS OMETER.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of Taxes due the Sheriff of Boone County for the years 1882 and 1883 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1884.

between the hours of 12 o'clock m., and 2 p. m., at the Court House door in Burlington, Boone County, Ky., expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due, aforesaid and cost, to wit:

A tract of land containing 32 acres and bounded by the lands of Webb Bros., Mrs. Annie Foulke, Milton Gaines and the Ohio River.

Amount of taxes and costs to be raised by sale $12 69 and levied on as the property of Peter Urton. J. R. CLUTTERCUCK, S. B. C.
By W. T. GERMAN, D. S.

5

LIVER diseases, headache, and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

LEWIS, IOWA.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

GARFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. A. T. Henack says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

Stop Thinking

What you shall buy for a Christmas Present for your friends, and go to

W. E. Piper's,

and see his display of elegant and useful articles suitable for

The Holidays.

Presents for Parents. Presents for Young People. Toys for the Children, Presents for Young Men and Ladies. Presents for Everybody.

Come And Be

Satisfied that SANTA CLAUS cannot beat us when it comes to making the CHILDREN happy.

Ask for a Farmers and Mechanics Almanac, for 1884, which we are giving AWAY. YOURS TRULY,

W. E. PIPER.

HEYN AND BRO,

Rising Sun, Indiana.

Great reduction in prices of all Seasonable Goods.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE BARgains offered in Overcoats And READY MADE CLOTHING To Suit Everybody.

All Prices Marked Down.

A full line of Ladies' Black and Light Colored

Cloaks,
Dolmans,
Newmarkets,
and Jacke

In all grades, at prices that will make them sell.

Owing to the advance of the season we are making sarrifices in order to reduce Stock, as it is our aim not to carry any goods over for next year. We are selling BLANKETS, SHAWLS, FLANNELS, and JEANS at astonishingly low prices

Our Stock of Domestic Cotton Goods at wholesale prices: Canton Flannel commonly sold at 10c. at 7½c. and other grades in proportion. See our Calicos at 5c. and you will buy them. Indigo Blue Calico, commonly sold at 9 and 10 cents, now 7½ cents. A full line of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods and Knit Goods, to dispose of. We mean and do business, and it will be to everybodys advantage to give us a call.

HEYN & BRO.

Rising Sun, Ind.

FALL FALL FALL FALL
AND
Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.

H. F Blase,

540 Madison St, - COVINGTON, KY

UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of

Burial Cases and Caskets.

And having just received a beautiful

NEW HEARSE,

Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.

PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

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LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE.

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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JAMES S. WAYNE, President. JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

CAPITAL $300,000.

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The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms, collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.
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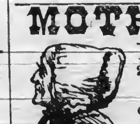

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HEALING SYRUP.

20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years. A certain Cure for Dyspepsia, all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Blood, Skin and Bowels.

Can Produce Thousands of Letters proving its Curative Powers.

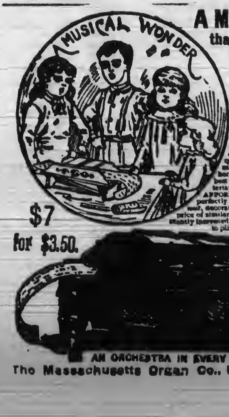
AN OLD AND LONG TRIED REMEDY.

LABORATORY 77 AMITY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cornease.--The King of Corn Killers. The most desperate Corns, BUNIONS, WARTS &c., SPEEDILY cured. Price 25 Cents.

Footease.--An Unfailing Remedy for Hot, Swollen and Tender Feet, Chilblains, &c. Price 25 Cents.
Cornease Manuf'g Co., 236, 5th Ave. Place, N. Y. City.
For Sale by Agents, Druggists and Shoe Dealers.


MUSICAL WONDER
$7
for $3.50.
AN ORCHESTRA IN EVERY HOME.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organette has gained such a world-wide reputation that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays *mechanically* all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc. etc. It consists of three strong bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION box and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, *perfect in time, execution, and effect*, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer: even a little child can operate it; as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFORDS HOURS OF SOCIAL AMUSEMENT. The Organette is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of *solid black walnut*, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been $8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 75,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organette on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organette though similar in construction is an *improvement* upon our well-known Organette, which sells for $8 and $10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of $7 we will send the Organette by express to any address, and include FREE $3.50 worth of music, or on receipt of $5 we will send it with over $1.50 worth of music FREE, or for $3.50 we will send it with small selection of music FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. *These are agent's prices*, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if he so desires. Address,

The Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

A Feathered Shepherd.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barn-yard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on the breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called irridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel-blue to a red-gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In its wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed however—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and, though very jealous of his affection, endeavors to please him by a solicitude for the well-being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are, but, with a well-deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters were it pleases. In the morning it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to their feeding-ground; and if any should presume to wander, they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by pecks with its beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal-times it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well-bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been supplied.—*Will Woodman, in St. Nicholas.*

Skeleton of Guiteau, the Assassin.

The skeleton of the late Charles J. Guiteau, assassin of President Garfield, having been formally turned over to the Surgeon-General, is exhibited in an upright glass case situated in the north end of the army medical museum hall on Tenth street. A reporter of the *Gazette* having received a "pointer" to the above effect last evening started off for the museum to investigate the matter. Passing by large cases full of skulls, arms, pickled babies and other curiosities of humanity the upright case was reached. It was perfectly new and glistened under a recent coat of shining varnish. The interior was decorated with four human skeletons, suspended by their skulls and glistening in their snowy whiteness. Two of the largest one of which is Guiteau's bore no labels. The smaller ones were placarded "Negro girl" and "Skeleton of a boy." Of the former, that of the assassin can be easily distinguished by its height. Guiteau was five feet nine inches or five feet ten inches. The skeleton corresponds with these figures. The purpose of putting other skeletons in the case was doubtless to prevent suspicion. A close scrutiny of Guiteau's bones showed that each distinct portion had been marked with a very small letter "D" in indellible ink by the museum authorities, probably as a means of identification in case they are ever stolen Another noticeable feature was a slight stoop of the shoulders, which those who saw the man will recognize at once. The reporter turned to the gentleman who gave him the information and asked where the head was kept.

"The head was skinned after the autopsy," he replied; "it was then stuffed, sewed up and packed in alcohol, and is now in this building. Would you like to see it?"

The reporter answered affirmatively, and was taken to a room in the northern part of the museum, where he was shown the head which planned the second Presidential assassination in the United States. The preservation was remarkable and showed the perfect expression of Guiteau's face as he dropped into eternity, with the final words of the doggerel hymn on his lips.

"What was done with his flesh?" queried the reporter. "Was it thrown into the sewer, as published?"

"No, it was not," he replied. "Guiteau's flesh was cremated in this building at noon of November 27, 1882, after it had been stripped from the skeleton."

"How?"

"It was shoveled into the furnace above, and the ashes now grace some ash heap in the suburbs of Washington.—*Washington Gazette.*

Nothing Certain.

"You say you bought largely of Northern Pacific preferred?"

"Yes, sir."

"And lost?"

"Of course I lost."

"Then you bought common?"

"I did."

"And lost some more?"

"Yes sir."

"Then you tried Oregon & Trans-Continental?"

"I did."

"And you lost again?"

"Lost again."

"And now you want to know what you can do to get even with Villard?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I came to consult you about."

"H'm! H'm! The only way that suggests itself to me is to watch your chance and pick his pocket, though there is nothing certain that he would have anything in his wallet more valuable than the diagram of an eight per cent. dividend to be declared to bull the stocks again."—*Wall Street News.*

THE DAIRY.

—One quart of cotton-seed meal, free from husk, one quart of corn meal, and one of wheat and rye bran, fed twice a day, is the ration given by an exchange for a cow in full milk.

—The *Homestead* says that estimating the butter crop of Iowa at eighty million pounds a year, a loss of five cents per pound means one-twentieth as many dollars as there are pounds, or four million dollars.

—Slow milking of cows never secures the full product. The cow becomes tired of relaxing the udder muscles, and after a time resumes the more natural position of contracting them. This makes much stripping necessary, and a slow milker will never have patience to strip a long time. Partial milking soon dries the cow and greatly reduces her value.

—A Hartford paper makes the charge that there are farmers in the surrounding country who have for years brought into the city butter for dealers and families, who are now, and for a year or two have been, buying oleomargarine in Hartford, molding it over at home, and supplying it to their customers as the genuine product of their own dairies.

—The well-known fact that a cow will give more milk and make more butter on a bright, sunshiny day than during one of a dull, dark character is a strong argument in favor of having our winter stables so arranged that the animals get the benefit of plenty of sunshine. If possible, have the cows on the south side of the barn, and provide plenty of windows.—*American Cultivator.*

—A cement floor is not the best for a dairy, as it absorbs the drippings of milk and becomes foul in a short time. A good floor is of matched plank, with tight joints and painted, so that it will absorb no moisture. Whatever drippings fall from the churn may be washed off such a floor without leaving any traces. Brick is quite as absorbent as cement. A flagstone floor with close joints set in cement, is the best of all.

—A correspondent writes the *Country Gentleman* that large quantities of Dutch cheeses are annually imported into this country. They are round as a ball, of uniform size, and weigh about three and a half pounds each. They are generally of excellent quality, not colored, but the outside painted or stained red for protection. They are every year more sought after; for one reason, among others, that they can be kept, especially in summer, in a better state of preservation by so cutting them, with serrated edges, that they can be kept closed tight, except when opened to take out what is from time to time required. They are retailed here at one dollar and ten cents each. Why cannot just such cheese be made here? Surely it can be done and at a large profit, and with a saving to the country of the large sums sent abroad to buy them.

The Advantage of Dairying.

It is a proverb among farmers that dairying enriches the land and the farmer too. We have heretofore shown how it is that the production of milk does not exhaust the soil, and how it must necessarily continually improve it, so long as the dairyman feeds some kind of purchased food to his cows, which all do more or less. But although this may be one result of this business, it is not one that operates by itself without the aid of the dairyman. Plums may fall from a tree into a man's mouth, but he must take care to be there with his mouth open when the plum falls, or it drops without advantage to him. And so the dairyman should have the credit for the result of his business—first, because he has the good sense to choose it; next, because he generally manages it well; then, because the very nature of his business compels him to be a studious man, and lastly, because the nature of his business is such that the study of it makes him thoughful, and this makes him inquiring, and that induces him to gather himself together in meetings to talk over his business and discuss its intricate points, and morever, to seek in papers and books all the possible information he can in regard to the conduct of his affairs. Moreover, all these things make him a sharp business man, and he studies the markets and suits his products to the demand, and so gets the full value for them. Being all this, and being consequently prosperous, the dairyman may very well be studied by the farmer and his ways and methods adopted as far as they may be, for, being sound and practical, and, moreover, successful, these ways and methods will serve the ends of the farmers as well as they have done those of the dairymen.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Creameries Will Stay.

It was said awhile ago that the creameries had fulfilled their purpose, and "must go." They will not go; they have come to stay, as the *Dairy* pertinently says, "for the very bottom principle upon which they are based is one that is indispensable for success in any kind of business. The creamery or factory does the work of a hundred pairs of hands and turns out a ton of butter or cheese at the cost of the labor of one-tenth as many. That is, the manufacture of dairy goods, under this system, is reduced ninety per cent. Along with this economy of labor there is a saving of time to an equal extent, for ninety pairs of hands are set free for other useful employment, or if the hands are idle, there are ninety heads at liberty to think and originate valuable new ideas. Moreover, it occupies one special pair of hands and head constantly, and this constant practice soon makes an expert, the more quickly and perfectly as the person may be the more intelligent or apt to learn by experience dexterity gained in this constant practice. So that there is the needed cheapness of product, more effective work by the use of the best machinery, and the best quality of product that is possible with the material used. Again, the creamery or factory, for its own interest, exerts an educational influence by its oversight upon its patrons, and new and better methods of lodging, feeding and milking the cows are very quickly introduced and practiced in the contributary dairies. The factory and the creamery are improvements. Improvements never go backward. The march of improvements is always onward and forward, and until some better device is found to take their place, the creameries have come to stay. But we do not expect they will ever monopolize the dairy. In the very nature of things they can only average their product, and the best class of private dairies, in which capital and the highest skill are available, will always surpass them in the quality of both their butter and their cheese."

* * *

—A saw-mill in Cape May County, New Jersey, is run by wind.

The Mole.

These pretty little creatures are found in all the grand divisions of the earth excepting South America. In appearance they vary somewhat in different lands, but their habits are essentially the same. One often observes long ridges winding across the lawn or meadow, and wonders at their origin. They are made by the mole, in search of food, for he is a voracious little animal, and devours thousands of worms and insects that would prove very pernicious. A better knowledge of natural history would enable us to do justice to many harmless creatures, and prevent much personal annoyance, as well as destruction of property. Annihilate the dragon-fly and you will be tormented with mosquitoes; kill the pretty little lady-bug and your garden will be devoured by the green aphis; slaughter or drive away the wild birds and then wonder why worms and caterpillars swarm upon your fruit and shade trees.

But to return to Mr. Mole. Nature, mindful of her most humble children, while denying acute vision to the mole, has bestowed upon it a quick sense of smell and hearing, thus enabling it to discover the haunts of the earth-worm and grub that it pursues under ground, and also to avoid the presence of its enemies. Mole-catchers, understanding this acuteness of smell, keep a dead mole which they draw through their traps and the adjoining soil to remove the scent of human contact. Its usual habitation is in damp places or near streams. Their fortifications are constructed in a very curious manner, with long, circular galleries and connecting passages. In the middle of the lower gallery is a round chamber or sleeping apartment. The nest of the female is in a separate hillock, much larger, and at some distance from the fortress. The mole is very dainty regarding its personal appearance. The body is dark colored, the feet and tail white. The hair, which is short and very thick, grows straight out from the skin; therefore it is always smooth in whatever direction the animal moves, and does not become filled with particles of earth. In digging they work very rapidly, and soon bury themselves from sight. The fore-paws are extremely large and the bones of the fore-arm very thick and strong. The English peasantry say that the mole works for three hours, then rests for three, laboring and resting alternately through the day.—*Humane Journal.*

A Story About Senator Williams.

Old Cero Gordon Williams is the handsomest man of his years in Kentucky, not excepting General William Preston, formerly Minister to Spain and at the Court of susceptible Isabella. William is six feet two inches, with grizzled-iron mustache and curled wig, piercing gray eyes, the frame of a giant and a voice of fine, melodious ring. He is as vain as a peacock. While traveling in Southern Russia, when a young man, he alighted at a village where the Emperor Nicholas was hourly expected. Williams was taken for the Emperor. It took the Russians an hour to get over the mistake, but Williams has never entirely recovered. He won his title by gallantry before the walls of Cerro Gordo, a Captain in Scott's army, and he has maintained his fame for prowess by many personal encounters, in all of which he handled himself well. He affects the quality divine to politicians—of an infallible memory for names and faces, and is not above the crudest arts of a demagogue. One evening at Stanford, while he was dining with some friends in an upper room at the town hotel, one of his admirers stumbled across "Buck" Combs, who had been a bugler in Williams' regiment during the war. They had not met since. Combs got his bugle, and, accompanied by an immense crowd, went down to serenade his old comrade with war melodics. Standing under his window he lifted up the old regimental call to "boot and saddle." He repeated it once and again.

"Tom," said old Williams to his host, "where is that stage starting to this time of night, and what is the driver tootin' so much about!"

"Why, Senator," exclaimed his friend, regretfully, "that's "Buck" Combs, your old bugler, serenading you. I told 'em you would remember him and his bugle, and they want a speech."

The old General stepped out of the window on the balcony, and lifting his voice as silence fell on the crowd, said:

"That bugle call," he said, with a choking voice; "that bugle call, my friends, is like a dear echo of memory. If I had heard it in the untrodden wilds of a pathless wilderness, I would have known that old "Buck" Combs was winding its sweet notes. Often has it called the old command to fields of carnage and the thrill of victory. (Cheers.) There is but one bugler in the world that could evoke these sweet notes, and that is "Buck" Combs, of the old —th Kentucky. (Cheers.) I knew it the instant I heard it." (Cheers).—*Lexington (Ky.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

An American Trait.

Why does that gentleman rise from his seat?

Because he gets out at the next station.

But we have not got near the next station yet.

I beg your pardon. From an American point of view, we are very near it. It is less than a mile away.

See, he rushes wildly toward the door; and now he is on the platform. Is he not in danger?

The only danger he dreads is the danger of losing one-quarter of a second.

Ah, we are almost at the station now, Will he not wait until the cars stop?

No, indeed; that would be a waste of precious time.

There he goes. Good heavens! he has fallen! The cars have run over him!

Yes, such things frequently happen in America: but, you know, where one man is killed half a dozen jump off successfully. The chances of death are only one in six or thereabouts.

They have picked him up. His lips move. He is speaking.

Yes, he says: "I die a true American."—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

—Eighteen years ago Robert V. Evans, of Berkley County, Virginia, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of three years for horse-stealing, but while on the way to the Penitentiary he escaped, and nothing has been seen of him since that time until one day last week, when he was discovered living near his old home with a wife and three children. A heartrending scene was enacted when the sheriff made his appearance to summon the ex-convict to serve out his sentence, and as he started to go with the officer, with tears in his eyes, he turned to his wife and said: "Wife, this is for an offense committed before I married you. Try and bear up under this affliction, and take care of our children until I return."—*Chicago Times.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Dio Lewis says the Americans eat too much.

—Georgia claims to have statistics to prove that she has a smaller percentage of idiots and insane persons to the total population than any other State.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Kentucky paper has noticed that insane murderers are always sane enough to employ the most celebrated lawyers to defend them.

—A restaurant in London advertises "American buckwheat cakes in every style." It will interest many people to know that there is more than one style of buckwheat cakes.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Biliousness is not so widely spread a disorder among Americans as it was fifty years ago, according to the statement of a scientific writer who pretends to know all about it.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—An innovation at fashionable dinner parties is the serving of peanuts with the coffee and fruit. Peanuts are said to be good for dyspepsia, and it may be for this reason that they have been introduced.

—A Massachusetts bride is about to begin housekeeping on $8,000,000. It takes about $8,000,000 for a young woman of these days to keep house during the first three years of her matrimony.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Another writer rises to remark that there are more lawyers and physicians than are needed in this country. Those professions would not be overcrowded if parents did not push sons into them who have not the requisite qualifications necessary for success.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says the toothpick and needle toes on boots and shoes will probably disappear next spring, and fashionable young men will return to more sensible styles. Sensible people will continue to wear such shoes as they please.

—Captain James Rahns, of the barge Kill Van Kull, of New York, had no further use for Mrs. Rahns, and putting her into a yawl set her adrift on the outgoing tide of the ocean outside of Sandy Hook. The boat was overtaken by a tug and recovered, with the famished woman fast asleep in it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In a bummers' fight at New York the other day one of the ruffians stuck a dirk into Jim O'Donnell's back, where it stuck so fast that it could not be withdrawn, and the victim walked to a hospital, where three doctors separately undertook to draw the knife, but gave it up. A lever was finally construoted and the weapon thus pried out.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—The *Times*, of Eastman, Ga., tells of a Cochran Justice of the Peace who, just as two attorneys were about to argue a case, took up his hat and said: "Gentlemen, you may talk about this case as much as you please; but I've got to go home and set out some potato slips. When you get through you'll find my decision written out there;" and he walked out.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Stedly, of Stony Point, N. J., died recently, and Dr. Cooper having failed to gather from her any of her symptoms, insisted on an inquest. Then it came out that her husband, Joseph, and his brother, George, had beaten her and struck her in the back with an ax because she did not earn money enough to feed them as well as they wanted to live.—*Newark Register.*

—A New England editor thus writes understandingly and with true sentiment: "The fairs are all over, the pumpkins are gathered into the barns and the apples in the bins, the nuts stored in the garrets and the cider ripening in the barrels, and it would seem as if there was a round lot of prospective comfort amid the snows of winter."

—A Jacksonville (Fla.) paper records the death of Miss Kittie Worrall from grief and prostration. The young girl was to have been married. The bridegroom and all the friends were assembled at the house and the hour for the ceremony fast approaching, when the young man excused himself from the company on the plea of having forgotten the wedding ring and left the house and has never been seen since.

Boston Bloods.

Mr. C. S. Hollis, Veterinary Surgeon, Boston, Mass., certifies that he has made the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, the sole remedy in his practice for horse ailments, and considers it superior to any cure he has known in forty years. He tried the same great pain-banisher on himself for rheumatism and by which he was completely cured.

"Yes," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of my marriage appear in the paper under the head-line Hogg-Penn." *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

It must be a wonderful rest to a multitude of old clocks to have new time.—*Boston Post.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, December 7, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 00
Choice butchers	4 25	@ 4 85
HOGS—Common	3 90	@ 4 60
Good packers	5 00	@ 5 34
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Family	4 60	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 10	@
No. 2 red	1 05½	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	58	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	31½	@
Rye—No. 2	61	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 50	@
Lard—Prime steam	8 25	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@ 25
Prime Creamery	25	@ 34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 30
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$2 80	@ 3 40
Good to choice	3 60	@ 6 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 08	@
No. 2 red	1 11¼	@ 1 12¼
Corn—No. 2 mixed	63½	@ 65
Oats—mixed	35½	@ 38½
PORK—Mess	14 00	@14 50
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	96¼	@ 98
Corn—No. 2	57	@ 57¾
Oats—No. 2	31½	@ 32¾
Rye	57	@
PORK—Mess	12 95	@13 50
LARD—Steam	8 35	@ 8 50
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07¾	@
Corn—mixed	60½	@
Oats—mixed	38	@ 39
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Refined	9¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 02	@
Corn—mixed	54¼	@
Oats—mixed	32½	@ 33
PORK—MESS	14 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 02	@
CORN—mixed	54	@
OATS—mixed	31	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 3 00
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Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

What is the difference between a dull razor and a dull boy? None; for they both get strapped.

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$10,000 would not purchase from me what Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has effected in my case. It has cured me of Malarial Rheumatism. Archie Thomas, Springfield, Tenn.

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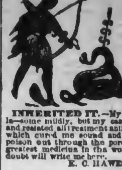

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I shrunk!

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Nearly cured me;"

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"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

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"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

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So successfully used after all other methods have failed in the curing of Brain, Heart and Nervous Diseases, should send stamp for The Messenger of Health. Address CHAS. W. SCOTT, M. D., Kansas City, Mo.

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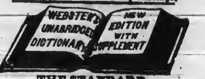

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This matchless invention wholly supersedes every other form of Garter for Ladies, Gentlemen or Children's wear. They are worn with all the comfort of the best known garters, and are NOT MORE EXPENSIVE.

PRICE, in Finest Silk Webbing (usual colors), Stud and Buckle Clasp, 12, 13½, 15 inch, $1.50; 17 inch, $2.00 per pair. Mailed to any address on receipt of money. Send for circular. LONDON ELECTRIC FABRIC CO., 81 Beekman St., New York.

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A. N. K.—E. 955

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BOONE COUNTY RECORDER.

VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1883. NUMBER 8.

A SAD VIEW OF LIFE.

I knew a man and knew his wife;
Great learning had they from the schools;
Yet candor forces me to say
They were a pair of ——.

They had a son who early drank
From hard Experience's pool,
Who knew much more than older folks,
And also was a ——.

These parents bought this boy a gun,
With little bullets, hard and cool.
Upon the gun was sweetly carved,
"To our beloved ——."

Our grave old fogy shook his head
And thereby gained much ridicule—
The boy went hunting with a friend,
Another precious ——.

Two walked away, and one ran back,
Says he: "That gun was very cru'l."
The startled neighbors shrieked and cried:
"Where is the other ——?"

Last night I viewed a marble slab,
All graven with a practiced tool,
And read thereon these stony words:
"Here lies a lifeless ——."

—*Boston Globe.*

A BUNCH OF CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

It still wanted three weeks of Christmas, but the Hollands' little unpainted cottage, on the edge of a beautiful old wood, was redolent with the sweet, spicy odor of pine, hemlock and laurel, great bunches of which were heaped in one corner of the tiny kitchen, and which ten-year-old Katy and twelve-year-old Phil were rapidly and skilfully transforming into graceful wreaths and festoons, while their mother busied herself over the fire, preparing the simple dinner for her young family. For well they knew there would soon be a call from the great city for Christmas greens, to deck its homes and churches; and that upon the sale of these garlands their mother depended to pay the rent for the wee house and small patch of land they called "home." The summer had been an unusually cold one, and the crops had failed, so the wolf stood closer to the door than ever before, while Phil's only coat was thin and threadbare; Katy had had to make her three-year-old hat last another season, and the twins, Nelly and Nolly, had run through their shoes until their feet were almost on the ground on account of the holes.

"I wish we had some holly!" exclaimed Katy, as she held up a large wreath of rich, heavy ground-pine; "the red berries look so pretty, mingled with the green."—"I have hunted everywhere for some," said Phil, "but, like the potatoes and cabbages, the holly crop seems to have failed this year. It is a pity, too, for it brings the highest price of any greens."—"And we want all the money we can get," sighed Mrs. Holland, stirring the bean-soup that was bubbling merrily in the iron pot; "poor children, you are helping to make Christmas bright and merry for others, and will have none yourselves, for I shall not have a penny to spare this year for sugar-plums."—"Never mind, mother," said Phil, cheerfully; "we can be happy without sweet things." But Katy looked grave, and her lip quivered, as she thought of the disappointment of the dear little twins, should they wake on Christmas morning and find their stockings empty.

At that moment there was heard the patter of footsteps outside of the house, and two childish voices cried: "Open the door! open the door!"

Phil flew to do so, and, panting and breathless, in rushed Nelly and Nolly, their eyes sparkling, and their small arms clasping tightly huge bundles of dark, glossy holly, plentifully dotted with the much-prized scarlet berries. "There; isn't that fine?" asked Nolly, as she threw the burden at her sister's feet; "though I have 'most scratched my hands off gathering it." "Lovely! but where did you find it?" exclaimed Katy. "Away over in Bramble Hollow," said Nelly. "Mr. Pillsbury told us of it; and Noll and I went and got as much as we could carry, to surprise you. It is the only bush near here, and it's dreadful prickly," and both children displayed their mutilated hands. "You are a dear, smart little pair," said Phil, patting the curly heads; at which praise from their big brother the six-year-olders blushed with delight. "I hope Santa Claus will think so, and bring us some skates," said Nolly, as she sat down to dinner; "for it is cold as Greenland, and the pond is freezing hard." "And some new shoes, and candy, and oranges," added Nelly. "Oh! I wish it was Christmas now!" at which words the kind mother turned aside to wipe away a tear, and Katy and Phil at once became strangely silent.

That night the two older children sat up long after the others, by the fire of pine knots which served them for both fuel and lights; for it was cold in the attic, where they slept, and they dreaded to leave the warm, comfortable kitchen. The old clock on the mantel shelf ticked fifteen minutes away without a word being spoken; then Katy threw a fresh knot on the fire, and, as it blazed up, said: "Phil, I have an idea!" "Well, what is it?" "The children must have a taste of Christmas, somehow!" "Presents, do you mean?" "Yes." "But where are they to come from?" "I don't know; but I have been thinking of something. Suppose we write a letter!" "To whom, Santa Claus?" "Yes; or some other kind-hearted person; and hide it away in that bunch of holly," and Katy pointed to a bouquet of scarlet and green that she had just carefully arranged, placing a rare piece of mistletoe in the center. "Perhaps something may come of it."

Phil whistled, which with him was expressive of deep astonishment. "You are a queer girl!" he said at last. "I never should have thought of such a thing; but it will do no harm, if it does no good." Then, let us try it!" cried Katy, and hurried to bring the fly-leaf of an ancient arithmetic, and a stump of a pencil, they being the only writing materials the house afforded; but with these, bending low in the ruddy firelight, the brother and sister composed the very first letter they ever wrote, badly spelled and worse written, but filled with a sort of simple, childish pathos.

"Will the one who gets this bunch of holley please remember the little twins, Nolly and Nelly, who hurt their fingers so badley, trying to pick it; for Krismas is not cuming to our house this yeer, because pa is dead, and ma is so very poor. They are six yeers old, and want sum shoes and skaits; please be so kind as to send them. This is written by their brother and sister.

"Phillip & Kate Holland,
"Bushville, M— Co., Mass." "12 & 10 yrs old."

This epistle they read over and over; with much pride, and then tied it securely in the very middle of the thorny holly sprays, where it was quite hidden from sight; and, unknown to their mother, it was next day packed in a barrel with hundreds of wreaths and yards of festooning, and shipped by rail to New York, where a week later it adorned a window of a fashionable shop on Broadway.

In a richly furnished room, by a blazing coal fire, that lit up with its rosy light the rare paintings on the walls and the handsome surroundings, all of which bespoke both wealth and comfort, sat a lady, dressed in heavy black, trying to shut her ears to the holiday mirth in the street without; for, only one short year before, childish feet had danced gaily up and down the broad staircase, and merry voices resounded through the stately halls. But now the little feet were still, the two sweet voices hushed, and the mother sat alone in her childless home, finding little joy in the holy, happy Christmastide. "Poor Mrs. Howard! how sorrowful she looks," thought a kind-hearted sewing-girl, who had brought home some work, and received a generous gift in addition to the money due her. "I wish I could cheer her up a little," and so thinking, came to a standstill before a florist's store, the windows of which were gay with fragrant evergreens and bright-hued flowers. "Oh! what pretty holly! and how Christmaslike it looks! I wish Mrs. Howard could see this, for I know she is fond of it." So, on kind deed intent, the girl entered the shop and inquired the price of the bunch of holly. It came within her slender means, and with a glowing face she hastened back to the darkened house, and with a courtesy and a "Pardon me, ma'am, but I have just brought you a bit of Christmas," laid the messenger from the pine woods on her lap.—"Oh! thank you, Maggie; this is really beautiful!" said Mrs. Howard; and, glad to see her smile ever so faintly, the girl left with a lighter heart. But a moment later, tears were falling among the scarlet berries, and sparkling like dew-drops on the dark-green leaves, as slowly the lady untied the bunch, intending to decorate her children's portraits with the humble gift. Her thoughts had wandered far away into the sad land of memory, when suddenly something rustling beneath her fingers brought her back to the present, and with surprise she drew forth from its green bed and read the little note sent by Katy and Phil from their mountain home in New England.

The holly messenger had done its mission, and done it well, for with a new and happier look on her face than it had worn for mouths, Mrs. Howard laid down the letter exclaiming: "Poor little ones! they *shall* have a merry Christmas, if I can give it them." and hastily donning hat and cloak, she joined the laughing, hurrying throng without. On his return home that evening, Mr. Howard was both surprised and delighted to find his wife bright and interested, busily packing a large box with clothing, toys, and sweetmeats, to which she even added a little gown that had belonged to her own little Helen, who was just the age of wee Nelly. The holly had proved a blessing to both sender and receiver.

It was Christmas eve, cold and frosty; the snow falling in large flakes, quietly and gently, around the lonely little cottage on the border of the pine forest. But, within, it looked quite gay and festal, for the children had covered the old cracked walls with garlands of green, and stood great hemlock branches in the corners, while the pine knots burned as though they knew it was Christmas; and close to the chimney hung two little striped stockings, fastened up there by Nelly and Nolly, who were now fast asleep in an adjoining room, "while visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads."

"I am afraid the holly messenger has failed," whispered Phil to Katy, as he carefully shaped a small wooden boat he was whittling out for Nolly. "Yes." sighed Katy, glancing up from the bag she was filling with beans, "is it getting very late," "Here is all there is to put in the stockings," said Mrs. Holland, emerging from the cupboard with two red apples, a doughnut man and woman, and some handfuls of chestnuts. "Poor dots! I am afraid they will be disappointed, not to find even a stick of candy."

At that moment a thundering rap-tap-tap sounded through the house, and made them all jump. "Who can that be, this time of night?" said the mother, starting to open the door; but Katy was before her, and ushered in a neighboring farmer, covered with snow, and bearing a huge box, which he set down with a thump, saying: "There, Mrs. Holland, I found that down to the village, directed to you, so I jist brought it up." "Thank you very much, though I don't know what it can be." "A Christmas-box, may be!" laughed the man; "but I must hurry along," while Phil and Katy seemed to have suddenly lost their senses, as they went dancing wildly around the room, clapping their hands, and crying: "It's the holly! the holly! and Christmas has come after all!" greatly to the mystification of their mother, until, while Phil ran for a hatchet, Katy told her of the letter they had sent in the barrel of greens. She could hardly believe her ears, and still less her eyes, when the cover having been knocked off, they drew forth the contents of that wonderful Christmas-box. "Here are the skates, and the shoes, and the candy, and the oranges! everything the children wished for!" cried Katy, in ecstacy; "and a beautiful hat and thick, warm dress for both Nell and Noll. Oh! won't they be pleased!" "And you older ones are not forgotten," said Mrs. Holland, holding up two packages, addressed to "Miss Kate and Master Philip Holland," and which were found to contain the prettiest suits they had ever seen, together with various articles dear to the hearts of girls and boys, and which they declared to be just what they wanted; while even the mother was not neglected, for a warm blanket shawl, and a kind letter enclosing a ten-dollar bill, sent the grateful tears welling to her eyes, as she called down many blessings on the generous lady in her far-off city home, who had so liberally responded to the prayer of the holly-berries. So the stockings were filled, and filled to overflowing; and it was a merry sight that the sun peeped in upon next morning, and caught two little white-robed figures capering over the floor and shouting with delight, as they declared it to be the very best Christmas they had ever known; while Katy, in her new plaid dress, and Phil, in his natty blue suit, smiled upon the children's joy.

And not only to the Holland family did the bunch of holly bring a merry Christmas, for many a poor city home was made glad and cheery that day, by the visits and gifts of the sad-eyed lady, who, having once tasted the joy of giving, was not willing to stop, but scattered her bounties far and wide, becoming herself much happier in so doing.

From amidst rich wreaths of glossy holly shone the sweet, pictured faces of the little lost Helen and Robbie Howard; but the Christmas angels of Charity and Good-will reigned in the saddened home, and the mother's heart was comforted.—*Agnes Carr, in American Agriculturist.*

Carelessness of Safe-Depositors.

A friend of mine, who keeps her valuables in one of our safe-deposit vaults, lost six bonds of $1,000 each the other day, and did not discover her loss until after she had left town; so she asked me if I would inquire at the vault [illegible] see if, by any possibility, she could [illegible] left them in the little room [illegible] cut off her coupons. I made [illegible] but the bonds had not been seen. [illegible] Miss —— not to worry," said the manager; "they are probably in her box with the others. I have seen so much of this sort of thing that I never think a thing has been lost until it is found again." With this encouragement my friend came down and made a search of her papers, and, sure enough, found the missing bonds tucked away under a pile of another denomination. "I supposed you would," said the manager; "they are never lost. Do you see that vault?" and he pointed to one of the larger of the vaults. "Well, that is as full as it will hold of things that have been dropped around here by careless people; and even people who could hardly be called careless do careless things occasionally. In that safe there are a gold watch, a pair of diamond earrings, bundles of bonds, envelopes of coupons, and various other things, and that is only one of several safes we keep for such articles." "Do you know who owns them?" "Some, yes; and we have informed the owners. Others are waiting claimants. Since you have been here a gentleman has been in; cut off several envelopes of coupons, and left them here in his overcoat pocket. We know who he is, as his name is on the bank-book. He was evidently just going to make a deposit, for his pocket-book is filled with checks and bills. Whenever any one goes in one of those little rooms to cut off coupons we go in and make a regular search when he goes out. One man left a tin box full of bonds the other day. He thought he put it in his safe, which he was very careful to lock. When we sent for him he could hardly believe it possible that he had been so careless. Another thing people do: they cut off their coupons, put them in a envelope and put the filled envelope back in the rack and the empty one in a pocket. I picked $1,000 out of the spittoon the other day. A man cut his coupons and put them in an envelope. He directed it wrong, tore it in two and tossed it, coupons and all, away, directed a new one and put it in his pocket. We have restored $1,000,000 worth of property to its owners in the fifteen years that I have been here. All left around through carelessness. Yours is not an exceptional case at all; on the contrary, it is one in a thousand."—*N. Y. Letter.*

Proof Readers.

Almost every week the office of the editor or the publisher is besieged by some hungry college graduate who is sure there must be a great deal of proof waiting to be read. He is aspiring to an editorial or legal or clerical position, but is unfortunately reduced to such straits that he is obliged to ask for such "mechanical" (almost "manual") labor as correcting proofs. Of course he can do that, and when he wishes, he can drop it and go on to something higher. A great mistake. No profession requires a longer period of apprenticeship. A proof-reader learns something new almost every day of his life. To be successful, he or she must be able to co-ordinate a large number of forces or qualifications, and focus them upon the work. The reader must not only be a walking encyclopedia of knowledge, but, in an age of cheaply and rapidly printed literature, he must be a person of bottom, stomach, endurance. The constitution must be sound and vigorous as to occasionally endure the strain of cramming two days' work into one. The proof-reader must have a falcon eye, trained to pounce upon an error with intuitive certainty. "One must have the eyes of a lynx or the thousand eyes of Argus, if one purposes to get a book through the press without a lie in it." The corrector must also have a clear, lucid understanding—alert, unclouded by dissipation. He must be methodical in his habits, and, to avoid suicide or insanity, must take care to get plenty of exercise, as well as recreation in the shape of soothing music and laughter-provoking comedy. And finally, he must know how to keep the mind and the body permanently in such a condition of vigor that day after day, year in and year out, he can stick to his desk, and go through the mountains of work that keeps piling upon him. Indeed, the widening of the curriculum of life-knowledge, with the diffusion of science through a thousand popular channels, has put a great strain upon the faculties of the proof-reader, and so highly are the services of experienced members of the profession valued that, at the end of fifteen or twenty years' work, they are as independent of rivals and of employer as are other first-class artists and artisans, the only rivalry connected with them being that of the different publishers to secure their work for themselves.—*Boston Herald.*

—Probably the worst disgusted crowd in Texas was a mob which went to lynch a man and discovered that he had already been hanged by a previous party.

Our Young Folks.

SLY SANTA CLAUS.

All the house was asleep,
And the fire burning low,
When, from far up the chimney,
Came down a "Ho! ho!"
And a little, round man,
With a terrible scratching,
Dropped into the room
With a wink that was catching.
Yes, down he came, bumping,
And thumping, and jumping,
And picked himself up without sign of a bruise!

"Ho! ho!" he kept on,
As if bursting with cheer,
"Good children, gay children,
Glad children, see here!
I have brought you fine dolls,
And gay trumpets and rings,
Noah's arks, and bright skates,
And a host of good things!
I have brought a whole sackful,
A packful, a hackful!
Come hither, come hither, come hither and choose.

"Ho! ho! What is this?
Why, they all are asleep!
But their stockings are up,
And my presents will keep!
So, in with the candies,
The books and the toys;
All the goodies I have
For the good girls and boys.
I'll ram them, and jam them,
And slam them, and cram them;
All the stockings will hold while the tired creatures snooze.

"Ho! ho! How they'll laugh
When they open their eyes?
Ha! ha! How I wish
I could see their surprise!
But I'll give one a kiss,
And I then must be off!
He! he! Little puss,
Does my breath make you cough?
Don't worry; I'll skurry,
Be off in a hurry;
So you all may sleep on while I finish my cruise."

All the while his round shoulders
Kept ducking and ducking;
And his little, fat fingers
Kept tucking and tucking,
Until every stocking
Bulged out, on the wall,
As if it were bursting,
And ready to fall.
And then, all at once,
With a whisk and a whistle,
And twisting himself
Like a tough bit of gristle,
He bounced up again
Like the down of a thistle,
And nothing was left but the prints of his shoes.

Mrs. S. C. Stone, in N. Y. Independent.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

At the very tiptop of a very long hill stands a big white house; and at the foot of the hill stands a little house which the winds and rain and sun have painted black.

Mrs. Deane, who lives in the big white house, has one little girl, and Mrs. Day, who lives in the little black house, has three.

Every Monday morning the three little Days tug a big basket up the long hill to the white house, after the weekly "wash;" and every Thursday afternoon they tug it up again, filled with clothes as sweet and clean as sweet and clean can be. For Nora and Nannie and Bess have no papa, and their mamma has to work early and late to earn clothes for their growing bodies, and bread enough to fill their hungry little mouths. Sometimes there *isn't* enough.

Now I have come to the story.

It was the week before Christmas, and little May Deane, in the pretty sitting-room of the house on the hill, was chatting to her mamma and Dicky, the canary, about Santa Claus, and what she was sure he would bring her, when there came a knock at the door.

It was Thursday afternoon, and Nora and Nannie and Bess had brought home the clothes.

Mrs. Deane asked them in to wait for the basket; and when they were in Dicky sang for them, and May kept up her chatter, tipping her head sideways, and looking almost like a canary herself, with yellow curls and bright eyes.

"What do you suppose Santa Claus will bring *you*?" asked she.

The little Days stared very hard at each other and at May. Nora answered; she is the oldest:

"We don't know who he is."

It was May's turn to stare. In all her life she had never before found anybody who didn't know Santa Claus.

"Then who gives you things Christmas?" asked she.

"We don't have any," answered Nora, "'thout's sometimes we get our winter shoes then."

"Why, don't you hang up your stockings?"

"No," said Nora.

"Nor have any Christmas tree *ever*?" May asked.

"No," said Nora, again; and then Mrs. Deane came back with the basket, and the three little Days made three little curtsies and went away.

May stood at the window and watched them go down the snowy road. Her face was very sober.

"Mamma," she asked, "why don't Santa Claus ever go to their house?"

"Perhaps the chimney's too small for him," answered mamma, with a smile.

"It isn't a chimney at all; it's a stove-pipe," said May. "May be it *is* too small."

She looked out of the window for a long time, without speaking. At last she said:

"Don't you s'pose he'd go there this year if I wrote him a letter and asked him to?"

"Perhaps," mamma answered, "if he had gifts enough in his pack."

"If he hadn't mamma, he needn't come here."

Mamma smiled. "Then I think he might," she said. "But the stove-pipe —how could he manage that?"

May thought a moment. Then she clapped her hands and whirled about like a live top, spinning right up to her mother's side at last.

"O mamma, mamma!" she cried, "let me be their Santa Claus and make 'em a tree, like the one Aunt Bella made for me last year, and I looked in the parlor and caught her tying on the oranges! O mamma, can't I, please? —with strings of pop-corn and candy horns and apples? And then I won't care if Santa Claus, the really-truly Santa Claus, mamma, doesn't come here. Can't I, please?"

And mamma kissed her little daughter's lips. "I think you can," said she. "You may ask papa about it."

"I just the same's know he'll say I can!" cried May. And so he did, pinching her round cheeks red, and teasing her a good deal about getting sooty going down Mrs. Day's stove-pipe.

What fun it was! May went about the house with dancing eyes. You see she had a secret, and I'd like to know if there ever lived a little girl who didn't enjoy a secret—such a beautiful secret, too! It was just the best sport to peep into parcels which papa brought home from the village. Then there was the corn to pop and string, and the apples to get ready; and of course this work would take a great deal of time if you wanted it to (so to bring Christmas quicker), and string a good deal of corn and tied a good many apples, just as May did.

So Christmas came, or the day before Christmas, which is almost as much fun; and May's papa went to the wood-lot and brought home the tree, a trim little fir, with dark green, glossy boughs. He planted it straight and firm in a tiny tub, filled with sand, which May stuck full of twigs and bits of evergreen.

"So nice for Nannie to wash her doll's clothes in," said she. "It's just big enough." She meant the tub.

Then she hung the apples and candy horns on the branches; and the strings of pop-corn, like little snow-wreaths, and the gifts.

There was a warm shawl for Mrs. Day, a dress for each of the three little girls, a doll, with real hair, for Nannie, a tea-set for Bess and a pretty work-box for Nora.

That night, when the stars began to come out, May's papa took her on the big hand-sled, with the tree, and away they flew down the long hill to the little black house. Papa set the tree on the step. Then he knocked gently, and whisked May away from the door.

What do you suppose Nora and Nannie and Bess said and did when they peeped out and saw the tree?

"They just hollored and hollered, and hopped up and down!" cried May to mamma, when papa had drawn her home again. "And then they all took it in and shut the door. O, mamma, I'm so glad I did!"

And, after all, Santa Claus paid the big white house a visit; of course, he did. For it wasn't really he who made the Days' Christmas-tree, you know—it was only little May Deane.—*Ada Carleton, in Youth's Companion.*

A Boy's Composition on Turkey.

In the geography we read about Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, with the capital city, Constantinople, near the strait called Bosphorus. But we now write regarding a turkey in the United States, and he is the *boss* for us.

He is a very fine fowl, and is just as anxious to go headlong into a fight as the country for which he is named.

Two years ago last summer, when I was a little boy (I am not so very big yet), I was in Ohio visiting some relatives.

One day, when playing in the barn-yard, I saw a very large turkey-gobbler. People call them gobblers, not because they gobble everything they can eat, but because they talk way down in their throats, and the only word they can say is "gobble," and that word they say over and over again with a great flourish of their wings and tail.

Well, I had on short trousers, long red stockings, and a red neck-tie. The turkey did not see me at first, but I saw him, and said "gobble" once or twice. I do not know exactly how many times I did say it, but am sure it was not more than twice, for, when he heard me and saw my red stockings, he made for me with all sails spread.

His face grew as red as fire, and he gave me to understand that that word "gobble" was his word. I believe he was bigger than a baby-carriage, and about the shape of one, too.

I was scared, and I fairly flew to a corn-crib close by, ran in, and shut the door behind me. Then a man came and drove him away.

The saddest part of this true story is that I did not get to stay and help eat that old gobbler on the next Christmas Day.

As soon as I got safely out of that corn-crib, I went to the house and changed my stockings and neck-tie. Red was an unhealthy color to wear in that barn-yard.

The first settlers of this country did not have Thanksgiving Day very regular; but when they did, they also had roasted turkey.

There were a great many wild turkeys in those days, and they were fatter and nicer in November than any other month in the year. One turkey and a few pumpkin pies would make a meal for a family.

The turkey could be found in the woods, and the pumpkins in the corn-field.

I sometimes feel sorry for the turkeys about this time of the year. But I would rather be a turkey-gobbler than a goose. It is hard to tell which has the ugliest voice. Both have a sad time of it in November and December.—*Lorin W. Reid, in Golden Days.*

'Tributin' to de Cause.

Old Simon went around to collect money for the church. Meeting old Jasper he said:

"Bruder Jasper, de church am in a sort o' strait, an' we wants yer ter 'tribute a leetle suthin' ter de cause."

"Yer's a good man, ain't yer, Brudder Simon?"

"Tries ter be, bruder; tries ter be."

"Wall, I'se mighty willin' ter hep de cause, but I ain't got no money wid me. Would yer 'cept o' a order on a good man?"

"Sartinly I would."

"Wall, I'll gin yer an order on yerse'f fur five dollars. Thought I'd dun forgot de time when yer cotch me drunk, an' borried dat money frum me, eh?"

"W'y, brudder—"

"W'y, brudder, nuthin'. Go on away frum heah, yer ashy lookin' rascal, ur I'll frail yer wid a lim' till yer kain't holler," and when Simon had gone, Jasper added to himself: "Fooled dat nigger, sho. It was me what borried five dollars frum him, when we was bof drunk. A man's got ter hussel outen bed soon in de mornin' ef he pulls de wool ober dis chicken's eyes."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

—The editor of the Yonkers (N. Y.) *Record*, in announcing the suspension of his paper, said: "Warm as the weather is, it is a cold day for the *Record*.

Religious.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS-EVE.

O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places,
On this, the gladdest night of all the year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces,
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

Lord, there be toiling ones on whom life's burden
Presses so ceaselessly, they have no time
To snatch for a brief hour rest's blessed guerdon,
Or swell by one faint note our Christmas chime.
For these, O Father, our petition hear;
Send Thou the lowly Christ-child very near.

And there be tempted souls this night, still waging
Such desperate warfare with all evil powers:
Anthems of peace, while the dread strife is raging,
Sound but as mockery through their midnight hours.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the tempted, sinless Christ-child near.

O Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones, sobbing,
Who feel this night all earthly love denied;
Who hear but dirges in the loud bell's throbbing,
For loved ones lost, who blessed last Christmas-tide.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the loving Christ-child very near.

For those who, from disease of body, languish,
For those who weep for children gone astray,
For those whose sore hearts hide in secret anguish
Some grief which shrinks from the clear light of day;
For all who suffer, our petition hear,
And send Thou Christ, the Comforter, most near.

—*Ella Beecher Gittings, in Chicago Advance.*

CHRIST'S COMING.

The church year, which brings the world every twelve months face to face with the great facts and events in the history of the Savior's earthly life, finds in each annual recurrence some new hearts to be touched, some new experiences to be sanctified by the Divine Spirit and illuminated by the Divine truth. We are always rediscovering the truth which Christ taught eighteen centuries ago, because the power of entering into it depends so largely on our own personal unfolding of heart and life. We never approach the great events in the Christian Calendar in the same attitude; each year some change of mind, body or estate makes a new approach inevitable. And so it is that the yearly recital of that sublime history which brings the Divine life within the circle of human knowledge, instead of weakening by familiarity the impressions of those solemn scenes, gives new and deeper views of their significance by throwing over them the lights and shadows of a growing experience.

In Christ the riddle of man's life is solved; in Him is disclosed that "open secret" of the universe which Carlyle was all his life long striving to read from his own standpoint. Before His coming there had been glimpses of the mind of God, but in Him alone the heart of God was opened to men. Christ came into a world which men had striven with a passionate but unavailing earnestness to comprehend. Philosophy had made a sublime effort to reach the Eternal One back of the armies of images into which art had put its thought; but the search had failed, and the Master, had He taught in the centers of intellectual movement, would have found the noblest minds painfully living on the husks of stoicism. The universe and man's life bound up within it were hopeless problems until He came who was Truth itself. In Him all life found significance and value, and, read in the light of His words, history fell into order and answered His penetrative declarations with facts that repeated and emphasized them.

And in all the world no individual life is comprehensible or true until His presence shines upon its darkness. Before His coming there is no key to read its experiences. They conflict the one with the other, and are but the accidents of an existence which is the prey of circumstances. Event follows fast upon event, and one is caught in a sea whose tides answer no law from above, but sweep irresistibly on to the shores which they have strewn with wrecks since time began. Before His coming sorrow is only a bitter and barren agony. It strikes the things that were best, it scatters the flowers and leaves the weeds luxuriant along the smitten ways. No wisdom guides its coming, no love directs its shafts, no hope shines over its path. Clouds and darkness, anguish and despair, are its only companions. Before His coming death drops the curtain, and the drama, which was only a poor show at the best, is over; the spectators go their way to other plays as meaningless. The golden promise of youth, the fitful energies of maturity, the gathering shadows of age, the impenetrable and final darkness of the grave—the story is briefly told. Dust to dust and ashes to ashes is all the wisest can say over the grandest life.

But now for the individual, as once for the race, a Divine life is born in that poor shelter, the heart; a star breaks out of the darkness; a chorus of angels unheard by men breathe out upon the upper air a song of thanksgiving over a son that has found his Father; and straightway the broken and shattered life gathers purpose and is full of meaning, the onrushing experiences become ministries of Heaven to a nature that needs the molding of a stronger and truer hand, the overwhelming sorrows after they are overpast leave behind a peace that passeth understanding and a hope that fadeth not away, and over the gate of death it is written: "This is the way to everlasting life."—*Christian Union.*

The Reticence of the Bible.

This reticence is a mark of genuineness. It attests the Divine origin of the Bible. If men, unaided and undirected by the Holy Spirit had written this book, they would have told both much less than it tells and a great deal more. No false revelations have the self-control and sanity of this true revelation. The apocryphal writings of the early Christian centuries are examples. "The Gospel of the Infancy" tells ridiculous stories of the boy Jesus working insignificant marvels. In the second place, the reticence of the Bible checks that wild and fruitless speculation on the unseen and the unknown which otherwise would draw off human attention and energies from the real concerns of life. The revelation that tells of the Son of God incarnate, suffering and dying, and rising again victorious out of death, all because God loves and seeks to save fallen man, is to be trusted as the communication of One who would tell more if it were best for us. The mercy which saves withholds the premature disclosure of unneeded, and perhaps perilous, secrets. In the third place, the reticence of the Bible as to questions that lie outside of the domain of practical present life concentrates attention on present duty. It is more important that men should believe in God and practice righteousness than that they should read the dark riddle of evil's genesis, or start and wonder over the uncovered mysteries of another world. The true life for man is a life of faith, lived by the day in conscious communion with a present Holy Spirit and conscious obedience to a present Divine command. Hence so much of the Bible concerns itself with to-day. It is not important that we should know the secrets of the spirit world. It is supremely important that we should live and serve God and do with all our might the holy work which our hands find to do. It is not important that we should know the mathematical quantity of Heaven's population. It is infinitely important that we should be saved ourselves, and thus put into the way and into the enterprise of saving others. It is not important that we should know the day and hour when the Son of Man shall come in the clouds of heaven. It is vastly important that we should be so living that it will not matter to us how soon He comes except as it shall be an occasion for unspeakable joy. Is the Bible silent on these things we desire to know? The Bible is not God's last words to His children. He will not always be silent. His time will come, meanwhile, this is his message: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*From a Sermon by Rev. P. S. Moxom.*

Who Are the Happy?

"Young gentlemen," said the Professor of Mental Philosophy in —— University to his class, one day, "at the next recitation I wish each one to hand in a definition of true happiness, suggested by his personal experience."

Among the definitions handed in by these thoughtful young men were the following:

"True happiness is satisfaction with one's own self."

"True happiness is the enjoyment of life with the consciousness that no one is pained by it."

"True happiness is the possession of a sound body, in which is a sound mind, using its powers for the good of mankind."

"Happiness is a state of mind in which there is perfect harmony between one's self and others."

"True happiness does not exist in this world. Relative happiness is the result of having done right."

"Happiness to one man is misery to another. The happiest moment I ever experienced was when I gave my last dollar to a poorer man than myself. I would define it, then, as a feeling of self-approval at having done right."

"Happiness is the joy we feel without any effort made to obtain it."

"The truest happiness springs from conscious rectitude. It is the consciousness of perfect peace with God."

It would be hard to find a better definition than the last one.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gems of Thought.

—All along the pathway of life are tombstones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for Heaven.—*D. L. Moody.*

—This world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant school of the soul.—*T. Starr King.*

—Watching and praying, we are safe on the verge of temptation, if there in the way of duty; but it is the height of wisdom to drive as far away from this precipice as possible, like the prudent coachman. Failing to be prudent and careful here has caused thousands to fall.

—It sometimes seems to the child of God, that his burden of trial or sorrow is greater than he can bear. But there was never yet a burden laid on any child of God which was heavier, by a single atom, than could be upborne by the sustaining grace which was proffered with it. He who knows us better than we know ourselves considers our strength in every trial which He permits to us.—*S. S. Times.*

—Through sufferings we learn patience. It can not be learned in any other way. It is not inborn, but is an exotic, and must be cultivated with great care. Many Christian people do not cultivate patience, but on the other hand they often let impatience govern their actions. We gain nothing good without an effort, and even then we must often wait patiently for results. Those who are not willing to labor and wait are unworthy of the best things of this life. Wisdom, labor, love and patience will give us the victory.

—I would not give one moment of Heaven for all the joy and riches of the world—even if it lasted for thousands and thousands of years. Good works do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. The best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of father is, in its nature, full of inborn sweetness and comfort. It is not for me to determine whether the danger to the Gospel be greater or less by my life or death. The truth of God is a rock of fear, placed for the falling and rising of many in Israel. The Lord takes up none but the forsaken, makes none healthy but the sick, gives sight to none but the blind, makes none alive but the dead, sanctifies none but sinners, and to all these He is precious.—*Martin Luther.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. DEC. 19. 1883.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 Column	1 year	$80
½ "	1 "	40
¼ "	1 "	20
1 "	½ "	20
½ "	½ "	10
¼ "	½ "	6

* For announcing candidates, $5. Obituary poetry, 5 cents per line. Obituary notices 20 lines free; over that number (excepting the announcement of the death) 3 cents per line.

Tributes of respect from lodges, &c., $1 50

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	$1 50
Six months	75
Three months	40

THE Republican national convention will be held in Chicago next year the first week in June.

ON and after the 31st of this month the State will be afflicted with an excrescence in the shape of a legislative body.

TRADERS say that stock is uncommonly scarce in this county. This is evidently the result of the drouth last summer.

CARLISLE's home is very near the center of population, and probably that was the reason of such feeble opposition to his election as Speaker.

BASIL DUKE's name is being mentioned in connection with the next race for Governor. It is rather early to commence making up the race for Governor.

A Jessamine county farmer worth $50,000 has been arrested for stealing hogs from a negro. The meat was found in his garret and identified by the negro.

DUDLEY C. HASKILL, a prominent Republican leader in the Lower House of Congress, died at his room in Washington, last Sunday. His remains were taken to Kansas for interment.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 70@5 90; fair to good packers, at $5 40@5 75; fair to good light, $4 90@5 45; common, $4 15@4 85; culls, $3 00@4 00: stock hogs, $4 25@5 25.

THE Police Judge of Danville has issued seventy-five warrants for the arrest of parties who have been violating the local option law. The authorities are determined to try what virture there is in the law.

O'DONNELL, who killed Carey, the murderer of Burke and Cavendish, was hung at Newgate, London, last Monday, at 8:02 a. m. The execution was announced by the Cincinnati papers published at 4 a. m. Monday.

THE race for Speaker has commenced warming up, and there are about twenty candidates, and of course each one is in the lead. By the time the Legislature assembles a majority of its members will be in pursuit of the gavel.

THE Agents Herald, published at Philadelphia, is waging a righteous war on the frauds who make their living by dead-beating newspaper publishers. The exposition of those scamps places the press of the country under lasting obligations to the Herald.

THE Speaker will give Randall the Chairmanship desired by J. C. S. Blackburn, who now declares that he will not accept any appontment tendered him by Mr. Carlisle. Guess the government can be administered without Mr. Blackburn's services on a committee.

CONGRESS will adjourn next Friday or Saturday until after the holidays. Mr. Carlisle will report his committees before the adjournment, and those members who are disappointed about Chairmanships, will have time to become reconciled to their disappointment.

IN Shelby county a young man went home late at night and attempted to frighten his mother by trying to break in to tho house. His mother hearing him thought he was a bona fide robber, and calling a black boy, she directed him to take the shot gun and go out and shoot the supposed robber. The negro obeyed and the son was soon identified. He was served just right.

ISAAC CALDWELL, of Louisville, wants to be United States Senator. As to Mr. Caldwell's ability, there can be no question, but just previous to the nomination of the Hon. J. Procter Knott for Governor, at Louisville, he aided and abetted a little transaction which gave him a notoriety as a Chairman of State Conventions, and on that account many are of the opinion that he ought to be retained at home.

THE OLD JAIL BUILDING.

Not Fit to Keep Hogs In—How the Committee Will Do—What They Should Do—The Duty of the Court, &c., &c.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

The Grand Jury at the last term of the Circuit Court did, in discharge of its duty, examine and make report to the Court as to the condition of the public buildings—Court-house, Clerks' Offices and Jail. That report, so far as the Jail is concerned, struck the attention of the Court of Claims with sufficient force as to impress upon it the necessity and importance of taking steps as speedily as possible to remedy the evils pointed out, and to abate a public nuisance and remove a county disgrace.

The public may be somewhat astonished at the announcement of the grand jury when the cost of the present structure, and the short time since it was erected are considered—something at least moderately suitable for the purpose of a modern Jail was expected by the County. But a few years have passed, and they have demonstrated, not only that the building is wholy insecure, but that it is a nuisance and a disgrace to the County, meriting the criticism of the grand jury and the just condemnation of every good citizen.

Now, what will the committee do? We are not prepared to answer; but if we are to judge by the past, we may say it makes but little difference what they do, unless the power holding the purse-strings of the County can, for once, loosen its grip with a liberality approximating the advanced public spirit of the times.

The committee knew when appointed, and the Court knew then as well as now, and as well as it will ever know, that the present Jail building is in no particular a fit place in which to confine human beings. No decent man would permit the meat of swine fed in so filthy and sickening a pen to be brought to his table. No farmer would stable his dumb brutes in such a pen, except it were for the purpose of testing by experiment what amount of foul air, noxious gasses and poisonous vapors might be inhaled by them and life continue to dwindle along.

The Committee may and ought to suggest to the Court all necessary improvements and repairs required to convert the present building into one of sufficient size and safety, with such arrangments as will secure the health and comfort of those who may be confined there, and what the cost will be; that is if they find it possible and expedient to improve the present building at all. Then the Court will assume the responsibility, and to it the people look for relief. And will not complain when the work is done if a fair showing presents itself for the expense incurred. But suppose they should complain, what of it? It would not be the first time.

The Court is charged with the duty to provide a suitable Jail for the County, and then to keep it suitable. That duty is as important as any other imposed upon it, and is a most important one to the public.

We believe the members of the Court desire to do their duty to the County in this matter, and will only hesitate, if they do hesitate, because of the cost involved. Some may think that the cost will be so great as to excuse action at this time. To all such we would say, go to the Jail, either room, and put your head in. If you can stand that then walk in, look around and go out quickly. Then gather up all the cruelty and brutality you have and all you can borrow from your neighbors, and then say to yourself whether you can ever consent to see a parent, child or human being confined in so loathsome a dungeon.

In such a case economy has its place, and its proper demands will be headed by good business sense, but it never demands the continuance of an unmitigated evil, nuisance or disgrace, in order to save a pittance for the present at the expense of the comfort, health and lives of such, though they may be guilty of no offense, yet for the time must be deprived of their liberty and comfort and confined. Economy and humanity are not at war on this subject. Stinginess, short-sighted and cruel, valuing a dime to self more than a life of comfort to another always complains of, and denounces the public officer who has the courage the more to do his duty on any occasions that a tax is rendered necessary. We hope the Court will go at this business with a determination to correct the evil, and furnish the County with a suitable building, even if to effect that object it be necessary to tear down the present structure and erect a larger and proper one on a more elligible spot. Put on the tax necessary for all necessary public purposes with good sense and good economy, and appropriate with good judgment, and if any tax payer complains, let him do so—that is his privilege.

* * *

THE Frankfort correspondent of the Courier-Journal maps out the following work for the Legislature which meets on the 31st of this month.

"The first and greatest will be the revision of the assessment and revenue laws. Both the Governor and Auditor will suggest improvements, according to their wisdom, information and experience."

"The question of the seat of Government, and the appropriation of money to build a State-house sufficient to meet the growing demands for proper accommodation and preservation of valuable public records, and thereby forever put an end to a hitherto fruitless struggle and contention which has cost the State, in time wasted by the Legislature, more money than would have completed the present building."

"The question of how to provide a remedy against the annual killing of nearly $30,000 worth of sheep by dogs."

"Should the system of leasing convicts on work outside the penitentiary be abolished."

"A house of reform for youthful offenders, who ought neither be turned loose by pardon nor confined in the penitentiary among the hardened and vicious criminals."

"The question of how to insure the safety of the lives of good citizens, when the bad citizens, having no fear of the law, make themselves a walking arsenal."

"The question of how to lower the average of illiteracy in Kentucky by providing more and better common school facilities. On this subject the Governor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and a committee appointed by the last Assembly will offer such suggestions as they deem wise and practicable."

MISSOURI LETTER.

BUTLER, MO., Dec., 10th, 1883.

To the Editors of the Recorder:

I do not know that a short letter from this part of the country will be interesting to any of the citizens of Old Boone, but perhaps if they were out here and see the lay of the country, or a part of it, it might be interesting to them.

So far, we have had one of the finest falls we ever saw or heard of. It has been warm most of the time, and laboring men go without their coats. There have been but four light freezes, this fall, and we have had but two rains since we arrived here. One rain lasted during a day and the other during a night, so you see we have no mud in this part of the continent at present, but expect that the mud will be along in the spring.

Last Saturday a party of us took a tour of about 20 miles through the country to view the sights. The land is very rich and in beautiful ridges, and we could see for miles in every direction. Immense fields of corn stretched out before us and the quantity of corn seen was tremendous, and is selling at 25 cents a bushel all over the country.

The price of land ranges from $20 to $50 per acre, and is rapidly advancing in price, and we have land buyers here every day from distant parts of the United States looking for locations.

The minerals imbedded in this county will, in the near future, make it one of the wealthiest in the State. There are vast coal fields near Rich Hill and Walnut, and coal is selling at the bank at 4 cents a bushel. Near Rich Hill is a rich bed of zinc, and large quarries of sand-stone which is very valuable for building purposes, and marble works. The sand-stone quarries exist in various parts of the county.

From what we have seen and can hear we don't think this country can be excelled for fruit. What we have seen of the growing wheat looks fine.

We have churches of all denominations here, and no one can stand back on that account, and when the new railroads now in progress are completed the county will be well supplied with conveniences.

One word to the fox-hunters in Old Boone. Come out and bring your dogs and we will have a wolf chase, as there are plenty of them, and there is more small game here than a man can have any use for.

The RECORDER is looked for every Friday, and the reading of it is listened to with extreme silence. Here is to the RECORDER. Success now and for ever. Very Respectfully,

EVERETT WALTON.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

For Rent.

A good hotel, paying bar attached. Also a good stable. This is the J. P. Snyder property in Florence. Call on Mrs. S. Snyder, Florence, Ky. 7-4t

For Sale.

Fine tobacco land. I have for sale, cheap from One hundred to Six hundred acres of No. 1 tobacco land, lying on the Beaver Lick and Union T. P. road in Boone county, Ky. For particulars call on L. H. Dills at Burlington, Ky., or the undersigned on the prmises or address me at Union P O.
7-4t F. DICKEY.

Out on the Prairie.

Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time."

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything should happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC: "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC, is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the terpid organs into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

But take it into your house, and it will speak for itself. Once used, will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price, 50 cents and $1. HISCOX & CO., Chemist, New York.

Posted.

Notice is hereby given that our lands in Boone county, are posted and all persons are warned not trespass thereon.

MRS. E. J. PIATT, JOHN MCCONNEL.

For Sale.

Two good work horses, single or double, one is a black 16½ hands high, the other is a bay 15 hands high. For further information call on or address
RICHARD RYLE, Burlington, Ky.

Administrator's Notice,

Those having claims against the estate of W. S Ryle, dec'd., are hereby notified to present the same, proven as by law required, to the undersigned before December 25th, '83. B. H. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR,
Hebron, Ky.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Wm. N. Aylor. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly proven according to law to the undersigned at No. 7 Pike Str., Covington, Ky. R. L. CRIGLER,
5-4t Assignee.

For Rent.

35 acres of land adjoining Lewisburg, Kenton county, Ky., 10 acres of which is fine tobacco land. On this land is a pear orchard of about 400 trees, select varieties. This land is all well suited for gardening or other tillage, and has on it a good house and other suitable conveniencies for a family residence—Enquire of RUFUS LIGHT, on the premises.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 16 page paper, filled with charming serials, stories, choice miscellany etc., is sent 3 mos. on trial for 25 cents; and we send every subscriber free our new HOLIDAY PACKAGE, consisting of 10 pieces popular music 10 interesting games, 1 pack of age and fortune-telling cards; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards, 1 pack fun & flirtation cards, 1 set chromo cards, 13 new tricks in magic 5 new puzzles, game of fortune, the mystic oracle, 25 ways to get rich, Heller's wonderful delusion cards, etc., etc. Endless amusement! Agents wanted. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO., Augusta, Me.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Boone county, Ky, for the years 1882-83 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1884,

between the hours of 12 m, and 2 o'clock p. m, at the Court-house door in Boone county, Ky. expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due aforesaid and cost,) to wit:

A tract of land on Gunpowder Creek, containing about 30 acres, more or less, bounded by the dower of Mrs. J A Kendall, E A Hughes, Gunpowder Creek, &c Levied on as the property of Church Deer, decd. Am't to be made by sale $12 53.

J R CLUTTERBUCK, S B C
By W T GERMAN, DS

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

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Six town lots in Burlington, Boone county, Ky, and numbered 111, 112, 115, 116, 119 and 120—see plat of Burlington for further description. Levied on as the property of Hamilton heirs. Amount to be made by sale $4 21. J R CLUTTERBUCK, S B C
By W T GERMAN, D S

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Boone county, Ky, for the years 1882-83 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1884,

between the hours of 12 m., and 2 o'clock p. m, at the Court-house door in Boone county, Ky, expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due aforesaid and cost,) to wit:

A tract of land in Boone county, Ky, containing 195 acres, bounded by the Ohio river and the lands of Morgan Rice, Willis Heirs, &c. Levied on as the property of C. D. Piatt. Am't to be made by sale $61 43.

J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S B C
By W. T GERMAN, D

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff Boone county, Ky. for the years 1882 83. I or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1883,

between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 2 o'clock p. m, at the Court-house door in Boone county, Ky., expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due, aforesaid and cost, to wit:

A tract of land on Woolper Creek in Boone county, Ky., containing 20 acres, bounded by the lands of Pat Finn, G. C. Vosbell, &c. Levied on as the property of Sam'l. Hensley. Amount to be made by sale $12 16. J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S.B.C.
Dec.17 '83. By W. T. GERMAN, D. S.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

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Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Prompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

TWO
Farms for Sale.

One contains 36 acres, 9 acres of which is good creek bottom and 27 acres, hill land. This land is under good fence, well set in grass, has lasting water for stock, fine lot of timber, much of which is locust. It is part of the W. B. Ryle homestead, lies on Gunpowder Creek and joins Leander Setters.

The other farm contains 126½ acres, is 2½ miles southwest of Burlington, has all necessary buildings in good repair, fencing good, has a good well and cistern, besides never failing water for stock, a nice young orchard, and some hedge fence. This land is all in grass except 25 acres which were cultivated in corn this year. For terms apply on the last named premises to
6-2m W. S. WHITE.

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For new Inventions and novel designs obtained in the United States, Canada and Europe. Trade Marks and Copyright—Labels secured for Merchants and Manufacturers who wish protection against imitators of their goods, packages or articles of manufacture. We are located opposite the United States Patent Office, have quick access to its records, and can give prompt and reliable answers to inquiries. Of our firm one has had thirteen years' practice in the highest courts, another several years as an Assistant Examiner in the United States Patent Office and many years experience as solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. Fee reasonable and full satisfaction or no fee. Best reference given. Our little book "on patents" sent free on receipt of one cent stamp.
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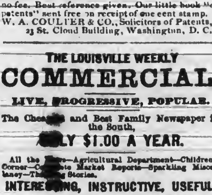

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F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
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Of Boone County
is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and gives the farmers of Boone County a
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
In keeping their property insured.
EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
should take a policy at once.
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CHAS. L. LABAT [illegible] M.D., Pres't & Physician in Charge.
NELSON CHEESMAN, Treas. & Business Manager.

This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to
CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.
BLOOD IMPURITIES, Inherited or caused by impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.
DEFORMITIES of the Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Wry-Neck, Diseases of the Joints, Piles, Fistula, Rupture, etc.
WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.
FEMALE irregularities and weaknesses, causing pain in the back or side, etc.
Personal interviews with patients are always preferred. Those unable to visit the Institute will be furnished with blank lists of questions that will aid them in making a full statement of their cases and if not requiring a surgical operation they can be successfully treated by correspondence, and medicines sent by mail or express. To enable us to send proper list of questions applicants should give a brief statement of their trouble.
The Treasurer of the corporation is of Nelson Cheesman & Co., Advertising Agents, and refers to the publisher of this or any other newspaper in the United States or Canada regarding responsibility.
Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly move my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.
W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."
Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable. J. T. HAYES."
Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS B. HARLOWE, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

TUTT'S
PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE TRADE MARK FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY.
TESTED FOR 5 YEARS
by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.
Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.
(Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never effected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the)
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3. two months $5. three months $7

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color [illegible] prevents dandruff [illegible] falling of the [illegible]

FLORESTON
Exceeds the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.
COLOGNE

[illegible]
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill it.
Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK
Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.

Local News.

One week till Christmas.

Tim put on his duster Friday.

Sleigh-bells had a rusty ring Sunday.

The turkey tribe is getting nervous again.

The time for turning new leaves is near at hand.

Winter came to hand Friday without ceremony.

The days are about as short as they will get this year.

Our local merchants had a very busy day last Saturday.

Most of the schools close Friday till after the holidays.

The croquet season has continued with us this winter.

Cy Crisler took another cargo of turkeys to the city Monday.

James Westbay was the first man to bring out his sleigh this winter.

Mrs. Cy Cowen, who has been quite sick for several weeks, is much better.

A large eagle has recently been seen in the neighborhood of H. C. Wingate's.

The English sparrows have enjoyed the winter thus far. Their rations have been abundant.

Take Ayer's Pills for constipation, and for all the purposes of a purgative medicine. Safe and effectual.

Piper opened up his Christmas managgerie last week, and the juvenile portion went into ecstacies at once.

The comet now visible is said to be the one that appeared in 1812. Be that so its visits are few and far between.

Colonel Crisler, our wagon-maker, occupies a position at or near the head of the class of working men in Burlington.

Prof. Gallagher is making arrangements for a musical and literary festival in the Morgan Academy during the holidays.

Miss Wood's class in elocution will give a selection called "Christmas Chimes" at the Christmas tree in the Baptist church.

Call and see our Prize Doll, Auto., Photo. and Scrap Albums, Writing Desks and Box Paper at Langsdale's Rising Sun, Ind.

A grand ball will be given in the Hebron Town Hall next Tuesday night. All those who enjoy that kind of amusement are invited to attend.

Dr. Smith has suddenly developed into a crack shot, and he honestly believes he can hit the side of a barn at the distance of twenty-five yards.

In this issue F. Dickey, of Richwood, advertises his farm for sale. It is one of the finest bodies of land in the county, and has a very desirable location.

Last pressday this office was honored with a call by Miss Lottie Reed, of Cincinnati, and Miss Kate Bradford, of Florence, two charming young ladies.

Viola Park, as a place for the congregation of the votaries of terpsichore, is no more, Mr. Winston, the owner of the land, having razed the platform.

A strange huckster wagon drove into town the other day, and upon investigation whom should we find in the cab but Perry Rice. This is a new departure for Perry.

Two balls at Florence, one at Hebron and a Teachers' entertainment at the Morgan Academy, are on the boards for the holidays, to say nothing about the numerous turkey dinners.

All we ask is for you to examine our stock and know we can sell you at most reasonable rates. We can satisfy any one in price and quality goods. R. G. Langsdale, Rising Sun, Ind.

The cholera is playing havoc with the hogs in the Bullettsville neighborhood. G. T. Gaines has lost over 30; Abe Clore several and Fletcher Clore, a few. Most of the hogs that have died were stock hogs.

J. Frank Grant, Grand Master of the I. O. O. F., of this State, assisted by brethren from Indiana, Petersburg and Florence, organized an Odd-Fellows' Lodge at this place Saturday night, with a membership of ten.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

Uncle Billy Rouse captured two very large hawks, last week, in a steel-trap. One of the hawks measured 4½ feet from tip to tip, the other, 8½ feet. We hear it intimated that he and Willis Clore are going to start a zoo.

Christmas goods for all. We have the largest and best selected stock ever in Rising Sun. Our Dolls are beauties; Hobby Horses, Wagons, Sleds and Doll Wagons, Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups, Saucers and Mugs. An endless variety of cheap toys at R. G. Langsdale's.

We are headquarters for all kinds of Holiday Goods. Our goods are cheaper than ever before. Goods are being sold daily by us. Come early and get a good selection. A fine line of Prose and Poetry and toy books; Old Kris is in our show window, R. G. Langsdale's, Rising Sun, is the place.

Mr. G. T. Gaines was besieged with sewing machine agents last week, no less than 8 being there during the six days, and at one time agents were running three different machines for the edification of his wife. Gabe threatens to post his premises against these fellows.

The other day the County Clerk received a letter from Flemingsburg, stating that Judge Wm. Botts was dead, and enquiring if the Judge had any heirs in this county; that it was desired to ascertain the names of all the heirs in order to settle his estate. As there are several Bottses in this county we give publicity to the above statement for their benefit.

In its report of the sales of paintings by the young Ladies' Art Union, of last Friday evening, the Enquirer says:

"The sale of the evening was the elegant picture by Miss Mary Light, which brought $200 even up, and was well worth it, as Miss Light is a connoisseur in the art line, and even shows grace in excess of the rules of art. The picture is of sufficient color to appear deceptive in richness and grandeur, and represents the return of the fishing boats at Venice at sunset."

Taylor & Riggs will give away next Christmas 1 Fine Piano, 2 Gold Watches, 1 Sewing Machine, 1 Breech Loading Shot Gun, 1 Bicycle, 1 Velocipede, 1 Hobby Horse, 1 Rocking Chair, 10 Bolts Muslin. Will give one chance in above presents for every dollars worth you buy. Visit their six stores at Madison and Pike Streets, Covington, Ky. The drawing takes place Christmas week. This paper will publish tho lucky numbers.

Last Wednesday morning, desiring to catch a fox J. J. Berkshire and I went down on that noted stream Brandywine, and in a short time that celebrated dog, Norman Botts, came in with one. We put in more dogs, and after making about a five mile circle they put him in a sand bank, from which, by the help of some of the neighbors he was soon taken. It was the largest fox I ever saw, its tail, which I now have, measures something less than three feet. All that was wanting to make the chase a success, was the presence of William Walton. G. D. T.

Next Saturday Night

Miss B. Combs Wood and her class in elocution, will give an entertainment in the Presbyterian church at this place. Owing to the character of the entertainment it will be one of the most interesting with which our town has been favored for a long time. Admission 10 and 15 cents. Her class is composed of the following pupils: Misses Maud and Pearl Kirkpatrick, Misses Mattie, Annie and Katie Winston, Miss Nellie Blythe, Mr. Joseph Reed, Mr Charles Winston and Master Robbie Foster. Miss Wood proposes to teach another class in elocution at this place, twenty lessons for the same price that she gives her present class fifteen lessons, $1 per scholar.

Bennie Rue and George Wood, two handsome young men, neither of whom is quite old enough to be legally licensed to marry without the consent of their father or guardian, were among the guests at the party given at Mr. Rus Stephens' on Monday night of last week. They tripped the light fantastic all evening, neither one indicating in any manner that he harbored a desire to exterminate the other till "breaking up time" came, when these two young men suddenly developed into deadly enemies, and proceeded to settle their differences in that manly way peculiar to our fore-fathers. George was the aggressor, and left Bennie's features with an appearance of having come in contact with a healthy hedge fence. Bennie's father swore out a warrant for the arrest of George who was tried before Esquire Baker and a jury at this place last Saturday, and fined $13 and cost.

It seems that George W. Griffin, late of unenviable notoriety in this community, has succeeded in winning fresh laurels in his chosen profession of ruining himself and everyone else who ever had anything to do with him. An account of his various escapades would fill the entire paper, but we will only give a synopsis of them. Some years ago he was in business in Memphis, Tenn., where he became acquainted with a Mrs. Mary Hughes, the widow of a wealthy physician of that city. She was highly respectable, and worth between $30,000 or $40,000. Shortly after meeting her, Griffin married Mrs. Hughes and then commenced a life of dissipation. He soon ruined himself in business in Memphis, and having squandered all of his own means and most of his wife's means they moved to West Point, Mississippi. There he soon became bankrupt, and in 1871 he and his wife came to Aurora. Here he engaged in buying up old metal, rags, &c., and it was not long until the grand jury indicted him for receiving stolen property. He had a close shave for the penitentiary, but was acquitted, and soon after skipped out for California to avoid arrest on the more serious charge of forgery, his wife still clinging to him and going West with him. In 1882 they returned to Aurora, Griffin's aged father being thought to be on his death bed. While here he met a Miss Jennie Stephens, whom he knew before his marriage at Split Rock, Ky., but who at the time was living with her parents at Newport, Ky. Leaving his wife here in November, 1882, he again started for California, but going up to Newport, he took Miss Stephens over to Cincinnati, and telling her his wife was dead, a mock marriage was performed, and they started together for the Pacific slope. About three months ago it seems he pocketed what money he had, and leaving wife No. 2 penniless and among strangers, came back to Aurora, and remained concealed at his father's house until Thursday night of last week, when he took the mail boat to Louisville. The parents of wife No. 2 have had her brought home to Newport, and are able to take care of her, but wife No. 1, bereft of everything, will have to spend the balance of her days as best she can.—Aurora Independent.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Florence X-Roads.

Snow plentiful.

Some of our boys intended to have a surprise party at Sum Houston's last Wednesday night, but they were surprised when they went that evening and were informed that the party was had the night before. Too slow, boys.

Bullittsville.

Ben Stephens likes his new clerk. Kels is a good one.

J. L. Riley has laid is a large stock of Christmas goods.

Beautiful weather for butchering last week, and there was a great many hogs died with sore throat.

Mr. Henry Quick one of our boss base ball players will go to Michigan in the spring to catch for the Grand Rapids.

Hebron.

Monday the snow was five inches deep, and the thermometer 11 above zero.

The sweet music of the sleigh-bells, and the merry boys and their belles are heard on the streets again.

Rev. Keene preached in the Hebron Hall Saturday night.

There were three additions to the Lutheran church last Sunday.

Charles Clore's horse frightened at a dog and capsized the sleigh, but no damage resulted.

Scattersville.

Again we try to find something to say in regard to the times, but cannot promise a great deal.

Mr. John Rue delivered his crop of tobacco to Esq. Baker last week.

Everybody has killed their hogs, and now Mr. Editors, take a stroll through the country and eat hearty.

The dogs have been getting in their work again in the last few weeks. They made a raid on Chas. McCrandey's flock, crippling a good many but did kill any outright. They also visited O. P. Conner's flock, for which his dog paid the penalty, and if all reports be true, there is still one living.

It is time for the pike fever to make its appearance in our little burg. Where are the leaders?

Mrs. Prof. Bell has gone to Evansville, Ind to see her brother who got crippled in a lumber yard of which he was boss.

Uncle Noah Utz has company from Ghent, Ky. visiting at his house.

What has become of our prayer meeting? is the question asked by a good many who love to attend. Something wrong we fear.

Geo. Aylor has been hauling corn to Burlington, where he got 50c per bushel.

We noticed the smiling and handsome face of R. A. Brady peeping through the bushes, last week, hunting birds. We did not learn the names of the other parties with him.

Rabbit Hash.

Hearing so many complaining of no news in your valuable paper from this place, we concluded to drop you a few local items which we thought might appease their appetite for news.

The weather of the past week has enabled the farmers to gather most all the corn in the neighborhood, which was a large yield.

Bros Bristow and Froh have been carrying on a large protracted meeting at the East Bend M. E. Church, with 4 additians.

Miss Lou Allen, of Bellevue, is now the guest of Mrs. B. H. Ryle.

Wilson & Riddell have laid in a large supply of Christmas goods.

Rabbit Hash is now improving in the way of two new buildings. Steve Mock is putting up a commodious store-room 40 by 30, and Dr L. C. Cowen is building an office 26 by 20 which will be real handsome.

Mr. R. T. Stephens, son of Mr. Solon Stephens, left for New Orleans, last Wednesday, to spend the winter.

The parties last week at J. R. Stephens' and Fillmore Ryle's were quite a success. Everybody had a splendid time.

M. G. Riggs has moved into town.

Fish Willit, of Utah, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Jas. H. Lawell.

John McConnell left last Wednesday on a corn-boat as supercargo for the southern country.

Mrs. C. Ward and daughter, Miss Rachel will leave in a few days, for Xenia, Ohio. They will make it their future home.

Dame rumor says we are going to have one or two weddings during the holidays.

Bucktown was the scene of a regular stand-up-and-knock-down fight one day last week.

Will McConnell has returned from his trip to New Orleans.

Ben Ryle says he did not bet two dollars; but Dave says he did. Ben, please rise up and explain.

R. S. Ryle and wife, of Burlington, spent last week in our midst.

Clay Pearson, of Utah, is now in the neighborhood.

Z. T. Kelley has bought some more land from the Merrick heirs, which makes his farm among the first in the neighborhood.

Florence.

The snow is coming; Christmas is coming, and Old Santa Claus, with his precious freight is coming; and everybody is getting ready for the coming. The farmer is busily arranging his stock convenient to feed and shelter, else husking the heaps of corn or piling high the loads of fuel. The sleighs are brought from their resting places and cleared for actions. The merchants are looking over their stocks of warm goods and wishing for a lower temperature. Their stores are teeming with all the good things that are edible and the show windows alive with things to make the little ones rejoice in the event of Old Santa's breaking down. The gay belles are at the mantau makers with their laces and velvets and trimmings, arming for the conquest. The old maids have laid in a fresh supply of cologne and bloom of youth, the widows having their lives insured. The youth who has just merged out of his teens and can sport a fuzzy mustache thinks he'll marry this Christmas, sure. Grand Pap and granny are smoking in the corner by the cheerful fire, while visions of happy days are flitting before them. Mamma is darning the stockings to keep the surgar-plum from running out. The little ones are counting the days, while their imaginations see away up the road to the moon, the leaders of St. Nick's gallant team of raindeers, heading for the earth with the precious burden.

The paper called our attention to a hat disaster, that befell some of the Burlington beaux while visiting us last week, and attended religious services, &c. We have endeavored to give the case an impartial investigation, but the hat question presents so many different phases that we have been unable to come to a conclusion. A couple of hats were picked up between Barney's and Finch's, but were so distorted as to be beyond recognition. Whether their peculiar shape partook of the head or was produced by a brick we cant determine at present.

The Baptist church was the scene of quite a sensation Sunday evening a week ago. Two of the good sisters, who are more zealous in religion than toilet, made their appearance in the audience, the one with hat hindpart before, the other with black dress inside out, with light colored linings. The parson thought that playing charades was well enough during the holidays, but he could not approving of it during devine services.

Our town is considerably excited over the strange apparition in the shape of a man, and representing one of our citizens, seen every night sitting on the top of the carriage shop of Bradford Bro's. and facing across the street. GAS OMETER.

WANTED—A pair of good, stout socks with legs 11 feet long. Will buy or rent till after New Year. Want them to hang up by the chimney. J. W.

This is not paid for.

Miss Sadie Miles, a handsome Cincinnati belle, was the guest of Miss Carrie and Miss Pussie Smith last week.

Those indebted to me must come forward and settle by the 1st of January. I need my money. R S. CRISLER.

Those owing us must come forward and settle at once, as we are out of money and must have that owing to us.

RICE & WESTBAY.

Jno. Conner, of Erlanger, was in town Saturday. He reports his business as very brisk since he has prepared to keep stock and entertain drovers over night, Boone county people should stop with John when they want their stock to receive special care.

Joe Morrison, the blacksmith near Big Bone Church, came to town last Saturday, and when he started home his horse ran off and threw him, breaking one of his legs between the knee and ankle. He was taken to the Sandford House where Dr. Furnish attended the broken bone.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of Taxes due the Sheriff of Boone County for the years 1882 and 1883 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1884,

between the hours of 12 o'clock m., and 2 p. m., at the Court House door in Burlington, Boone County, Ky., expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due, aforesaid and cost, to wit:

A tract of land containing 32 acres and bounded by the lands of Webb Bros., Mrs. Annie Foulks, Milton Gaines and the Ohio River.

Amount of taxes and costs to be raised by sale $12 69 and levied on as the property of Peter Urton. J. R. CLUTTERCUCK, S. B. C.

By W. T. GERMAN, D. S.

6

"Nervous debility, the curse of the American people, immediately yields to the action of Brown's Iron Bitters."

KEOKUK, IOWA.—Dr. E. E. Fuller says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results."

ELM GROVE, N. C.—Dr. G. N. Roberson says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters, and find it all it is recommended to be."

Stop Thinking

What you shall buy for a Christmas Present for your friends, and go to

W. E. Piper's,

and see his display of elegant and useful articles suitable for

The Holidays.

Presents for Parents. Presents for Young People. Toys for the Children, Presents for Young Men and Ladies. Presents for Everybody.

Come And Be

Satisfied that SANTA CLAUS cannot beat us when it comes to making the CHILDREN happy.

Ask for a Farmers and Mechanics Almanac, for 1884, which we are giving AWAY. YOURS TRULY,

W. E. PIPER.

HEYN AND BRO,

Rising Sun, Indiana.

Great reduction in prices of all Seasonable Goods.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE BARgains offered in Overcoats And READY MADE CLOTHING To Suit Everybody.

All Prices Marked Down.

A full line of Ladies' Black and Light Colored

Cloaks,
Dolmans,
Newmarkets,
and Jackets,

In all grades, at prices that will make them sell.

Owing to tho advance of the season we are making sacrifices in order to reduce Stock, as it is our aim not to carry any goods over for next year. We are selling BLANKETS, SHAWLS, FLANNELS, and JEANS at astonishingly low prices

Our Stock of Domestic Cotton Goods at wholesale prices: Canton Flannel commonly sold at 10c, at 7½c. and other grades in proportion. See our Calicos at 5c, and you will buy them. Indigo Blue Calico, commonly sold at 9 and 10 cents, now 7½ cents. A full line of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods and Knit Goods, to dispose of. We mean and do business, and it will be to everybodys advantage to give us a call.

HEYN & BRO.

Rising Sun, Ind.

FALL FALL FALL FALL

—AND—

Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.

H. F Blase,

540 Madison St. - COVINGTON. KY

UNDERTAKING.

We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of

Burial Cases and Caskets.

And having just received a beautiful

NEW HEARSE,

Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired,

PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES

DAVIS BROS., HEBRON, KY.

M. L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.

SWETNAM & NEAD,

(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE

AND TRANSFER LINE.

79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month,
Horses and Buggies for Hire,
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold,
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.

All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills

RISING SUN, INDIANA.

FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.

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JAMES S. WAYNE, President, JNO. L. SANDFORD, Cashier

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The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. collections made on all points in the United States.

The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.

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MOTHER NOBLE'S

HEALING SYRUP.

20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years. A certain Cure for Dyspepsia, all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Blood, Skin and Bowels.

Can Produce Thousands of Letters proving its Curative Powers,

AN OLD AND LONG TRIED REMEDY,

LABORATORY 77 AMITY STREET, NEW YORK CITY,

TRADE MARK.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cornease.—The King of Corn Killers. The most desperate Corns, Bunions, Warts &c., SPEEDILY *cured.* Price 25 Cents,

Footease.—An Unfailing Remedy for Hot, Swollen and Tender Feet, Chilblains, &c. Price 25 Cents,

Cornease Manuf'g Co., 236, 5th Ave. Place, N. Y. City.

For Sale by Agents, Druggists and Shoe Dealers.

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And begin with the New Year.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY

English Hats and Bonnets.

The latest imported bonnets and hats from London show a variety of straight-trimmed, square-crowned hats, high turbans with rolling brims, boat-shaped hats and tiny close-fitting bonnets. Many of the ladies' hats sent over from Oxford street are extremely severe in style. A wide hat band of heavy corded Ottoman ribbon, ending near the front in a bow and many hoops and cords, forms the only trimming of the hat, which is bound on the edge with hatter's corded binding. These hats are shown in solid color in mineral smoke gray and dust brown grades, and are worn on the promenade with plain tailor suits of the same color, or with dresses of dark blue or chestnut brown diagonal goods and gloves of the color of the hat.

The most elegant hats are more ornate, though severely plain in style and finish. A straight brimmed, high-crowned gray felt hat recently imported is trimmed at the side with a close puffing of smoke gray velvet with brownish hues. This fold is caught down by several tiny silver cock's heads. A full breast of golden pheasant plumes in natural browns and grays finish the hat at the side. A stylish high English turban is of chestnut brown felt faced with the darkest shade of brown velvet, bound with a plain inch-wide velvet binding and trimmed around the crown with a double twist of chestnut brown and pearl gray velvet, and two doves wings set at the side.

A tiny black felt princess bonnet is shown, with trimmings of maroon velvet. Two bright green paroquets are nestled among the dark velvet folds on top of the bonnet. Ornaments of burnished steel catch down the folds of velvet trimming, and a stiff made bow of velvet, which is worn under the chin, in the fashion introduced by the Princess of Wales, finishes the bonnet. A stylish Gainsborough hat in chestnut brown velvet, has a straight crown, which is surrounded by a narrow folded velvet band, like a gentleman's cravat and tied in front in a small cravat bow, which is fastened by an English harvester's sickle in burnished style. A cluster of golden brown tips, in the shade known as marron d'or and a long plume in dark chestnut brown completes the trimming of the hat. A little turban for a young lady with the short curled hair affected by English girls is of fine black felt, faced on the rolled brim with black velvet and bound with a deep velvet fold an inch and a quarter wide. A soft scarf of hunting red velvet is arranged in set folds around the crown and caught by two small breasts of tropical birds, shaded from deep, brilliant hues of green to the yellow-red shades of hunter's red.

An elegant carriage hat with a straight brim and square high crown is shown in velvet in brilliant ox-blood red. The high smooth crown of the hat is trimmed with a plain fold of red velvet caught at the side with a buckle of cut jet and finished with a large cluster of heavy ostrich tips, which nod over the brim in front. Some of the most costly breasts on imported English hats are set at intervals with the tiny brilliant breasts of South American humming-birds, which gleam like jewels. Large clusters of heavy tips, which fall over the brim neatly in front of many of the English hats, are extremely becoming. A charming bonnet, modelled after one worn by the Princess of Wales, is of chestnut-brown velvet, with that long crown which fits so comfortably over the coiffure. The crown of this bonnet is shirred on heavy ropes to form the stylish rope crown, and the puffed brim is trimmed with a wreath of autumnal leaves shading from dark chesnut brown through all the golden-brown hues of the dying foliage, and finished at the side by clusters of brown burrs. A made princess bow under the chin completes the bonnet.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The Telephone.

The telephone business is one that has assumed large proportions lately and is rapidly gaining and spreading all over the country, and there are very few business places now who have not a telephone. In speaking on this subject a few days ago a gentleman who always has his eye open for a good business chance said to a *Leader* reporter: "The thing that astonishes me more than anything else now is that the gentlemen who are running the telephone business do not endeavor to enlarge it, and bring it into still more general use, and the way it can be done will be by bringing down the yearly rental, and naturally force everybody to contribute toward its sustenance, as is the case now. There is scarcely a day that you won't have three or four parties run into a man's place of business and say: 'May I use your telephone a moment?' But if the prices were brought down to a reasonable price there is no man who would be without one. Suppose for instance that I could get a telephone in my house and one in my office for say five dollars per year. Don't you think I would do it? Why of course. I would not be the only one, either, but every man who is in business down town or over in Pittsburgh would have one at home and one at his office. And then look at the great convenience. If a man desired to take a friend home to dinner or supper all he would have to do would be to call his wife and give her a notice of an hour or so, and she would feel better and so would you, because while the ordinary home fare would suit you she would not like to set strangers down to a meal prepared for your family. And in a thousand ways it could be made useful, until we would wonder how we had gotten along without them; but at the present time very few men can afford to keep up a luxury of that kind, and for a long time I thought a company organized for that purpose would be a paying investment, and if a stock company of that kind was started I would certainly take stock, for there is no telling where the usefulness of the telephone will end. Ten years ago had any one told us that we could talk twenty-five or fifty miles and be understood we would have thought he was an idiot, but the other day I was writing a letter to a gentleman in Rochester when another party came in and asked me why I did not telephone him, and imagine my astonishment when he replied and called me by name. He was then lying in bed with a broken leg, and was directing the work of 300 men over a mile away. I was then struck more forcibly than ever before that the telephone would sooner or later become an absolute necessity in every business man's house, and that the parties who would introduce that feature in the business had an independent fortune in their hands, of course, provided the yearly rental rates were reasonable."—*Pittsburgh Herald.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Cows are still used to drag the plow in Central Germany.

—There are 2,700 births on an average each week in the city of London.

—Roast elephant is a sacred dish in Tonquin and Anam, as are also bird's nest pies, made of esculent swallows with a plate of insects.

—A paper recently read before the Glasgow Sanitary Congress attributed nearly all the ill-health of women in the Scotch weaving districts to the abuse of tea.

—O'Connell told a story of an usher in an Irish court one day being anxious to thin the courts, and who called out: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the coort."

—A well-known actress in Vienna, Mathilde Singer, has hit upon a brilliant idea, which even the versatile Sarah Bernhardt has not yet tried. She has opened an oyster bar, over which she presides herself, with the result that the Austrian beaux flock in crowds to do homage at her shrine, consume her delicacies and bring their golden ducats to her coffers.

—Japanese "tsunoki," or camphor, is collected throughout the year, but the best results are obtained in winter. When the camphor collectors find a spot having several tsunoki trees in the vicinity they migrate thither, build a hut to live in, and construct a rude furnace for making the camphor. When that place is exhausted the hut is torn down and carried to another place.

—Fishes now living in the Suez Canal have formed the subject of a paper by Dr. C. Keller. Up to the beginning of the present year eleven species from the Mediterranean have penetrated the canal as far as Suez. The Red Sea, on the other hand, gave no fewer than twenty-five species, which, however, have only for the most part scarcely reached half-way toward the northern entrance.

—The following curious advertisement appears in a recent issue of a Pesth newspaper: "To please my wife, I, the undersigned, declare that from henceforth I will not put my foot in a *cafe* or *brasserie*, and I beg my friends and acquaintances never to ask me to frequent these haunts of perdition, and I authorize any one finding me in a *cafe* immediately to demand from me the sum of 50 florins, which will be given to some public charity."

—It is wonderful what novel and curious information we can sometimes pick from unexpected quarters, when we fall in with persons who may be deemed experts in their specialties of business and work. A haircutter recently had under his scissors the abundant locks of Mr. Lloyd, of London, a famous lawyer, and complimented his customer on his fine head of hair. "It's the brain that does it," he said. "You see, sir, the brain is in the skull, close to the roots of the hair. The brain is a soft substance, and nourishes the hair." "Ah, indeed: is that so? Well, you are of course an expert in hair, and you ought to know." "Yes, sir; it percolates through the skull and nourishes the roots. That's what it's for, sir."

Summer in India.

Only those who have experienced the heat of a summer on the plains of India can have any conception of the fiery ordeal through which the dwellers here are called to pass; and to neglect to make such provision as is possible for the alleviation of the fierce heat would be reckless in the extreme. Taking up the morning paper one day since the commencement of the present hot season, I saw noted therein the death of a European lady in one of the hotels of the city. She had arrived by a train from Bombay, and had declined the use of any cooling apparatus for her room. In the morning when a servant took in her early breakfast she was found lying upon the floor near the door, quite dead, a victim of heat apoplexy.

We rise early during the hot season in India, for the morning gives to us the only refreshment which the day furnishes; and even at that time we often pant for a cool breath. The early morning is the time for action. The missionary with his helpers goes forth to bazaar or village to tell to all who will listen the wondrous story of a Savior's love; the pastor visits the members of his flock, the physician his patients in home or hospital; the Government official repairs to his office to do duty there; the laborer goes forth to his toil. The seeker of health or pleasure, too, is abroad, and nurses are out with pale-faced children in charge, but not infrequently more intent upon their own pleasure than upon their appropriate duties, chatting with chance acquaintances, and shielding themselves from the sun, while their helpless charges sit in their little carriages, unprotected from the dazzling light and heat.

By nine or ten o'clock the "white foreigners" are seen hastening home, and through the remaining hours of the day the European in India is a prisoner within the walls of his habitation, as glad of protection from the burning heat as he would be for shelter from a winter's storm. But though confined within doors he need not be idle. The student has uninterrupted hours for study, translation or other literary work; the pastor has leisure for the preparation of sermons; the man of business can devote himself to his ledgers, and the invalid can secure quiet hours for rest.

Since the introduction of railways into India, a large proportion of the Government officials, as well as many others who can afford the indulgence, have a residence for the summer months in some Himalayan retreat. These mountain resorts which the railways have made easily accessible, are a great blessing to the invalid; and in these delightful spots, where the air is fresh and bracing, the pale-faced children of the plains grow plump and rosy.

Through April and May the heat continues to increase, and reaches its maximum in June or July, when the rainy season opens. During these sultry months the sun burns its way through the heavens day after day. The skys are brass and the earth stone, with a fiery atmosphere between.

Several years ago, while taking a railway journey in the month of May, we suffered greatly from the heat, though we had made use of such means as were at our command for our relief. We left the train at the close of a long, glowing day, and when the compartment adjoining our own was thrown open, the only occupant, a gentleman, was found in an unconscious state, a sufferer from heat apoplexy. Is it any marvel that such seizures are frequent when during the heated term the mercury in the sun reaches 172 deg. and even 178 deg., and 115 deg. or 116 deg. in the shade? The air at this season is not only hot, but dry. From the 1st of January to the 10th of June but 8½ inches of rain had fallen.

The monotony of the hot season is relieved by frequent dust-storms, which, though not pleasant in themselves, purify the air. We see a yellow cloud rising out of the west and advancing swiftly until the whole heavens become lurid. The clouds of dust and sand borne on the wind darken the air as they approach, until the blackness of night sometimes settles down upon the earth; while through every crevice the driving sand finds its way, leaving books, furniture, everything in a condition exceedingly trying to a tidy housekeeper. Great trees are sometimes uprooted in such storms.

During the hot season the nights are excessively trying, for there is little abatement of the heat, and worn with the long conflict, attended by so few alleviations, no wonder that the cheeks grow pale, the step languid, and labor which once would have been a delight, becomes a burden. Even the people of the land are affected by the great heat, and while the hot winds are blowing we frequently see those who are necessarily exposed, with the head muffled, and even with the mouth covered, as a protection from the burning air. But the degree of heat the people of India can endure is marvelous. During the month of April, when the heat was very great, natives were employed in repairing the thatched roof of our bungalow. Through the long burning day, except a short rest at midday, they were engaged in this work, sitting upon the roof, and quite unprotected from the heat; but from morning until night they chatted and laughed in great good humor, with no appearance of suffering; on the principle, I suppose, that a degree of heat which would be torture to an Icelander, would not be unpleasant to an inhabitant of the temperate zone. —*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

Disinterested Benevolence.

The question of disinterestedness has been very much discussed, not alone in schools and debating clubs, where the inquiry has been raised whether there was such a thing as disinterested benevolence, but also as a question of casuistry, in public and in the closet; and persons have taken sides variously respecting it, though I think it is generally thought there is no such thing as disinterested benevolence—in other words, that there is no man that acts benevolently who does not act with a foreknowledge and under the influence of the fact that what he is doing will make him happier, and who does not so act because he knows it will make him happier, thus acting from a selfish consideration.

Now, I believe there is such a thing as disinterested benevolence; that is to say, I believe there are people who act all the time as absolutely for the good of other people irrespective of their own good, as it is possible for the human mind to act. A man, for instance, walking on the bank of a river, sees a fellow-being struggling in the water, and without a thought plunges in and brings him to the shore. A person who witnesses the deed says: "Well, it was done quickly, to be sure; but that man must have thought, before he did it, what people would say." Absurd! Do you suppose the man risked his life because he thought somebody would praise him, and he would be a hero for it? He did it from the spontaneity of humanity that urged him on; and if, before he got the drowning man out of the water, he had time to think of other things, well and good; the prompting motive was no worse for that. Do you suppose a mother is all the time, for months and years, acting disinterestedly for the babe? "But it is *her* babe," it is said. Of course it is her babe, but it is not herself. She is pouring out, lavishly as wine is poured from a flask or goblet, her health, her strength, her waking thought and her sleeping anxiety, into that child's life; and do you suppose she stops and reckons and says: "I shall be miserable if I do not, and happy if I do?" She does it first; and if afterward she sometimes thinks that the way of spontaneous love is the way of enjoyment, the motive which actuates her is no worse for that. The cause of her devotion to the child is not the prospect of remuneration, but the necessity of acting according to her strongest feeling, which is love for that child, and which makes all service and sacrifice not only easy but inevitable. Do you suppose a benevolent man who sees want which he has the means of relieving relieves it because, after making a calculation in his mind, he comes to the conclusion that it will be a pleasure to him?

That which misleads young reasoners on this subject is the fact that a man can not use any faculty rightly without having some pleasure in its use. God has so constituted us that every right action which we perform is pleasurable. No person can act or feel right through conscience, or benevolence, or taste, or imagination, or any other faculty, without receiving pleasure. You can not use the mind aright without deriving pleasure from the act. You might as well say that a man is selfish because an apple tastes good to him when he eats it, as to say that he is selfish because he experiences pleasure when he performs a right deed. It is owing, not to any forethought on his part, but to a constitutional arrangement that he experiences pleasure under such circumstances. If a man, when a call for charity or benevolence or self sacrifice comes up, refuses to respond to it, saying: "I know there are moral grounds for it; but I will not heed them;" and if, after thinking it over, like the unjust judge he says: "Lest by its continual coming it weary me, I will," then his course is selfish, and there is no disinterested benevolence about it; but if, when an object of right and duty is presented which is beautiful and attractive, a man's mind responds to it without hesitation or resistance, though thoughts of the pleasure which it will afford him may come in, it does not follow that he does not do it disinterestedly. And it can not be denied that there are many benevolent things done without any thought of receiving pleasure in return; for there is not a day in which multitudes of persons do not do things because they think they ought to do them, which are apparently against their interest. We are all the time taking pains that others may be benefited. We are continually holding ourselves back from things that we would like to do in order that others may not be put to inconvenience. The courses of common politeness and common friendship are full of disinterestedness.—*H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

—We have always known that the fragrant weed induces blissful reverie; that a good cigar comes to the tired man after the day's work is over like a benediction, and that even the clay pipe in extremity is not altogether void of merit, though it is too aromatic for general use; but we are glad to learn from Mr. Walter Parke an historic fact which we shall hereafter bear in mind very gratefully. He has put it into verse, but it is none the worse for that:

There was an old witch of Malacca
Who smoked such atrocious tobacco,
When tigers were near
They trembled with fear,
And didn't attempt to attacca.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

HOME AND FARM.

—The Leghorn, or white Spanish hens, lay a great many eggs, but the eggs are small.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Keep the celery dry. It is moisture more than frost that injures it. Cover the trench with boards so that the water will run off.—*Exchange.*

—We believe that the upturning of the soil in autumn is worth as much to the farmer as a coat of manure in the spring. American farming lacks in tilth. Turning the soil is the need of agriculture.—*Troy Times.*

—A delicious hard sauce for puddings is made by shaving some maple sugar just as thin as possible, and mixing it with butter in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of sugar to one of butter. Serve with hot puddings by putting a spoonful on the top of the saucerful of pudding.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Buckwheat intended for seed should be hand thrashed. In thrashing by machine many of the grains are so bruised and broken that they will not germinate. As buckwheat is very easily hand thrashed it makes a job for men in winter when other work is scarce, and it is good policy to save it for them.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Snowball Cake: Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, then the white of four eggs—one at a time—and beat until thoroughly light. Flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon; then add one-half cup of milk, alternately with two cups of flower, having previously mixed one large teaspoonful of Royal baking powder in the flour. Bake in a square pan.—*Boston Post.*

—My rule, says a correspondent of the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, on all my grass lands, both meadow and pasture, is to sow ten bushels of lime to the acre once in five years, and to sow 200 pounds of German potash salts to the acre every year, and my experience is with this treatment, after two or three of the first years, that every acre will pasture its cow or cut two tons of hay.

—A writer in an exchange says:—"Some twenty years since I had a piece of pasture land badly infested with wild carrots. To restore the white clover which had run out I sowed one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of Nova Scotia plaster to the acre. The next year the white clover was there, but the carrots had disappeared, and although the land had been plowed since no trace of carrots has been found, although they are plenty near by. Did the plaster kill the carrots? If so people have an easy remedy for them."

—The proper method of forming the width or height of the instep in stocking knitting is always by regulating the length of heel, says an English correspondent. A man's heel is three inches deep, that is, after the rounding of the heel and the last rows. I am speaking of the "manufacturer's heel." The round and Dutch heels must be two and one-half inches in length before you begin to form the heel (two inches is the size of a child's heel); and it depends upon the width of the gusset in the round heel if two and a half inches will make it sufficiently deep.—*The Household.*

Does It Pay?

This is the test to apply to all enterprises on the farm. And it well becomes any one who has managed a farm for the past three or five years, in grain, grass or stock to seriously investigate whether his operations have paid. Labor is high, but in view of all the surroundings, no higher than good labor out to be. But much of it is ignorant, awkward, indolent and careless—destroying, or by neglect injuring, more than he earns. Farmers have no reason to complain of the price of labor, but the quality is wretched. It is hard to tell how so many young men come up to man's estate so totally ignorant of the ways of life. Governor Kirkwood the other day said no girl should be allowed to marry until she could make good bread, a good cup of coffee and broil a beef-steak correctly. But what would he do with the thousands of young men in all departments of life totally ignorant of how to do anything correctly?" They are crowding into our towns. They are on our farms and everywhere. But it is far worse on the farm than any other place. It is with young men as it is with a large part of mankind. If they do not know anything, it is the general verdict that they must go to farming. A few years ago a schoolmaster editor at Prairie City advocated higher wages for school-teaching, for the reason that it took two or three years to prepare for a teacher, while any green dolt is just as good as any as a farm hand." And yet it requires more natural brightness, and twice the training, to make a good farm hand that it does to constitute a good teacher.

But the question is: Does it pay to farm in the way it is mostly done at present? Let every farmer count up carefully the cost of producing the crop of the past or any year. What the cost of his corn, his oats, his potatoes, or his wheat. Count every item of work, allowing a reasonable price for teams, board of hands, seed, cost of implements, rent of ground, plowing, planting, cultivation, harvesting, threshing, storing in bins and cribs, and marketing. Then compare this with the income. Do not be discouraged at the result shown. Only let it set you to studying out a better way. How to farm without so much help—whether more stock and less grain can not solve the problem. By no means allow the scrutiny to tempt you to sell the farm and move to town, and set up a green grocery or to go to peddling apple-trees. Farming can be made to pay. We know from fair trial. It is the surest and safest way to make life comfortable of any industry or device under the sun. But it must be wisely done. Investigation must demonstrate whether the outlay is not more than the income. If it is, a better way must be sought out. And it is the object of this article to induce every farmer to search out the best way, and not go blindly forward without knowing what he is doing. We have passed by farms for the past twenty-eight years, where the first sight convinced us that the owner did not know his own business. And to-day he is not worth as much as he was a score of years ago, notwithstanding his land is worth twenty times as much as it was at the beginning of the period named. The trouble with him, and thousands like him, is that he does not know how to farm—nor know what it costs to farm, nor the value of the products of his farm. In his case he does not know whether it pays. And with the carelessness and the ignorance he applies to his farm he has no right to expect it to pay.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Miss Emma V. Pitkin, of New York, has youth, beauty and three-quarters of a million dollars, but all these could not keep her mind in balance, and she has become a raving maniac.—*N. Y. News*

—Paid in his own coin: "Don't you think she's pretty?" said the fond mother to the father as she stroked the baby's silken hair. The father was in a sulking mood (something had disagreed with him), and he replied somewhat curtly: "Oh, all babies are about alike. They look like little monkeys." Just then a neighbor entered, and, taking the baby on her lap, said: "Mercy on us! How like its father that child is!" —*Sumerville Journal.*

—A Louisville man having found a board on which a house was painted was wont to limber his brushes and try his colors, is trying to sell it as a landscape by one of the old masters.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Wide, Wide World.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L. L. D. and Counsellor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: One single application of St. Jacobs Oil cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten months standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remedies without effect.

BUFFALO has a dumb Alderman. He can not debate and therefore has to content himself with making motions.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Dead Shot

May be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

THE successful physician is one who is able to hit an ail on the head every time.—*Whitehall (N. Y.) Times.*

YOUNG men or middle aged ones suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOC'N, Buffalo, N. Y.

JOKING about her nose, a young lady said: "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

"Woman and Her Diseases"

Is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE man who thinks a big necktie will hide a dirty collar must think people are collar-blind.—*Hartford Times.*

FROM Col. C. H. Mackey, 32nd Iowa Infantry: I have derived more benefit from Ely's Cream Balm than anything else I have ever tried. I have now been using it for three months and am experiencing no trouble from Catarrh whatever. I have been a sufferer for twenty years. C. H. MACKEY, Sigourney, Iowa, Feb. 22, 1882.

"I AM at your service, madam," said the polite burglar, when caught with his arms full of silverware.

"I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED with an Affection of the Throat caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

I HAVE been entirely cured of a terrible case of Blood Poisoning by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) after trying everything known to the medical people without relief. JNO. S. TAGGART, Salamanca, N. Y.

THE only remedy sold in the United States to-day that actually cures rheumatism is Durang's. It never has and never can fail to cure the worst case. Write for free pamphlet. R. K. Helphenstine, druggist, Washington, D. C.

NOTHING better for Asthma than Piso's Cure for Consumption. 25c. per bottle.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
Has the largest sale of any cough medicine. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer
Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) has cured me entirely of bad Blood Poison. I went one hundred miles to get it, and it made me as sound as a new dollar. J. W. WEYLES, Meadville, Pa.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, December 14, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 00	@ 5 00
HOGS—Common	4 10	@ 4 75
Good packers	5 00	@ 5 35
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Family	4 65	@ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 12¼	@
No. 2 red	1 04	@ 1 50
Corn—No. 2 mixed	54	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed	34	@
Rye—No. 2	61	@
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8½	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Prime steam	8½	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	24	@ 25
Prime Creamery	25	@ 34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bar. from store	1 25	@ 1 40
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$2 80	@ 3 50
Good to choice	4 10	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 08	@
No. 2 red	1 12¼	@ 1 14
Corn—No. 2 mixed	67⅜	@ 69¾
Oats—mixed	38	@ 41
PORK—Mess	14 00	@14 87½
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 35
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	98¼	@ 1 00
Corn—No. 2	59⅛	@ 61⅛
Oats—No. 2	35¼	@ 36½
Rye	58½	@
PORK—Mess	14 75	@15 25
LARD—Steam	8-85	@ 8-90
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07⅞	@ 1 08¼
Corn—mixed	61	@ 62⅛
Oats—mixed	38	@ 40
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Refined	9¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 05	@
Corn—mixed	57	@
Oats—mixed	35½	@ 36
PORK—MESS	14 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	$1 01½	@
CORN—mixed	54	@
OATS—mixed	32½	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

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VOLUME IX. BURLINGTON, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1883. NUMBER 9.

THE NEWSPAPER ENGLISH OF THE FUTURE.

Picked up a paper here to-day,
And, by my conscience, I must say
That they do write in the funniest way.

Some time ago, over my cup,
Went sound asleep—just woke up;
Must have been—well, let me see—
Eighteen hundred sixty-three.
Cows came along—bells would tinkle—
Roused me up—a second old Winkle;
Fell asleep by their say-so,
Nine and thirty years ago.

About that paper? I was struck
All in a heap, sir; just my luck;
"Miss Susan Smiller will *elocute*
Next Thursday evening." I stood mute:
Never, in all my life, had heard
Of such an outlandish, barbarous word.
Elocute? Elocute? I declare!
I bit my whiskers and pulled my hair;
Looked in my Webster, it wasn't there.
Gave the thing up in wild despair—
Said to myself—"It's mighty quair."

Pretty near choked myself with rage;
Paper set forth on another page—
Wonderful piece of local news—
"People up town are going to *enthuse*."
And then this thing gets worse and worse—
"To-morrow the citizens *anniverse*."

"July Fourth, happy to state
Folks are all going to *declarate*."
Think I'd better shut up shop—
"Mr. A. B. is a *philanthrop!*"
And then, look here, why bless my eyes,
What in the world is "*bismarckize*?"
Eyes of mine, *can* you be trusted?
"Coal-oil factory all *combusted!*"
"*Circumtrench* your favorite fruits!"
"Mexican Empire *revolutes!*"
And since the days I went to school,
What sort of a thing's a "*perpendicule*?"

Reading along, why, bless my fate,
Here's a man who is going to *orate*.
Why, what on earth's this paper about?
I'll go stark mad if I don't find out.
Must be French, and yet I vow
I never heard of the word till now.
Folding the paper, undecided,
Bless me, some one's *homicided*,
Oh, my coevals, show to me
The good old English of '63.

Laid down the paper right away,
For, by my conscience, I must say
That they do write in the funniest way.
—*N. Y. Graphic.*

SCENES IN A MADHOUSE.

A Talk with a Billionaire—A Greeting from the King of Ireland—A Young Man Who Thinks he Can Put a Suspension Bridge Across the Atlantic—The Violent Maniacs.

"Here you will see the people who own the world and everything in it." This is what Dr. Troutman, of Ward's Island, told me as he led me to the first ward of the insane asylum one Wednesday not long ago. Dr. Troutman is the assistant superintendent there, and he was very polite to me. The Doctor put a polished brass key into the big oaken door, and, admitting me into a long corridor with a floor scrubbed until it shone like wax, quietly locked the door again and dropped the key into his pocket. Groups of men, nearly all dressed alike in grayish clothes, were walking about aimlessly. Some were talking to their fingers in an animated fashion; others were having an earnest debate with the blank wall; two were talking to each other simultaneously, but what in the world they said I couldn't make out. An orderly in a blue uniform walked about among them. Two keys dangled below his waistcoat. They were fastened to a stout cord tied around his waist. This was done to prevent the patients from taking the keys from the orderly to use as weapons. What particularly struck me as I surveyed the strange scene was that nearly all the lunatics had high foreheads. It forcibly impressed me with the truth of the saying of a certain anonymous modern philosopher, that it requires the possession of brains to become a lunatic.

"These men," the Doctor said to me, "are the paralytics. There is no hope for them. Their disease is fatal. It is general paralysis. Here you see, for example, one of our billionaires."

The Doctor stopped to shake hands with a little man with a thoughtful look.

"Yes, yes," he cried, in an animated tone, "I'm worth just one hundred thousand millions of dollars, and the fortune is increasing day after day."

"You see," remarked the Doctor, in a kindly tone, "our friend here is laboring under one singular disadvantage. He possesses all this vast wealth, and yet a power holds him back so that he can't get at it. But he is perfectly happy in the consciousness that it is increasing steadily. Every yacht that passes here he will tell you is his, and all the vast shipping of the ocean is operated in his interest."

The lunatic gazed at the Doctor with a look of real gratitude, and shook hands heartily with me as we passed on, stopping now and then to note other interesting examples of mental hallucination.

"How old are you to-day, my friend?" the Doctor asked one patient with a strikingly prominent forehead.

"Now, it's difficult to estimate that," said the patient with a smile. "My methods are different from the ordinary world's. I have been here long, very long. I find by careful computation that I am three times the circumference of the world old."

"But I am the Spirit of God," cried another, running up lest we should miss him. "Don't forget that, please. All the women of the world are my wives. I am going to have more, too. I have lived thousands of years as a spirit. I can see you all, but you can't see me. I have wings and I fly through the air seeking to better the condition of mortals. Yes, yes, we're having a beautiful day, a beautiful day, but not half so beautiful as the Spirit of the Good. I wish you farewell," and he ran off.

A brooding lunatic caught me by the hand as we passed further on by the neat and airy rooms. "How do you do? how do you do?" he cried heartily. "You are my old friend. You see I am King of Prussia now and you are all my subjects."

"Who else are you to-day?" inquired the Doctor, patting the patient on the back encouragingly.

"Ah! yes, the King of Ireland, too."

"And something else?"

"The Rock of Truth."

"Now, what else are you to-day?"

The lunatic appeared annoyed. He frowned and exclaimed: "The King of Prussia, King of Ireland, and the Rock of Truth; for pity's sake, ain't that enough for one day?"

We went to the opposite end of the ward, and the Doctor turned and bid the patients all good day, and they returned his salute courteously, all smiling and full of glee. Then he opened the door, and locked it behind him carefully and quickly.

"They will all be that way until they die," he said, as we were ascending the stone steps leading to another ward. "It is the happiest form of the disease. They gradually lose all control of themselves, so far as the power to talk and walk and think is concerned. Then they die. Life goes out like a flickering candle. The next ward will show you types of what are known as chronic cases. They, too, have hallucinations."

We went through the ward as before. One of the most interesting patients was a young man whose brain had got tangled up hopelessly about the Brooklyn Bridge. He consumes an amazing quantity of foolscap paper and lead pencil daily figuring out his plans for bridging the Atlantic by a suspension bridge. He will sit down and demonstrate its possibility by figures whenever a visitor will listen.

Another patient was an elderly man, who had once been a professor in Columbia College. Since he has been in the asylum he has written a work on art, and is now daily occupied on a text book on the calculus. The ex-professor talked with perfect clearness and sanity upon learned subjects, but he was possessed with the idea that both the Doctor and myself were what he called dogs in the manger, and keeping him from his freedom.

A one-legged patient seemed overjoyed when he caught sight of me. He bowed low, held out his hand, and cried: "Ha! welcome to our home." The next instant the man was hopping up and down the corridor in his one rubber boot, frantically waving a pair of crutches. He seemed in a delirium of delight, but it was not over pleasant to watch his antics. The Doctor waited until he had locked the door behind him and we were once more upon the stairway, and then said:

"That man is shod with rubber because he has an unpleasant habit of kicking people. He killed his father-in law in a fit of frenzy and has been here ever since."

As we continued our journey each succeeding case presented features of more and more violent mania. It was getting decidedly uncomfortable and it needed the Doctor's cool, unconcerned demeanor and the presence of orderlies to keep the spirits from sinking. The lunatics crowded around me with an eagerness and interest that was absolutely oppressive in its strain upon my nerves. I shall never forget the terrible glare of their restless, glittering eyes. One man fastened his eyes upon me the moment I entered and never took them off while I remained in the ward. He followed me everywhere, and I could feel his eyes, almost, even when my back was turned to him. Before we left this ward the Doctor went into a workshop in an alcove of the corridor and displayed rugs, mats and brooms. The workmanship was very good, indeed.

"The lunatics make all these themselves," said he. "It gives them relief to have occupation. The rugs are made from bits of their own old clothes. They use knives to cut the brooms with. We allow them knives to work with."

I breathed easier when the door was locked on the lunatics.

By the time we had been through seven or eight wards I had seen all of the insanity I wanted to see. The remembrance of it will last for years. I begged to be excused from further sightseeing.

"You have not seen the really violent cases," said the Doctor quietly. "In one of the upper wards we have to go along the wall sideways and keep our eyes upon the lunatics, lest they should steal up behind us unawares and strike us. It is a life of constant watchfulness on our part. The patients sometimes secrete the spoons they are given to eat with. Then they grind the handle down to a fine edge when they get into the cells. A spoon becomes a very ugly dagger after this operation. We can never tell when a patient will be seized with a homicidal mania. Three physicians were killed here within a year. The physicians never carry arms. We all carry whistles and blow them when attacked. The orderlies come to our aid at the alarm. No one is ever allowed to use violence toward the patients. Some months ago a patient seized my hand with his teeth and tried to bite it off. I only saved myself from severe injury by pressing his head back and holding my hand against his teeth until the orderly came to my assistance."

When I had got back once more to the office the Doctor said:

"We are receiving more and more patients here every week. As civilization advances it is found that insanity increases. Some of the queerest things the mind of man ever could conceive of get into the twisted brains of these unhappy people. They are truly to be pitied."

I looked out at that moment upon the rather pleasing prospect that forms a picture which the lunatics may watch from the corridor windows. Twenty or thirty men were busy with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows laying a new pathway along the greensward.

"We let them work as you see," continued the Doctor. "These men are all inmates, but they are the quieter patients."

Afterward I saw the types I had left behind all duplicated in the Emigrant Asylum on another part of the Island. In one part female lunatics were confined. To get to the asylum I had to pass the lunatics at work on the walk. I made the journey in time which I felt would do credit to a professional pedestrienne. I didn't stop to view the scenery.

"You were foolish to be frightened," said Mr. Peek, the Superintendent. "By exhibiting fear or uneasiness you give a lunatic an immense advantage over you. If you look them straight in the eye and show by your bearing that you mean to have no nonsense, you can control them. They are really very cowardly."

"Yes," said another official, "in an outbreak of massed men I would rather face the lunatics here than the men over there at the Penitentiary. The lunatics lack concentration of purpose. If one becomes violent and attacks a keeper, it is a hundred to one that the others will fall to and help the keeper." While the keeper was talking I heard that a quiet, inoffensive, melancholic patient had nearly cut his head off with an old razor he found in a heap of rags in a cellar. I waited for no more, but started for the Commissioners' boat. The last view of lunacy I got was the spectacle of a grinning man, who shouted good-by to me over the wide expanse of a huge necktie, on which he had fastened the brass cover of a square inkstand which had an agate set in its center.

As I got in the elevated cars, homeward bound, two white-haired sages with very intellectual faces sat down opposite me, and by a singular coincidence began to discuss the proposition that the white human race is composed simply of the victims of hallucination.

"Why," said one to the other, "there are philosophers who assert that people who think they live are deluded. The idea that there is any such thing as life is simply a wild flight of the imagination."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Diogenes, when he joined me at supper and I told him what the man said, "that philosopher is more or less correct. We are all crazy on some things. I have seen a man who saw three Kings get mad. It is notorious that plumbers' bills drive people crazy. Careful students have also found that women are crazy on the subject of dress. But we'll not discuss that, for the lodge meets to-night and I must go at once."

That is the kind of lunacy I have to put up with seven days in the week. Oh, yes, if it really requires brains to make a man a bona-fide loon, nature has saved Mr. Diogenes all danger of ever becoming the inmate of an asylum.
—"*Mrs. Diogenes*," *in N. Y. Sun.*

A Chapter on the Newly Married.

After the honeymoon is over, in which each lives in the seventh heaven of bliss, and is blind to all outward surroundings, there comes a day when the mere matter-of-fact duties begin, and they settle down to the realities of life. The habits, the manners and the tempers are things that neither knows anything about in the other, and that which was long concealed in an engagement for months is quickly revealed in the close relationship of married life. Some little habit that the bachelor or maiden has formed rasps to rawness the nerves of the other, and the determinations on either side to break the other of the fault only chafes and frets both without attaining the object. He thinks that home life should fill their every thought. She thinks a little society and gayety would be preferable. He is tired when he comes home at night, tired of seeing people, tired of talking to them; he has been in a whirl all day. She has moped by herself through the same long hours in the "love of a cottage" that seemed so poetical to talk about, or has spent a dreary time, solitary and alone, through a cheerless winter day in her room at their boarding house, and is only kept from downright rebellion by the thought that when "Charlie" comes home they will go to the theater, or to see "ma." Then there is disappointment on both sides. She thinks he is "real mean" because he does not indorse her plans, and he thinks she is downright silly to wish to leave such a cozy fireside and such a comfortable little home place for any other spot on earth.

She has always found her "I wills" and "I won'ts" the law and the gospel, and ten chances to one Charlie yields to her imperial highness, and is forever after a hen-pecked husband. But if that same Charlie is wise, and can convince his "little wife" without wounding her, he has forever won, not only her heart, but her judgment; and she looks up to and respects him for his firmness.

It is very seldom the case that the first months of married life are the happiest, and it takes a big stock of love and good sense to launch a couple over the breakers into a smooth, open, matrimonial sea. The faults that are discovered, the weaknesses that are shown, the foibles that are betrayed, can only be met with forbearance, if a pair hope for a blissful future; then every after year confirms their oneness of heart, of sympathy and of purpose, and any couple of this kind long married will tell you they are happier after all those years than they were the day they were married.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Oh, Mamma.

"Mamma," said a pretty young woman of Clifton, "I have been reading an interesting article on the wearing of the hair among Japanese women and its significance."

"What does it say?"

"Well among other things, it says much may be read from the arrangement of a woman's hair—"

"I think it is different in America," interrupted the mother.

"Why, mamma?"

"Ahem, daughter; I should say, judging from the way you looked after Henry went away last night that much may be read in the dis-arrangement of a woman's hair."

"Oh, mamma!"—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Bob Burdette has invented a capital screen against the widow-opening fiend. It is this: When the party in front of you on a railroad car opens a window on a cold day just twist a newspaper into a semi-funnel shape and hold it at such an angle that you will be protected and the draught be directed against the back of the neck of the window-opener.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The following is vouched for as a word-for-word copy of a notice posted upon a patent gate exhibited at the Louisville (Ky.) Exposition: "Evry, wun, should, see, and, try, this, lovely, gate, it, is, just, what, you, want, dont, you, Morne, five, hundred, solde, in, this, state, every, one, thinks, its, the, best, gate, they, ever, heirn, tell, on, git, wun."—*Buffalo Express.*

—Jackson County, Florida, boasts among other curiosities a natural well, formed by the sinking of earth near Greenwood a few months ago; a natural bridge of limestone across the Chipola River, about three miles above Marianna, formed by the river sinking for the distance of half a mile, and unexplored caves too numerous to mention. —*Detroit Post.*

—The average in Texas is one hanging to thirty murders.—*Chicago Herald.*

Our Young Folks.

THE NEW YEAR.

Little children, dont you hear
Some one knocking at your door?
Don't you know the glad New Year
Comes to you and me once more—

Comes with treasures ever new
Spread out at our waiting feet?
High resolves and purpose true
Round our lives to music sweet.

Ours to choose the thorns or flowers,
If we but mind our duty;
Spend aright the priceless hours,
And life will glow with beauty.

Let us, then, the portals fling,
Heaping high the liberal cheer;
Let us laugh, and shout and sing—
Welcome! Welcome, glad new year!
—*Elizabeth A. Davis.*

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Grandpa, when does a man have three hands?"

This question was put by a child to her grandfather, in the midst of the family circle on Christmas evening. They were all merry with innocent fun and chit-chat. Giving and guessing riddles was one of the entertaining pastimes of the hour. The grandfather repeated the child's question slowly, and, after thinking a moment, he said: "I give it up." The bright child in great glee cried out: "A man has three hands when he has a right hand and a left hand and gets a little behind hand."

All hands laughed heartily at grandfather's failure to guess, and he looked so grave over it they laughed the more merrily.

But the "head of the house" did not seem to join very heartily in the amusement, and they rallied him by asking if it was not a fair conundrum.

"Certainly: not only fair, but excellent: the play on the word is very neat, but it has set me thinking of what comes of getting a little behindhand, and some other time, when you want to hear it, I will give you a little sermon or lecture on the subject."

"Now—now—let us have it now!" they all exclaimed; but he knew children too well for that, and, saying that his sermon would *keep*, he told them to go on with their riddles and stories.

The next Sabbath evening, when they were all in the parlor, the bright little girl, who had puzzled her grandfather with the conundrum, looked up from the book she was reading, and said, with a smile:

"Grandpa, are you not getting a little behindhand with that sermon you promised us?"

"You shall have it now, if you wish;" and all sat still and attentive while the good man began:

"To-morrow will be the first day of a new year, and a good time to take a fresh start. To begin well is half the doing, whatever it is. The habit of being on time, never a minute behindhand, is one of the greatest helps to success in life. While, on the other hand, to get into the way of delaying, keeping others waiting, not being prompt, punctual and ready, is the secret cause of failure in ten thousand cases, many of which I have seen in the course of my life. We notice it in children. What you are in the morning, you will be at noon, and probably at night. 'The child is father of the man,' 'just as the twig is bent,' etc. The family meet in the morning for worship and breakfast; one child is late. She is usually late, the same one. She was behindhand in getting herself ready; the rest waited for her a few moments and then went on without her, and presently she came, disturbing all and making herself disagreeable and them uncomfortable. The boy with such a disposition is late at school, not prepared with his lessons, always just a little behindhand in everything. Perhaps he goes to college or into business, trade or profession, and if he is dependent on his own exertions he makes a failure in everything.

"Forty years ago I knew two smart boys, helpers in a grocery store. They were brothers. They seemed to be made of steel springs, so quick, prompt and decisive were they in filling every order. They were poor boys, apprentices then. But they worked as if the concern was their own, and success depended on their energy, push and faithfulness. Now they live on one of the fashionable avenues of New York in their own large mansions, retired from the grocery business in which they made their fortunes. Holding important trusts, they are useful and respected citizens and Christians. They owe their success solely, under God, to their own promptness in performing every promise, in being always ahead rather than behind time. And there are mechanics and tradesmen with whom I once had dealings and now have deserted, because they would never fulfill an order in season, would not send a thing home to me when they promised and invariably kept me waiting whatever might be my distress to be served. This vice runs in the blood sometimes, and whole families are distinguished by taking it easy, 'time enough yet,' being their motto and rule. They drop behind in the race of life. They would be run over if some one did not pick them up and help them on. Half the world has this work to do, besides doing its own. In the absence of positive crime, this habit of taking it easy causes the poverty and failure of the greater part of the human family. With the same chances, with equal health and wits, in the same field, one man succeeds and another makes a dead failure. And why? Because one took time by the forelock, was ever prompt, and therefore prosperous. The other was always a little behindhand, and by-and-by so far behind as to be counted out as of no account.

"When you are old enough yourselves to meet and move with men and women in business and good works of life, you will soon find some who are late at the appointed time, who come bustling in, ten or fifteen minutes after the hour, saying: 'I had no idea it was so late;' 'My watch never deceived me before;' 'I am very sorry to keep you waiting.' All such managers are poor timber to make boards of. If they had the grace of resignation, they would make room for somebody not always a little behindhand.

"The train starts at nine in the morning, and they reach the station two minutes late, and are left. The boat goes at five, and they arrive in time to be laughed at by the passengers who see them wiping the perspiration from their heated brows. I knew a Georgia preacher who was holding forth in an asylum to a congregation of the Insane. He described a man on a scaffold about to be hung, while in the distance comes a messenger on horseback bringing a pardon. But the hour of fate was just at hand; a minute or two and it would be too late. The preacher drew out the agony, by talking and talking, till one of his crazed hearers cried: 'Can't you hurry up a little? They'll hang that man if you don't.' And when I see people dilly-dallying, wasting precious time in doing nothing, I long to tell them to hurry up, for life, soul, salvation may be lost if they are only a little behindhand. It is so in every relation, calling and duty in life. It is the one principle on which the prize of success in this world depends, and immortal glory beyond. Now is the accepted time.

"There, children dear, you have had the the sermon I promised. The New Year begins to-morrow, and the resolution I want you to make is this, 'With God's good help, for which I will daily pray, I will always be on hand, at the moment, ready for every duty, and will do with my might what I am called to do.'"

While the sermon was in progress, the child who gave the conundrum had quietly climbed into her grandfather's lap. She was one of the irrepressible sort of children, and could hardly wait for him to make an end, when she exclaimed: "Grandpa, it's just the other way, isn't it? If a man *never* gets a little behindhand, he has three hands or four, and does more work and better than the lazy fellow who is *always* behindhand."

"That's so," said the old man, and, "if you had said *that* at the beginning, you might have been spared the sermon."

"Yes," said John, the oldest boy, "but that would have been a great loss to us, and for one I promise not to be a little behindhand, If I can help it, as long as I live."

"Good-night, all," said the grandfather. "God bless you all with a happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year to you, grandpa," they cried in chorus, and went off to bed.—"*Irenæus*," *in N. Y. Observer.*

Mary and Dog Carlo.

Little Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog, Carlo, were a very familiar picture to me.

I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it is a warm afternoon, they lay asleep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a lovely contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome.

Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from getting off the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I heard his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home, he would never desert her. When she was tired out she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as he could go.

One day, when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought him too wise a dog to be mistaken, so I followed him, though a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track.

I felt sure that the dog's quick ears must have heard the train, which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough, I can tell you. Carlo had never before allowed me to pick her up, even for a moment. Now he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight.

After that I was a privileged friend, for Carlo never forgot that morning. To the day of his death he thanked me in his mute, loving way every time he saw me.—*Mrs. Frances Smith, in Our Little Ones.*

A Jealous Little Horse.

Mr. N. G. Lynch, Superintendent of Sheepshead Bay Race Course, related an incident that occurred while he was connected with a Massachusetts battery during the rebellion, showing the strong jealousy of a horse. He rode a little horse that was equal to all emergencies and possessed of remarkable strength and staying powers. He had become attached to the animal, and, although frequently requested to change his horse for a larger one that would appear more warlike and more in proportion to his own great size, he invariably refused to part with his faithful an tried companion.

At last his superior officer commanded him to take a charger which he named and retire the lighter horse. The rules of war obliged him to obey the order. When he first appeared with the battery on the new horse the little fellow was picketed near by. Falling back on his haunches he pulled himself loose, galloped alongside the fresh arrival, and wheeling around planted both hind hoofs in his rival's side, just missing his master's legs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An Excise Commissioner in Albany County, N. Y., signed the following document: "Whereas Frank E. McCullock has this day purchased of me five hundred cigars for $12.50, and whereas said McCullock is indebted to the Board of Excise for excise license, now, therefore, I, as one of the Commissioners, in consideration of the purchase from me of the above-mentioned cigars for the cash price above stated do hereby extend the time of payment of said license until such time as said McCullock shall have succeeded in selling said cigars in his store."—*Albany Express.*

Religious.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Oh New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's: who saith:
"Make straight paths for your feet," and to the oppres:
"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, oh, bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close, in which like sheltered dove
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly; contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face
Or dim with clouds we can not comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end.
Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.
—*Dinah Maria Mulock, in Christian Union.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.—1883.		
Dec. 23	—Death of Saul and Jonathan	1 Sam. 31: 1-13
Dec. 30	—Review.	
FIRST QUARTER—1884.		
Jan. 6	—The Conference at Jerusalem	Acts 15: 1-11
Jan. 13	—Hearing and Doing	James 1: 1-27
Jan. 20	—The Power of the Tongue	James 3: 1-13
Jan. 27	—Living as in God's Sight	James 4: 7-17
Feb. 3	—Paul's Second Missionary Journey	Acts 15: 35-41 & 16: 1-10
Feb. 10	—The Conversion of Lydia	Acts 16: 11-24
Feb. 17	—The Conversion of the Jailor	Acts 16: 25-40
Feb. 24	—Thessalonians and Bereans	Acts 17: 1-14
Mch. 2	—Paul at Athens	Acts 17: 22-34
Mch. 9	—Paul at Corinth	Acts 18: 1-17
Mch. 16	—The Coming of the Lord	1 Thess. 4: 13-18, & 5: 1-8
Mch. 23	—Christian Diligence	2 Thess. 3: 1-18
Mch. 30	—Review; or Missionary, Temperance, or other lesson selected by the school.	

RELIGIOUS DOUBT AND MODERN POETRY.

The fatal *narrowing* tendency which attends the intellectual processes of skepticism is nowhere seen in a more startling light than in its action upon poetry. The freshness and spontaneity of song is lost, the lyrical cry becomes a lyrical wail, simplicity and fullness of emotion become unknown, and the imagination, having lost courage for anything like colossal effort, is frittered away, and wastes itself in spasmodic and often morbid creation. There is no clearer lesson taught us by the history of human thought and action than that the greatest deed and utterance are impossible without the serenity and courage which spring from living faith with God. The great poet must, like Milton, ever live in his great taskmaster's eye, and then he will not fail to make his own life a true poem. There is no compensation for the loss of faith in poetry. Doubt may sometimes lift its cup full of the wine of misery to the poet's lips, and he shall drink and find a certain bitter exhilaration in the draught which fires the mind with brief poetic *fervor*, but that throb of short and daring effort is all too dearly purchased. The world asks that its poets shall be prophets; that its singers shall be believers; that their inspiration shall be drawn from above, else it were better that their gift died in them, and their song were never sung.

The keystone in the arch of life is God. If once the poet pluck that down, what wonder is it that all his life falls straightway into illimitable despair and ruin? What wonder that the stars fade one by one above him, until at last he sits in cities of dreadful night, and bows his head, and only asks to die? In poetry, as in philosophy, it is needful to insist upon the abiding power and presence of the religious instinct. All outrage done to that is outrage upon that which is noblest in humanity. It brings its revenges with it, and the Nemesis which follows skepticism in poetry is confusion and paralysis of power and effort. Nor is it possible, as Tennyson has shown us, for any man to be even indifferent to the religious instinct, and yet be a great poet. It is not given to the mightiest genius to

> Sit as god, holding no form of creed,
> But contemplating all.

In attempting to shun the most solemn problems of the universe, and work out for himself a 'perfect intellectual culture, such a poet simply builds a palace of art, whose splendid corridors ring at last with his despair, and all whose glory he is glad to barter for a cottage in the vale where he may mourn and pray. The religious instincts of the race have always been the secret springs which have fed the great poetry of the world; and the iconoclast who would propose to himself the daring programme of eliminating faith in God from the poetic literature of England would speedily discover that his proposition meant the destruction of everything which the common consent of four centuries has voted best worth preserving.

From Robert Browning we may take one line which should be the first article in any poet's creed: "Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

From the verse of him "who uttered nothing base" we may quote what seems to us as beautiful a conception of the poet as poet ever uttered, and one which our generation were wise in laying to heart. The true poet is

> One in whom persuasion and belief
> Have ripened into faith, and faith become
> A passionate intuition.

—*Rev. W. J. Dawson.*

Two Scenes.

An extraordinary scene presented itself one night last October, in the city of New York, a scene which would be possible in no other country than our own. It was the opening of a magnificent place of amusement, built expressly for the accommodation of the millionaires of that city. The stockholders were, almost without exception, men of enormous fortune, and men who had made their fortunes by their own efforts. On the opening night they filled the boxes. The dresses of the women were of imperial splendor. The diamonds surpassed those in the regalia of many European dynasties. Over six hundred millions of dollars, it was estimated, were represented in one tier. None of the men who had amassed these fabulous riches had any ancestry to boast of, in fact, their pride was that they had carved out their own fortunes by shrewdness and energy. It was a superb success. In no other country are the chances for such unlimited triumph open to shrewdness and energy; and in no other country would the possession of huge wealth be able to constitute a distinctive society apart from any considerations of education or birth.

On the same night, in the neighboring city of Philadelphia, was assembled a great Council of ministers of one of the Christian Churches. There were men of every age; white men, negroes and Indians. They came from all quarters of this country, from Alaska to Mexico; from China, Japan and Africa. Many of them with the refined faces of scholars and gentlemen bore marks of extreme poverty. They were ill-fed and scantily clothed. These were the missionaries who traversed the wilder parts of the country, and supported their wives and children on less than the wages of a day-laborer. Their yearly income would not have bought one of the fans which finished the dress of the money-queens in the New York Opera-house.

To this council there entered a man bent with age, from one of the Southern States, who for more than half a century had gone up and down its waste places, in want and sickness, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the poor. He was known as one of those holy and humble men of heart, for whom we are bidden to thank God that they are among us. The whole assembly rose and stood while he bade them farewell.

"I shall never be present at another general convention," he said. "I was one of the Council of 1823. Of all the members of that Council, clergymen, bishops and laymen, there is *but one* man living, and I am he. The others are all dead. Since that Council met we have carried the message of Christ into every hill and valley of the Union. We have had hardships to bear, poverty, want and discouragement. But, brethren, ours has been a great success—a great success! Farewell."

Then while the majestic music of the opera was sounding for the successful speculators, these other men, red, black and white, sang a hymn together; rejoicing that they could yet go on with their lives of work and deprivation and self-sacrifice, and achieve the great success of lifting human souls nearer to God.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Past and the Future.

How much easier it is for a thoughtful mind to brood over the past year than to plan earnestly and hopefully for the new year. The old year we know all about; it is a positive reality in our experience; but the new year is yet an untried experiment, at the best but a shadowy possibility. It is hard to have such a living interest in that which may be, as in that which is, or which has been. And here is one of our hindrances and dangers on the borderline between the past and the future:

"We know not the future; the past we have felt—
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt:
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul."

This is the way it *seems* to us; yet as a practical matter the future is a great deal more real than the past. In fact, that which is before us is alone the possible to us. The past can not be ours. The future may be. Bounding forward to that which is still attainable, in the providence of God, is therefore wiser and better than brooding over that which is forever beyond our grasp. And to the child of God the best things are always before him, not behind. It is in recognition of this truth that every disciple can say, or ought to be able to say, as a new year opens before him: "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—*S. S. Times.*

Wise Sayings.

—If we can not live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.—*Fichte.*

—In the dark cloud of a great sorrow the beautiful bow of God's promise is often seen if we look up.

—The power of man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doings.—*Pascal.*

—Death makes a beautiful appeal to charity. When we look upon the dead form, so composed and still, the kindness and the love that are in us all come forth.—*Chapin.*

—There is a power in real godliness which commands the reverence of those who hate us, and this the proudest sinners often so far feel as to be unable to carry on their violent opposition against it.—*Robinson.*

—What are your boys and girls reading? What are they going to read this winter? What are you doing in the way of directing their reading? To answer these questions as intelligent and Christian parents ought to calls for much thought—earnest and practical thought. It is very unwise for parents not to know what books their children read, and also not to direct them in their reading. And it is peculiarly unfortunate for bright boys and girls, surrounded by so many good books, to get a taste for trash. By a little forethought and wise planning, fathers and mothers may select such books as will both interest and instruct their boys and girls, and in due time lead to a love for solid reading. And here is a province in which the teacher may accomplish incalculable good. Give the children a talk, occasionally, on reading. Tell them of books most worth reading. Make up a list in history, biography, poetry, general literature, etc., and offer premiums for reading so many volumes along the indicated lines, or for the best essay on a given volume.—*Golden Rule.*

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL,
Proprietors.

BURLINGTON, KY. DEC. 26. 1883.

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THE cause of education seems to be growing in every section of the State.

NEXT Monday the Legislature meets. Frankfort will then be in its glory.

THE Louisiana Democrats have nominated Governor McHenry for a reelection.

A CONGRESSMAN'S sulking because he did not get the Chairmanship of a committee is very childish, and poor evidence of a statesman.

THE Yeoman will publish a daily edition during the session of the Legislature, giving, in full, the daily proceedings of the Legislature.

NEXT Friday night a caucus will be held in Frankfort at which it will be determined who the Legislature will honor with the next seat in the United States Senate.

THE Louisville Commercial, as well as many others, thinks that the authorities at the Anchorage Asylum have been outrageously neglectful of duty in the Tom Buford matter.

THE Lexington Asylum muddle continues to muddle, and nothing short of an adjustment by the Legislature will send peace and harmony across the threshhold of that institution.

HOGGISH—Select butchers and heavy shippers, $5 70@5 90; fair to good packers, at $5 40@5 75; fair to good light, $4 90@5 45; common, $4 15@4 85; culls, $3 00@4 00: stock hogs, $4 25@5 25.

THERE are about a dozen ladies who are candidates for State Librarian. Librarian is the only State office to which ladies are elligible, but it illustrates that the females also have a slight hankering after office.

EVERY few days we receive a circular from some firm announcing a press that just suits the country newspaper. The country newspaper fraternity is not hard to please with a press, but the prices are what stumps them.

A CONVICT who died in the Jeffersonville, Indiana, penitentiary confessed the murder of Richard Nagel in Louisville two years ago, and for which a Robert O'Neol was convicted and sent to the Kentucky penitentiary for life.

OWING to the large stocks of coal and the low prices at all points between Pittsburg and New Orleans, the operators have decided upon a general suspension of work in the river pits, and before January 1 over two thousand men will be thrown out of employment.

LOUISVILLE is sorely puzzled over a very large decrease in the amount of its taxable property. The city has been enjoying a very prosperous period, and why its taxable property should not increase correspondingly is what the Mayor and other officers do not understand.

THE Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment for $12,775 against the Louisville and Nashville railroad and in favor of Ben Turner, of Edmonson county, who was knocked down and run over by one of their cars while crossing a street, and from which he lost his left arm. A very handsome Christmas gift.

IT is repeatedly suggested that our Legislature meets too often, but when a proposition is made to reconstruct the State Constitution, whereby all such defects in our system of State government may be remedied, the proposition is repeatedly defeated, and the State continues to be subjected to many inconveniencies.

THE JUDGES of the Court of Appeals are getting nervous since Col Thomas Buford made his way across the Ohio river, last week, and appeared in Henry county. The Colonel is in deep distress financially, and still charges that the Court of Appeals robbed him. Mr. Buford will please take notice that the RECORDER never spoke disrespectfully of him.

MR CARLISLE has declined to allow his name used any further in connection with the Senatorship. This leaves the field in a shape that Judge William Lindsay should by all means be called to that high position. He towers far above any of the other aspirants for that office in every essential, necessary to properly fill such an honorable and responsible position.

FEW people reflect upon the fact that the Indians are the richest landholders in the United States. We have 237,066 of them, exclusive of the Alaska Indians, holding 151,307,768 acres of land. Some of the tribes own 3,000 acres per Indian. The average is about one square mile to each Indian, while a white man is not allowed to pre-empt more than 160 acres of the public land.—Ex.

The press all over the State is going for the rubicund hero of Duluth in a style that will either force him to overhaul affairs at Anchorage or make him appear inconsistent in his management of our Asylums. Here he turned out a competent gentleman who did not support him, and put in a competent gentleman who did support him in his Gubernatorial canvass. At Anchorage he is leaving in a man who supported him in his candidacy, but who has shown his fitness for the position by alleged cruelties and letting Tom Buford escape.—Lexington Transcript.

THE Court of Appeals has decided the important question of the constitutionality of the present State Railroad Commission and the validity of the tax which the railroads refuse to pay. The Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific, the Cheaspeake, Ohio and Southwestern railway companies paid a part of the taxes due by them for 1882, but left a part unpaid, that a test suit might be maintained. The roads contended that the Legislature could not confer absolute power on the Board of Commissioners, and thereby leave them no appeal in the matter of assessments. The Franklin Circuit Court decided in favor of the Commonwealth, and that judgment was affirmed, Judge Pryor delivering the opinion.

THERE has been much complaint in the past, of our Legislatures, on account of protracted sessions and the disposition of such a small amount of work of general interest. The principal cause of the prolonged sessions of our law-makers is the numerous local bills that are presented immediately after the meeting of the Legislature. Nearly every member goes to Frankfort with a grip-sack full of local bills he wants passed, and the result is that general legislation is seriously retarded and the sessions prolonged. Long sessions of the Legislature can not be avoided as long as so much time is devoted to the consideration of local bills, such as those incorporating turnpike road companies, and others of about the same degree of importance. But this rush of business will continue in its present channel till the State constitution is modified so as to open another avenue leading to a more proper and less expensive body to which these unimportant local bills can be referred for consideration and disposition.

Tobacco Items.

Joseph McClelland and Col. Clayton, of Bracken, offered Horace Miller 17c for his entire crop.

Tol. Dickerson, of Grant county, has bought nearly a half million pounds of tobacco.

In Owen county, J. V. Smith bought of W. Dunn his crop of 8,000 pounds, at 15 cents.

The Midway Clipper says Thomas Parish raised 35,000 pounds of tobacco on 30 acres, and sold it at an average of 13 cents per pound.

The Outlook says James C. Hamilton, of Bath county, is preparing to build 20 tobacco barns, and will raise 200 acres of tobacco next year.

C. B. Lindsay, of Carroll county, sold in Cincinnati, four hogsheads, the remnant of his crop of 1882, at about $17 per 100 pounds all round.

Moore & Dickens, of Franklin county, sold in Louisville, five hogsheads of new Burley at $23, and $17 25, $17 75 and $25, an average of $21 25—the highest price reached this season.

Lucas & Foeman, purchased two crops of tobacco of Alvin Mothershead one crop of 2,500 lbs. at 15c, with 200 lbs. off, for which he received 5c; the other crop, 8,000 lbs. at 14c with 2,500 off, at 5c. Tilford & Smith refused 16½c for their crop. John Maston sold 6,000 lbs. to the Owenton dry-house at 16½c—Owen News.

FOURTEEN negroes will occupy seats in the Mississippi Legislature.

STATE NEWS.

—Mrs. Johanna Lipp, aged one hundred years and five days, is dead at Maysville.

Tobacco is selling for fifteen cents all round in the vicinity of Minerva, Mason county.

—The small-pox is spreading at Minorsville, a village in this county. There are seven cases in the family of Mr. Bramlette, and Jos. Gardner has it.—Georgetown Times.

—Bourbon News: Last week we drew on a citizen of Lexington through the banks, and the draft was returned with the following: "Can't find him; the grand jury is in session."

—The frost has decided the vexed question of whether the stones bein put into the new court-house at Lexington would stand freezing or not. Several long stones ready to go into the building bursted into pieces from the effects of the frost.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

[Courier-Journal.]

—Florida farmers are importing German labor.

—The Prohibition movement in Little Rock has collapsed.

—The City Council of Nashville have voted water free to the poor.

—Chas. Harris, of Belleville, Tex., has invented a machine for washing dishes.

—Mr. Ball, a wealthy citizen of Galveston, intends building a $50,000 school-house for the city.

—The Hessian flies are reported in great numbers along the Monroe and Barren county lines.

—Fifty thousand acres of fraudulently entered land has been discovered in Usaldo county, Texas.

—Within four weeks this fall Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana and Texas doubled their railroad mileage.

—Over thirty different specimens of oil have been secured in the "finds" in Overton county, Tenn.

—A log cut in Suwannee county, Fla., required sixteen mules to haul it, and it made fifty thousand feet of lumber.

—The last spike has been driven and trains are running through from Owensboro to Adairville on the Owensboro and Nashville railroad.

—Fishing along the Gulf coast is at a standstill. Cedar Key fish dealers are salting their fish because there is no market for them at present.

—Gwinnette county, Ga., has a magistrate who grants divorces to parties who will swear they can't live peaceably together, and pay the cost of the proceedings.

—There is a one-legged Confederate soldier in Georgia, who has never drawn any pension, because all of his command were killed and there is no one to certify to his having been in the army.

—Forrest Radford, a colored mail carrier on the Hopkinsville and Cadiz route, has been arrested, charged with robbing the mail, and $140 of the $200 in money orders and registered packages has been recovered, and Radford confesses.

—The Macon Telegraph says immense quantities of sugar will some day be produced in Florida and Southern Georgia, and that it ought not to be long before the people in those sections awake to a full realization of the capabilities of their soil in that direction.

Subscribe for the RECORDER.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Boone Circuit Court, Ky.

Virginia M. Huey, &c. Plfts. } Notice
vs } of sale in
Laura Huey, Deft. } Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Boone Circuit Court, rendered at the Oct., term thereof, 1883, in the above cause, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 7th day of Jan. 1884, at 1 o'clock p. m., or thereabout (being County Court day) proceed to offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, on a credit of 6,12 & 18 mos. at the Court-house door in the town of Burlington, the property mentioned in the judgment to wit: 101 acres of land being the farm upon which William S. Huey resided at the time of his death and now occupied by John Humphrey and bounded by the lands of T. P. Marshall, the Bradfords, J. T. Ryle, Geo. Smith, &c.

The purchaser will be required to give bonds with approved security, for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from the day of sale, according to law. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

Bonds payable to the undersigned.

W L RIDDELL, M C B C C.

For Sale.

A dwelling with 6 rooms, and 15 acres of land at Rabbit Hash, Ky. On this land is a good orchard, barn and other conveniences. Also a never failing well. Address B. F. BELL, Rabbit Hash, Ky.

For Sale.

Pure Jersey Cattle, Bronze Turkeys and Plymouth Rock Chickens; also eggs in season. HENRY TUCKER, Union, Ky.

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For Sale.

Fine tobacco land. I have for sale, cheap from One hundred to Six hundred acres of No. 1 tobacco land, lying on the Beaver Lick and Union T. P. road in Boone county, Ky. For particulars call on L. H. Dills at Burlington, Ky., or the undersigned on the prmises or address me at Union P O.
7-4t F. DICKEY.

Out on the Prairie.

Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time."

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife: "If anything should happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drughouse of William Hart, in Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC, is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but does not promote a love for strong drink; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by inciting the torpid organs into healthy action, and opening all the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

But take it into your house, and it will speak for itself. Once used, will change it for nothing else. Physicians commend it. Price, 50 cents and $1. HISCOX & CO., Chemist, New York.

Posted.

Notice is hereby given that our lands in Boone county, are posted and all persons are warned not trespass thereon.

MRS. E. J. PIATT, JOHN MCCONNEL.
Miss Julia S. Dinsmore.

For Rent.

A good hotel, paying bar attached. Also a good stable. This is the J. P. Snyder property in Florence. Call on Mrs. S. Snyder, Florence, Ky. 7-4t

Administrator's Notice,

Those having claims against the estate of W. S. Ryle, dec'd., are hereby notified to present the same, proven as by law required, to the undersigned before December 25th, '83. B. H. STEPHENS, Adm'r.

For Sale.

House and lot in Hebron, Boone county, Kentucky. This is a very comfortable house located near the center of the town. The lot contains one acre. For further particulars call on or address LYSTRA AYLOR, Hebron, Ky.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Wm. N. Aylor. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly proven according to law to the undersigned at No. 7 Pike Str., Covington, Ky. R. L. CRIGLER,
6-4t Assignee.

For Rent.

35 acres of land adjoining Lewisburg, Kenton county, Ky., 10 acres of which is fine tobacco land. On this land is a pear orchard of about 400 trees, select varieties. This land is all well suited for gardening or other tillage, and has on it a good house and other suitable conveniencies for a family residence—Enquire of RUFUS LIGHT, on the premises.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 16 page paper, filled with charming serials, stories, choice miscellany etc., is sent 3 mos. on trial for 25 cents; and we send EVERY subscriber FREE our new HOLIDAY PACKAGE, consisting of 10 pieces popular music 10 interesting games, 1 pack of age and fortune-telling cards; 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards, 1 pack fun & flirtation cards, 1 set chromo cards, 13 new tricks in magic 5 new puzzles, game of fortune, the mystic oracle, 25 ways to get rich, Heller's wonderful delusion cards, etc., etc. Endless amusement! Agents wanted. Sample paper for stamp. BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO., Augusta, Me.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Boone county, Ky, for the years 1882-83 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1884,

between the hours of 12 m, and 2 o'clock p. m, at the Court-house door in Boone county, Ky, expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due aforesaid and cost,) to wit:

A tract of land on Gunpowder Creek, containing about 30 acres, more or less, bounded by the dower of Mrs. J A Kendall, E A Hughes, Gunpowder Creek, &c. Levied on as the property of Church Deer, decd. Am't to be made by sale $12 53.

J R CLUTTERBUCK, S B C
By W T GERMAN, D S

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Boone county, Ky. for the years 1882-83 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

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Six town lots in Burlington, Boone county, Ky, and numbered 111, 112, 115, 116, 119 and 120—see plat of Burlington for further description. Levied on as the property of Hamilton heirs. Amount to be made by sale $4 21. J R CLUTTERBUCK, S B C
By W T GERMAN, D S

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Boone county, Ky. for the years 1882-83 I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1884,

between the hours of 12 m., and 2 o'clock p. m, at the Court-house door in Boone county, Ky, expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisty the amount of taxes due aforesaid and cost.) to wit:

A tract of land in Boone county, Ky, containing 195 acres, bounded by the Ohio river and the lands of Morgan Rice, Willis Heirs, &c. Levied on as the property of C. D. Piatt. Am't to be made by sale $61 48.

J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S B C
By W. T GERMAN, D S

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due the Sheriff of Boone county, Ky. for the years 1882-83, I or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, January 7th, 1883,

between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 2 o'clock p. m, at the Court-house door in Boone county, Ky., expose to Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, the following property, (or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount of taxes due, aforesaid and cost, to wit:

A tract of land on Woolper Creek in Boone county, Ky., containing 20 acres, bounded by the lands of Pat Finn, G. C. Voshell, &c. Levied on as the property of Sam'l. Hensley. Amount to be made by sale $12 16. J. R. CLUTTERBUCK, S.B.C.
Dec. 17 '83. By W. T. GERMAN, D. S.

ROBERT B. REED
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE AT - - - UNION, KY.

F. RIDDELL,
ATTORNEY at LAW
BURLINGTON, KY.
Office over Dudley Rouse's Store.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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S. W. TOLIN,
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Will manage litigation in any of the Courts of the State, contracts and other legal instruments drawn up at reasonable rates. Aprompt an studious attention given to business intrusted to my care. A trial solicited. 12-1y

TWO Farms for Sale.

One contains 36 acres, 9 acres of which is good creek bottom and 27 acres, hill land. This land is under good fence, well set in grass, has lasting water for stock, fine lot of timber, much of which is locust. It is part of the W. B. Ryle homestead, lies on Gunpowder Creek and joins Leander Setters.

The other farm contains 126½ acres, is 2½ miles southwest of Burlington, has all necessary buildings in good repair, fencing good, has a good well and cistern, besides never failing water for stock, a nice young orchard, and some hedge fence. This land is all in grass except 25 acres which were cultivated in corn this year. For terms apply on the last named premises to
6-2m W. S. WHITE.

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For new inventions and novel designs obtained in the United States, Canada and Europe. Trade Marks and Copyright—Labels secured for Merchants and Manufacturers who wish protection against imitators of their goods, packages or articles of manufacture. We are located opposite the United States Patent Office, have quick access to its records, and can give prompt and reliable answers to inquiries. Of our firm one has had thirteen years' practice in the highest courts, another several years as an Assistant Examiner in the United States Patent Office and many years experience as solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. Fee reasonable and full satisfaction or no fee. Best reference given. Our little book "on patents" sent free on receipt of one cent stamp.
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ONLY $3.50.
The New Waterbury Watch, Stem Winding, Nickle Case, handsome, durable and warranted to keep perfect time. RETAIL PRICE THE WORLD OVER, $3.50.
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Upon receipt of $3.50 by registered letter or money order, the Watch will be forwarded by mail or express with charges prepaid, and the COMMERCIAL will be mailed regularly for one year, postage free.
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No pains spared in the accommodation of guests. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. Stock well cared for. dec. 20-1y

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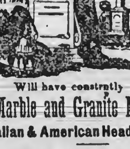

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Aurora, Ind
Will have constantly on hand
Marble and Granite Monuments,
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F. W. KASSEBAUM.

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The Farmers' Mutual Fire
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Boone County
Is now completely organized and receiving applications for insurance.
Its Rates are Lower
Than those of any other Company, and it gives the farmers of Boone County
HITHERTO UNKNOWN ADVANTAGE
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EVERY FARMER IN THE COUNTY
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And all Billous Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

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This Institute has ample facilities and an experienced Faculty. While it succeeds to a large business, which has been established for years, it will aim to extend its medical and surgical practice, giving skillful and scientific treatment to
CHRONIC DISEASES of the Head, Spine, Lungs and Air Passages, Heart, Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption and Asthma.
BLOOD IMPURITIES, Inherited or caused by Impure association, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Ulcers, etc.
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WEAKNESS and wasting diseases in old and young men, also all diseases of the genito-urinary organs.
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Consultation at Office or by mail free and invited

Rev. Father Wilds'
EXPERIENCE.
The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilde, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:
"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
Messrs. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."
The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all *Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility*, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS
—Best Purgative Medicine—
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Billous Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY. TRADE MARK
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by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have invariably failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and muscular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.
Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.
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306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfums. It Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
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FLORESTON COLOGNE
Excels the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON Cologne, signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

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FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of *Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay.* Sent in plain sealed envelope *free*. Druggists can fill it.
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Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agt's.

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Local News.

Look to your floors.

Christmas gift. Fork it over.

Christmas plays hob with schools.

The joyous holidays have arrived.

Is the bottom going to fall out of the town?.

Monday was the foulest day under foot ever seen.

Brasier Rouse and wife celebrate their tin wedding to-day.

Several new sleighs have been put on the road this winter.

There will be no paper issued from this office next week.

The fall and winter have been very favorable to small grain.

The snow-shoveling brigade had a feast Sunday morning.

Snow eighteen inches deep does pretty well for the first one.

We trust that our correspondents will have a Merry Christmas.

Deputy Sheriff German is making it lively for delinquent taxpayers.

We wish our readers all a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Locomotion was greatly impeded by the snow assisted by the rain, Sunday.

Wm. Stephens, son of Henry Stephens, sold his crop of tobacco for $19 all round.

One shed at the Boone House stables went down beneath the weight of snow Sunday night.

All those indebted to me must come forward and settle by the first of Janury. A. M. ACRA.

Ayer's Hair Vigor cleanses and invigorates the scalp: cures dandruff and itching; an elegant dressing.

When you come to town in a sleigh, fill it with hay, and you'll have a good time driving the cows away.

The large prices realized for tobacco this season will induce the producers to increase the acreage next year.

Lots of the country cousins have been in town the past week buying socks to hang up for Santa Claus to fill.

We understand that the Hebron committee sent to Pennsylvania for illuminators for their Jacob's ladder.

There has been some fine weather for pasturing stalk fields this winter, and the farmers took advantage of it.

Those indebted to me must come forward and settle by the 1st of January. I need my money. R. S. CRISLER.

Who ever saw a finer season of sleighing. The mas could not object to their daughters going on account of the cold.

Dr. Grant in attempting to cross Woolper Sunday night narrowly escaped being swamped by running ice.

NOTICE—On and after the first day of January, 1884, I will close the Central Hotel. Mrs. Mary Green.

Cy Crisler lost a caddy of tobacco off his slide coming home from the city one day last week. He thinks it was stolen.

A green Christmas, it is said, makes a fat graveyard, while, on the other hand, a white Christmas makes poor doctors.

Now is the time to subscribe for the RECORDER. It will have the appearance of an entirely new paper the next time it comes to you.

W. C. C. Rouse claims that he has got on to a car-coupling that entirely does away with all the danger that accompanies that work.

James Shannon and Chas. Clore attended a party at Mr. Hood's a few nights since, and some one stole Clore's overcoat and Shannon's sleighbells.

Those owing us must come forward and settle at once, as we are out of money and must have that owing to us.
RICE & WESTBAY.

Some fellow at the party given by James Horton, last week, stole Tom Furlong's new overshoes and cap, and Tom is as mad as a wet hen about it.

The high price of tobacco keeps in progress the skinning process on the Gunpowder hills, and nearly all the timber in that section will have "to go"

Mr. L. D. Houston's children, knowing that their grandfather appreciates a good thing, have made him a Christmas present of the RECORDER for one year.

The superintendent of the weather department gave the farmers a protracted period in which to provide provender and fuel for just such a wintery time as we are now experiencing.

Representative-elect Walton is boxing up his wardrobe this week preparatory to shipment to Frankfort, where he will enlist with the new army of law makers next week.

It is about time to commence taking an inventory of your property, that you may be ready to be interviewed by the Assessor, who is liable to call on you at any time after the tenth of next month.

Christmas always commences cropping out several days previous to the time designated for its appearance, and this one was no exception to the rule. Some people can not help being slightly too previous.

Nice tombstones or monuments at the graves of the departed, are marks of respect which should not be neglected. Hurschart & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., have just what you want. John Beall of Hebron, is their agent.

Ed Rice dropped in to see us Tuesday, as he passed through town on his holiday excursion. Ed says that he is putting up a hogshead of tobacco that'll be the finest hogshead produced by any other grower in the county.

A couple of boots or shoes in their peregrination, the other night, found their way to Constable Sandford's corn crib, from which place he tracked them to a house where he supposes there is a couple of feet that occupy them most of the time.

Miss Wood and her class in elocution intended giving a literary banquet in the Presbyterian church last Saturday night, but it was discovered that the church floor is in a badly decayed condition and not safe. The Court-house was used instead.

Last week while out sleighriding Mr. Richard Gordon's horse ran off, throwing him out and breaking his leg between the knee and thigh. Miss Stephens, who was riding with Richard, jumped out when the horse first became frightened, and escaped without injury.

It turns out that friend Goodridge & Co., only secured the caudle ornament of that reynard. Having amputated that member, they cast the remainder of the fox to a host of noted fox-hounds to be devoured, when to their great surprise and humiliation, it made good its escape. Too bad, too bad, boys.

The arrival of Christmas was greeted by the ringing of the church and Court-house bells. Soon after the crack of day, the small boy and the fire cracker and other explosives, came forth, and made the weikin ring till about noon, when they subsided and the town became as quiet as a May morning.

In the city Friday we met J. K. Wandelohr, the popular Circuit Clerk of Pendleton county, at one time editor of the Falmouth Independent, and H. C. Trimble who managed putting the RECORDER office in shape for future usefulness. We also met Drs. Cropper and J. C. Terrill, both loaded to the guard with Christmas toys for the children.

The rain that followed the snow came near suspending business in the city, Monday. The streets and alleys were flooded, and many roofs went down beneath the pressure of the melting snow. Much damage has been done through the country by the water courses, and Monday another flood threatened the Ohio valley, but the timely change in the temperature dispelled all fears of a repetition of last February's flood.

Very few of the ground floors in the brick buildings in Burlington are properly ventilated, and, upon investigation no doubt many of them would be found about ready to give away. A few months since the floor in the Baptist church "let go," and only the other day it was discovered that the floor in the Presbyterian church is not safe, while there is a depression in a portion of the floor of the court-house.

The next issue of the RECORDER will not appear before the 9th of January 1884, when it will be presented with a change which will make it more interesting to our readers, containing the news of the day in an amount equal to any of the large city weeklies. With the report of the proceedings of congress and the proceedings of the Kentucky Legislature it will be of value to every citizen of the county.

Our special artist, this week, presents our readers with the above splendid life size portrait of Joseph C. Hitter's noted French setter "purp" which, getting mixed up with some tobacco haulers' wrappings, was spirited away. If you see it, you will recognize it.

Christmas came and went last year, and the RECORDER heeded it not; the 22d of February glided by and the RECORDER halted not; the 4th of July passed and the RECORDER stopped not to hear the American eagle scream; thanksgiving came and went and no turkey dinner called the RECORDER from labor to refreshments, but Christmas has once more put in its appearance and the weary printer has determined to join in the festivities of the occasion and be merry as other people are; therefore no paper will be published next week.

The entertainment under the auspices of the teachers of Boone County commences at the Morgan Academy today (the 26th). Prof. Gallagher has devoted much time and labor in arranging for the entertainment, and has the promise of Rev. Dunlap and Prof. Geo. Yates, besides that of many of the teachers of the county, to be present. One feature of the "exercises" will be an oyster supper each evening. The programme carried out as arranged will be interesting and instructive. Exercises commence each afternoon at 2 p. m.

A great sensation has been caused in the quiet neighborhood of Hammond's Creek, on the line between Grant and Owen counties, by the discovery on Friday last of the decomposed body of a human being, supposed to be the remains of a man named Rothwell, a native of Tennessee, who had moved to this county some years since, and some time last fall had sold out his possessions, preparatory to returning to his native State.

The effects of his sale accumulated a sum of about $700. He had his baggage brought to Corinth, and was never heard of until the discovery of his body a few days since, at least his wife recognized his clothes, his body being in such a state of decomposition that it was unrecognizable. His body was found in the middle of Hammond's Creek, with a hickory withe tied around it, supposed to have been tied around it for the purpose of sinking the body.

Another remarkable circumstance connected with the whole affair was that Rothwell had a dog that followed him away, and after he was killed the dog never deserted him, but would come to the creek and send up one piteous howl after another until some party, no doubt thinking the actions of the dog would lead to a discovery of Rothwell's body killed it. At any rate it looked suspicious on the part of the party who did the deed.

Blood was found on a tree not far from the creek where the body was found, where, it is supposed, he was murdered for his money.

A party of young men have been arrested on suspicion, whose names are Dodge, Hughes, Ireland, Davis and another, who is said to be well connected. These are the particulars as far as were related to us.—Williamstown Courier.

The Literary Banquet.

The weather Saturday night was very unpropitious, consequently the entertainment given in the Court-house by Miss Wood and her class in elocution was not largely attended, but those who braved the weather enjoyed a well rendered programme—especially when the short time the class had devoted to instructions is taken into consideration. Among the recitations the following deserve especial mention:

The "Farmyard Song," by Miss Pearl Kirkpatrick; the "Bald Headed Man," by Miss Katie Winston, were especially good; "Railroad Matinee," by Miss Nellie Blythe, was a very difficult piece to render, but Miss Nellie had made herself acquainted with the different characters, and did them justice. "Papa's Letter," which is a favorite poem, was given by Miss Annie Winston in good style. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," was recited by Miss Maud Kirkpatrick, in a very impressive and affective manner. Miss Mattie Winston's recitation of "Rock of Ages," displayed a splendid control of her vocal powers, while her elocution could not well have been excelled by an amateur. Charlie Winston's "School Master's Guest," was very well recited. "Too Much Waccination," by Robbie Foster, was well received by the audience. David Blythe's declamation, "Liberty," was gotten off in oratorical style. "Little Jim," by Joseph Reed, was very affective, but when Joe delivered "Old Brother Watkins' Farewell," the audience was convulsed with laughter from the first to the last sentence. In this piece Joe laid aside all elocution and substituted the "Old Whandoodie" style. Miss Wood recited the "Creeds of the Church Bells," a very difficult recitation, and which thoroughly demonstrates that she understands the science of elocution.

At the close of the programme Miss Wood made known her desire to secure another class for twenty lessons, and at the close of the session to give an entertainment the proceeds to go to the benefit of, anything the people saw proper to use it for.

Personal Mentions.

[If you have friends from a distance visiting you or expect to be away from home on business or pleasure, let us have the item for this column.]

Ben Sleet ate his Christmas dinner at home.

Mr. Henry Tucker, of Union, made us a call Saturday.

Mrs. R. C. Green has been quite sick with pneumonia for several days.

Sam C. Johnson & Co., of Walton, delivered tobacco here, yesterday and to day.

Joseph McGarvey and family, of Cincinnati, ate Christmas turkey with Jas. Westbay and family.

Wm. Dickens, of Bellevue, returned, last Saturday, from Georgetown, where he is attending college.

David Blythe returned home last Thursday from Hanover, (Ind.) college to spend a vacation of three weeks.

Miss Annie Cowen returned, last Thursday, from a protracted visit at her brother's in Rabbit Hash.

Richard Ryle and wife left Saturday morning for DeKalb county, Missouri, where they expect to make their future home.

Mr. James Botts, of Plattsburg, was in town last Saturday, and gave the RECORDER a boost in the shape of a two years subscription. Next.

The Misses Graham and Miss Maggie McFarland will receive callers New Years day from 2 p. m., to 5 p. m., at the residence of the Misses Graham.

The Christmas Tree.

Notwithstanding the difficulty experienced in getting about, the Baptist church was crowded Monday night by persons to witness the distribution of the presents with which the Christmas tree was decorated. The church was festooned with evergreen and illuminated with chineese lanters. The evening's programme was introduced by singing, and prayer by the Superintendent, Mr. J. O. Roberts, followed by recitations by Miss Mattie Winston, Miss Annie Winston, Mr. Reed and Miss Wood. Then came the distribution of the presents, which, to the juvenile part of the audience, was far the most interesting. The presents were numerous but not expensive, and the committee, had undoubtedly attempted to give every child in the town or that had kin folks here, a present, and be it known to their credit that they succeeded well, and made many a youthful heart go home rejoicing. Among the substantial presents were the following: To Mrs. Dr. Grant, a head of cabbage; Nellie Blythe, do; Mrs. J. M. Conner, a lot of Irish potatoes; Mrs. B. K. Sleet, beans; Mrs. D. Rouse, a large beet; the RECORDER office, a shovel.

NOTES.

Fiddles and stoves were popular presents.

When their names were called some of the little chaps held up both hands and stuck out their tongues.

Dr. Smith's speech of thanks for the pair of overshoes, was deferred.

The basket of artificial flowers presented Mrs. F. P. Walton, were the handiwork of Miss Fannie Rice and were the handsomest present on the tree.

The white dove was mistaken by one person for a harp. The mistake was fatal to neither the person nor dove.

Georgie Piper is equal to an entire fire company when the ornamental lights in a chandelier are doing too much duty.

Johnnie Huey received a mustache cup, now some of his friends ought to make him a New Year's present of a mustache.

NGEIHBORHOOD NEWS.

Waterloo.

Farmers are now resting themselves for spring work.

Thomas Clore and company, of Grant, visited Waterloo one day last week, with their guns and dogs, and killed 60 rabits.

Quite a number of young folks of the neighbordood, met at W. E. Barker's Thursday night, and had a pleasant time.

Joshua Rice, one of our progressive farmers, is making improvements.

Gordon Branch.

W. T. Ryle is to take charge of H. C. Berkshire's farm.

The party at Mr. Sullivan's was largely attended.

W. J. Ryle is Colter's advance agent; salary not known.

On account of the inclemency of the weather the party to have been given by Wm. Barker was a failure.

W. J. Ryle is building a new house for Robert O. Ryle. Your head is level Bob, get the cage and then the bird instead of vice versa.

For some time a strange animal has been frightening the people of an adjoining neighborhood. It has been seen at intervals for three or four years, and has attacked several different parties. James Setters describes it as follows: It is a spotted animal, about the size of a large dog, head very sharp, short ears and long tail. Most of the parties who have seen it were on horseback, and some of their horses became so badly frightened as to be unmanageable. Some think it is only a dog, but it is not probable that a dog would frighten horses so badly. Hunters have been trying, but so far, have failed to discover its tracks.

Hebron.

The snow was 12 inches deep on the 23d, and on the 24th the country was under a flood of snow and water.

There was a land-slide on the river pike on the 24th, just above Dry Creek.

Several of our boys came home from parties last week, minus sleighbells and hats.

Alf Whitlock and the Elijah Creek boys had a big fox chase over in Ohio last week. Wash Tanner's dog, Tilden, was the leader of the pack by a mile After a day's chase and digging till 12 o'clock at night, Jim Riddell and Tom Hafer captured a fox last week.

George Clore, of Illinois, is the guest of Harrison Clore.

The RECORDER is the boss paper in this community, almost everyone reading it; so we will try and give a few items of interest from our little village.

Business is quite brisk at this writing.

Mrs. John Tanner, of Ludlow, is visiting relatives in this section.

Rev. Swick, of Middletown, Ohio, closed his protracted meeting at this place, last Sunday, with four additions.

Hog cholera still rages in this section. Abe clore has lost 30 head. Jimison Aylor also lost a few head from cholera.

Clore, Snyder & Durr, tobacconists, are prizing tobacco. They have received quite an amount of the weed, for which they pay the best of prices.

Joel Clore, Jeff and Johnny Cloud are home from Sprinfield, Ohio, college, spending the holidays.

Last Friday afternoon, Mrs. Hattie Clore, wife of John Clore, was sitting near the fire, when she was taken suddenly very sick and fell in the fire. No one was present, and when she recovered her mind, her left hand was burned to a crisp, while her face was badly burned. Dr. Jonas Terrill, her attending physician, thinks two or three of her fingers will have to be taken off.

Florence.

Christmas gift to everybody, "and don't you forget it." Now don't go to making excuses, such as too late in the day, etc.; and please protect me from a little candy, butter-scotch, peanuts, and the like. These may do well enough to impose upon the juvenile race, but I'm a little to ancient to give my affections away on such transparent charity. Neither do I want shooting crackers, torpedoes and toy pistols; for I'm too nervous and sensitive for such foolishness. Now, if I was a young man, and needed a wife, and had my eye on a gal, and wanted to get a specimen of her voice under excitement, such as we would have to encounter upon washday, some of these explosives thrown at her feet might be the means of approximating to the result. Or, if there is a stray "purp" around on a foraging expedition, a few of these little things, mixed with an old tin pan, and appended to his caudal extremity, will prove a wonderful auxilary in assisting said canine to his home. Nor could I think of accepting doll-babies as a token of friendship, especially crying babies; there's too much human nature about those kind. If some friend will present me with a nice, quiet boy-doll, I will accept for the curiosity of the thing. But who ever heard of a boy-doll? All gals, dolls are mighty nice, but there's a partiality displayed in the making that I don't approve of. I want a fair divide, and if Old Santa don't attend to this I'll supercede him. But to the question. What I want are staple goods, when you come to show your gratitude to me, such as sugar, coffee, flour, beefsteaks, overcoats, rose blankets, Lonsdale muslins, &c., &c.; and if you insist on it you may mix in a fruit cake or two, a few cans of oysters, a little honey and such things that are of a medicinal nature, as I have a bad cold, and will accept upon that ground.

"Do to others as you would be done by;" this is the golden rule, and I want to follow it, but don't want to be too prominent, so you start first. The next things in order after opening the holidays with the exchange of gifts, are parties and big dinners. I like a big dinner, because, like a motion to adjourn a meeting, it is always in order; but don't believe in adjourning the dinner with "business" on the table. I am going to make a big dinner as soon as I get rich writing for the papers. None of your aristocratic dinners, with mostly dishes and ceremonies and wealthy guests; but a real, old fashioned, social feast. I am going to extend my invitations to the highways and hedges, and call in the poor, the lame, the halt and blind, and the editors of the RECORDER and all the contributors, and we'll have roasted turkey, lamb and veal, and mince and chicken pies, and cakes and all the accompanying etc's, "that is the kind of a hairpin I am."

The question about the husk on the corn indicating the temperature of the weather, has been settled by Mr. Abel Carpenter, who has noticed by an experience of many years, that if there is a heavy husk on the corn, it is a sure indication that the winter will be colder than the succeeding summer; and, if a light husk, then the preceding summer will be warmer than the succeeding winter.
GAS OMETER.

TAYLOR & RIGG'S PRIZES

The following are the lucky numbers and draw the prizes set opposite each. The above firm give these articles to their customers, and will deliver them in Covington, Ky., on presentation of the tickets:

Nos.		Prizes.
36,318	1	Fine Piano
10,240	1	Gent's Gold Watch
41,737	1	Lady's " "
32,890	1	Breech Loading Shot Gun
24,824	1	Sewing Machine
28,069	1	Bicycle
36,340	1	Velocipede
31,806	1	Hobby Horse
37,695	1	Rocking Chair
44,948	1	Bolt Muslin
29,993	1	" "
41,881	1	" "
39,667	1	" "
28,815	1	" "
26,357	1	" "
6,678	1	" "
38,459	1	" "
27,615	1	" "
7,788	1	" "

The sun is able to get out again.

The fox hunters meet at Jimmie Riddell's to-day where a large fox will be turned lose. A big time is anticipated by the lovers of the chase.

An immense crowd went to Hebron yesterday to see Jacob's ladder. Some were unable to get in the house, and went home without witnessing the festivities. The ladder was very nice, having on it many valuable and handsome presents.

Of the chairmanships Carlisle gave Kentucky two. It is evident that the committees were made up regardless of how they cast their votes in the race for Speaker. The Speaker put at the heads of the committees those he though the best qualified for the prsitions.

Mr. Quinn, a Government agent arrived here last week and put up at the Central Hotel, where he was visited by several persons who had horses taken by the Government during the late unpleasantness. He was investigating the claims which had heretofore been presented, but remain unpaid.

7
LADIES and sickly girls requiring gentle and reliable stimulant, will find Brown's Iron Bitters beneficial.
ELKTON, KY.—Dr. E. B. Weathers says: "I regard Brown's Iron Bitters as a medicine of unusual worth."
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.—Rev. T. J. Reilly says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills with entire satisfaction."

County Directory.

OFFICERS.

Assessor—G. M. Riley.
County Surveyor—W. E. Vest.
School Commissioner—D. M. Snyder.
Coroner.—Dr. A. A. Murat, Constance.

COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 2d Monday in April and first Monday in October, P. U. Major, Judge; W. L. Riddell, Clerk A. G. DeJarnette, Commonwealths Attorney; W. L. Riddell, Trustee Jury Fund.

COUNTY COURT meets the first Monday in every month. L. H. Dills, Judge; S. W. Tolin, County Attorney. M. T. Garnett, Clerk; J. R. Clutterbuck, Sheriff, T. W. Finch and W. T. German, Deputy Sheriffs.

QUARTERLY COURT meets the first Monday in March, June, September and December. The officers of the County Court preside.

COURT OF CLAIMS meets the first Monday in November.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS are held in March, June, September and December, as follows:

Bellevue—M. B. Green, first Saturday, and T. H. Sutton, third Monday. J. M. Moody, Constable.

Burlington—E. H. Baker, Thursday after first Monday, and Oscar Gaines, fourth Monday. R. H. Sandford, Constable.

Carlton A. G. McConnell, Wednesday after second Monday, and B. H. Ryle, Saturday after third Monday, Walter Ryle, Cornstable.

Petersburg—Jos. Hensley, Wednesday after first Monday, and L. A. Loder fourth Saturday. Geo. Comer, Constable.

Beaver—W. M. Rouse, Friday after the third Monday, and

FALL FALL FALL FALL
—AND—
Winter Clothi'g

Clothing of the best goods, well trimmed, in the latest styles, made under my direct supervision and sold at lower prices than are asked for badly made, shoddy goods at other places. Call and be assured.

A splendid line of Suitings. Suits MADE to order on short notice.

H. F Blase,
540 Madison St, - - COVINGTON, KY

UNDERTAKING.
We keep Constantly on Hand all sizes of
Burial Cases and Caskets.
And having just received a beautiful
NEW HEARSE,
Which can be had at a reasonable price when desired.
PRICES GUARANTEED LESS THAN CITY PRICES
DAVIS BROS., - - HEBRON, KY.

M.L. SWETNAM. HUBERT NEED.
SWETNAM & NEAD,
(SUCCESSOR TO ALONZO GRAVES)
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
AND TRANSFER LINE.
79 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.
Horses Kept by the Day, Week or Month.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Stock of all kinds Bought and Sold.
Best Care Taken of Horses entrusted to our Keeping.
All Orders for Hauling Promptly Attended to.

City Flouring Mills
RISING SUN, INDIANA.
FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT OR CASH. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.
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The general operations of banking transacted upon the most favorable terms. collections made on all points in the United States.
The Business and Accounts of Farmers are Especially Solicited by this Bank.
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20 Million Bottles sold in 10 years. A certain Cure for Dyspepsia, all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Blood, Skin and Bowels.
Can Produce Thousands of Letters proving its Curative Powers.
AN OLD AND LONG TRIED REMEDY.
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cornease.—The King of Corn Killers. The most desperate Corns, Bunions, Warts &c., SPEEDILY cured. Price 25 Cents.
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Cornease Manuf'g Co., 236, 5th Ave. Place, N. Y. City.
For Sale by Agents, Druggists and Shoe Dealers.

Subscribe For The
BOONE COUNTY
RECORDER.
And begin with the New Year.

THE RECORDER.

RIDDELL & HALL, Publishers.

BURLINGTON, : : KENTUCKY.

Prices of Pearls.

"Although a pearl weighing one grain is worth only about one-eighth of the price of a diamond of the same weight," said a jeweler, "it is very easy to spend a large amount of money for pearl jewelry. There is now in this city a pearl necklace worth $100,000. I have seen another worth $23,000, and one was recently sold for $30,000. These large prices are caused by the difficulty of obtaining particular sizes and colors that may be wanted. The most expensive collection of pearls on record is that owned by the Countess of Dudley in England, which is far more valuable than the celebrated pearls belonging to the Queen. The Countess has a coronet of pearls. The top is composed of pear-shaped pearls. There is a very large one in the center, and the others are graduated in size down to the smallest. In order to get these pear-shaped pearls in the requisite sizes and colors the jewelers were obliged to buy such an enormous quantity of pearls that when the famous necklace was completed with ear-rings, bracelets, brooch and finger rings to match, the jewelers had $300,000 worth of odd pearls left! A pair of matched pear-shaped pearls weighing 110 grains was recently sold in San Francisco for $6,000. I sold one pair of off-color craggy and gibbous pearls for $350, and have one pair worth $1,800.

"When the Princess Royal of England married Frederick William of Prussia she received a necklace of thirty-two pearls costing $93,000. In 1789 the French Government possessed pearls valued at $200,000. One that weighed 108 carats was valued at $37,000. Two that were pear-shaped were valued at $55,800.

"The black pearls bring very high prices at present, but genuine pearls may be bought that are white, pink, or gray. The peculiar color which is called pearl is a sort of transparent drab. There is at present a greater demand for pearls, as there is in fact for all kinds of jewelry, than has been known for a long time. The plentifulness of imitations does not appear to destroy the value of the genuine article. Some idea of the increased value of pearls may be gathered from two estimates made more than 100 years apart. One was made in 1751 by David Jeffries, of London, and the other in 1867 by Mr. H. Emanuel, of London. The following is the table:

Weight, grains.	Value, 1751.	Value, 1867.	Weight, grains.	Value, 1751.	Value, 1867.
4......	$2 00	$7 00	15.....	$24 00	$94 00
5......	3 50	11 00	16....	32 00	140 00
6......	4 50	17 00	18....	40 50	187 00
8......	8 00	36 00	20....	50 00	234 00
10......	15 50	51 00	25....	72 00	337 00
12......	18 00	75 00	30....	112 00	469 00

"The estimate made by Jeffries included pearls at 100 grains, one of which he valued at $1,250. The diseased pearls are not pear-shaped, and are not of the same color all the way through. One of the pearl curiosities is a pearl adhering to the shells. Pearls are often found in oysters and clams that have been cooked. A clam pearl is of a chocolate color."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde.

Prince Jerome Napoleon's resemblance in feature to his illustrious uncle, the great Emperor, is most striking; but no less striking is the difference of expression, which is certainly not to the advantage of Prince Napoleon. All the revelations of that face are confirmed by popular report, and universal sympathy is felt for the admirable Princess Clotilde, forced by necessity to live apart from the husband to whom she had been sacrificed through political considerations. No two individuals could be more ill-matched than the atheistical, dissipated Jerome Napoleon, as celebrated for his immoral life as for his coarse brutality of temper and his supposed—what shall we call it?—*personal prudence* under fire, and the calm, dignified Italian Princess, fearless, like a true daughter of the house of Savoy; devout, almost to excess: with the tastes and habits of a nun and the ardent faith of a martyr. She did not possess the beauty or the quick, brilliant wit which might have pleased him; she cared little for splendid dress or worldly pleasures. She spent almost too much time in devotional practices, which he abhorred. During the Empire, the home life of the Princess Clotilde was austere, quiet, and, it must be owned, very monotonous; perhaps too much so to be quite judicious, under the circumstances in which she was placed. But everything that surrounded her shocked her feelings so much that she could only take refuge in silence and reserve. Her husband was openly an unbeliever, the enemy of the church to which she was devoted; and his conduct in other respects was such as to be a permanent and cruel insult to his wife.

When the Empire fell, the Princess went to reside at a country-seat in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva. There she led the life of a Sister of Charity, tending the poor and the sick with her own hands, and depriving herself of every thing that could possibly be spared, in order to give more to those in need. After the death of the King, her father, she retired, without any opposition from the Prince, her husband, to the palace of Moncalieri, near Turin, which had been left to her; there, at least, she was not obliged to endure the affronts which hitherto had not been spared to her. The sympathy of all went with her, and the unpopularity of Prince Napoleon consequently increased. Notwithstanding his remarkable intelligence, which can not be denied, his eloquence as an orator, and the prestige of that Bonaparte face, so like that of the great Emperor, Prince Napoleon is universally disliked, and despised as much as he is disliked. Even the Bonapartists dare not put forward his claims; their chance of success would be too small.—*Miss Bicknell, in the Century.*

—The new colored cadet at West Point has not been hazed, and is treated with studied respect by the white cadets. In this connection it may not be improper to remark that the new colored cadet is six feet one inch in height, with long arms and fists like dumb-bells, and the general look of a healthy man who is aching for a fight. Whatever else may be said about the West Point cadets, they know who to haze.—*Troy Times.*

—Hanlan, the oarsman, says that he owes his success in great part to having hit upon a winning stroke, for it is there he shows his superiority. It is a thing which can not be governed by mathematical calculation, though, but it is rather the result of accident or inborn knack.—*Montreal Witness.*

HOME AND FARM.

—To strengthen vinegar freeze it and remove the ice which forms on the surface—the water of the vinegar alone freezes, leaving the acute acid in solution in the remaining water.—*Troy Times.*

—Five acres of oats at forty bushels per acre, and sold at thirty-five cents per bushel, would bring seventy dollars. The same ground planted in potatoes at a safe estimate would bring five hundred bushels, which at fifty cents per bushel would be $250.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Batter puffs: Mix half a pound of flour, a pint of milk, five well-beaten eggs and a quarter of a pound of warmed butter. Stir all briskly for ten minutes. Butter small patty pans, fill them half full, and bake a nice yellow. When done strew powdered sugar and cinnamon over them.—*Exchange.*

—Cigar ashes are said to be an invaluable remedy for the bites of mosquitoes and other insects. Wet the ashes and rub them on the afflicted part and the stinging sensation will be relieved almost immediately. The reason for this is that the ashes contain an alkali which neutralizes the acid of the poison.—*The Household.*

—A florist advises those who are troubled with little flies about their plants in winter to use separate saucers for the pots, and to water the plants from the bottom by filling the saucers with boiling water. Since beginning this practice, she writes, she is not troubled by the flies, and thinks the plants do much better watered in this way than by pouring the water on the top.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Honey cakes: A pound of honey, a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of almonds pounded coarsely, a drachm of pounded cloves, the grated peel of a lemon and a half an ounce of carbonate of soda dissolved in water. Let honey and butter come to a boil over the fire, take this off, and in a few minutes stir in the flour and spice by degrees, then the almonds, and lastly the soda. Let the mass stand all night in a cool place. In the morning roll it out half an inch thick, cut it into little square cakes, put half an almond in each corner and a slice of peel in the middle. Bake them in a moderate oven a pale brown.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Trimmings for Dresses, Cloaks, Etc.

The feather borders used on cloaks during previous seasons are now seen on the skirts of dresses as well. Flat borders of very small coq plumes are made to represent a drooping fringe on the lower edge, with a narrow ruche-like row for a heading; these are handsome in black and very dark green shades for trimming the lower skirt of a velvet walking dress, and there should be a similar row on the long coat, the jacket, or mantle that accompanies it, and also on a muff of the material of the dress. Another feather garniture is made of the fronds of ostrich feathers stripped from their quills and woven into a galloon, instead of being sewed there, and some of these are on rubber bands to make them more durable. There are new fringes of feathers with insertions to match, and separate feather ornaments, in some of which the head, neck, and breast of birds are seen at intervals. Another novelty is a feather material, a fabric three-fourths of a yard wide, made of soft downy feathers taken from under the wings of birds and woven into a soft, pliable background, which is now used for the entire cloak, especially for evening cloaks and small shoulder capes.

Ostrich-feather borders of their natural gray-brown shades are used for trimming Titian red, blue, and gray velvet costumes, and are from three to seven inches wide. The chenille fringes, with each sharply pointed strand tipped with jet, are in great favor for trimming handsome wraps; iridescent beads sometimes take the place of the black jets, and there are also tips of balls or acorns of satin which give a very rich effect, and are not heavy, as they are made over cork. New galloon of chenille in many loops has the appearance of glossy Astrakhan borders, and is woven closely to prevent drawing or falling out. The passementeries are in various combinations for trimming silks, velvets, and cashmere dresses; for instance, the plainest gimps are of twisted cords without beads, then there are others with beads added, also the glossy satin cord gimps with beads or with chenille, or perhaps merely of the satin soft pliable cords, while others are of chenille with jet, or of jets with scarcely anything else visible. For rich black dresses of velvet or satin there are palm-leaf gimps of chenille with satin cords interwoven with jet; for trimming velvet panels are detached flowers entirely of jet or combined with chenille, or else they are plaques or blocks, diamonds or palms, of beads to be applied to the velvet at intervals. For colored garniture are single ornaments of colored pearls in cashmere tints, or all one color, with gilt or silver braid intermingled. Applied flowers of many colors done in floss, chenille, and beads are also much used.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Feeding Fowls in Winter.

There is no end to the advice as to the proper food for fowls in the winter season, with a view to the production of eggs. Nearly every experienced raiser has a method of his own, and no doubt they all possess more or less merit. That some animal food is necessary in cold weather, is an old idea, and is followed by all who desire a good crop of eggs; and this fact is established from the fondness of chickens for insects when they are in season. That corn is a staple food for fowls in all its forms is well known and is adopted by every experienced raiser. Some make the meal into mush; some soak the whole grains and place it where the fowls can obtain it at all times; and some again burn or char the corn on the cobs and throw it into the poultry house for the fowls to help themselves whenever their health may need it. In cold weather it is a common practice with chicken raisers to give the fowls in the morning a soft, warm feed, say of corn-meal mush, accompanied with an onion chopped up as a preventive of disease. Grease, in the way of drippings, mixed with the mush is excellent and causes the hens to lay and at the same time keeps them well in flesh. In fact, if one expects profit from hens in winter, when eggs generally sell at two prices, they must provide good, comfortable houses, exposed to the southwest, good laying-boxes, plenty of roosting-poles, sand, or soft soil to scratch in, access to lumps of pounded bones, salt, fresh water twice a day that freezing up may not interfere injuriously against a supply of water whenever needed. Corn being the food most relied on, there should at all times be a trough of it of the whole grain in order that the fowls may help themselves whenever in want.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How Fitch Proposed.

The story about A. T. Stewart's first love and how he won her from "Gaffer Clinch, the ship-builder," reminds us of the way in which General Sherman answered Mr. Fitch when he addressed Miss Minnie. He was then only a young assistant engineer (a position equal to ensign in the line); but love laughs at locksmiths, rank and fortune, and he was so thoroughly in love he took himself to the general without hesitation, and asked permission to address the daughter.

"Want to marry my daughter, do you? God bless my soul! What do you want to do that for?"

Mr. Fitch modestly urged his affection, adding the pleas usual to such occasions.

The general sat thinking, his face alternately softening and frowning as he thought of his daughter and the presumptuous youth who wanted to take her away from home and kindred. Suddenly he turned on his audience of one, and sternly asked—you can imagine how he did it:

"Young man, what can you do?"

"Make an engine and put it together as well as any man in the country!" He almost shouted in answer, for he was nervous and feared a refusal.

"Good!" said the general. "You can have her, my boy."—*Washington Advertiser.*

The Game of Baccarat.

At baccarat, half-a-dozen packs of cards are put before the banker. Not to enter into details, the game is this: The banker takes two cards and gives two cards to the players; both banker and players have the right to draw one card. The winner is he whose cards approach the nearest to a certain value. As the banker may see the card drawn by the player before electing to take one or to remain with his original two, he has an advantage of about 5 per cent. Nothing is more easy than to cheat at this game. The banker may be and of course often is, a professional swindler as well as an adept at sleight-of-hand. This latter talent is, however, not necessary. The table at which he sits is surrounded by a crowd, every one of whom can see the cards dealt to the players. One of them has only to make a sign to the banker in order to tell him what is the value of the players' cards, and thus to indicate to him whether he would do well to draw a card or not. That sane human beings should be induced to stake their money under such conditions is proof that human credulity is an inexhaustible fund.—*London Truth.*

Fire or Food.

It is the fire to which the poor cling with the last clutch of desperation. They would sooner do without food than fire, for the darkness of the winter evening without it is unendurable. We saw one instance of that. Picture a November evening in a dirty back hovel in a Shadwell court; almost all the furniture sold; a bundle of rags to lie upon; filth and dirt about the room, and a woman sitting alone looking at the last half-inch of red expiring in the grate. "Oh, dear, sir," wailed this poor creature to the missionary, "what on earth shall I do? I have parted with every thing; I am half starved, and now the fire is almost out, and the night is coming on!" I saw the missionary turn and fumble in his bag. "I may have one left, Mrs. ——; and if so, you shall have it, and gladly." It was a ticket for groceries or rice—and coals. One heart rejoiced, at any rate, in that filthy little court.—*London Telegraph.*

—Mrs. Ruth Everett, of Salt Lake City, says that the Utah women who signed the petition to Congress protesting against any further legislation upon polygamy did so under coercion.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Latest Bonanza in California.

BIEBER, CAL.—Mr. Thomas P. Ford, editor of the *Mountain Tribune*, of this place, publishes that the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has worked wonders in his family and that he would not be without it. He states that among all the people St. Jacobs Oil is the most popular medicine ever introduced.

"HACKED to death," is suggested as an inscription for the tombstones of visitors who die at Niagara.—*Buffalo Express.*

IF you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

A GOOD two-foot rule is never to wear tight boots.—*Detroit Post.*

BAD temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

THE chaps who fling the lariat among the wild steers, are the noose boys of the West.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, December 21, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—common	$2 00	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 25
HOGS—Common	4 15	@ 5 00
Good packers	5 56	@ 5 80
SHEEP	4 00	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Family	4 50	@ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—Longberry red	1 12	@
No. 2 red	1 05	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	53	@ 54
Oats—No. 2 mixed	33½	@ 34½
Rye—No. 2	60	@ 62
HAY—Timothy No. 1	10 00	@10 50
HEMP—Double dressed	8¼	@
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Prime steam	8¾	@
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	23	@ 24
Prime Creamery	25	@ 34
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per bbr. from store	1 25	@ 1 40
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 35
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$2 80	@ 3 85
Good to choice	4 00	@ 6 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 09	@
No. 2 red	1 11¼	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	64¾	@ 65
Oats—mixed	38	@ 41
PORK—Mess	14 75	@15 00
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 4 35
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	98¾	@ 1 02
Corn—No. 2	60	@ 62
Oats—No. 2	38	@
Rye	60	@
PORK—Mess	14 75	@15 25
LARD—Steam	8-85	@ 8-90
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 07¾	@ 1 08
Corn—mixed	59	@ 62½
Oats—mixed	38	@ 39
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	14 50	@
Lard—Refined	9¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—A No 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 00	@ 1 02½
Corn—mixed	53	@ 54
Oats—mixed	35	@
PORK—MESS	15 00	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2. red, new	$1 01	@
CORN—mixed	53	@
OATS—mixed	31½	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 3 00
Shipping cattle	5 25	@

YOUNG or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A STIRRING speech: "Pass me a spoon."—*N. Y. Journal.*

I WOULD RECOMMEND Ely's Cream Balm to any one having Catarrh or Catarrhal Asthma. I have suffered for five years so I could not lie down for weeks at a time. Since I have been using the Balm I can lie down and rest. I thank God that you ever invented such a medicine. FRANK P. BURLEIGH, Farmington, N. H.

A COLOR of cloth for coats is called "sugar." If the dudes adopt it they will be sugar-coated pills.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FOR THREE WINTERS I have been afflicted with Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I used Ely's Cream Balm; it accomplished all that was represented. T. F. MCCORMICK (Judge Common Pleas), Elizabeth, N. J.

GILPIN, reading in a paper that "facts are stubborn things," says there's no particle of doubt but that his wife is a fact.—*Marathon Independent.*

MRS. GENERAL SHERMAN says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Remedy for friends suffering with rheumatism and in every instance it worked like magic." It cures when every thing else fails. Write for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

Don't Die in the House. "Rough on Rats." clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

A TERRIBLE PROPHECY.

The Red Sunsets, Cyclones and Earthquakes Foretelling Coming Disaster—How to Meet It.

The recent mysterious appearances following sunset and preceding sunrise have attracted wide attention from students of the skies and the people generally. During the days of recent weeks the sun seems to have been obscured by a thin veil of a dull leaden hue which, as the sun receded toward the horizon, became more luminous, then yellow, then orange, then red; and, as night settled down upon the earth, a dull purple. At first it was thought these appearances were ordinary sunset reflections of light, but it is now pretty certain that they are either the misty substance of the tail of some unseen comet, in which the earth is enveloped, or a surrounding stratum of world dust or very small meteors. Professor Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, N. Y., has turned his telescope upon these objects and discovered what he thinks are myriads of telescopic meteors. If it is unorganised world dust, or decomposed vapors, as the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., remarks: "How is this matter to be disposed of? Will it settle and form a deposit upon the earth, or, remain a partial opaque shell about the earth to cut off a portion of the sun's light upon it?"

Whatever the mystery is, there is no denying that some very strange forces are at work in the upper airs. The terrible tornadoes and cyclones which have swept our own country, and the fearful volcanoes and earthquakes which have destroyed so many cities and thousands of people—the tidal waves which mysteriously rise and fall on coasts hitherto unvexed by them—the tremendous activity which is evident in the sun by the constant revelation of enormous spots upon its surface—all indicate unusual energy in the heavenly bodies.

These circumstances recall Professor Grimmer's prophecies that from 1881 to 1887, the passage of the five great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn—around the sun would produce strange and wonderful phenomena. He says: "The waters of the earth will become more or less poisonous. The air will be foul with noisome odors. Ancient races will disappear from the earth." He attempts to prove his prophecy by the fact that in 1720, when Mars and Saturn made their passage around the sun coincidentally, great destruction and mortality visited all parts of the globe. He also found the same results in previous perihelion passages of the planets, and argues that these circumstances always produce epidemics and destructive diseases which will baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians; that the poor will die by thousands, the weak and intemperate falling first, those whose blood has been impoverished by excess of work or dissipation next, and only those who are in comparative vigor shall escape to enjoy the era of renewed activity and prosperity which will follow the period of destruction.

Inasmuch as the entire world seems subject to the sway of the heavenly bodies no part of the earth, he thinks, can escape scourging. He even predicts that America will lose over ten millions of people; that farmers will be stricken with fear and cease to till the soil; that famine will make human misery more wretched. That hundreds will flee to overcrowded cities for aid in vain. That sudden changes in ocean currents, temperature and surroundings will entirely transform the face of nature and climate of countries; that the air will be so foul with malaria and other noxious gases; that those who survive will be troubled with disorders of the digestive organs. That many who escape other ills will bloat with dropsy and suddenly pass away, while others will grow thin and drag out a miserable existence in indescribable agony for weeks. Neuralgic pains in different parts of the body will torment them. They will easily tire and become despondent. A faint, hot feeling will be succeeded by chilly sensations while hallucinations and dread of impending ill will paralyze all effort. "The birds in the air, the beasts of the field, and even the fish of the sea will become diseased, poisoning the air and poisoning the waters of the globe." We are told on the other hand that those who shall pass through this period of trial will have larger enjoyment of life and health. The earth will yield more abundantly than ever before. The animal kingdom will be more prolific and life prolonged very materially. This prolongation of life will be owing to the healthy electric and magnetic influences that will pervade the atmosphere. It would perhaps seem that the present redness of the sun, and the presence of a belt or veil of cosmic matter, justified, in a measure, the prediction of Professor Grimmer, but disturbing as his prediction may be we are told for our comfort that the strong and pure blooded need have little to fear in these calamities, that those who are delicate or indisposed should adopt means to keep the system well supported and the blood pure and that the most philosophical and effective method of accomplishing this is to keep the kidneys and liver in good condition. From the testimonials of such men as Dr. Dio Lewis and Professor R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean of the United States Medical college, New York, and thousands of influential non-professional people, it seems almost certain that for this purpose there is no preparation known to science equal to Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. This medicine has acquired the finest reputation of any preparation that was ever put upon the market. It is a radical blood purifier, which soothes and heals all inflamed organs, strengthens the nervous system, washes out all evidences of decay, regulates digestion, prevents malassimilation of food in a philosophical and rational manner, fortifies the system against climatic changes and malarial influences and the destructive agencies which seem to be so abundant in these "evil days."

It is not our purpose to dispute the correctness of Professor Grimmer's prophecies. As we have said, the marked disturbances of the past few years would seem to give a semblance of verification of his theory. It is certain, as above stated, that we are passing through what may be regarded as a crucial period and it is the part of wise men not to ignore, but to learn to fortify themselves against the possibility of being overcome by these evils. It is a duty which each man owes to himself and his fellows, to mitigate as much as possible the suffering of humanity and in no way better can he accomplish this purpose than to see to it that he, himself, is fortified by the best known preparation in the strongest possible manner and that he exert the influence of his own example upon his fellows to the end that they, too, may share with him immunity from the destructive influences which seek his ruin.

Butter Buyers

everywhere are refusing to take white, lardy looking butter except at "grease" prices. Consumers want nothing but gilt edged butter, and buyers therefore recommend their patrons to keep a uniform color throughout the year by using the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It is the only color that can be relied on to never injure the butter, and to always give the perfect color. Sold by druggists and merchants.

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Time and money will be saved by keeping Kidney-Wort in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and for all diseases arising from obstructions of these organs. It has cured many obstinate cases after hundreds of dollars had been paid to physicians without obtaining relief. It cures Constipation, Piles, Biliousness and all kindred disorders. Keep it by you.

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USE Redding's Russia Salve in the house and use Redding's Russia Salve in the stable. Try it.

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FOR sore feet, swollen joints, sprains, corns or bunions, use St. Patrick's Salve.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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Relieves coughs very quickly. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

SWIFT'S Specific (S. S. S.) has cured me of a long-standing case of Eczema, which has resisted all sorts of treatment.
REV. W. J. ROBINSON,
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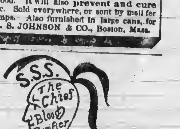
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